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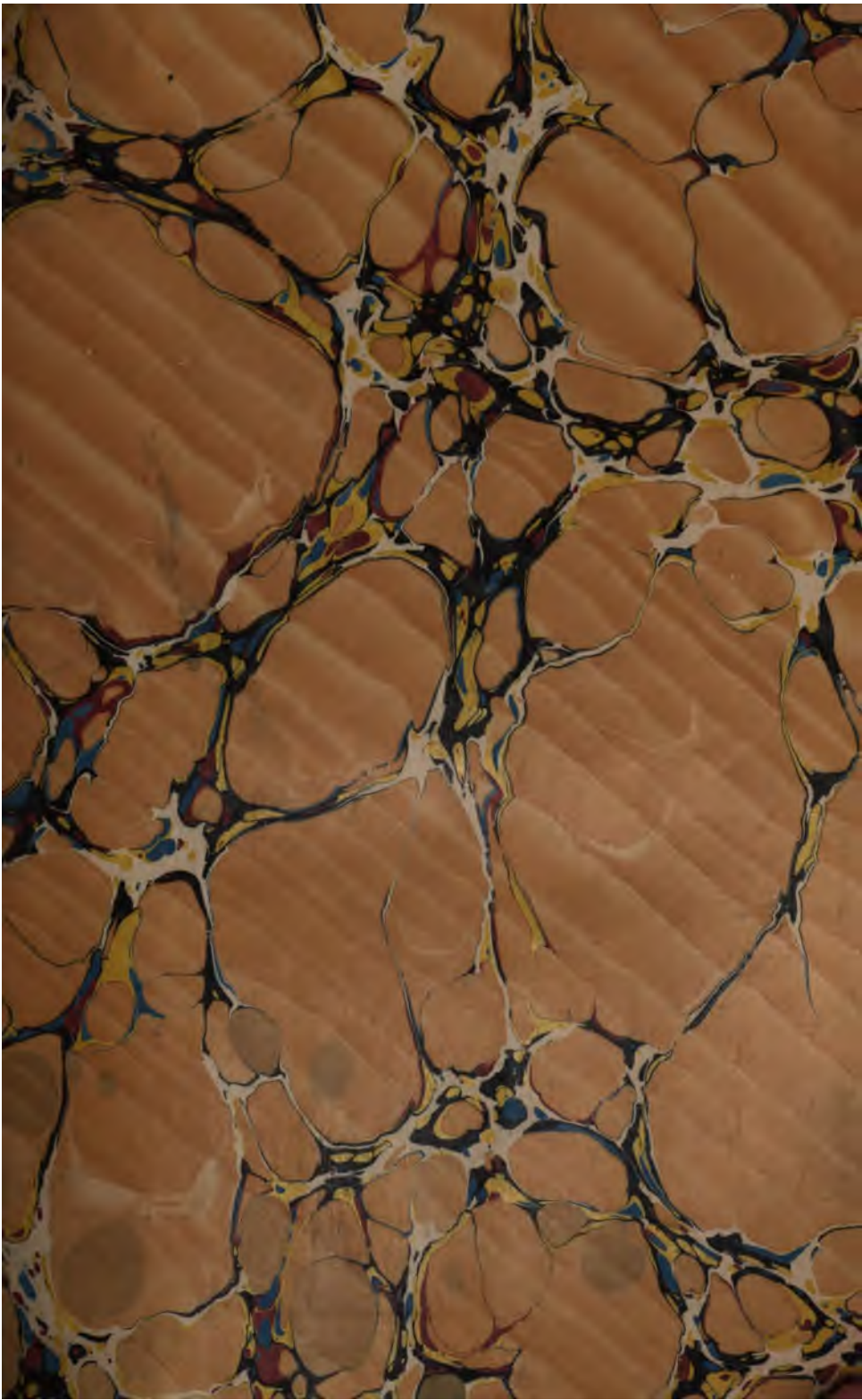
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JOHN BOSTON & SONS

1887

NEW YORK

Printed by J. B. Alden, Boston, Mass.



THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR

60333



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOLUME XXI.

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NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALLEN, NASSAU-STREET.

1843.



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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-three,

BY JOHN ALLEN,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1843.

No. 1.

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## SKETCHES OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

J. M. W. TURNER.

TURNER is considered in England as the Claude Lorraine of the present English school of painting. I had seen several of his recent landscapes in the Royal Academy and in private collections, and was mortified to find a people like the English, with such decidedly good taste generally in all matters appertaining to the arts, point to such miserable daubs, as a sample of the talents of one of their first painters. I can scarcely find words to describe the manner of his works. Any one who has been in the work-shop of a common house-painter, may remember to have seen on the side of the walls a spot where the apprentice-boys have been directed to clean their brushes, by dragging them backward and forward until the paint is transferred from the brush to the walls; and as this process has been followed day after day for several years, and with brushes containing all kinds of colors, a motley combination has in consequence been produced. Let us suppose a bit of this wall, say two feet square, taken out and framed, and a line drawn lengthwise through the centre, as a horizontal line, and some little uncouth figures, cut out of a primer, pasted below this line, and you have a finished *modern* picture of J. M. W. Turner. Hogarth's caricature on perspective does not outrage nature more than Mr. Turner in some of his works. In a picture representing a scene in Venice, in the Royal Academy, he made no more effort to keep the sides of his buildings perpendicular to the ground, than a child in its first attempts at making straight-marks; and as for truth of color, the earth was blue and the sky green! But I soon found that Mr. Turner had two styles; and those who condemned his present manner, pointed to his *early pictures* with great pride and exultation. But to get a chance to see these early pictures was more difficult. As I was aware that he had purchased many of his works at public sales;

with the view, I suppose, of making them more scarce, and of course enhancing their value; I made bold to present myself at his domicile in London, and solicit permission to examine them.

Turner is a bachelor, and keeps house with no other companion than an old nurse, or house-keeper, and a domestic cat. He was absent from the city when I called, and the old lady at first positively refused me admittance. But on making a second attempt, I found her in better humor; and with the aid of a few shillings I was allowed to go up into his gallery and look as long as I chose. A more dusty, bleak-looking spot I had not seen in all London. The house was a large three-story building; the room also was large, and had evidently once been a handsome and well-finished apartment. There were heavy oak carvings over the doors, and the walls had been tapestried; for a part of this tapestry still hung from the ceiling, while the wind, getting in behind, through several broken panes in the windows, caused it to flap to and fro, like a ship's top-sail when luffing in the wind. Spider-webs and dust, with broken picture-frames and empty varnish-bottles, were pretty much the only furniture to be seen in this rare gallery, beside the pictures themselves. But these pictures were indeed a treat. I saw at once why the English were so proud of him. They were chiefly his early works, and in parts could not be surpassed by Claude himself. Carefully drawn, beautifully composed, and finished with great care and labor, they realized my warmest dreams of a fine landscape. What chiefly won my admiration was the *atmosphere*, which he so well preserved in these early works; without which, by the by, a landscape, no matter how well done in other respects, is good for nothing. His trees were superior to Claude's; for his taste in selecting the picturesque is more apparent; and they were always so placed as to form a most agreeable line, and assist greatly in giving depth and distance to his back-grounds. His middle-grounds partook largely of the gray or neutral tints; and in no part of his pictures did he allow his brush to be apparent; a feature, let me add, which I have noticed in almost all the great masters. His figures were generally inferior to the rest of the picture, for although graceful and easy in the outline, they were somewhat clumsily filled up. But take them all in all, these early pictures of Turner's richly entitle him to the rank he holds among the English artists; although his present style has a most pernicious tendency in leading young artists to imitate his faults and forget his higher qualities. He has no doubt been led into his present style by his practice of making water-color designs for the engravers. No artist in England pursues this branch of business more extensively and profitably. He is avaricious, and demands exorbitant prices for the simplest sketch; and his anxiety to turn out the greatest possible number in a given time, and to receive in return a bank check from the publishers for five hundred or one thousand pounds, has been the means of his becoming slovenly in whatever he undertakes. I know not what he intends to do with his money; but if he desires to preserve his repu-

tation as a painter, he cannot do better than direct his executors or administrators to purchase all the works he has painted since he was forty years of age, and commit them to the flames.

---

C. STANFIELD.

STANFIELD was originally a scene-painter to one of the London theatres. He is a fine hale-looking man, of about forty-five years of age; an agreeable companion, and entirely free from the affectation and eccentricity that usually characterize an artist of any distinction. His paintings in the Royal Academy are generally the leading pictures of their class. It is astonishing that, living as he does in the midst of a school which is so unusually productive of new-fangled notions and nostrums, he paints with so much care and solidity. The prevailing fault of almost all the other English artists is a ridiculous use of varnish in the finishing up of their pictures. Varnish mixed with drying-oil, as all painters know, makes a sort of *salve*, which the English apply to every part of their pictures, until at last they have a greasy, undefined appearance, which is most unartist-like and false. But Stanfield scorns this trick of the profession, and lays on his colors boldly and solidly, as we wish more of his countrymen would do. There was a picture exhibited by him in the Royal Academy in the spring of eighteen hundred and forty-one, a view of the island of Ischia, which in my opinion was the gem of that year's collection. The island was in the distance; the sea, which had been lashed into rage by a storm, was throwing its spray over the long narrow passage-way which divides the island from the main land; and on this passage-way and on the main land were some thirty or forty figures, in various attitudes, all of which were admirably drawn and colored. His forte undoubtedly is in the truth and spirit of his fore-grounds. No painter shows more taste in the selection of his materials for this important part of a picture. No matter what it is; whether the remains of an old quay or the fragments of a wreck cast upon the shore; it is drawn and painted with a fidelity and truth that give the greatest value to his pictures. Some of the English critics censure him for a too free use of drab colors; but I saw nothing in the work above-mentioned that made him liable to this charge.

In the same manner as with Turner, I took the liberty to call at his rooms to see his works. It was an election-day, and I came near being repulsed, having been mistaken for a political emissary. However, I was admitted, and remained a long time looking at his valuable collection of water-color sketches. Among them he showed me several very splendid sketches of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which occurred when he was in Italy. I endeavored to prevail upon him to finish them up in oil; but I presume they had been in his port-folio so long that to his own eye they had lost their charm. He told me he ascended Vesuvius the afternoon previous



to the eruption, little dreaming of the danger he ran. The sketches were made on the spot, and still exhibited traces of the ashes that fell upon his paper while he was engaged upon them. Before parting, I endeavored to prevail upon him to cross the Atlantic, and enrich his port-folio with sketches of American scenery; but he gave me to understand that he had on hand orders for pictures that would take him some years to fulfil; thus rendering a voyage of the kind entirely out of the question.

---

CHARLES R. LESLIE.

THERE were three works of LESLIE's in the Royal Academy exhibition, but none of them pleased me, or equalled his earlier works. They were not as carefully finished nor as well colored as many of his works in this country. They were too dry and crude for finished pictures, and of a disagreeable pink or purple tone. One of them I saw at his room; and supposing it in a state very little beyond a 'dead coloring,' I very unwittingly asked him how long it would take to finish it! But in spite of all this, these pictures exhibited the same admirable expression of character, and the same original and forcible conception of the subject, which distinguish all his works. In this respect Leslie is without a rival; and I regret that he should recede rather than advance in his execution. He is a great admirer of the works of the late Mr. CONSTABLE; why, I cannot determine, unless it arises from the great intimacy that existed between them during Constable's life-time. But in my humble opinion, Constable is the last person he should imitate; at least if the works of that artist in the National Gallery are a fair specimen.

When I visited Leslie, he had his easel planted in Buckingham Palace, finishing his 'Christening of the Young Princess.' The QUEEN, Prince ALBERT, the Princess, and several of the royal family, present on that occasion, had sat for their likenesses. Through Mr. Leslie's politeness I visited the palace, and saw him at work upon the picture. He had preserved not only a likeness of all the persons present, but also gave an exact representation of the ceremony as it occurred. The Queen had permitted him to be present and make a drawing on the spot; consequently there was but little left for the imagination or fancy to finish. Unfortunately, the ceremony took place by candle-light, and the glittering chandeliers coming in contact with the red-figured drapery, gave the whole a hot, burning appearance, which was almost painful for the eye to gaze upon. I observed to him that the Queen was quite diminutive in stature, when standing by the side of Prince Albert; and inquired whether it would not have been well to have used his license as a painter, and increased her height? He replied that he had made the suggestion to the Queen, and she had positively forbidden it, saying, 'that when standing along-side of Albert the top of her head reached exactly to the top of his shoulder.' I was shown through the palace, and was particularly gratified with an

inspection of the Queen's fine collection of Flemish paintings. But of this anon. Mr. Leslie stands deservedly high as a painter in England, and we Americans may be justly proud of his connection with our country.

---

EDWIN LANDSEER.

THE style of this painter is peculiar to himself. To a happy effect of light and shade, more than to a judicious or pleasing composition, and to a peculiarly bold and dashing touch rather than any great transparency or depth of color, does he owe the great celebrity and popularity that have accompanied his career. His manner captivates the eye, and the delicate arrangement of his effects leaves the mind indisposed to criticise with much severity the truth or force of his designs. It will be only when imitators arise, that we shall quarrel with him. *They* will make his faults conspicuous, and cause us to condemn the artist who, under so specious an exterior, wandered so far from simple truth and nature. His animals are exceedingly clever; but the brush is so apparent that one can never forget he is looking at a mere painted canvass. Landseer had no pictures in the Royal Academy when I was there, and therefore I had to seek for them in private collections. I must confess I was pleased with them, as every one else is; but I could not help asking myself: 'Reduce them to an outline, and what are they?' Really nothing.

His popularity is unbounded; and such is the *rush* for his pictures, and such the accumulation of orders on his hands, that he exhibited to a brother artist the check of a nobleman on his banker, with the signature affixed to it, but the body of it left in blank: as much as to say: 'I am determined to have one of your pictures; paint one for me; fill up the check for what amount you please, and it shall be paid.' His health however, I am sorry to add, had become impaired, and he was travelling in France. I believe he has since returned, and resumed his labors at the easel. He is certainly a man of genius; but aims rather at present popularity and affluence than to secure an enduring reputation.

---

C. L. EASTLAKE.

THIS artist is a gentleman and a scholar; and his works resemble his mind and person. They are chaste, well-selected, and carefully finished. There is no particular originality in his composition or in the conception of his subject; but he has evidently studied the old masters and the antique, until his mind and eye have become imbued with the same classic expression in every thing he undertakes. A picture in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1841, 'Christ weeping over Jerusalem,' was a great favorite with all who visited the institution. The subject was arranged with great simplicity,

and a pathos and quiet dignity preserved throughout, that won for it general admiration. The coloring perhaps was rather gaudy for so grave a subject; but as in size it approached nearer to a cabinet-picture than an altar-piece, this may be an apology for so free a use of gay colors. I am glad to perceive that the committee appointed to attend to the pictorial decorations of the new Houses of Parliament have appointed him as their chief secretary; for as on his shoulders will fall all the correspondence, and most of the labor, I have no doubt the artists of Great-Britain will be justly and honorably dealt with.

---

D. M'CLISE.

MR. M'CLISE is somewhat a new candidate for honors in the English school. He has evidently studied with great labor and attention; for all his works show more elaborate finish, more attention to detail and careful drawing, than those of most of his professional brethren. His coloring however is hard and dry, and of an unpleasant purple or 'brick-dust' tone. A picture styled the 'Sleeping Beauty,' exhibited in 1841, presented a painful assemblage of all objects that were ever attempted to be represented upon the stage, in the wildest and most extravagant melo-drama; yet every part, from a fairy to a butterfly, was carefully finished. The disagreeable red which I have referred to particularly pervaded his flesh-tints, and made his figures look as if they had just come from over a broiling fire, or had been rubbing their faces with an irritating ointment. Aside from these defects of color, M'Clise shows a thorough knowledge of his art; and if he could only shake off his dry style of coloring, he would become one of the first artists in England.

---

WILLIAM ETTY.

MR. ETTY is a veteran of the old school; a connecting link between NORTHCOTE, BARRY, etc., of the olden time, and the LANDSEERS and TURNERS of the present day. He is however very unequal in his works; in some of them, particularly where he has the naked figure to deal with, he shows great feeling and judgment. But it is not at all unusual to see in the same picture a miserable, half-finished limb attached to a very carefully and beautifully-painted body. He too is rather inclined to the eccentricities of Turner and Company, in his style of coloring; an affectation of the most disagreeable sort; endeavoring to hide the labor bestowed upon an object by going over it afterward with a semi-opaque wash, allowing his hand to overleap in parts the outline, as if the whole was done carelessly, and with a few strokes of the brush; denominated, among the craft, the '*fog-style*.' Surely Mr. Etty has lived too long, and studied too hard, to indulge a belief that his reputation will stand upon such 'sleight-of-hand' work.

DAVID WILKIE.

POOR WILKIE! In his line, he was the glory of the English school. He united all the beauties of TENIERS, OSTEND, WOUVERMANS, and JAN STEEN, in his works; and he has produced many a gem that will outlive all his contemporaries. Information had just been received of his death, when I was in London, and the news cast a universal gloom over the feelings of all the artists; for he was deservedly a favorite. He was always ready to give advice; free to communicate (like all really great men) what he knew of his profession to his younger brethren; and was a true and warm companion to those more advanced in years. There has been so much written upon the subject of his works, since his death, that I will not dwell upon them in this place; but of all I saw, I preferred the 'Village Festival' in the National Gallery. It appeared to me to be more perfect in all its parts, and approached nearer to what I imagined to be the perfection of painting, in this particular department. His later pictures are less carefully done, and his life-size works have positively injured his reputation. He also got into the 'fog-style' toward the latter part of his life, and forgot the substance in pursuit of the shadow of things. But he is gone! and there is something too melancholy in his death to allow us to bear hard upon his memory; even where it is open to censure. Mr. Leslie told me that about fifteen years previous to his death, he had an affection in his head, which compelled him to lay down the brush for two years. After this, he altered his style. Like his great countryman, Sir WALTER SCOTT, he had made money by his works, but lost it by bad investments; and in endeavoring to regain what he lost, he sacrificed his life, and almost his reputation. But peace to his remains! The 'great and wide sea' has swallowed them up in its mysterious depths, to surrender them only 'when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality.'

## MY FIRST LOVE: A LYRIC.

I KNEW by the tear-drop that stood in her eye,  
To her heart I was dear, though her lips might deny;  
And her cheek's ashy hue, as I bade her farewell,  
Spoke a feeling more deep than Love's soft words could tell.

Oh! sad was my heart as my last look I threw  
To the vale where Love's first throb of rapture I knew;  
And my boyhood's young memories came back with a thrill,  
As the dim hue of distance tinged valley and hill.

Other vales I have seen, other hearts have been mine;  
I have bowed in devotion to many a shrine;  
But no spot seems so lovely, no joy half so dear,  
As my boyhood's sweet home, and my first love's warm tear.

## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

NEAR NEW-YORK.

THE solemn stillness of these grand old woods,  
 Amid whose labyrinthine paths I roam,  
 Sinks to the very soul; and there reveals  
 A language which the heart alone can read.  
 This is the Land of Shadows! Human life,  
 Save that within my breast, is here unknown.  
 The silent slumberers in the graves beneath  
 Greet not the intruder on their peaceful rest:  
 Yet few the years since this decaying dust  
 Was animate, and gladness filled the eyes  
 That shone in youth and beauty. Sunny locks  
 Lay on these shrunken brows, or softly swept  
 The cheeks once rosy with the bloom of health.  
 Around those necks Affection twined its arms,  
 And pressed the lips where now are lips no more.  
 And such shall be *my* fate! Think well, oh Soul!  
 Art thou prepared to yield this body up,  
 To be resolved into its native clay  
 And mingle with its kind, beneath this turf?  
 Oh! if the parted soul hath aught of care  
 For what hath been its tried companion long,  
 Methinks it could not choose a fitter spot  
 For its eternity of rest than this!

'Here is the unshorn forest.' Man, as yet,  
 Has left untouched the handiwork of God:  
 The hardy Oak uplifts his stalwart arms,  
 Rejoicing in his strength; and by his side  
 The melancholy Aspen waves her boughs,  
 And makes sad music with her fluttering leaves.  
 The clinging vine, with its delicious fruit,  
 And all unpruned, a grateful arbor weaves;  
 While flowers, uncultured, breathe on every side,  
 And spring luxuriant from the turf beneath.  
 No art is here — 'tis Nature's own domain.

And here are streams that softly glide along,  
 Mid verdant banks and shrubs that fringe their shores,  
 Making a pleasant murmur on their way.  
 Here too are limpid lakes, whose depths reveal  
 The smooth white pebbles on the sand below.  
 And here are mountains, easy of ascent,  
 Whose summits overlook enchanting scenes.  
 Most worthily the chief of these maintains  
 The name of him whom every freeman loves:  
 I stand upon MOUNT WASHINGTON, and gaze  
 Enraptured on the view wide spread around!  
 The city's spires, its broad and noble bay,  
 Lie like a vivid panorama, traced  
 By master-hands, in lines of glowing life.  
 Turning, the restless ocean meets my eye;  
 And faintly, when the southern breeze is full,  
 I hear thy roar, far-sounding Rockaway!

When Winter comes, the Arctic winds will howl  
 Among the rocking boughs, and snows will spread  
 Their fleecy mantle o'er the summer sward;  
 But what have they who sleep to fear? Ere long  
 The breath of gentle Spring will melt the frost,  
 Unlock the icy fetters of the streams,  
 And scatter beauty on the withered turf:  
 Again the flowers shall bloom; again the trees  
 Put on their garniture of fragrant leaves,  
 And stand arrayed in flowing robes of life:  
 Thus, till the End shall come!

Oh! if to die  
 Doth fill the parting soul with secret dread,  
 Methinks she would more willingly depart,  
 Could she but know her consort here would rest.  
 Already am I half in love with Death!

What feet are entering on my solitude?  
 I see, by yonder thicket, one who walks  
 With nervous pace, casting a hasty glance  
 On every grave that meets his restless eye.  
 I know him, by the sombre garb he wears,  
 And by the tell-tale features of his face,  
 To be a mourner; and, if I may judge,  
 But late a husband, just returned from sea,  
 To find that she whose image he had kept  
 For months of absence safe within his heart,  
 And hoped to cherish when his roving feet  
 Should tread again upon his native shore,  
 Is numbered with the breathless host that dwell  
 In charnel-house and sepulchre!

He stops  
 By yon green mound, and for a moment looks  
 With anxious eye upon the board that tells  
 The sleeper's name. It is the grave he sought;  
 And ere he kneels, he bares his manly brow,  
 And lifts his clear blue eye to Heaven. He speaks!  
 I'll listen, and record his words:

'And they have laid thee here, dear one! to rest,  
 Far from the turmoil of the busy town;  
 Here, where thy blest and beautiful repose  
 Is undisturbed by shouts of revelry,  
 Nor the sweet flowers that bloom upon thy grave  
 Spoiled of their fragrance by unhallowed feet.  
 I looked not for thy dwelling where arose,  
 In mockery the tall white monument:  
 Such sign I needed not to tell me where  
 Thy loved remains reposed. These modest flowers,  
 The sweet wild-rose and small-leaved violet,  
 Half hidden by the soft luxuriant grass,  
 Are fittest watchers of thy peaceful sleep:  
 When first I spied them in their hiding-place,  
 My anxious search was ended, for I knew  
 No mean flowers, dearest! from thy dust would grow!'

I will no more: 'tis treason thus to scan  
 The secret workings of a mourner's grief.  
 I'll bend my footsteps toward the world again,  
 And be 'a wiser and a better man.'

## AN AËRIAL VOYAGE TO THE NORTH-POLE.

BY AN AERONAUT.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL COMMENCED APRIL 1, 19—.

APRIL 2. The noise of the city and the acclamations of the mob have died away far, far behind. We are alone — the only really solitary beings in the world. The death-like silence is broken only by the hiss of the stream of electro-magnetic fluid that moves our engine, and the subdued and monotonous clank of the machine itself. The bustle and confusion of our departure had raised our spirits above their accustomed level, but they sank as we rose, distancing the barometer in the race toward zero by many degrees.

Doolittle is sitting forward, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands, looking disconsolately through the bow-windows of the balloon. My gloom and despondency have communicated their influence to him, notwithstanding his habitual high spirits; and he is now thinking of his home, of the little stream that murmurs by the road-side in front, and the noble Connecticut flowing in the rear. But he is far away; no human eye but mine can see him, and no human arm can help in case of danger. I must confess I set the example in this unsocial mood. I have been ruminating bitterly over my future prospects, if I should escape the dangers of the enterprise I have undertaken. My fortune is nearly spent in the cause of science, and my health broken with intense study for the benefit of mankind. Fool that I am! my books should have taught me how mankind reward their benefactors. In the face of successful experiment I have met with sneers and sarcasm; and yet in my old age here am I, cruising in the air to parts unknown, perhaps to make discoveries by which others will be benefited, but more probably to be frozen to a lump of ice, or dashed to pieces on the jaggy points below; all which will doubtless greatly redound to the benefit of science. Perhaps, after my death, some fool will raise a monument to my memory, whose inscription would be nauseating were it not unmeaning — and perhaps he won't.

But see how earnestly Doolittle is watching that eagle! — a splendid fellow; eight feet at least from tip to tip! How the proud bird seems to scan us with his bright eye, as if curious to know who we are that dare to intrude on his airy dominions! He is following us up yet. What does he mean? Perhaps he has an idea that we shall soon fall, and enjoys in imagination the taste of our yet living carcasses! Ugh! Scare him away! Ha! old sky-scraper! Where's my gun? Poh! he's almost out of sight already.

JUNE 15. What a glorious triumph of art is this invention! To feel that I have brought it to its present perfection is reward enough.

Here are we, skimming the air at the rate of forty miles an hour; no hills to climb, nor valleys to descend, nor rough roads to endure. O! 'tis glorious!

We have lately been hard pushed for amusement. Our principal recreation to-day has been in chasing the clouds when they lie directly in our route. Yonder is a whole fleet of little *nebulæ*, with a huge black fellow to the north-east, as a sort of convoy. Have at ye, ye villains! How we scatter the rascals with our paddles! There they are, far astern, looking like a flock of frightened sheep, while the convoy looks intensely black at us, frowning his disapprobation of our unmannerly conduct. Capital sport! But keep a bright look-out ahead. There's a big lubberly fellow in a line with us. How he scuds away before the wind! It's of no use: now we catch up with him, and now we dash into him as old Ironsides into an Englishman. Glorious fun this! Jupiter may be a cloud-compeller, but he can't sport the title of cloud-chaser.

JULY 8. Throw open the windows and let us get a mouthful of fresh air, even at the risk of taking cold. There is an albatross sailing quietly along a short distance from us. We accept the favorable omen! Put down that gun, Doolittle, and remember the 'Ancient Mariner.' Doolittle puts by his rifle, muttering something about 'superstition,' and 'a capital shot,' and gazes with me out of the window. All is clear beneath, for although we enjoy eternal fair weather over-head, it is frequently damp under-foot.

What a beautiful prospect! We have just passed a vast prairie of ice, and now the surface is more uneven. The piles of mingled snow and ice so closely resemble the towers, spires and palaces of a magic city, that we can scarcely undeceive ourselves save by the use of the telescope. What is yon broad perpendicular surface, sparkling and flashing in the sun's rays like a wall of gems? Ah! I see; it is a sheer unbroken precipice of ice, at least two hundred feet in height, but no gems about it apparently. And that building on the top? It must be a palace, for I can see the windows and the turrets. How they blaze! Beautiful, fairy-like, isn't it? Bah! what a dull prosy thing is this telescope! I am almost as angry with it as was the Brahmin with the microscope. The palace is nothing but a shapeless mass of ice, looking as uncomfortable as a cottage-ornée in winter. That is so like the dreams of my youth, and the experience of my age! Shut the window, Doolittle; I am chilled through.

SEPT. 1. We have succeeded in accomplishing our object! By the most accurate and repeated calculations, we find we are now directly over the point known as the North-Pole.

SEPT. 3. Having selected, as a proper spot on which to alight, a rock of ice, the top of which was flat as a table, we descended thereon. Opening the door in the side of our balloon, we stepped out. No words can adequately describe the wonderful prospect spread out before us. The wildest dreams of oriental story-tellers



were surpassed. Flowers of glorious hue and unknown form were profusely spread around. Trees of stately size and graceful shape towered before us; and animals of which we had never before heard were scattered here and there through the woods and among the herbage. How long we remained drinking in the soul-stirring loveliness of the scene I know not; but urged by Doolittle's youthful impatience, I descended the rock. As soon as I reached the ground I stopped to pluck a many-hued flower at my feet. To my utter astonishment I found it was composed entirely of ice, as were also all the leaves and grass about me.

While I was recovering from my surprise, I saw directly before me an animal, apparently a species of gazelle, save that it was infinitely superior in the beauty of its proportions, in the roundness of its limbs, and also in point of size, it being about as large as a stag. It lay on the grass in an easy position, its head erect, gazing at me with its large dark eyes. As I glanced at its round fat haunches all the hunter-spirit of my youth stirred within me. I hastily climbed the rock and seized my rifle. I walked around the animal in order to get the best chance for a shot; and although the ice herbage crushed and crackled beneath my feet, he paid no attention to me, but continued looking in the same direction. This encouraged me to approach him. On examination I found that the gazelle, like the flower, was pure ice. Breaking off one of his well-formed horns, I showed it to Doolittle, and we compared notes.

After mature deliberation, I agree in opinion with the celebrated philosopher who flourished about the middle of the nineteenth century, well known for his interesting and valuable discoveries in the moon. He says that the poles of the earth have changed their situation; and my recent discoveries have proved the truth of his opinion beyond the shadow of a doubt. This region has evidently been the garden of the earth, though now the dominions of eternal frost. Owing to peculiar circumstances, in this particular spot the change has taken place so suddenly, that animal and vegetable life has been instantly arrested, the fluids contained in both have been frozen, and in a short time the whole converted into solid ice. The change has taken place more gradually in the surrounding country, affording time for the decay of living substances; although cases have occurred where animals have been found in a state of partial preservation, deeply imbedded in ice. That the poles are changing is proved from the fact that we were able to endure the coldness of the same atmosphere which had caused these marvellous transformations.

SEPT. 5. We staid three days in this lovely spot, wandering among the fragile, glass-like foliage and shrubbery, our admiration intensely excited at every step by some new wonder, and by the universal perfection of every thing. Nature had evidently reached the height of perfection. Here were no hideous wild beasts, no dwarfed or stunted vegetation; all was fair as the garden of Paradise, and beautiful as the fabled Elysium. Among not the least wonderful of these novelties was the extreme clearness and stillness

of the air. Although intensely cold, it was not damp and chilling, like the winter air we were accustomed to breathe, but had a very invigorating effect on the human system; insomuch, that although on my arrival there my health was fast failing through unremitting study and anxiety of mind, before I left, my muscles were braced, my chest expanded, and my health perfectly restored. Every inspiration, in fact, seemed to send the life-blood with a quicker current through the veins. Its transparency was remarkable. Every object seen through this medium appeared beautifully distinct, while the sky looked a ten-times deeper blue.

During all the time we were there we never felt the slightest breath of wind. It was as if the air itself had been frozen; and it is probable, nay certain, that there never has been a gust of wind in that spot since the change took place, as it would inevitably have broken down the beautifully frail ice-foliage and flowers. Notwithstanding the invigorating effect of the air, we found that toward the end of our stay its coldness induced stupor, and a desire for continual sleep, to have yielded to which would have been very dangerous. At the end of the third day, we came to the unanimous conclusion that it was high time to 'fire up' and depart. Accordingly, having selected some of the finest specimens of surrounding objects, we packed them carefully away, and filling our balloon, with thankful hearts were once more sailing on the ocean of air, in the direction of home.

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JOHN ANDERSON TO HIS JEAN.

O, JEAN! it seems but yesterday,  
 Since, light as ony fawn,  
 Ye tripped in virgin bashfulness  
 Across the flowery lawn;  
 And bright your golden hair waved,  
 That Time has strewn wi' snaw;  
 Yet still ye wear youth's winning smile,  
 Though youth's bright morn's awa'.

Though your eye be no sae clear, Jean,  
 As when in youthful prime,  
 Sae sweetly, sae confidingly,  
 Its melting glance met mine;  
 Though passion's hour hath fled, Jean,  
 And could our pulses be;  
 Your mellowed look o' kindly love  
 Still gently beams on me.

And though the grave's white blossoms, Jean,  
 Are scattered on your brow,  
 And in life's glass the ebbing sands  
 Are wasted thin and low;  
 No change our hearts can know, Jean,  
 But lang as life shall last,  
 We'll gild our hopes o' future bliss  
 Wi' memories o' the past.

## THE SOLDIER'S SONG IN PEACE.

BY WILLIAM H. HERBERT.

Oh! for the voice of War!  
That the city's drowsy hum  
May be drowned in the din of the rumbling car,  
And the roll of the rousing drum!

Oh! for the dancing plume,  
And the banners streaming fair,  
And, blazing through the battle's gloom,  
The cannon's lightning glare!

Oh! for the gleaming steel  
In rank and file arrayed,  
And the brazen trumpet's kindling peal,  
And the flashing battle-blade!

Oh! for the earthquake shock,  
When squadroned armies meet,  
And the foe recoil, as from the rock  
The shivering waves retreat!

Oh! for the wild, mad rout,  
Where Fear and Terror fly,  
And Victory follows with a shout  
That rends the bending sky!

Oh! for the joyous day,  
When from the frenzied throng  
Swells high the loud thanksgiving lay—  
A multitudinous song!

Oh! for the garlands fair  
That deck the hero's brow,  
When millions to their chief repair  
To pay the grateful vow!

Oh! for the fadeless wreath  
That shades the victor's head,  
Who yields his last exulting breath  
On Honor's gory bed!

Oh! for the star-bright eyes,  
With the dew of grief then dim;  
For Beauty aye is Valor's prize,  
And showers her love on him.

A nation's gushing tears  
Shall quench his funeral blaze,  
And the echoes of all after-years  
Be vocal with his praise!

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

*The Young Englishman.*

## CHAPTER SECOND.

Duchess. Mr Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off.  
York. Where did I leave?

THE last look at one's native land, the last glimpse of the receding shore, as it fades from view, and is lost in the expanse of ocean for ever, how it goes to the heart of the wanderer, who feels that it is indeed the last, and clings to his memory while memory remains! I too have felt all the pangs of exile from the country of my birth; (never will I utter the name of that country; alas! she has *now* no name among the nations of the world;) and when the sun, to me, rose for the last time over the lofty summit-tops of my father-land, gilding with its splendor the majestic scenery around, and the healthful breeze which had from my boyhood made the pulse of life beat full and clear within my bosom, was to breathe upon me no more for ever; when, in a word, the last tie that could bind me to earth was sundered, and I was thrust out into the dreary wilderness of this world, a solitary, sorrow-stricken being, without country, without home; without friends and without hope; I turned away in the bitterness of my soul, and for the last time I *wept*. And in all the strange vicissitudes of my subsequent life, upon land and ocean; in the gay city and the gloomy desert; amid scenes of desolation and of wild festivity; in the fierce struggle of the battle-field and in the soft sweets of rural retirement; the memory of *that* sun and earth and air would haunt my spirit; the first, the last, the *only* vivid impression of my whole life; and even now, when I am old, and the associations of earlier years cease to affect me as they were wont to do, it still grows stronger and stronger, and like the imagined glories of another world, becomes brighter and brighter in the contemplation.

But to my narrative. The 'Christoval Colon' drifted sluggishly down the Thames, coming to an anchor at every turn of the tide, as the wind was very light, until at length she floated out into the broad estuary of the Medway. There a fine breeze sprang up from the south-east, and we spread all our canvass to the wind. We passed rapidly down the straits, and then close along the picturesque Isle of Wight, within full view of the bold romantic promontories and deep dark ravines which mark its southern extremity. Here the Under Cliff, the name given to the range of coast, rises by gigantic steps to an immense perpendicular height, interrupted only by fearful chasms, through which the torrent rushes, roaring and

foaming, in its mad fury to the sea; the whole making a scene of wild and rugged grandeur. The young Englishman entered with rapture into the prospect. 'Why,' exclaimed he with enthusiasm, 'are our travellers so blind to the beauties of their own country? Look at that tremendous battlement of nature reft in twain only to expose the terrible profound within, against which the waves have wasted their wild efforts for ages; what can be more sublime, more fearfully impressive?' And the eye of the youth kindled as he spoke, for it was his country he beheld, and his bosom glowed with a patriotic zeal as he gazed upon the sea-girt bulwarks of his island-home.

We saw but little more of the coast until we made the Lizard Point, which could be faintly distinguished by the naked eye, and from which we bore directly out upon the Atlantic. The invalid had remained below all the morning, and I hoped we should have passed out of sight of land without his knowledge; but just then he came on deck, and his quick eye caught the prospect in an instant. 'Tis the Lizard, if I mistake not,' said he, in a low but distinct voice to the captain.

'You could not have hit truer, had you sailed the Channel all your life,' was the reply. 'The Lizard Point, beyond all doubt; and a grand good departure it is, Sir.'

This was a sad moment to the young man. He gazed with a fixed and painful look upon the land. As it became less and less visible, his eye dilated, his bosom heaved, his knees trembled, and he clung convulsively to the taffarel until the last imaginary speck had vanished, and nothing visible remained. A moment longer he gazed, it was only a moment, and then he turned with composure, and apparently without a struggle, to seek the retirement of his cabin. The young Englishman had bid farewell to the land of his nativity, and he felt that it was for ever!

The fine weather continued for several days, and put all on board in good spirits. The Scotchman imagined himself already in full occupancy of his Eldorado, and busy in converting the golden sands which line the shores of the new world into substantial pounds sterling, placed to his credit by the 'House' in Glasgow. The Spaniard was unusually full of gesticulation and grimace, which with him was proof positive of great present satisfaction and extreme good humor; while the young Jamaica merchant actually doubled his allowance of porter, and asked all the company in a body to drink with him. In short, every one seemed satisfied; for fine weather at sea is synonymous with prosperity on shore. The deck was a scene of happy confusion. The passengers laughing and talking, running up the rigging, watching the rudder-fish, throwing a bait for 'Mother Carey's chickens,' looking out for strange sail, playing at touch-and-jump, betting on the last day's run, or lounging in sheer idleness around the capstan, wondering why the dinner was so late! Even the invalid took courage with the prosperous gale, for the air at first affected him favorably, and Nature seemed to make her final rally against the foe. For the time, his health was visibly

improved, and he enjoyed to the full the excitement of a change of scene. 'Oh! but 'tis glorious!' cried he; 'this life upon the ocean, with a good ship, a hardy crew, and a pleasant company! The very contest with and victory over the elements give nerve to the weakest soul, and make one feel still more a man; while the solitude of the vast waste of waters is far from oppressive, varied as it is by the pleasures and the perils which are incident to it.'

Happy constitution of humanity, to forget the hour of danger in the moment of security; and in the day of prosperity to take no thought for the season of gloom!

On, on sped the 'Christoval Colon;' a fair wind upon her quarter, her top-gallant sails and royals rapt full, and her studding-sails spread wide to the breeze. Every one was happy in his present good fortune, with a short and merry voyage in prospect. Occasionally a strange sail would heave in sight, but we carefully avoided the near approach of every vessel; for it was a time when the world was convulsed with revolutions, and the temptation to plunder was too great to be resisted by the numerous adventurers who then navigated the seas, half pirate half privateer, and who would not hesitate to overhaul a well-freighted merchantman without respect to the flag she sailed under; because they well knew that redress would be slow and uncertain, while the general confusion of the times gave abundant opportunity to escape detection and punishment.

Yes, the times were troublous. The young Napoleon was in the midst of his victorious career, at the head of the army of Italy, shaking to their very centres the ancient empires of Europe, and making kings and despots tremble at his name; and although England had not yet thrown herself into the *mêlée*, her future course was generally correctly anticipated. We avoided therefore, at the expense of some deviation from our track, the attempt of several suspicious looking vessels to speak us, apparently much to the regret of the Spaniard, who longed for some adventure to break the disagreeable monotony of pleasant weather and a fair wind, although in the shape of a pirate and his crew; and much, very much to the delight of the Scotch and English merchants, who were particularly anxious on this occasion to test the superiority of English ships over every other in sailing before the wind.

Thus we voyaged for several days, until we were near the longitude of the Azores, though considerably to the north of them, when the wind, which had not varied since we left the Channel, began to freshen and head us off. One after another orders were given to take in the studding-sails; the royals followed; and ere night-fall we had taken a reef in the top-sails. No longer was our good ship the thing of life she was; but kept close to the wind, and not allowed to fall off, she plunged madly into the billows, tossing and tumbling and rolling, as if goaded by the restraint. Several days elapsed, but they brought no change of weather. To the invalid this proved particularly disastrous; for after the first slight rally of nature, he relapsed into a weaker state than before; his step became slower, his eye brighter, and his countenance more death-

like; and it was very evident that every hour at sea weakened his chance for life, and that like many others, who in the last extremity listen to the useless counsels of their physicians, he had left his country and his happy home, to die in a strange land, perhaps upon the strange wild ocean. To him then, or rather to those who cared for him so fondly, the present unfavorable weather was a source almost of agony. Anxiously was the least change observed; frequent were the questions put to the captain, who entered feelingly into the distress of the inquirers, of the probable duration of the passage, and whether he anticipated a speedy change of wind. In reply, 'he could only hope for the best; the wind could not always blow from one quarter, and *any* change would be a favorable one.'

After several wearisome days, the wind early one morning lulled away almost to a calm. I was on deck, eager to catch the slightest ray of hope, for my feelings had become strongly interested for the poor victim, and a more intimate acquaintance had added ten-fold to my former prepossessions. 'Well, Captain,' I exclaimed, 'now for better fortune! A calm is half a fair wind, you know.' The captain made no reply, but taking my arm pointed to windward with an expressive gesture, and commenced pacing the deck again. I looked to the quarter indicated, and then hastily over the sky, and perceived what had before escaped my notice, that the elements were in unusual commotion, and that to all appearance the lulling of the wind was but a prelude to a fearful gale. The clouds were scudding across the heavens in all directions, while to the north-west an immense dark vapor stretched along the horizon, and hung like a mantle upon the ocean. There was a heavy cross-sea on, which rocked the ship to and fro without any resistance, for she had now no support from the wind. The sails hung for one moment idly against the masts, and then flapped backward and forward, awake and restless. And the little petrel flitted like evil spirits around the vessel, their shrill, lonely chirp sounding like an omen of ill. Next the wind came in short puffs, resembling the small artillery of an army previously to a general cannonade, spending its brief fury without injury, but nevertheless with a violence not to be disregarded.

'Mr. Marlin!' shouted the captain to the first mate, 'let some of the men go aloft and send down the royal yards.'

'Ay, ay, Sir!' echoed the mate; and the order was speedily obeyed.

This manœuvre surprised me, for it is only when a furious storm is expected that any of the ship's spars are sent down, and then but very rarely, except in winter navigation. I went nearer to the captain, for I always avoided questioning him in presence of others, and said: 'You are preparing for a heavy gale?'

'As dirty a time in prospect as I have seen since I was wrecked off Hatteras, on the American coast. But nothing of this. You, Sir, have felt the breath of the salt air before, and know the difference between a freshener and a hurricane; and if I mistake not, have seen enough of British seamen to believe that it takes more than a

close-reefed top-sail breeze to make one send down his royal yards. Now not a word to any one below ; keep up the courage of the faint-hearted, and we will see if old Boreas has caught us napping *this* time !'

The captain had not misjudged this matter ; for before the men had fairly handed the top-gallant sails, the wind began to blow steadily from about west-north-west, and every successive moment increased its violence.

'Take a reef in the fore and mizzen top-sails, some of you !' said the captain ; 'take a *double* reef !' shouted he, as the wind still freshened ; 'close reef them !' he bellowed out, almost before the men had got aloft.

This was at last done, and the hardy tars were next extended along the main top-sail yard, which all this time was quivering under the weight of the distended sail.

'Luff, and spill the sail now !' 'Luff it is, Sir !' repeated the man at the helm. 'In with it, my men — in with it !' were the words of encouragement which passed continually from the captain to the crew.

It was a curious sight to a landsman to see these hardy fellows strung along the yard, their only dependence a small foot-rope ; the rigging wet, and the sails stiffened by the frozen spray, while the wind jerked the yard on which they rested hither and thither, and rendered their frail support still more precarious. And fain would I believe that according to their own cherished notions, some guardian divinity watches over the sea-tossed mariner and preserves him from accident amidst such fearful perils.

The storm came on with tremendous fury ; the air became intensely cold, and the wind as it passed over us drove the spoon-drift with a sweeping force clear across the vessel, rendering the working of the ship difficult in the extreme. Under all this, the 'Christoval Colon' behaved admirably. She was now keeping within about six points of the wind, and carrying her three close-reefed top-sails and close reefed fore-sail. The captain stood on the weather side of the quarter-deck, his Herculean frame enveloped in a huge sea-coat, and a nor'-wester tarpaulin hauled close over his head, with one hand hold of a belaying-pin to steady himself, anxiously watching the effect of each gust upon his top-masts.

The night had set in, but it brought no abatement of the storm. The male passengers, except the invalid, who was too feeble to leave the cabin, were gathered upon deck, a striking contrast with the merry group of the preceding days. Some made a bold show of courage, having, as they expressed it, 'been to sea before, and were not to be frightened by a mackerel breeze.' Others were alarmed, but said nothing ; and a few, yielding to their apprehensions, clustered around the captain with anxious faces, half dreading to inquire, yet fearing to remain silent. I might here remark, that from the first week out, the captain had treated me with great familiarity, in consequence, I presume, of my having seen considerable service at sea ; and while he now manifested great



reserve as to the prospect before us, when addressed by the other passengers, to me he was more than usually communicative. He was a true English sailor. He was proud of his ship, he gloried in his country, and honored his king. He was strict in the discharge of his duty, but obstinate to a fault when once determined upon a course, whether right or wrong.

'It is well I anticipated this brewing,' said he, addressing me as we stood side by side; 'I could hardly afford to lose my best winter sails, bent for the first time; and 'fore George! this gale would have split every rag of canvass, from the royal to the main spencer, if not handed in time.'

At the present juncture, I ventured to hint to him that we might not even now escape with whole sails. 'Well, well, that may be,' he replied; 'but thank God, we have got plenty of sea-room, and I know every inch of the Colon; not a timber in her but what is staunch. She is British-built, from her knees to her top-masts, or she would have carried them away long ago.'

At this instant a sharp crash interrupted the panegyric of the captain, who for the moment did not observe that the wind had fearfully increased; and the main top-gallant mast, with the top-gallant yard, fell heavily across the side of the ship, breaking the arm of one of the seamen, and injuring two or three others.

'Bear a hand, every one of you!' cried the captain; 'cut away the lee-sheet! Luff, now!—luff and touch her! Meet her handsomely, my man!' 'Meet her handsomely, Sir!' was the prompt response at the wheel. The top-gallant mast and yard, which were only held by the lee-sheet, being thus freed, fell into the sea, and every thing was clear.

The night became like the blackness of darkness. The sea was boiling in fury, and the waves ran with a fretful irregular motion, tossing the ship about with a force absolutely frightful, and which defied all calculation in steering her. The deck was slippery with frozen spray, and nearly all the bulwarks forward were stove in by the heavy seas which swept over them. The tack we were on would soon bring us close upon the little island of Coroo, the most westerly of the Azores. I had for some time expected the order to be given to lie to; for I thought the wind too violent to attempt the other tack. Great therefore was my surprise, when I heard the order 'Ready about!' preparatory to tacking. This was now no trifling manœuvre; for so great was the force and irregularity of the waves, that unless executed with extraordinary skill and judgment, the ship would probably miss stays and fall back to her old position. The captain felt that his situation was critical; and he carefully watched an opportunity when the sea broke with the least force, and the ship had most headway, before giving orders. But scarcely a favorable interval appeared. The wind actually *howled* as it drove around us; and ever and anon a heavy sea broke aboard, and deluged the vessel with water. Through all, the captain displayed the greatest caution. Instead of putting his helm a-lee at once, the ship was luffed up into the wind by degrees; and when the sails

began to shiver, he gave the order: 'Hard a-lee!' with 'Let go the sheets forward!' leaving the lee-braces and fore-top bowline fast, so as not to stop the ship's headway; and as soon as the wind was brought right ahead: 'Mainsail haul!' was thundered out, and the main-yard swung round heavily to the other side.

The ship for the time was perfectly unmanageable. Under the conflicting and counteracting forces brought to bear upon her, every timber vibrated, and she shook and trembled as if in instinctive fear of the pressing danger. The hazardous moment had arrived. For an instant it appeared as if the ship would double the critical point: another, and she hesitated, lost headway—stopped; and then, quivering in every joint, she drove rapidly astern, and fell off to the leeward. She had missed stays. Before she could be brought up, a heavy sea struck her, carrying away the remaining bulwarks forward, and sweeping the deck of every thing movable upon it.

'Captain,' I exclaimed, 'you have but one alternative, unless you choose to repeat the attempt to get the ship about. We must lie to.'

'I know it! I know it!' he replied, 'and it is what I have been trying to avoid. I will not say a word to the disparagement of the 'Colon,' though the hurricane should roll every mast out of her; but—she does not behave as well lying to, as in any other shape. She is too uneasy, and flies up too much in the wind; and instead of meeting the wave handsomely, she breaks the sea on board. But it must be done; we will give her the main stay-sail, and tie her up close.'

All hands were again called on deck. The main stay-sail, after a long effort, was set, (the fore and mizzen top-sails had been previously carried away,) and the ship was brought close to the wind and the helm lashed a-lee. This disposed of, the captain stepped below to look after his passengers, who had now begun to regard their position in a very serious light. Many were the questions put, and anxiously were the answers anticipated. 'Captain,' said Mrs. —, the mother of the invalid, 'do you think the gale will increase?' 'It may, it *may*, my good Madam; but it is not its increase that I dread so much as its continuance. It has been blowing nearly twenty-four hours with a fury that I have never seen equalled, and I have sailed these seas for thirty years—and seen vessels foundered in a less trying time than this. We have got a good ship, thank God! and she will hold together as long as any iron and timber joined by mortal man.'

At that instant the voice of the mate was heard at the companion-way exclaiming: 'We've sprung a leak just amid-ships, Sir!'

A general rush was made on deck, and the countenance of the boldest was marked with terror. The captain was cool. 'Mr. Marlin! sound the pumps, and find what water has been made; man them strong, and relieve often. Cheerily! cheerily! my lads, and we'll keep her afloat yet; that is,' muttered he in a lower tone, 'if aught that is fashioned by hands can live in this infernal bubble.'

'Would it not be well,' said I, 'to let the ship fall off before the wind, and scud her?'

'That would do to talk about before we were in this shape, my friend; but not one stanch ship in a hundred could veer in such a gale as this, much less a vessel in the crippled condition of the poor Colon. Depend upon it, the first sea that struck her as she came round would send her to the bottom. No, no; we have done our all. The water gains upon us, 'tis some hours yet to daylight, and the wind drives fiercer than ever. God's will be done!'

'Your opinion then is that we are lost,' uttered a calm voice near me. I turned to observe the speaker. It was the invalid Englishman. Till now, from extreme weakness, he had kept below, unmoved and undismayed amidst the dreadful confusion around him: but learning the desperate situation of the ship, he had summoned all his strength, and reached the deck. A loose cloak was thrown over his shoulders, but his head was bare: and the wind and spray, as they passed over him, gave to his countenance, as the light from the binacle gleamed upon it, an unearthly aspect. Behind him stood his faithful Charles, just as fixed, just as unmoved, just as devoted as ever. 'You have no longer any hope of saving the ship?' repeated the invalid.

'I do not say that—I do not say that,' replied the captain; 'while timbers hang together there is hope. But, young man,' added he impressively, 'I cannot trifle with *you*; our hope is in God; *man* can do no more.'

'I thought as much,' said the invalid, quietly. 'Can we hold out much longer?'

'For a few hours, yes; and daylight may calm the tempest; but the leak—the leak! *There* is our danger, our destruction. Stop it I cannot. God only can deliver us.'

'My friend,' said I, to the young man, 'let us prepare to meet this awful consummation as becomes men.' 'I hope I am prepared to meet it as becomes a *Christian*,' replied he, with a marked emphasis on the last word. 'I have no fears,' he added, smiling sadly, 'though it is dreadful to see *them*,' pointing below, 'the partakers of my doom. And,' he whispered convulsively, '*when one is loved, death is indeed melancholy, and to be dreaded*; not on account of one's own fate, but out of compassion for the survivor.' And there, amid the raging of the tempest and the fury of the blast, when Destruction gaped wide her jaws, and escape seemed hopeless, the young man remembered his Mary, and thought of his own fate only as it affected her's.

Fearful was the spectacle before us! The ship, stripped of every rag of canvass, lay to, under bare poles and rigging, with helm lashed a-lee, every large sea making a complete breach over her, a melancholy, crippled thing; while the dismal sound of the pumps, a sound as ominous as that of the dull earth upon the coffin of the dead, clank, clank, clank!—clank, clank, clank! struck despair to the stoutest heart. Death guarded every avenue of escape. Not a ray of hope remained to cheer the soul! The passengers too, how

altered, how strangely transformed from the light-hearted beings they were! True, every one was differently affected, yet all bowed under the awful scene that awaited them.

Oh! at such a time, how rapidly the world fades from view, and all its parade and circumstance become mere specks in the distance, while the great realities of the UNKNOWN, UNTRIED FUTURE press heavily upon the soul! Then all are humbled; the great man feels his littleness, the proud man loses his pride, the rich man acknowledges his poverty, and the wise man his ignorance, and the voluptuary exchanges his soft dream of worldly prosperity for the bitter forebodings of an agonized conscience! Oh could we but read the workings of those bosoms as their passions are harrowed with conflicting thoughts, what lessons might we not learn of the human heart! Now Avarice makes a glad compromise with Bigotry; now Infidelity bends a cringing sycophant to Superstition; the swaggering oath and profane vow are changed to the half-murmured prayer and low tone of momentary repentance. Such is man; not man the Christian, but man the self-relying and the proud.

A shriek from the cabin called me below. Turn which way I would, I saw scenes that filled me with agony. 'Mother! mother!' exclaimed Ellen, the sister of the invalid, 'is there no hope? *Must* we perish thus? Save us, save us, William!' she almost screamed; 'surely *something* can be done!'

'Sister,' said the young man calmly, 'look at our mother; see her composure, and remember the blessed precepts which she has taught us should be our consolation in such an hour as this. Ellen, dear Ellen!' exclaimed he, with melting tenderness, 'think not of the manner of death; 't is but a struggle, and it must be passed sooner or later. Look beyond—above. Surely you know what it is to place your trust in God.'

'I do, I *do*, dear brother!' said she; 'I will be calm now; this awful scene unnerved me. Yes, yes; let us think only of the SAVIOUR! I *do* trust in him; let me not lose my faith again!'

An awful crash now sounded across the deck, mingled with the cries of the sailors and the screams of the passengers; and a whooping billow poured like a deluge into the cabin. At this instant the Scotchman shouted to us from the companion-way: 'Save yourselves, if you can! The vessel is going down!'

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A PARAPHRASED LACONISM.

Oh let not Error's pedant head  
Subject the living to the dead;  
But break her old inverted rule,  
That sent the master back to school.  
Re-plant the tree of knowledge, thrown  
By book-worm bigots upside down;  
And bury what they ate—the roots,  
And what they buried, eat—the fruits.

## L I N E S   T O   A   L A D Y .

A LOVELY lady bids me write,  
 And I, though hard the task, obey;  
 For blooming Youth and Beauty bright  
 Exert a full, unquestioned right  
 O'er man's rough clay.

But *what* to write? Ah! there's the thing  
 That racks my mind and cramps my pen:  
 My Muse once fell and broke her wing,  
 And nought could ever make her sing  
 Or fly, since then.

What subject shall I dwell upon?  
 The triumphs of old bards rehearse,  
 And tell of world-wide glory, won  
 By bright Apollo's first-born son\*  
 In deathless verse?

Say! shall I wake the sage,† who died  
 Far backward in the golden Eld,  
 Whom Envy's self once deified,  
 Yet o'er whom Time's oblivious tide  
 Hath darkly swelled?

Or shall I blow the trump that peals  
 The brazen notes of pitiless War,  
 Where drunken Carnage madly reels,  
 And through the groaning battle wheels  
 His blood-stained car?

Say! shall I wish thee joy because  
 Thou'lt enter soon the married life?  
 And sing about connubial laws,  
 And that strong tie that sweetly draws  
 Husband and wife?

Or shall I choose a theme unmeet  
 For utterance by the Muse sincere?  
 The witchery of thy charms repeat  
 In honied words, alas! too sweet  
 To maiden's ear?

No! I will tell thee that, though now  
 Thy face is like the unruffled wave,  
 Time will 'write wrinkles on thy brow,'  
 And years thy graceful form will bow  
 E'en to the grave!

This lesson will avail thee more  
 Than crowded reams of flattering praise;  
 And therefore will I write it o'er  
 In words I wrote long years before  
 These gloomy days.

\* HOMER.

† PLATO.

'Let not this prayer be breathed in vain :  
 But all Life's sloping journey through,  
 Its morning hill, its noon-day plain,  
 Let thy soul's verdure still retain  
 Its day-spring dew.

For thus along thy downward way  
 Shall mellow hues of joy be shed,  
 And through thine hours of dropping day  
 An evening radiance softly play  
 Around thy head.

When, melting down the curtained west,  
 Thou sink where all our orbs must go,  
 Still from the islands of the blest  
 Shall linger o'er thy rosy rest  
 A twilight glow.'

PENSINROSO.

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## ARISTOMENES THE MESSENIAN.

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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THE elegant historian of Greece, Dr. GILLIES, has rescued the name and deeds of ARISTOMENES from the oblivion to which other writers, by overlooking, had in part consigned them, and surrounded his character with attractions which render it worthy of a niche in the mausoleum of the illustrious Greeks. He is one of the numerous instances in which true greatness has not received its meed of commendation, because of the comparative unimportance of the era, or the limited field in which character was displayed; although patriotism is as pure and noble a principle, when exhibited by an islander in defending his petty dominion against the cupidity of a neighbor, as in a powerful nation, when repelling an invasion.

At the period to which this subject refers, the Greeks were gradually casting off the barbarous characteristics of the monarchical ages, and under the republics were securing the foundation of their subsequent grandeur and distinction. The memorable struggle however between autocracy and democracy, although it swept away regalism from the larger states of Greece, did not permanently eradicate this noxious but thrifty plant from the soil of Sparta; and in fact, at the era of the greatest power and prosperity of Athens and Sparta, while the former was recognized as the head of the democracy, the latter was the acknowledged head of the aristocracy of Greece.

It is not necessary to our present purpose to touch upon the institutions or peculiarities of the different republics, which distinguished them as accurately as their geographic lines; or to trace the remote cause of their mutual encroachments. National aggran-

dizement was a prime motive in their legislation, and military renown the highest object of their ambition. Hence the page of history is colored with sanguinary deeds: and when it would be a pleasure to discover an emulation only, in the arts of peace, each member of this community of democracies is found engaged in a perpetual struggle for self-elevation.

Messenia was a beautiful and romantic kingdom in the western part of Greece, and adjacent to the Spartan state; in population and fertility of soil scarcely inferior to the latter; and its inhabitants in generous magnanimity far superior to their arrogant and inexorable neighbors. Inclined to the pursuits of peace, and content with the limits of their own dominion, they had not acquired, at the period to which we refer, that national organization which the Spartans possessed, yet fresh in the hardy and martial discipline of Lycurgus. The Spartans, after the conquest of the city of Helos and its dependencies, indulged a desire to append the Messenian territory to their own in a similar manner; and they availed themselves of the first pretence for invasion. This war commenced 743 A. C.; and having resolved not to return to Sparta until the Messenians were subdued, a fierce and exterminating warfare was prosecuted for nineteen years, when the city of Ithome, their last fortress, was captured, and the whole nation were reduced to the most ignominious dependence.

Passing over the thirty-nine years of tribute bondage, during which their cities were rebuilt, their population multiplied, and the country restored to a cultivated state, we arrive at the period when Aristomenes, still a young man, conceived the enterprise of asserting the independence of Messenia, and of restoring his country to her proper position among the states of Greece. His eventful and somewhat romantic career is one of the most interesting of the military leaders of Greece; and a brief narrative of his life will better illustrate his character than a disconnected statement of incidents. He was descended from the Messenian kings, and adorned with those extraordinary qualities of mind and body which fitted him for an undertaking, requiring the most untiring bravery, activity and prudence, and that magnanimous spirit which can merge all considerations in a love of country. He found but little difficulty in rousing the patriotic enthusiasm of the Messenians; and having repelled their oppressors, the whole nation made vigorous preparations to engage in the struggle for freedom, the final effort for national existence.

The first engagement was desperate and sanguinary, and the victory claimed by both; but it gave the Messenians assurance, and exhibited the great and skilful qualities of Aristomenes to such a degree that he was hailed king on the field by his troops; and their confidence and attachment were so entirely secured, that he was able to bring into active operation every energy of the people. The title of king however was declined, and his ambition was limited to the command in chief. For a season the Messenians' arms were uniformly prosperous, guided by the indomitable energy of their

leader. In three successive battles on the plain of Stenyclara, the Spartans were put to rout, and their numbers so greatly diminished that their kings, senate and assembly were inclined to abandon the war, and acknowledge the independence of Messenia. On the other hand, the Messenians, by three years of unparalleled success, were proportionately elated, and believed that peace and independence would be the reward of their valor. In the fulness of their gratitude to Aristomenes, they celebrated his last victory in the city of Andania, for in Roman phraseology he was decreed a triumph. The streets were strown with flowers; the houses were adorned with other simple though delicate testimonials of affection; and he was hailed with enthusiasm as the saviour of his country.

But they were roused from these festivities by the renewal of the war, which had been instigated by Tyrtæus, an Athenian general, whom the Spartans had chosen, by the directions of the oracle of Delphi, as their commander. When they approached the Messenian army, many fled in dismay, so formidable had the name of Aristomenes become, for individual prowess; and an easy victory would have closed the war, had not treachery and its disastrous consequences changed the tide of affairs. At the commencement of the engagement, Aristocrates, king of Arcadia, an ally of the Messenians, having been bribed by Sparta, passed over to their ranks with his followers. Those whom he had deserted were so astonished at his baseness, that they followed them with reproaches and supplications to return, in the same breath; and in the confusion which ensued were defeated with such loss that they were not afterward able to raise an army sufficiently large to meet the Spartans on equal terms; consequently they were soon compelled to abandon the open country, and retiring to their strong-holds and fortified cities, to content themselves with frequent excursions into the enemy's territory.

Aristomenes was not disheartened; he instituted the most vigilant discipline within the fortresses, and raised the spirits of his countrymen by his fortitude and daring exploits. With his little band of resolute soldiers, he made repeated incursions into Sparta, captured a town, and returned with the rewards of victory before the enemy were aware of the inroad. In this manner he evaded them by the celerity of his movements, while he wasted their possessions by the havoc of his sallies. But in one of these predatory incursions, being more fearless than discreet, he tarried too long on the field, and was suddenly beset by an army of Spartans greatly superior. He made a prompt though ineffectual effort to force a passage, but was at length overpowered and captured, with fifty of his troops. Having been chained like a felon, to the greater disgrace of his enemies, he was carried in triumph to Sparta.

To picture the misery of his countrymen, would be impossible. With Aristomenes the last ray of Messenian liberty expired; and they could anticipate no other fate than the vassalage of the Helot, now aggravated by their unsuccessful resistance to tyranny. Yet at this period of calamity, a higher than Grecian oracle appeared to



interpose in their behalf; and by the singular liberation of Aristomenes, to defer at least their impending destruction.

The barbarous law, that the life of the prisoner was forfeited by his capture, prevailed; and the Spartans gladly prepared to enforce the custom upon their illustrious captive. The death of a common malefactor having been awarded to him and his followers, they were cast into the *Caëda*; a deep cavern, employed by them for inflicting an ignominious death; the fall generally proving fatal; but if not, hunger would complete what cruelty had commenced. From this death, however, Aristomenes was almost miraculously spared. The Spartans, who loved valor even in an enemy, permitted him, at his earnest desire, to be buried with his shield; a weapon of defence held in peculiar veneration by the Grecian soldiers. As he descended into the deep cavity, the edge or boss of his ample buckler, striking against the side of the pit, broke the force of the fall, and saved his life. Two days he continued in this miserable dungeon, amidst the stench and horror of dead bodies, his face covered with his cloak, waiting the slow approaches of certain death. The third day, at day-break, he heard a noise, and looking up perceived a fox devouring the mangled remains of his companions. He allowed the animal to approach him, and catching hold of it with one hand, while he defended himself against its bite with the other, he determined to follow wherever it should conduct him. The fox drew toward a chink in the rock, by which he had entered the cavity, and through which he intended to get out. Aristomenes then gave liberty to his guide, whom he followed with much difficulty, scrambling through the passage which had been opened for his deliverance. He immediately took the road to *Eira*, and was received with pleasing astonishment by his transported companions.

Not long after this, about the fifth year of the war, he was besieged in *Eira* by an army of Spartans; and he resolved to maintain it to the utmost extremity. It will be scarcely necessary to dwell upon the vicissitudes of this protracted siege and defence. By his indefatigable diligence and valor, he sustained and defended the city for eleven years against their forces and stratagems; when being wounded in one of his numerous onsets upon the enemy, and thereby compelled to suspend his usual rounds among the guard, they relaxed for the time their customary vigilance, and on a tempestuous night abandoned the outposts altogether. The Spartans having availed themselves of this negligence by securing them, a terrible contest ensued within the city. Aristomenes and the Messenians were now assailed upon the last foot of their once beautiful territory, and fought with that desperation which animates the patriot, while standing among the last fragments of his home and country, and beholding them on the verge of passing into the hands of a stranger and an enemy. But after a fierce struggle for three days and nights, Aristomenes considered that any further defence would be hopeless; and having formed his five hundred soldiers, all that remained capable of duty, into a square, and placed the rem-

nant of the nation in the centre, he proceeded to force a passage through the enemy. The Spartans however, having had sufficient evidence of his resolution, silently opened their ranks; as if fearful to encounter the exasperated energy of this patriot band, and the expatriated people marched unmolested into the province of Arcadia, where they were received with sympathy and hospitality. Thus ended the second Messenian war, six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era.

The Messenians accepted the invitation of the Rhegians to settle in Sicily; and having assisted them in the capture of the city of Zancle,\* they changed the name to Messane, (at present known as Messina,) and effected a permanent and prosperous settlement. The Theban general Epaminondas, two hundred and eighty-seven years afterward, having taken Eira and part of the Messenian territory from Sparta, invited the Messenians to return from the various regions into which they had wandered, to the lands of their ancestors, with which they gratefully complied; and finally this nation, so humiliated in its early existence, and subjected to so many vicissitudes, survived even the degradation of Sparta and Athens, and becoming a prominent member of the Achæan confederacy, flourished in independence for many years afterward; until, with the other states of Greece, it was appended to the Roman empire.

But to return from this digression to Aristomenes. He did not join the expedition to Sicily, but embarked for Rhodes, with its king, who had married his daughter; and for a season enjoyed that repose which a life

— ‘Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
And hair-breadth ‘scapes,’

had justly entitled him; although he had exercised his energies in vain for the salvation of his country. The remainder of his life is involved in obscurity; save that some years after the downfall of Messenia, he departed on a visit to the king of the Lydians, and like the illustrious Hannibal after him, endeavored to set on foot some enterprise for the benefit of his countrymen; and died in that kingdom of a distemper; thus ‘continuing faithful’ to his latest breath.

In relation to the character of this extraordinary man, it should be remembered that he flourished at a period when that physical and mental vigor was beginning to accumulate in Greece which subsequently left its enduring traces upon the world. The sturdy valor of Sparta had not as yet exhibited its perfection in Leonidas; nor had the brilliant military genius of Athens been exemplified by Miltiades; nevertheless, Aristomenes belongs to that class of illustrious Grecian commanders, whose fidelity, patriotism, bravery and military skill have surrounded their names with a halo of glory that

\* THERE is a discrepancy on this point between HERODOTUS and Dr. GILLIES, who follows PAUSANIAS. It is however scarcely worth attention.

will last until the scroll of history is rolled up for ever. He was also the earliest of them all; and in his character may be distinguished the change from the ostentatious and superstitious bravery of the heroic ages, to the virtuous, the noble patriotism of Epaminondas, and the half admirable and half criminal greatness of Themistocles; yet while he is not chargeable with the crimes of the more erratic sons of Greece, he equals the most admired in generosity of soul, courage, and ardent patriotism.

Neither did his disposition altogether partake of the sanguinary complexion of the times. Although like some celebrated knights of the days of chivalry, he had slain three hundred of the enemy hand to hand, yet he was mild and gentle, except when roused in the controversy with his hereditary foe; and it is recorded that he wept at the untimely fate of the traitor Aristocrates, who was stoned to death by his subjects, because he had once been his friend.

'His character,' says the learned Dr. ANTHON, 'combined all the elements of goodness and greatness, in a degree almost unparalleled among the Greeks;' yet his name lies in obscurity, while the less honest but more fortunate generals of Grecian story are familiar in our literature, in the forum, and the senate. Indeed, we bend with eager attention over the checkered career of an Alcibiades; admire the boldness of his schemes, the spirit of his eloquence, the power of his address, hardly condemning his open and daring vices; while the pure and exalted character of Aristomenes is scarcely cited for its 'unconquerable energy,' its fidelity to his country, and its real heroism. Again: if we turn the pages of Grecian history to trace the causes of its grandeur, we discover that the Grecian mind exhibited greater perfection in philosophy and the arts than in martial or political science; and that to the former are to be attributed the enduring splendor of the Grecian name; yet of those from the latter departments who have added brilliancy to its lustre, the name of Aristomenes must be placed beside those of Epaminondas and Aristides the Just; and even these favorite names will not be lessened by its fellowship nor sullied by a comparison.

The finest traits of mind are not always wrought out on the most conspicuous stage, as the life of Aristomenes well illustrates; for Messenia was scarcely larger than our smallest state; still he has left an isolated character, of a greatness peculiar to himself and his period; one which no other Greek can parallel; and one which, like WASHINGTON'S, is studded with numerous virtues, but unstained by even a solitary crime.

AQUARIUS.

*Aurora*, Nov. 1842.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT is Man's history? Born, living, dying,  
Leaving the still shore for the 'heaving wave,'  
O'er stormy seas, mid cloudy ship-wrecks flying,  
And casting anchor in the silent grave!

## E A R L Y   D A Y S .

Do you remember, MARY,  
All our happy childish days ?  
When our hearts were light and airy,  
And with footsteps like a fay's  
We bounded o'er the meadow,  
Or adown the wooded lane,  
And plucked each summer blossom,  
And mocked the wild bird's strain ?  
When in that old-fashioned garden  
We built our grotto fair,  
With the shells that were so beautiful,  
We were loath to leave them there ?  
When we planted by the willow  
The hyacinth so blue,  
And early left our pillow  
To watch how fast it grew ?  
Do you remember, Mary,  
All those happy childish days,  
When our hearts were light and airy,  
And our footsteps like a fay's ?

Do you remember ever  
Our happy *girlhood* hours ?  
When we wandered by the river  
Or amid the forest bowers ?  
When we had so many secrets  
That were never to be told,  
And we thought them quite as weighty  
As a miser's bag of gold ?  
When we conned our lessons over  
By the old laburnum tree,  
With sweet summer sounds to lure us  
In the voice of bird and bee ?  
And our games upon the hill-side,  
On the green, or by the swing,  
With Antoinette and Amy,  
Who were foremost in the ring ?  
Or our quarrel in the green-wood,  
Underneath the spreading vine,  
Because a school-boy lover  
Preferred your eyes to mine ?  
Do you remember, Mary,  
All those happy *girlhood* hours,  
When our hearts were light and airy,  
And we trod a path of flowers ?  
A path of *thornless* flowers,  
Beneath a smiling sky,  
Nor dreamed in such fair bowers  
That care could ever lie ?

And I hope you've not forgotten  
Our first and famous ball ;  
When we tripped it gay and lightly  
Through that antiquated hall ;  
When our mothers sat beside us,  
With a mother's partial eye,  
And thought their girls the fairest,  
Though a thousand sylphs were by ;

And we deemed that scene of pleasure  
 Was just what *life* would be :  
 We have learned a harsher measure,  
 And turned to grief from glee !

We have known the heart's deep sorrow  
 Since those happy days were past ;  
 We have seen each coming morrow  
 Look darker than the last ;  
 We have wept in bitter anguish,  
 And felt how sharp the sting  
 When some fair and fragile blossom  
 In our arms lay withering.  
 But we've garnered hopes immortal,  
 That we knew not of before ;  
 And yet have hours of gladness,  
 Though our girlhood's days are o'er.

M. N. M.

New - York, Nov. 1, 1842.

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' O M O R E S ! '

TIME was, dear KNICK., when the unfledged intellects of our belles hopped carefully through WALTER SCOTT, or at most flattered through BYRON ; and the cavalier who wished to be a man of letters asked : ' Have you read the last new novel, Miss Smith ? ' and received : ' Y-a-a-s ; how wewy pretty ! ' for an answer. But now all is changed. The fair sex divides its attention between flowers and folios, and the paper-cutter is slowly usurping the place of the scissors. ' True it is that young ladies still remain, who follow PATRICK HENRY's advice, and ' study men, not books, ' by rambling up and down Broadway all day, trolling for beaux : but a new style of producing effect is springing up ; a large class of brilliant *littérateuses* (excuse my feminizing the word) are coming on, whose object is to dazzle, overwhelm, confound the beaux into despair. Cruel little book-worms !

Rabbi Akibha, the wonderful Jew, sat it is said five years before a book containing a picture of Moses with a fur-coat on, but bare-footed. ' If this picture was taken in summer, ' pondered the Rabbi, ' why the fur-coat ? If in winter, why the bare feet ? ' What zeal ! what ardor ! what perseverance ! These seductive bibliomaniacs are far from imitating the Rabbi. They skip and skim over all books, great and small, philosophical or fantastic, quite *en papillon*. If they dwell any where a moment, it is on the title-page.

Now we hate, dear KNICK., all mention of books by their titles as much as St. Peter did all allusions to poultry. It is very well, you know, for a person who remembers any thing from a book, worth remembering, to bring it out ; but an incessant clatter of names without any thing more, is, you must confess, as annoying to most people, as the rattle of the knives and forks from a dining-table would be to a hungry man in the next room. Imagine then our distress, when at a small party, Miss Tencerbox, who is as cold and as formal as if she had been brought up on iced whalebone, asked us

what we had been doing in the literary way? We meekly replied, 'Nothing;' and turned to Miss Spraggins, a damsel with very small eyes, so small that we might almost call them an optical illusion. 'Ithn't Gö'the thweet?' lisped the lady. We were confounded. A year ago we knew that she never said any thing to gentlemen, except, 'You're tho thatirical!' After agreeing with her that 'Gö'the' was 'thweet,' we confronted Miss Spooner, a charmer whose round red nose and sallow skin reminded one of a cherry on a half-baked custard pudding, and mildly wished her a good evening. 'Good evening, Mr. Simpkins. Have you read Sidney Smith? They say it is so good; but I do not think it natural: I do so like nature!' We wanted very much to quote Regnard to her: '*La Nature est une sottie, et vous aussi, ma mie.*' But we refrained, and retreated as expeditiously as possible from these *femmes savantes*.

Miss Souris is a young lady of eighteen, but not yet out. Her mother says that she is too thin for society. Miss Souris regrets her extreme emaciation; but literature consoles her. We heard her tell a visiter, who asked her how she amused herself, that she had *manon Lescaut* in her pocket.

Mrs. Ticehurst gave a musical soirée last week, and invited us. We came in at the death of some 'variations-brilliantes,' on heaven knows what tenor. The operator had just arrived at that thrilling bang! bang! bang! in which all variations-brilliantes end, as you well know. As soon as these explosions of harmony and the accompanying 'bravos' had died away, we presented ourselves to Miss Caroline Ticehurst, who pronounces piazza, *piatza*, as she has a perfect right to do, having taken one quarter of Italian. 'Good evening, Mr. Simpkins; I have been reading Alison's last volume. How good! But Molière is my favorite. Ah that Tartuffe! He meant to ridicule Cardinal Richelieu, you know.'

'Heavens!' thought we.

'By the way,' continued the voluble Caroline, 'can you lend me -Kant? Count Dummkopf tells me that Villernain is about finishing his history of the French Revolution, and La Martine has a new tragedy in the press.'

'Good Heavens!' we murmured.

'La Martine is so clever: you have read that beautiful *chanson* of his

' Il y avait un roi d' Ivetôt  
Vivant bien sans gloire?'

Sweet, is n't it?'

'Yes,' we replied; 'particularly the last verse:

' Et cononné par Jeanneton  
D' un bonnet de coton.'

The facile Caroline did not notice the interruption, but led us up to a print of Lucrezia Borgia, that looked like an inebriated cook-maid with a carving-knife in her hand. 'How fine!' she exclaimed. 'Look at that fierce sparkling glance of the eye, that derisive curl

of the nose, that voluptuous lip! Does it not realize Metastasio's beautiful conception? Oh! that mouth! What a tale of passion it relates! What a ——

'Billowy ecstasy of wo!' we ventured to suggest.

'That's it, exactly!' quoth Caroline. 'Who is that from? Byron?' And off tripped the damsel in search of a new victim. No wonder that Dick Davis calls her the '*waltzing catalogue*.'

Book-women used to be blues, with dingy, dowdy dresses, and brick-dust complexions; solemn and sober; uninviting and uninvited; holding every step in a dance a step to the devil, every card in a pack a ticket of admission *aux enfers*. But now the blues are *couleur de rose*, and come upon you in silk and book-muslins pleasantly rustling, with fans and flowers; while breast-pinned beaux, all gloves and gallantry, placing one arm sweetly round their waists, waltz off '*à trois temps*' or '*à deux temps*,' as fate pleases or the skill of the dancers permits.

Therefore, O male votary of Terpsichore! whose nightly pleasure it is to move well-gloved and cravatted in saloons as bright as day, and to be smothered (far better fate than that of Clarence) in *gros de Suisse* and *tulle illusion*, we say unto thee — *Cram!* Study catalogues. Look into encyclopedias. Devote thyself strenuously to reviews. Occasionally drop in at a lecture. Saunter daily in libraries, observing the backs of books; here a little and there a little. Remember what thou can'st, and trust to providence for the rest. Talk incessantly. Extemporize boldly. Brandish sounding names. Quote, *à tort et à travers*. Invent if you cannot recollect. Be a humbug, and — be blest!

Now should some gay son of St. Vitus, some dashing eater of good suppers, ask us if so much labor, trouble, and study is not 'a price too great for aught below?' we beg leave to answer him in the poet's own words:

'I should have said, for knowledge — Yes,  
But for bright, glorious woman — No!'

#### A SPRING SCENE.

THE morning sun shines brightly down  
On hill and plain and forest brown,  
While still on each fair flow'ret's breast  
The diamond dew-drops glistening rest:  
Still o'er the lake the mist reclines,  
Now opening out in radiant lines,  
As the bright beams shine slowly through,  
Tinging with many a various hue  
Its cloud-like shadow, which appears  
Like some great host when passage large  
The fiery foeman's glittering spears  
Have opened in their headlong charge.  
The murmuring stream runs glancing by,  
Reflecting from its laughing face  
The soft light of that pure blue sky  
Where not a cloud this morn hath place.

## M Y P L A I D I E .

A SONG OF JOY UPON THE RENEWAL OF AN OLD FRIENDSHIP.

## FURTHER.

My plaidie !  
 Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !  
 Saw ony ane a plaid sae cantie ?  
 Wow ! but my hairt graws gleeasom' at ye !  
 Nae mon a simmer frien' e'er cat' ye  
 My ain, my true, my braw, braw plaidie !

WHAT care I for the hail, or snow ?  
 Thou'rt o'er my shouter, o'er my pow  
 There rests a saft auld bever bonnet,  
 A' feath'ry wi' the flakes that fleit upon it,  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie ! etc.

What tent ha' I for wat or sleet ?  
 A' guarded frae the damps my feet ;  
 'Gin harder rage the wintry storm,  
 Mair close I bind ye roun' my form,  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !

A storm without, is nae within ;  
 Sunshine there is that is nae seen,  
 But's doucely felt, a' gratefu' glowin',  
 Toward Him frae whom all joys are flowin' !  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !

Thy precious warmth sae kind, sae light,  
 My cheerfu' spirit mak's mair bright ;  
 There's a warld without, and a warld within,  
 As aft as thy faulds I wrap me in,  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !

Oh sweet, maist sweet, that inwar' mind !  
 The feathery snaw falls without wind ;  
 Thus gently thought replaces thought,  
 An' dreams o' hope that come unsought,  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !

Wi' luve aroun' an' wi' Grace above,  
 Through the fallin' snaw in thee I move,  
 An' ilka step that I onward take,  
 Nearer till Heaven I fain wad make,  
 My plaidie ! Mackenzie plaidie !  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie !



But see, we've reach'd our ain ha' door!  
 The gude wife's buslin' to the fore!  
 The bairns a' crawin', Blucher\* cap'rin',  
 We'se daff our snaws, gang blithely in  
 My plaidie! Mackenzie plaidie!  
 My bonnie, couthie, sonsie plaidie!  
 List till the sang that I hae sang ye,  
 In your ain tongue to woo an' laud ye,  
 An' loe the man ye've made a bardie  
 My ain, my true, my braw, braw plaidie!

JOHN WATERS.

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S K E T C H E S   O F   S O U T H - C A R O L I N A .

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N U M B E R   T W O .

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T H E   S E A   I S L A N D S .

IF there is one month in the whole year distinguished above all others for its soft sunny days and refreshing breezes, when the over-wearied denizen, exhausted by the pent-up atmosphere and malarious night dews of the long summer weeks, rejoices again in the renewed strength and alacrity of body and spirit, it is the month of November. The languid afternoons of June and July, when that luxury which no dweller of the North can ever fully appreciate, the luxury of sitting still by the hour under the shade of the eastern piazza, and feeling every faint motion of air to be grateful as if fanned by a scraph's wing, have given place to the vivifying evenings of the autumn; the sickly mornings and pale noondays of August and September, whose pestilential vapors, scattering seeds of death over city and hamlet, you meet with a shrinking heart, are at last gone; the lively hum of the market-place, awakening from its long summer's quietude, resounds again along the wharves and through the bustling ware-houses, making music to the ear of the busy factor; strangers once more crowd the hotels, and familiar faces appear again upon change; and the horsemen, no longer solitary in their evening trot upon the battery, nod and smile and nod again in pleasant recognition of the bright faces of blonde and brunette, just returned from the summer's tour to Buncombe or Saratoga.

But beautiful as is November to the city, beautiful and bland in her sunny smiles as the earliest prime of womanhood, it is still more beautiful on the Sea Islands. There the days of November come gambolling and frolicsome as a gay party of school-girls, and merriment and joyousness are diffused on every side. Instead of the sleek spinster-like vestments in which she moves on so stately at the North, sometimes smiling it is true, but more often bitter and

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\* BLUCHER is the name of a faithful dog, a terrier, whose wirey moustache bears no slight resemblance to that of his heroic namesake.

sharp to those who dally with her maiden coyness, she here comes arrayed in a garb more fascinating than even April ever wears. How gracefully and gently she moves along, how bewitchingly she tempts her lovers into fond dalliance, no one can tell, who has not met her, the laughing-eyed, in the green wood or upon the lake, and toyed with her half-veiled loveliness like a swain enamored of her charms.

In truth, November on the Sea Islands is the month of rare enjoyment; and thrice happy is he, who, wearied and sickened of city toils, has a right to expect a hearty welcome at some one of the old mansion houses of Edisto. Here, more than any where else, are to be seen the best specimens of Southern character, the true descendants of the cavaliers of olden time. Here also are the wealth, the hospitality, the high bearing, the elegant leisure, the untiring pursuit of pleasure at home or in the field, too generally attributed as characteristic to the whole South, rather than to the very few of her old and affluent land-holders. And here are the fair women, the dark-eyed daughters of the sunny clime, who, though yielding in brilliancy of complexion to their sisters of the North, may vie in every thing else with the beauties of the world.

It was on one of these same delicious November days that I first visited Edisto. My invitation had been one of long standing, having been received several years before from one of the island planters whom I had met in our metropolis; and I had no sooner made my arrival in Charleston known to my friends, than it was again extended, and under such circumstances that I could with no civility decline it. The day having been set on which I should leave the city, a boat had been sent up from the island for my accommodation; and just as the sun was beginning to tinge the horizon, our party started from the wharf. The morning was bright and cloudless; the city, just awakening from its slumbers, sent a faint hum of life over the waters; the broad bay spread out before us, bearing upon its bosom many a goodly ship, some just entering the bar from the distant voyage, some outward bound, and one, the beautiful North Carolina, at anchor in the stream, lay rising and sinking as gently upon the waves as an infant upon the breast of its mother. It was to me a scene full of romantic beauty; and the novelty of the whole; the long, graceful boat, the awning abaft, luxuriously furnished with carpets, sofas, ottomans, and mirrors; the twelve sturdy blacks who were to be our oarsmen; the gay decorations of the bowsprit and tiller; the song, keeping time to the oars, whose rich chorus rung far over the sea — all combined with the exquisite loveliness of the morning, gave it a charm and freshness which the amusements of life so sadly lack to the man of middle age. Our party consisted of several young gentlemen of the island, who were just returning from an excursion in the country; an officer from Florida, who was absent on a furlough of some weeks from the duties of the camp, and a young lady, the daughter of my host. Upon the latter devolved the duty of offering the hospitalities of her father's boat to her fellow passengers; and sure am I that hospitalities were

never more gracefully rendered, or more gratefully received. She was a beautiful girl, of perhaps eighteen years; though that fullness of charms which our colder climate so tardily ripens is so rapidly matured in the Carolinas, that one is at a loss to determine the precise age of early womanhood; with a figure slightly tending to *embonpoint*, but of a symmetry and grace that might have answered for the model of a Hebe. To her personal charms she united a mind highly cultivated, and ever awake to the beautiful; and it is to the powers of description that she possessed, that I am indebted for much that I learned of the customs and peculiarities of the planters of the Sea Islands.

The sail from Charleston to Edisto occupies nearly an autumn's day; and to one sickened with the noise of the ever-plashing steam-boats on our rivers, or who shrinks with hydrophobic dread from the careening sail-boat of the lake, let me whisper that there is rare enjoyment and perfect safety, of which he little dreams, in a trip from the southern city to the Sea Islands. Our voyage was varied with a succession of delightful prospects during the whole distance. After shooting across the bay, we entered Whappoo Cut, a dark intricate passage across James' Island, and then, entering one of those arms with which the sea interlocks all the shore-country of Carolina, we sailed merrily on toward our destination. The land on either side was mostly cleared and fenced into large cotton fields; and the gangs of hands engaged in picking the ripened crop would instantly quit their work the moment the boat hove in sight, and hastening down to the shore, hold a pleasant chat with our boatmen. These confabulations were amusing enough; especially when, as sometimes happened, a keen joker would attack our helmsman, who was himself prompt at repartee, and convince us again that, 'when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

'Whose boat dar?' inquired a brawny African, from a point we were just rounding, whose quizzical face, together with the gaping crowd standing silently around him, led us to expect something rich in the conversation:

'Whose boat dar, nigga?'

'I wonder you ask dat question,' replied Tom, who had run his helm hard up, that we might sweep near the shore; 'ebery body know dis boat, for de fassrest boat on de river!' And then followed a peal of laughter from our crew.

'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted he of the shore, 'dat's a good 'un, Knock-knee! If you call dat oyster-boat, creeping 'long over de water like a 'gator floating arter young duck, the fassrest boat in de river, I tink you would turn pale to see de 'Raccoon.'

The laugh was now evidently against Captain Tom, who, not to be out-done in bragging, replied: 'Where you learn for to pick cotton, Shark-mouth? If you know little 'bout long staple, like you know 'bout boat, you better look sharp: sun-down catch you in your task, afore you half done! — den you sing a nudder song dan boat song!' And fearful of being vanquished, the captain gives a whoop, and motioning his men to resume their rowing, is in a moment out of hearing.

Thus the voyage is varied; the song, the laugh, the jest, the entire freedom from restraint, and the overflowing good-nature of those who at the North only receive the odious name of slaves, convincing more than a thousand arguments could do, that it is not in their physical condition that the evils of the institution are to be found. A better fed, better clothed, better treated class of peasantry; a class which suffers less from the overtaking of the bodily powers in manual labor; a class enduring less of privation, of care, of trouble, of

‘The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,’

from the first hour of existence until extreme old age; is not to be found in the world.

It was near sun-setting when we arrived at Edisto, and a carriage was waiting at the shore to convey us to the house. The island is one (and the largest) of that group which lies south-east of the main land of the Carolinas, and which composes the richest portion of her soil. It is here that the most valuable product of our country, the long staple cotton, is raised in the greatest perfection; and every plantation on the island is devoted entirely to its culture. The society is of a character altogether unique. Made up of a limited number, an increase of which the very nature of the soil renders impracticable; composed of wealthy land-owners who have inherited their property through a long line of ancestry; broken up for six months of every year by the unhealthfulness of the climate, during which time its members find a new motive for travel in distant countries; and yet at home deprived, by the isolation of the island, of many of those luxuries which to the inhabitants of cities seem essential to daily life; it is no wonder that the society of Edisto is made up of most rare and incongruous constituents. I doubt, however, if one more truly refined, one uniting more the elements of high breeding, undeviating courtesy, and a nice sense of family character and honor, can be found in the world. There are no stage-coaches, no taverns, no rail-roads, no canals, upon the island; indeed none of those improvements which mark the progress of civilization every where else. Every planter keeps within his own premises the means of locomotion which he needs for himself or for his friends, so that money, which in all other parts of the world acts like a magic wand, to accomplish all a man can wish, would be as unavailing here as were the words of Ali Baba to open the door of the secret cave. Not money but love is here the universal solvent; and although the offer of pecuniary recompense would be deemed the highest insult, the traveller has but to express a wish to visit a distant plantation, and his horse is saddled, his groom is mounted, his luggage placed in the donkeyed jolter, and he is sped with the same kindness as the ‘parting’ that he was welcomed as the ‘coming’ guest.

The return of the planters to their homes during the month of November, renders it a scene of continued festivities. Each patri-

archal mansion is successively opened to welcome back to their homesteads the ancient proprietors of the soil; and a round of assemblies, as rich in beauty, refinement, and intelligence, as our country can boast, follows in gay succession. Not for a single evening, but for days after, do the old halls resound with the merriment of the invited guests; and the breaking up of the visit is but an adjournment to some distant manor, to resume the festivities with a fresher zest. Nor is this confined to November alone. Through the whole winter the society at Edisto is one of continued and unvarying gayety; nor is it until the unhealthy months again arrive, that sobriety and stillness resume their sway over the island.

It would seem to be scarcely possible that a life such as this should not be fraught with peculiar dangers to the morals of the population. Still, so far as I have observed, the result is otherwise; and I doubt if a community can be found in our Southern States, where higher and purer principles of life are recognized. Of course there are numerous exceptions to this; one of which I well remember, in the case of a jolly old planter, who had perhaps passed through more 'hair-breadth 'scapes' than any man living, but without any manifest reformation. During the summer I spent in Charleston, the old man was residing near the city; and his evening visitations to a neighboring tavern were often protracted to a most unseasonable hour. Returning one night when, for many hours after midnight, 'the ale had aye been growing better,' instead of turning his horse upon the main road, he directed him upon the rail-way, and, not discovering his mistake, drove on until the locomotive, dashing forward, crushed horse, wagon and driver beneath it. As soon as the engine could be stopped, the engineer hastened back to discover the injury done; and finding the old man crawling from underneath the ruins of his vehicle, and apparently unhurt, he inquired in great wrath what he was doing on the track at that time of the night: 'What business have you on the rail-road, with your d—d old horse and wagon?'

'Ha! ha!' hiccuped the old man; 'good! I should like — to — to know what business you have on the *turnpike*, with — your d — d old — engine!'

Among all the novelties which met my eye at Edisto, none struck me with more interest than a negro funeral which I witnessed one night on the plantation of Colonel Ledyard. The deceased was an old man who had been a kind of preacher in the neighborhood, of whom the colonel told me an anecdote which I cannot forbear repeating. Being overheard by a stranger one day, as he was conning his sermon for the next Sunday aloud, in a retired place, he was asked what he was doing.

'Saying my sermon, Sir!' was the reply.

'Ah! you are a preacher, then?'

'Yes, Sir!'

'Well, what do they give you for preaching?'

'Oh, not much, massa,' answered the negro; 'sometimes a bushel of Carolinas, sometimes a fresh fish — not much!'

'D — d poor pay !' remarked the stranger.

'Yes, massa !' responded the other ; 'and d — d poor preach too !'

Notwithstanding the estimation, however, in which the good man held his own pulpit services, he was universally respected upon the plantations around, and an immense gathering of people were at his funeral. The exercises were conducted by one of the colored leaders of the class-meetings, and great propriety was apparent throughout. At the close, the coffin was removed out of the house, and placed upon the bier ; the stools upon which it had stood were then taken up by two elderly colored women, dressed in white, and carried in front of the procession to the grave ; eight flambeaux were paraded on each side of the coffin, eight more were carried in front of the corpse, and eight more followed it. Two thousand persons were supposed to have been present, one half of whom, at the very least, carried torches ; and the effect produced — as the procession advanced through a dense pine grove ; then emerging, swept around a deep morass forming nearly a semicircle ; and then, defiling across a long causeway, arrived at the island burial place ; the torches lighting up the dark faces of the assembled multitude, and throwing their deep lurid glare upon tree and fence and clustered cots ; flashing from the water, flaring in the night-breeze, glistening from the trout-streams — may be better imagined than described. It was a sight of beauty ; deep, serious, majestic beauty ; beauty almost bordering upon the sublime. And then, as the body was deposited in the grave, and the hoarse sound of 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes' fell upon the ear, every torch was at once quenched, and utter darkness fell upon that great assembly. I know not what may have been its meaning ; but to my heart it was an emblem, strong and touching, of that night which death brings upon the spirit, unbroken until the resurrection morning.

I spent several days in riding over different parts of the island. The pleasure of such jaunts is of course greatly enhanced to the stranger, by the entire novelty of every thing which he sees. The forests are of all things fine. The glorious old oaks, the like of which we have not any where above the tropics, with their huge gnarled branches covered with the long, brown, ever-waving moss, frequently so shading the tree that not a leaf of foliage is visible ; the beautifully-proportioned magnolias, whose leaves of glazed green above, and brown velvet below, make one doubt if Nature could have painted them ; the fantastic palmettos, shooting their tall, spiral, spear-like forms far up toward the sky ; and the pines, the deep, dense pines, out of whose music you scarcely go during the livelong day ; are all capital constituents of a forest scenery. The residences which you pass are many of them superb old country-seats, erected years ago. Putting out of view the dingy, unpainted aspect which they ever wear, and which after all gives an appearance of age not disagreeable to a family seat, it would be difficult to find more architectural beauty, more open, generous, hospitable, patrician-looking mansions, in any country. Nor does their appearance belie their character. If the stranger is fatigued

or benighted on his journey; if his horse be taken lame, his servant be ill, or his vehicle be broken; if a pleasant prospect arrests his eye, and tempts him to linger in its neighborhood; he has but to call at the door of the manor-house next at hand, and mention his name and wishes, to receive all the kindness of an invited guest. The acquaintances the traveller makes under such circumstances are oftentimes among the most pleasant of his life; and many a visiter at the South numbers as his most valued friends the chance companions of his journeyings upon the Sea Islands.

Such is the society at Edisto; such are some of the characteristics of its generous people. Intelligent, refined, courteous; yielding to others the same high regard and personal respect which they claim for themselves; unsuspicious of fraud or meanness, but alive to a sense of nicest honor; hospitable, generous, high-minded, they well deserve the standing they have attained in the public sentiment of the South. If 'good wine needs no bush,' neither do the noble traits of the accomplished planters need any encomium from those who have partaken of their unstinted hospitalities.

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THE BEATING OF THE HEART.

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A LYRIC: BY PLACCUS.

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'In the darkness that veils me I hear only the low beating of my heart.'

ZANONI.

I.

WE'RE drifting down the stream of time  
In heedless, helpless speed;  
All breathless in the still sublime!  
Our beating hearts in muffled chime  
Alone the silence feed.

II.

And in the hush how mournfully  
Vibrates that measured toll!  
To tell us while we live we die—  
The bosom-knell of sympathy  
Plaining the passing soul!

III.

Not when the surging passions roar  
That boding peal we hear;  
But when the stormy strife is o'er,  
And drowsy waves lie down on shore,  
It trembles on the ear.

IV.

Adown the stream, dear constant friend!  
Submissively we'll glide;  
Untroubled how our bark may wend,  
So gracious Heaven the pilot send,  
And we be side by side.

v.

Whether we pull for purple shores,  
 (Poor barren wastes, if won,)  
 Or resting on suspended oars,  
 Grasp musingly at drifting flowers,  
 The current bears us on.

vi.

And patient as we pass, 'tis well  
 To lull our hearts at even ;  
 And list their beating chime : whose swell,  
 Solemn and sweet as Sabbath-bell,  
 Alarms, yet calls to heaven.

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MUSIC AT IDLEBERG.

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*If music be the food of love, play on.*

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SHAKESPEARE.

WE can easily conceive of a world far less agreeable than this, notwithstanding the low repute in which old mother Earth is held by a certain set of philosophers. The rude block of wood or plaster from which the artist proposes to construct a globe, presents at first but a dull, monotonous aspect ; and it is not until a skilful hand has traced upon its surface mountains, rivers, oceans and continents, that we recognize the mimic representation of a world. And so the earth itself would present a dull blank to the weary eye, were it not adorned by the divine Architect with an endless succession of streams and forests, barren deserts and fertile plains ; a varied scene, in contemplating which, we are told that 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Nor should we forget the admirable ordination by which the varied intellect of man may turn from the contemplation of Nature in her sublimest aspects, her suns and systems, her planets and her stars, and experience a delight, as pure if not as exalted, in the harmony of social pleasures, the influences of poetry, and the charms of music.

All this would not be true, were it not meant that man should be a cheerful, happy being. The spirit of the age is emphatically a spirit of benevolence and love. Even literature is beginning to assume this cheerful aspect. Ghosts and hobgoblins, spirits of black and gray, witches and blue-devils, are beginning to be eschewed by all literary caterers who seek to gratify the enlightened public taste. Fiction can now easily assume the garb of reality, for reality has become quite as marvellous as fiction. The age may be likened to that which immediately succeeded the stirring era of the crusades, when troubadours were more sought than tournaments, and the lays of the lyre were in more request than the achievements of the lance. The world is happily beginning to recover from the wild delusions of mad poets and bilious



rhymesters; and a host of worthies, with Irving and Dickens at the head of the list, have suddenly discovered that existence is a cheerful reality; that there is a bright side to every picture; that the humblest walks of life are strewn with flowers, blooming in by-ways and hedges, and wooing alike the peasant and the prince to pluck them and be happy.

It needs no word of mine to show that this music, that has become a necessary echo of motion, whether in things *created* or things *made*; from the falling leaf to the moving clouds, from the buzzing wheel to the pealing organ; is one of the brightest creations intended to enhance man's enjoyment. It is as common as the air, free to be enjoyed by all; and we at Idleberg, as I shall presently show, are disposed to make the most of it. It is like the pass-word of some secret association, admitting the bearer, no matter how strange or poor or unseemly, to all the privileges of the order. It is an old and beautiful story, how poor Goldsmith, poor in purse, but rich in the resources of his genius, and burning to tread the classic fields of Europe, went forth a wanderer, scripless and staffless, with no fortune but his flute and his muse; and yet he brought dance and delight to many a poor hovel, and won the hospitality of queens and princes in palaces and towers too high for his ambition otherwise to enter.

I once knew a man whose reckless habits had cut him aloof from every tie of society; yet music was left him, and he seemed content. Well do I remember the wild, unearthly airs that breathed from his octave flute, (for that was his favorite instrument,) and how eagerly we urchins used to lurk around his solitary dwelling, to catch its martial strains. His occupation was by no means characteristic, being that of a grocer; and very often while his little store was redolent with the fumes of mackerel and aqua-vitæ the atmosphere would be breathing aloud with the eloquence of his music. Though far removed from the ordinary intercourses of society, there was still left to him a coterie of musical spirits like himself, who were very proud and happy when they could prevail on the fitful flutist to officiate in some serenade, or aid them on some gala-day in the village. At such times his quizzical, old-fashioned appearance, dressed as he was in the same habiliments which had figured on such occasions for twenty years, contrasted oddly with his skill and dignity as a musician. Was there a single discordant note, his quick eye pointed out the offender; and then, as his little soul swelled within him, he would dash off into voluntary and fantastic excursions, leaving the rest to follow as they might, but taking care to drop from the clouds of his fancy in just the right time and place. Never did musician avow such intimate acquaintance with all written and unwritten music. His entire library consisted of immense folios of manuscript and printed black-letter compositions in his favorite science, that would have puzzled any other book-worm extant. No music could be new to him, for he seemed equally versed in the oldest masters and the most recent composers. And then to see him declaim music by

gesticulation, as young tyros their orations at public exhibitions! Planting his feet very firmly at right angles, and whistling a voluntary prelude, he would cast his eyes to the ceiling and extend his long, skinny fore-finger at arm's-length; then running off into the proposed air, he would beat that finger up and down an imaginary gamut, always repeating the same note at the same elevation, and emphasizing with his heel each *piano* and *forte* passage, with his whole soul rapt in the performance; until those who saw him often in those moods learned to supply each note which he gesticulated, even when he did not utter a sound. With what emphasis did he enunciate the splendid air of the Marseilles Hymn, beating time with martial energy!—and how gracefully did he turn to 'Yankee Doodle,' making the old patriotic song more eloquent than ever! The old fellow died at last, after a long decline, on a stormy night in March. It was a fit time for such an obituary, and might have realized the lines of the poet:

'The night is cold and dark and dreary,  
It rains, and the winds are never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But the scattered leaves around it fall,  
And the night is dark and dreary.'

The pitiless storm dashed against his quaking tenement, and the wind rumbled down the chimney, like the altercations of ghosts fighting for their dying victim. It was a night for cats to squall like smothered infants, and for goblins to leave their cold and tenantless abodes and stalk about in shrouds. Deserted by a heartless world, the expiring musician's sole attendants were the kindred spirits who had often listened in rapture to his music. They administered every cordial to alleviate his pangs; and when the last struggle was over, they got his shroud and coffin, and followed in melancholy procession to his grave. Nor did their kindly offices close until they returned on the succeeding night, and performed a favorite dead march as a last memento of the musician. One of them imagined for a moment that he saw the shrouded corpse lift its head and glance away among the trees; but it proved to be only a white-spotted cow, meditating at that ghostly hour among the tombs. It may be a matter of interest to know that the instruments with which he discoursed such eloquent music, together with his black-letter folios, have descended to one of that band of congenial spirits, who promises to cherish them as most valued relics, and transmit them to his latest posterity.

There is a pleasant custom in many portions of this refined world, that is nowhere more duly observed than at Idleberg. I refer to the *charavari*. Those rare events in the matrimonial line which sometimes vary our prevalent celibacy, are not suffered to elapse without a due observance of all the ceremonies 'in such cases made and provided.' The forth-coming event is the constant theme of chit-chat and table-talk for months previous; and as the auspicious day draws nigh, notes of ominous preparation resound from all quarters. At such times the goddess of the lyre descends from her airy Parnas-

sian heights, and hovers around the classic retreats of Idleberg. There is a rising demand for horns and kettles of tin, trumpets of brass, rattling drums and tinkling cymbals. Roving sheep and kine are deprived of the temporary use of their bells, and stray pigs are caught squealing from the gutters, and brought into requisition. Another instrument of peculiar construction, entitled 'dumb-bull,' '*lucus a non lucendo*,' is prepared and held ready by a skilful performer, to lend dignity to the music, and conceal all aberrations from harmony in its deep resounding bass. And when the tie is bound which no man may sunder, and the feast and the dance are highest, and the lamps are brightest, there comes a sound from the adjacent street, so wild and terrific, that the guests are horrified, and the pale bride turns paler, looking to her lord for protection, and her terrified lord ejaculates a regret that he had not married at least a week before the final judgment. Presently, as the nature of the music becomes more defined, the panic subsides, hilarity resumes its sway, and the windows are thrown up to admit the full force of the serenade. The prospect thus opened affords the *in's* an opportunity of reviewing the number and aspect of the *out's*, who usually consist of several scores of interesting young gentlemen, disguised with a variety of borrowed and eccentric garments, and masks representing lions, tigers, and other ferocious wild beasts. Midway in this ruffian group may be descried an individual operating with rosinless bow on a cracked fiddle; in another place a wight, whose mother is not aware of his being out, rings a number of unharmious bells; and not far off, another fellow is indirectly squealing by twisting the 'posterior continuation' of a luckless pig, that will rue this night to the day of his death. All these, together with the clangor of trumpets, the clattering of pans, the grinding of horse-fiddles, the rolling of drums, and the undefinable ejaculations of dumb-bulls, are sustained without intermission, and with a spirit that might have razed the walls of Jericho; until the besieged capitulate, and the rage of the monster-musicians is assuaged by the liberal application of bride's-cake, when the exhausted besiegers retire to their ordinary obscurity, until a similar example of laxity of morals calls them back to regulate the town.

I have written of the music of Idleberg; but I omitted to mention that one of the village churches is supplied with an organ, of plain exterior and soft, low tones, and yet capable at the touch of the fair player of lending an inspiration to the sweet influences of the Sabbath. That organ was once under the control of a German, who was solely a musician, with every faculty of his mind and heart devoted to his profession. For a long time he delighted the devout and arrested the indifferent worshippers by his chaste and beautiful execution. But feeling himself a stranger in a strange land, a prey to the misfortunes which in this unmusical world too often attend the devotees of that profession, he went to the bottle for friendship, society, and fortune. I marked him well; how the mad bowl blighted his spirit, and laid him in the dust. Friend after friend fled from his embrace, leaving him to his self-inflicted doom, until he

had fallen almost beneath the reach of sympathy. But we who could appreciate the soul of music that stirred within him, clung to him with affectionate tenacity, endeavoring to restore him to society and himself; but he eluded our vigilance; left by night the scene of his fancied misfortunes, and wandered into the wide world, none knew and few cared whither.

After many months we again heard of his existence, though not under the most hopeful circumstances. He had ceased trilling the keys of the organ and piano, to live in a shanty and break rocks on a public road; and contented himself to mingle with a group of rude men who could not entertain a single common sympathy with him, except the equalizing sympathy of habitual intoxication. In fact, his associate laborers were not aware of his musical gifts, until one day in a sober moment he strayed off to the house of a gentleman in the vicinity, entered the drawing-room, and petitioned with great humility for a seat at the piano. At first his rude, beggarly appearance spoke but little in his favor; but his importunities were at length complied with. After taking his seat, the performer, though he had not seen an instrument for many months, and his blistered fingers had lost all elasticity, immediately dashed out into a magnificent overture, with so much skill and such a glow of enthusiasm lighting up his countenance, that his entertainer was enraptured; called aloud for his family, who in their turn were delighted and astonished; and insisted that he should remain to share their hospitality and give them instruction in the art. To this proposition he at first consented; but a few days of sobriety restored him to reason, and reminded him of a pilgrimage to a far distant spot, where he knew he would be cherished and sustained. That pilgrimage was to Idleberg. We heard of his coming and of his destitution, for he had literally 'wasted his substance with riotous living.' Then it was that our musical sympathies were aroused. One contributed a pretty genteel coat; another a pair of half-worn galligaskins; another a comfortable hat, and a fourth a pair of stout shoes; until our resuscitated musician was duly qualified to strut into town with all the pride and dignity of Pompey entering Rome in imperial triumph. We welcomed him with open arms. Under the excitement of the meeting he came near weeping, for he had returned like a penitent from a long and weary wandering, to renew old ties of friendship and sympathy. We conducted him in triumph to the organ, and as he resumed his long-deserted seat I could see that deep emotions were playing at his heart. We listened eagerly for his magic touch; and after a slow and solemn prelude, he sung the beautiful anthem adapted to the words of the prodigal son: '*I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!*' The effect was moving beyond description. There was not a dry eye in that little assembly. The pervading sanctity of the tabernacle, the prodigal sitting there in tears, the pealing tones of the organ speaking in such sympathy with the occasion; the little band of friends watching the player with anxious solicitude, and the

light of the setting sun glowing through those fretted aisles and Gothic windows; all these weighed upon our hearts until we were ready, in the language of holy writ, to demand the best robe and the fatted calf, 'for he that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost is found.'

Would that I could leave him here; but in an evil hour our reclaimed musician was induced to try the stimulus of the bottle. We were at length forced to consider his case beyond the reach of kindness and persuasion. We consoled ourselves by believing that his transgressions were the emanations not so much of a depraved heart as a demented intellect; for he assiduously cherished the conviction that he was a steam-boat, and went about all day puffing and blowing like a forty-horse-power engine. Ere long we lost sight of him; nor to this day do we know whether he is in the land of men or of spirits. Perhaps the Washingtonians may have secured him; but most likely this human steam-craft is anchored in some obscure bay, astonishing the natives with his eccentric combination of the passions of a brute with the soul of a Mozart.

There are five of us bachelors, honored with the title of the 'Idleberg Amateur Band.' We are antipodes on most subjects, but twin-spirits in all that concerns our favorite art. If this were not a simple record of truth, I would pause before I proceed, as I now do, to state some of the individual characteristics which are blended into one by the sympathy of a common and pervading passion. Paying due respect to age, I remark that our bugler has proved himself a performer of most exquisite skill. He passed his leisure hours in boyhood and the sterner years of maturity in the cultivation of this his pet passion. With all his music, he is a most deliberate philosopher in every circumstance of life. Every step is *à la militaire*; indeed he learned this from long practice as file leader to the 'Idleberg Invincibles.' Sometimes his philosophy leaves the earth, to calculate eclipses, risings and settings of the sun, phases of the moon, and other celestial mysteries. He has been known in several instances to have discovered the very principles in various mechanic arts, for which some distant innovator has subsequently obtained patent-rights, thereby reaping rich rewards, to the great satisfaction of our unambitious philosopher. Thus he lives, philosophizing by day and playing the bugle by night; instructing our understandings with the one, and exciting our patriotism by his wild warblings on the other.

Our first flutist breathes strains as sweet and *Æolian* as Mozart could have done; that is, if Mozart played the flute. He is a merry old bachelor, if these are not contradictory terms, and has become so wedded to the harmonies of sweet sounds, that he has thus far eschewed every other species of matrimony. Rumor reports, indeed, that he has essayed several unsuccessful efforts to emigrate from the desert land of celibacy, but I suspect they have been made with the air of a wary poacher, who occasionally leaps over proscribed hedges and ditches, but retires at the first note of alarm, without committing actual depredation on the rights of the manor. I entertain shrewd suspicions that he will one of these days or nights give us the slip;

and I am encouraged in these by the fact that he has recently become sole proprietor of a bald-faced horse and a nondescript four-wheeled vehicle, dignified with the name of 'buggy,' in which he often takes occasion to absent himself from the village for days and weeks at a time; and I am prepared to be greeted before long with a distant view of our first flutist, returning at night-fall in his 'buggy,' with his flute gracefully displayed under one arm, and a buxom wife hanging lovingly on the other.

The career of our violinist, if written out elaborately, would fill a volume. He passed the trying ordeal of the academy at West Point, and then, amid sights and sounds of war, cultivated the softer delights of music. He is the traveller of our little coterie, having visited the principal cities of the Union, seen the falls of Niagara, become familiar with Broadway and the most frequented walks of the Battery, and traversed, on military duty, the wilds of our western forests. He often entertains us with thrilling accounts of his adventures by land and water, and occasionally, for our express amusement, flourishes in a bullet-buttoned coat in which he once marched in the country's service. Like an old soldier as he is, he delights 'to fight his battles o'er again;' which, owing to our pacific relations with all foreign countries, have neither been very numerous nor bloody. His attachment to Idleberg is not at all lessened by any of the more dazzling features of the distant world; and he speaks of its quiet, chaste attractions with all the enthusiasm of a native. Instructed by the best masters, and holding a veritable *cremona*, it is not strange that his execution serves to remind us of what the world has lost in Paganini; and the sound of the guitar in his hands often brings up associations of pleasant scenes in Spain and Italy, which delight the curious traveller with 'the sound of the dance and the gay castanet.'

An individual who writes himself 'attorney and counsellor at law' officiates on our second flute. These two accomplishments are not often entertained by one and the same individual, as music and law are usually adapted to minds of different orders; and Blackstone and Mozart, though doubtless both were great geniuses, possessed few sympathies in common. Be that as it may, the mystery is explained by reference to the fact, that our second flutist was once a sad victim of unrequited affection, and after growing very lean and lachrymose, he took to playing the flute in regular desperation. His first musical efforts were sufficiently heart-rending to remind one of the notes of a dying swan, and give his next-door neighbors all kinds of horrors and blue-devils. By dint of studious application to the science, he soon played 'Away with Melancholy' to perfection, and not long after mastered the *demi-semi-quavers* of 'Gray Eagle' and 'the Devil among the Tailors.' This process revived him wonderfully; so that he has entirely recovered from the effects of his youthful indiscretion, and promises to become a merry, flute-playing, law-aiding old bachelor.

Our last and least partner has converted his lungs into a pair of bellows for the purpose of playing the clarionet. He enjoyed in

early life the finest opportunities of becoming both a gentleman and a scholar, but devoted himself to blowing out at his mouth what otherwise crept into his brains. Such has been his devotion to this windy instrument, that his face has become as pale and weazen as that of the clarionet-player who, according to Geoffrey Crayon, officiated in the orchestra which celebrated the Christmas holidays in the little chapel near Bracebridge Hall. Our clarionetist is distinguished principally by a broad-brimmed hat, a heavy suit of tangled hair, a cravat of gaudy colors, and a pair of striped breeches, which give him the mingled aspect of a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and an Italian bandit; all of which appearances are entirely compatible with the rakish, devil-may-care costume of clarionet-players in general. He has been somewhat of a beau in his time, but is now rather dilapidated in that branch of the fine arts; and is after all such an equivocal character, that the least that may be said about him, the better. He now seems content to be amused by making himself audible in the most retired streets of the village and at the most unseasonable hours of night, when he makes the air melodious, to the great delight of all neighboring damsels, and the entire abhorrence of veteran spinsters and vinegar-faced bachelors.

Such is the group which constitutes the 'Idleberg Amateur Band.' We are 'nothing if not musical.' It were tedious, belike, to tell in what midnight serenades, what joyous holidays, we have played conspicuous parts, to the admiration of whole crowds of boys and ostlers. The Fourth-of-July would be 'no go,' notwithstanding its periodical effusions of patriotism and eloquence, unless we were there to play 'Hail Columbia;' and a wedding would be postponed a week to insure our inspiring presence. We have been puffed in newspapers, toasted at feasts, and flattered by the cherry lips of the fair. We have gathered all the inspiration to be inhaled by moonlit walks and midnight serenades; and have seen day dawn much oftener from not having retired to rest, than from any imprudent acts of early rising. The thought of what we are reminds us of what we might have been, with the cords of love and affection twining about our hearts, and gentle, dark-eyed spirits nestling there; but Music has been our mistress, and we are still content to be bachelors.

No — we are not *all* bachelors. A change came over the spirit of our bugler, and a bright gleam of sunshine glanced into his bachelor cell; or rather, a blooming girl from foreign parts bounced into his affections, and there maintained her ascendancy until Cœlebs was routed. At hearing of the felonious offence, we assembled in solemn conclave to decide on some righteous punishment for the offender; but after a most laborious investigation, conducted by our second flutist, we found to our regret that this peculiar species of treason was not provided for either in the common law or the statutes. A voluntary exile from our agreeable good-fellowship was his self-inflicted punishment; though even now he manages occasionally to tear himself from the chains of petticoat government, 'the lisp of children, and their earliest words,' and to delight us with the martial strains that were erewhile the admiration of all Idleberg.

We might have lamented the loss we thus sustained but for the recent admission of a new candidate into our musical fraternity. How my heart beats with warm pulsations at the thought! It is the gentlest name that poets know; and surely there is no poet at Idleberg, or the name long ere this would have lived in song. The very soul of music must have been shed around her earliest fortunes and her youthful bloom. And then her eyes are so blue, and her brow so fair, and her heart so gentle!

‘ And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent!’

If it were possible to revive at Idleberg the pleasant custom of celebrating May-day, every body knows who would be the Queen of Love and Beauty. She says her piano is her entire fortune; but she does not reckon those qualities of virtue and gentleness, more valued than mines of gold or beds of pearls. I have often thought of late that the author of ‘Zanoni’ must have seen and known her well—she is so much like Viola. The same passion for music; the same love of birds and flowers; and like Viola she is always talking about love in a cottage, and building those gay castles in the air, that glow and fade and then glow again, like summer’s sunset-clouds. But she sometimes murmurs that ‘eighteen is a frightful age; not married yet! she must really set about making her fortune; she is getting heartily tired of us crusty bachelors.’ And under the influence of these considerations, we are prepared to see her ere long venture upon life’s troubled sea. May it ever be calm to her; with some lucky fellow who may have nothing to offer but an humble cottage and a loving heart!

Such are the musical delights which have made Idleberg so dear to us. Let the world wag! What care we for the storms that howl abroad, when such exquisite pleasures lie within our grasp? Truly, ‘our lots have fallen to us in pleasant places, and our heritage is peace.’ And the very stranger who sojourns in our borders will be forced to acknowledge the interest which may be thrown around this obscure retreat by the countless floating sounds which comprise the MUSIC OF IDLEBERG.

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THE SPOILS OF TIME.

Who laid your shroud of sable on,  
 O Tadmor, Thebes, and Babylon!  
 Then left, your spectre-forms to deck,  
 Nought but the ruin of the wreck?

Proud cities! hives of prouder men,  
 What are ye now? Th’ hyena’s den;  
 With hoof unshod, the zebra bounds  
 O’er proud Palmyra’s mouldering mounds.



## THE DYING ROSE.

I HEARD a sigh—a mournful sigh  
 Come from a dying rose;  
 It spoke, and soon I heard it say,  
 'My life is near its close:

'One morning, when the rising sun  
 In matchless beauty shone,  
 A sudden storm broke off my stalk,  
 And hither I was blown.

'For three long days I've languished here,  
 I have not long to stay;  
 Hear then my last, my dying words:  
 O trust not in to-day!

Then ceased its dying strains, and soon  
 The floweret was no more;  
 Yet in my mind its precepts wise  
 I shall forever store.

October, 1842.

E. R. I.

## OLD THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A 'NEW HOME,' 'FOREST LIFE,' ETC.

'Il mondo invecchia  
 E invecchiando inristisce.'

TARRO'S 'AMINTA.'

THE world is growing older  
 And wiser day by day;  
 Every body knows before-hand  
 What you're going to say!  
 We used to laugh and frolic;  
 Now we must behave!  
 Poor old Fun is dead and buried—  
 Pride dug his grave.

FREE TRANSLATION.

THERE are doubtless many new things to be said about the New Year if one had wit enough to think of them; but an' if it be not so, may we not think over our last year's thoughts, or those which pleased us ten years ago? It is certain that Providence sends us this holyday season, with all its stirring influences, once every year; and doubtless intends it should be enjoyed by thousands who never had an original thought in their lives. So we will write down our roving fancies as they rise, and leave them to be woven into the fire-light reveries of just such comfortable people.

'What does 'holyday' mean, George?' said we once to a shouting urchin of some seven years' standing, as he was tossing up his cap and huzzaing at the thought of a vacation. 'What does 'holyday' mean?'

He stopped, looked serious, and then replied :

‘ Why — I don’t know — but — I always thought it was because the boys holla so when they are let out of school.’

We predicted on the spot that George would write a dictionary if he lived long enough. A decidedly etymological genius, and quite original ; for he owed but little to books, to our certain knowledge.

We cannot hope to make as lucky a guess on the origin of the new year festival ; but we will venture to say, nothing could be more natural than the disposition to observe this way-mark on life’s swift-rolling course. In proof of this, the practice of noticing anniversaries prevailed from the earliest times. It is only in these wondrously wise days, that the notion has arisen that it is being too minute and vulgar to recognize these occasions so revered by our fathers :

‘ We take no note of time save by its loss,’

in another sense than that of the poet. We are disposed to ‘ cut’ holydays, as we do other antiquated worthies. Then again the young and gay, in the levity of their hearts, think it tedious to mingle with their joyance any touch of old-time remembrances. We admit that the New-Year, though a season for placid and hopeful smiles, is scarcely one for laughter ; yet we might (under privilege of our gravity,) inquire whether an element of sobriety may not sometimes be profitable, even in our pleasure. The bereaved and sorrowful tell us that the habit of commemorating particular days only makes more striking the chill blanks in the social circle ; pointing out the vacant chair ; recalling the missing voice, already but too keenly remembered. This is true ; but while sorrow is yet new and fresh, what is there that does *not* bring up the beloved ? And after the great Consoler has done his blessed office, and grief is mellowed into sadness, do we not attach a double value to whatever awakens most vividly the cherished memory ?

Gifts and keepsakes and little surprises used to be a pretty part of the holyday season ; and in Europe the New-Year is still the time of all others for *cadeaux*, and *souvenirs*, and *gages d’amitié*, and *gages d’amour*. But the increase of luxury and the cultivation of pride have almost spoiled all these pleasant things for us. I fear we have leavened these matters with the commercial spirit. Presents are made a sort of traffic, or a device of ostentation. When emulation begins, sentiment is lost. The moment we admit the idea that our generosity or our splendor will attract admiration ; the moment we think that our friend, if poor, will receive our new-year gift as payment for some past kindness, or, if rich, that he will be sure to give something still more elegant in return, the present is degraded into an article of merchandise. Indeed, costliness is no proper element of a mere present, since a symbol is all we want.

In England the celebration of New-Year is almost lost in that of Christmas, which is a high and universal festival ; whether kept exactly in accordance with its true meaning and intent we shall

not here stop to inquire. Be this as it may, its approach arouses 'the fast-anchor'd isle' to its very heart. Even thread-bare court-gayety receives an accession of something like sentient life; and maids of honor new furbish their languid smiles, and gentlemen-in-waiting pocket their scented 'kerchiefs, no longer needed to veil inadmissible yawns. If high life brighten, how much more the common folk, always so wisely ready to be pleased! The housekeeper spends her evenings for six weeks stoning 'plums' in preparation for prelatric mince-pies and national puddings. Huge sirloins of beef jostle at the corners of the streets. The confectioner gives an additional touch of enchantment to his sparkling paradise, which needed not this to make it irresistible to the longing eyes that linger round it, unconsciously endowing each individual temptation with the dazzling beauty of the whole, and so really coveting all, though wishing only for a modest portion. Christmas taxes all the invention of all the artists in Pleasure's train for the production of novelties and excellences in their several departments, and as there is not time for a renewal of energy before New-Year, they blend the two occasions, and rejoice double tides. Even the poet, though not always in the way when money is to be made, finds his services now in request, and enjoys the farther delight of hearing his darling verses chanted by the far-sounding throat of the street-singer: true fame this, and not posthumous, like that of most poets. Verses like those which follow, married to airs well deserving such union, awaken the Queen's subjects earlier than they like on Christmas morning:

'The moon shines bright  
And the stars give a light  
A little before 'tis day;  
And bid us awake and pray.  
Awake! awake! good people all!  
Awake and you shall hear . . . .  
  
The life of Man  
Is but a span,  
And cut down in his flower.  
We're here to-day and gone to-morrow;  
We're all dead in an hour.  
  
'O teach well your children, men,  
The while that you are here;  
It will be better for your souls  
When your corpse lie on the bier.

'To-day you may be alive, dear man,  
With many a thousand pound;  
To-morrow you may be dead, dear man,  
And your corpse laid under ground;  
With a turf at your head, dear man,  
And another at your feet;  
Your good deeds and your bad ones  
They will together meet.  
God bless the ruler of this house  
And send him long to reign;  
And many a happy Christmas  
May he live to see again.  
  
'My song is done, I must be gone;  
I can stay no longer here;  
God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you a jovial New-Year.'

So runs a 'Christmas carol,' entitled 'Divine Mirth,' bought in the streets of London not many years ago. But we are like our transatlantic neighbors—letting Christmas swallow up New-Year. To return from these 'specimens of English poetry.'

We KNICKERBOCKERS date our New-Year festivities from our honored Dutch progenitors; and it should be considered treason even to propose the discontinuance of such time-honored commemorations. Among the innovations of the day, few try our patience more severely than those pseudo-refinements upon pleasure, which have been devised by the little great and the meanly proud of our land, who in their agonizing efforts after a superiority to which

neither nature nor education has given them a claim, hesitate not to sacrifice much for which they will never offer an equivalent to society. An adherence to ancient usages belongs to those who are accustomed to the enjoyments of wealth, and covet the heightening power of association; who feel their position to be secure, and therefore enjoy it with dignity, and make no feverish efforts at display. These still keep up the social round on the first day of the year, with its cordial greeting, its hospitable welcome, and its whole-souled *abandon*, symbolical at least of a forgetting of all causes of feud, and a renewing of ancient good-will, however interrupted. There is a primitive relish about these things to those who understand them; but to the merely fashionable, who think only of the quantity of plate which it is possible to exhibit on the occasion, the splendor and costliness of the refreshments, and above all, the number of *stylish* names which may be enrolled among the hundreds of unmeaning visiters, it is *caviare* indeed. Their spirit is a profane one; it fancies that money will buy every thing.

We would not insist upon the full adherence to primitive customs; since that would include rather more stimulus than accords with our notions of propriety; and we have heard too that the KNICKER-BOCKER practice of presenting each guest with a shield-like 'cookie,' though an excellent one for the bakers, was wont to prove rather inconvenient to some thorough-going visiters, who were in danger of meeting with the fate of the damsel of old, who was crushed under the weight of gifts somewhat similar. Tradition informs us that the Dutch dominions, who were especial favorites, used to be obliged to leave whole pyramids of splendid cookies — suns, moons, General Washington, Santa-Claus, and all — at the houses of tried friends, to be sent for next morning. We would not ask so minute an observance of the customs of Nieuw-Amsterdam, but we plead for the main point, the festival, with the hearty, social feeling that gives value to it. This may be unfashionable in some quarters, but it is human, and gives occasion for one of the too few recognitions of a common nature and a common interest. But, strange power of fancy! here we are carried back to all the bustle and excitement of a New-Year's day in the city. What a contrast to the realities around us! This bright, soft-singing wood fire, crackling occasionally with that mysterious sound which the good vrouws call 'treading snow,' and which they hold to foretell sleighing; the cat coiled up cozily on the hearth-rug, fast asleep; even the sounds which but just reach the ear when the ground is dry and bare, now hushed by the thick covering of snow out of doors; now and then a low, black sled moving silently along the road; and still more seldom a solitary foot-passenger, with his rifle or his axe on his shoulder; how can we imagine to ourselves the thronging crowds that make the very stones resound under the thousand vehicles and quick trampling feet in the great thoroughfares? Not Imagination but Memory lends her aid in this instance; Memory, never more faithful than when she recalls to the emigrant the home-scenes of former days. Yet we ought hardly to call her faithful, for she always reverses rules in her

pictures, placing her brightest tints in the back-ground. Brilliant lights, with only shadow enough to bring them out, characterize her distant views, and this is no true perspective, though we are prone to put faith in it. We must not use such views for *studies*.

Far removed from all the pleasureable associations of this period, we too hail the New-Year, but not with the old feeling. We wish each other a 'happy new year' as usual, but there is a touch of sadness in our greeting. Our new homes have not yet the warmth of the old; there is a chill hanging about them still, especially at these seasons when we recall the warm grasp of early friends. The young only are thoroughly gay here. They dwell not on the past; they trouble not their heads about the future. They have an ever-welling fount of happiness within; while we, their elders, are compelled to dig deep, and sometimes even then strike no vein. To them, sport in the wilds is as good as sport any where else. They skate, they slide, they run races; they take the hill-side with their rough, home-made sleds, and they ask nothing better. This for the younger scions. Those a step more advanced, get up shooting-matches, or dancing-matches; pleasure on a more dignified scale. We will not describe that vile form of the shooting-match, wherein a poor turkey is tied to a post, giving 'leg-bail' that he will not run away, to be mangled in cold blood by the boobies of the neighborhood; those who never fired a shot in their lives taking the lead; as when a number of lawyers are to speak on the same side, those who are not expected to hit at all are placed first. This is a cruel, unmanly, un-western sport, and should be scorned by the forester. He has been driven to it by the unnatural lack of all decent and proper amusement. The true shooting-match, when conducted on the large scale, affords famous sport. Two parties, matched and balanced as nearly as may be in skill and numbers, and each commanded by a leader chosen on account of his general qualifications, social as well as sporting, set out at break of day, in different directions; it makes but little difference which way, since game is plenty at all points. A time and place of rendezvous are appointed, and certain kinds of game prescribed as within the rules; and each party, collectively or severally, as circumstances may require, makes as wide a search as time will allow, and brings down as many deer, partridges, quails, etc., as possible; horses being in attendance to bear home the fortune of the day. At the place appointed the whole is examined, counted and judged, according to the rules and rates agreed on, and umpires then award the palm of victory. 'To the victors belong the spoils' of course; so the vanquished furnish the evening's entertainment, except that the game is common property. This makes no contemptible New-Year's day for the young men; and choice game is not despised as the substantial part of the supper, which succeeds or rather divides what we mentioned awhile ago — a dancing-match.

This, we should think, must be more laborious even than the shooting-match; at least it is more like steady, serious, unrelenting work. Two in the afternoon is not too soon to begin, nor six in the

morning too late to finish. Now if this be not a trial of strength, what is? It proves so; for only the most resolute hold out through the whole time. Even they would doubtless flag were it not for the supper at which we have hinted above, of which (to their honor be it spoken) our rustic damsels are not too affected to be willing to partake with good will and without mincing. They dance 'the old year out and the new year in,' sometimes; but usually the ball closes the sports of New-Year's day, and you may see them as the sun is rising on the second day of the year, sleigh-load after sleigh-load, going home as merry as larks, under the care of their stout beaux, not half so tired as a city belle is after walking through a cotillon.

Sometimes the snow is so fine that a grand sleigh-ride takes the place of the grand hunt on this day. As many as possible are engaged, and they go off some fifteen or twenty or thirty miles, with as many strings of bells as can be raised for the occasion, and have an impromptu supper and dance, and return home by moonlight. One indispensable condition of such a party is an exact pairing — an Adam and Eve division of the company; so that if a single nymph or swain be missing before the day arrives, and no one is found to supply the vacancy, the counterpart shares the misfortune, and remains at home. We have known companies where an approach to this rule — a belle to every beau — would have been convenient, and saved some sour looks. Here it is all in good faith, and the appropriation very strict, for the time being; and particular attention or graciousness to more than one of the party is contrary to etiquette. The pairs speak of each other as 'my mate,' with all the gravity imaginable.

After all, these are the people who taste the true sweets of pleasure, strictly so called. They enjoy themselves freely and heartily, caring nothing for what those very dignified and rather dull people who call themselves 'the world' may think of their dress or their dancing. It would not give them a moment's concern to be told that people a hundred miles off thought them half savages. And nothing would be so odious to them as the ceremony, the constraint, the clatter, and the stupidity of many an unmeaning fashionable party. They would hardly believe you if you should tell them that people really do get together at great cost and trouble to look at each other's dresses and a decorated supper-table, and go home again. 'What! no music! no dancing! no nothing! Awful! I'd rather spin wool all day!'

To those of us who have done with all these things; whose 'dancing days are over,' and who are studying the difficult art of 'growing old gracefully,' the coming of another year brings reflection, if not sadness. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' Who can stand upon the verge of another era, without emotion? Who does not feel, as this change passes before him, something of the awe that thrilled the veins of him who saw 'an image' but 'could not discern the form thereof?' How little can we guess of this turning leaf in our destiny! If the heart be light,

we read on the dim scroll words of soft and sweet promise, traced by the ready fingers of Hope. If there be a cloud on the spirit, we can discern only characters gloomy as any that remain of Memory's writing; while perhaps that Eye from which nothing is hidden, sees Death sweeping with his dark wing all that fond imagination had presented to our view, leaving our part in this life's future, one chill blank. Blessed be God that our eyes are 'holden!' To HIM who has controlled the past in love and mercy, we may safely commit the future.

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T O M Y W I F E . .

THERE may be romance in that tender feeling  
Which visiteth my heart, when at my side  
I feel a soft hand through mine gently stealing—  
Yet there is something real in a bride!

For love hath music in it, far more pleasing  
Than the proud romance of the feudal line,  
Whose dames in verse were taught the art of teasing  
Their red-cross knights to trudge to Palestine.

It is the romance of fresh thoughts, that waken  
Sweetly among the visions of young years,  
Heart-fraught with love, the long-tried and unshaken,  
Too pure for passion and too true for tears.

Yet gazing on thee, Sweet, how thrills my bosom,  
As to my heart I clasp thy yielding form,  
For life bereft of thee would wear no blossom,  
Nor would Hope's rainbow span my spirit-storm.

Doubt I that thy young heart will ever falter?  
Deem I that mine will ever love thee less?  
Thou who didst give me at the bridal-altar  
Thy heart's deep wealth of untold tenderness?

No! never, dearest! never, till the beating  
Of this poor heart that throbs for thee is o'er:  
Never, until my soul from life retreating,  
Takes up its death-march to the spirit-shore!

Then as thy lips shall kiss me to my slumber,  
As on life's verge I say the last 'good night,'  
How will thy love my struggling spirit cumber,  
While the world reels and fevers on my sight!

Yet in that 'distant bourne,' where, broken-hearted,  
Thou shalt deem haply that my soul hath rest,  
Can I but meet thee when life hath departed,  
My sin-freed spirit shall be doubly blest!

H. W. ROCKWELL.

## THE 'MAD FAMILY.'

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

'SUSPENSE, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions.'

CHARLES LAMB.

THERE are certain places, with which I used to be familiar in my younger days, whose appearance by sundry associations has become so fixed in my memory, that very often when I am in a thoughtful mood they seem to rise up before me with all the vivid hues of reality. Some of these, such as the lanes winding through the green pastures and the foot-paths in the woods, are hallowed by reminiscences of silent, solitary walks, and those castle-building reveries in which youth so fondly loves to indulge; others, the noisy streams and the game-abounding meadows, by recollections of many a victim, bird or fish, and many an hour of lonely transport which I enjoyed with my gun or rod, as inclination prompted; and there are others which are yet more endeared to me by the remembrance of the friends and friend-shared pleasures of by-gone days. Of the latter description is the spot of which I am about to give a sketch, in connection with a brief tale.

Mountain Pond is a quiet little sheet of water, snugly situated up among the woody hills which diversify the south-western county of Connecticut; and so exceedingly retiring is its disposition, that although it is placed at least a quarter of a mile above the level of the sea, it is impossible to get a peep at it till you are on its very margin. It was originally surrounded by a thick forest of oak and hemlock trees, but these have been cut away on the north-eastern side; so that standing on a rock which reaches to the water's edge, nearly opposite this opening, you have a fine bird's eye view of the neat white dwelling-houses and rival churches of one of the neighboring villages. The pond is not more than two furlongs across, but its waters are very deep, clear, and cool, and in former days abounded in fish; but these have latterly become so scarce that old IZAAK WALTON himself would fail to get a nibble there. It was rare sport, some five or six years ago, to stray out to this place on the summer holidays, and fish and swim, and pluck the richly-scented pond-lilies which grew along the margin, or to go over alone on some moon-lit August night and sit upon the rock and think that there *could* be no spot in the wide world so lovely.

Why is it that the sight of beautiful scenery, especially when viewed in solitude, always makes us melancholy? I have stood on a lofty cliff and looked down upon green fields with pleasant streams winding through them, upon the busy city sending its continual murmur up to heaven, and upon the distant ocean glittering in the sunbeams; and I have walked along the sea-beach at the



still hour of midnight, and gazed out upon the waters as the bright rays of the moon glanced upon them, and listened to the autumn wind whistling through the dry branches of the trees, and the leaves rustling gloomily along the ground; and although all was gloriously beautiful, I have turned away with a saddened heart. And is it not so with all? Whence then comes this feeling? Do our thoughts at such moments recur to the past; to the friends that stood around us in childhood and youth, and who are now scattered abroad over the wide earth, or perchance mouldering in the grave? Do we sadden at the reflection that nature's land-marks are unchangeable; that they are as they have been and will be; that years hence, when our own forms, these hands, these limbs, shall be but dust, other men will have filled our places; will be gazing on these self-same scenes, while we shall have passed away and been forgotten? Or when we behold the Almighty's handiwork, do our souls rise up within us, and long for wings to flee away to that place to which there is no admittance save through the gates of DEATH? But I am wandering.

Mountain Pond, like a great many less worthy places, has its legend; a tale known only to a few, who are foolish enough to love to hear the wild stories which village gossips are so fond of relating. Some fifty years ago there dwelt in a neighboring village a family which from time immemorial had been subject to hereditary insanity. Few of that family had been known to die a natural death; the poison, the cord, the knife, or the pistol, had hastened the end of nearly all of them. No matter though the fatal malady delayed its approach till their brows were deep-furrowed by the hand of time, and their locks were turned to gray; it was almost sure to come at last. There was one of them who had been told, when young, that if he applied himself habitually to hard bodily labor, he would be secure; and he tried the scheme. Day after day and year after year did he toil on, until his steps became feeble and his hair white, and people began to think that the sentence had been removed from him.

On his sixty-ninth birth-day he rose from his couch a madman. They confined him to a small room, but he contrived to escape unseen by any one; and when his friends, having discovered his absence, made search for him, they found him in one of the out-buildings, with a mallet in his right hand, driving a chisel into his own throat, while the hot blood spouted out upon the floor! They sprang upon him and wrested the weapon from his hands; but it was too late; the old man died the next day. It is to another member of this family, however, that my story relates. The man who ended his days in the manner I have just related, left behind him two sons, heirs to his estate, and—to his madness. At the time of the father's death one was in his twenty-third year, the other some four years younger. The former, like most people, was mainly intent upon amassing wealth for the future support of himself and his young bride. He was strong, active, and apparently regardless of the fearful curse which was hanging over him and his.

His brother was cast in a far different mould. Pale and thin, he pursued no fixed occupation, but spent the greater portion of his time in the perusal of such books as the village afforded, and in rambling about the woods and fields. The neighbors treated him kindly, for there was something in the wild glare of his keen, black eyes which told that the disease of his fathers was fast creeping upon him; and it was thought that he hastened its progress by continually brooding over his impending fate. It is a terrible thing for the young and gifted to know that ere long the light of reason must be extinguished within him; to feel that for him genius and learning can be of no avail; to go forth when the spring-flowers are scenting the earth, and the songs of the merry birds are filling the air; when the sky is cloudless and all nature is bright with joy, to look abroad upon the face of nature, and while a feeling of gladness springs up in the breast, that God hath made his earth so beautiful, to remember that the withering blight is upon him, turning every blessing into a curse; to sit amid the howlings of the autumnal tempest, and reflect that life has no gay prospect in store for him; that to him the valley of the shadow of death is rendered yet more dark by the gloomy clouds of insanity; to *think*, till the hot blood runs madly through the veins, and to fancy that THE DOOM is already begun! And such were the feelings of the younger brother. From his earliest boyhood Mountain Pond had been one of his most favorite places of resort. Thither would he repair, and seating himself upon the rock during the long summer days, pore over the pages of some favorite author, or gaze upon the quiet waters, and watch the fleeting images of the bright world which seemed to lie far down in their calm depths.

It was a warm day in August, that some boys who had been over to the pond to fish, returned home, and told some of the villagers that they had that forenoon seen young William B—— standing on the rock, and acting in a strange, wild manner, such as they had never observed in him before; and that they had left off their sport earlier than usual, because they were afraid of him. It was not long of course before the story came to his brother, who immediately started in search of him. With an anxious heart he hastened across the fields and over the hills, for there was no direct road to the pond; and his pulse almost stood still, as he drew near the opening which would afford him a glimpse of the rock. An involuntary exclamation of joy burst from his lips as he beheld his brother sitting in his usual place; but it was a long circuitous path through the woods, and it was some time before he stood on the little elevation immediately behind him. The young man was sitting quietly on the rock, close to the water's edge, his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon both hands. His brother looked at him silently for a moment, but when he saw that he stirred not, and indeed seemed scarcely to breathe, he sprang down by his side and called him by name. In an instant the youth was on his feet, glaring savagely at the intruder. At length, in a low voice, he spoke:

'Yes, *you* are one of us, and you'll be mad, even as *I* am!' His voice gradually arose to a perfect yell: 'Do you remember the old man? the chisel? the blood? And why shouldn't *we* die too?—*here?* NOW!'

He sprang at his brother's throat, and notwithstanding his superior strength, dragged him to the edge of the rock. And now came a fearful struggle for life and for death. The elder was a powerful man, but the might of *madness* was in the muscles of his adversary; and every moment the contest grew more doubtful; till at length the foot of the former slipped, and with an agonizing 'O! God!' from one, and a yell of triumph from the other, they fell headlong from the rock. There was another vain struggle, a few bubbling cries, and the waves closed over them for ever! Some of the children who had given notice of the young man's strange conduct in the morning had followed the elder brother, though at some distance behind, and arrived at the opening in time to see the whole of the sad affair. By them the story was quickly communicated to the villagers; but all efforts to recover the bodies proved fruitless.

The 'Mad Family' is now extinct. Strangers have filled their places in the village, and on the ruins of their old mansion a new dwelling has arisen. Their lands have passed into the possession of others, and their story is almost forgotten. But Mountain Pond remains the same; and as its calm waters sparkle in the rays of the sun, or reflect back the image of the pale, cold moon, they tell no tale of grief, of madness, or of death.

P.

New-Haven, (Conn.)

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T H E   A N G E L - B R O O K .

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'The Rabbits have a tradition that little angels are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise, whose life is a song; who warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness.'

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A brook in Eden bubbleth  
O'er a flowery bed,  
Supported by pure rain-drops,  
By dews from heaven fed.

Many a ripple dimpleth  
Its sparkling, crystal face,  
As merrily it hurrieth  
Along its joyous race.

O'er the flowers it runneth,  
Breathing odors sweet;  
For the air of Paradise  
Tribute passing meet.

A voice of music riseth  
From the fountain's brim,  
Like the heavenly harmony  
Of an angelic hymn.

The livelong day it singeth  
Witching angel-tones,  
Till darkness, bringing silence,  
Comes from other zones.

Spirits here, ethereal,  
Warble joyous song,  
Offspring of the streamlet  
And flowers it flows among.

Morning life bestoweth,  
Night taketh life away;  
Yet living, dying, happy  
These beings of a day.

So every stream hath voices  
Rising from its wave,  
Fleeting as the zephyrs  
Which in its waters lave.

## NOTES OF LIFE IN HAYTI.

## NUMBER NINE.

I HAVE no reminiscences of a sojourn within the tropics more agreeable than those which relate to rural life. True, every valley and hill side is not covered, like those of our sister isles, with the green sugar-cane and coffee-tree, but on the contrary, a piece of cane or of coffee, or a 'bananarie,' is hailed as an oasis in a great desert of woods. But this only rendered the 'habitations' (called in Jamaica, I believe, *pens*) more delightful from the contrast. Our hosts were not unhappy from a fear of our making invidious comparisons between their domains and their neighbors'. If one did not raise heavy crops, neither did the others; so there could be no heart-burnings.

As we pursued our winding way on these expeditions, now along the river's bank, now striking off over the hills, and now through shady defiles, the agricultural features were ever the same. Nature in her slow, sure way seemed to have triumphed every where over man; and the consequences were forests of lofty growth, festooned with interminable vines, with here and there a 'savannah' or open glade. Occasionally a hut is descried, peeping jealously out from amid the trees; and some attempts in its vicinity have been made to stop the progress of the presiding goddess; but appearances generally were, that the 'humans' had gone to sleep, and that she would soon reassert her universal right. All along the roads attempts are made to shut her out from the public highway at least, by slight fences made of stakes stuck into the ground, and horizontal ones wattled across from one to another. But it was of no use; the very stakes took root and grew, and the grass prevailed where cart-wheels never passed; and all that man could keep was a narrow bridle-path in the middle or along the sides.

Occasionally the traveller comes upon a batch of huts. If they look particularly forlorn and desolate, he may be pretty sure that he has arrived at a property owned by a colored person who lives in town and starves upon the scanty crops which are now produced in place of the princely revenues of days of yore. The occupants of the huts are the 'cultivateurs,' who fairly receive for their labor one half the produce, and whatever they can appropriate beyond this, by the most inveterate and impudent practices of thieving which can well be conceived. If Monsieur Vidocq conceives himself a match for the most dexterous members of the fraternity who honor the French metropolis, and if he is sighing for more knaves to conquer, let him visit these domains, and he will quickly find himself at a nonplus.

An anecdote may serve to illustrate the ruling propensity. An

American captain was attending to the embarkation of a quantity of coffee on board his vessel in one of the ports, and being an old trader, and 'knowing a thing or two,' he would not trust his bags to the superintendence of the guard, but stuck to them faithfully under a broiling sun with the thermometer at ninety, while his crew had gone to the vessel with a boat-load. But Sambo determined to circumvent if possible even a Yankee captain. Providing himself with an empty sack, he steals *under* the wharf, and thrusting his jack-knife through a chink in the planks, he soon has a full bag in his arms, and the captain has still his complement in number if not in weight. Meanwhile Sambo's companions near the scene of his exploit are furtively watching his progress, and the captain is mightily amused with the song they have improvised for the occasion, and which by the way is now a national melody. He laughs heartily at the loud guffaws and antic gestures of his black friends, and at last hums the air himself :

' Hai ! Bizango ! Soleil chaud !  
 Hai ! Bizango ! Soleil chaud !  
 Jean connait outé trou la yé  
 Soleil chaud ! Blanc pas wé  
 Jean connait outé trou la yé ;  
 Trou la la, trou la la,  
 Jean connait outé trou la yé !

Which may be freely rendered after this fashion :

' Ha ! Bizango ! Sun he hot !  
 Ha ! Bizango ! Sun he hot !  
 Jean knows where to find the chink ;  
 Sun is hot, make white man wink !  
 Jean knows where to hit the chink ;  
 The chink is there, the chink down there ;  
 Jean knows well the chink is there !'

It was not a bad joke, the captain's joining in the song to the tune of which they were robbing him, how little soever it may speak for their good manners. Whether he got a copy of the song and had it set to the tune of 'The Poachers,' and whether he found out what had become of his property, this deponent saith not. True it is, that this inveterate habit is so prevalent, that to it, in a great measure, may be attributed the fact that the dwellings of the poorer classes are so destitute of every kind of comforts or necessities. They have absolutely *nothing*, unless a tumbler with a floating wick and a little palma-christi oil, a rickety table and one or two chairs, be something. The master of the house has generally a bed of some sort ; for this cannot very easily be spirited away in the day-time, and at night he sleeps upon it. 'Crib' is the word ; and the maxim is to make *tuum meum* whenever and wherever an opportunity offers. But after all, this business of exchange is for the most part confined to petty transactions.

Highway robbery is of very rare occurrence, though it must be mentioned that a rogue has seldom an opportunity to cry 'Stand and deliver !' to the bearer of a well-filled purse. But it is a fact, and one which I record with pleasure, that more serious crimes are rare among the Haytiens ; considering their lawless and fiery tem-

peraments, unaccountably so. I refer particularly to the crimes of burglary, murder, and robbery. The merchants have frequent occasion to send money from one point of the island to another, in sums sometimes of many thousands of dollars. It is usually carried by men on foot, who will transport it, armed with a clumsy sword and a leather cap as heavy nearly as lead, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, for three or four dollars per day. The men usually employed are the laborers about their stores; and though trusty as steel when so employed, yet they will not hesitate to fill their pockets with any thing that falls in their way when at work among boxes and barrels. Not only are they faithful when intrusted with more important matters, but they are never waylaid or robbed by the negroes in the mountains.

Some five or six years ago a report was spread through the town that a piratical vessel had appeared off the coast, and that she had been seen to capture and sink a merchant brig. The town was instantly in a ferment. A sloop lying in the harbor was hired, one or two pieces of artillery sent on board, and every body volunteered to go out and hunt the villains to death. Straightway, guns, drums, swords and pistols were if possible more the order of the day than ever. The decks of the sloop were soon crowded with men; her anchor was weighed, the mainsail hoisted, and she sailed out of the harbor with her gallant freight on a pirate-hunt, followed by the enthusiastic cheers of those who were left behind. She struck boldly out into the track of the pirate, and cruised after him for two days, and at last after a fruitless search returned to port with her crew tolerably well 'used up.'

We were speaking of rural excursions. I once formed a party to visit Monsieur Jerome, who lived some five-and-twenty miles in the interior, on the ruins of a plantation which had been celebrated for having many rare and excellent fruit-trees, some of which still remained. Taking a stirrup-cup of strong coffee, we were in the saddle before Phœbus had tackled his nags, and scoured through the town at a brisk trot, passing here and there some early riser, who scratching his head, wondered what it all meant; stared, rubbed his eyes, fetched an awful yawn, and went into his house and shut the door. ~~He~~ He did not understand such a commotion, and he would not compromise himself. The land-breeze of morning drove before it a thick bank of vapor over the channel of the river, and as we grew warm with riding, it struck in our faces with a grateful coolness. The mist vanished before the rising sun, and then the freshened breeze came so cool and yet so balmy, so soft and yet so exhilarating! — Such airs did our first parents breathe in Paradise.

The remembrance is pleasant, as I sit and hear these November gusts howling round my windows. I think not only of the perfumed breezes, but of that glorious elasticity of the element which expanded the chest to its utmost capacity at each inhalation. Arrived at the end of our ride, after crossing the pebbly river so many times that we could scarcely tell on which side we were, we were glad to dismount and take our expectant host by the hand.

We brought our welcome with us on the backs of sundry bêtes de chargé; and if the patient donkeys had witnessed our first 'feed' they would have pathetically congratulated each other on the pleasant prospect of returning home *light*.

Among other curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, this plantation had upon it three *jacka-trees*. This tree was derived from the East Indies, and perhaps these very individuals first budded in the other hemisphere. With very few exceptions, these were the only ones of their stately race in the whole island; and I believe there are very few in any other part of the new world. I can assist the reader to an idea of their size and appearance, by suggesting to him the largest elm he ever saw brought into the round compact form of a horse-chestnut tree, towering up, a huge cone, limb over limb, to an extraordinary height. I would compare it to the beautiful mango-tree, grown to thrice its usual size; but such a comparison would be of little use in these latitudes. And the fruit is worthy of its size. Lafontaine, when he wrote the fable of the acorn, had never heard of the jacka-tree, for its fruit is as big as a huge pumpkin, and weighs more than thirty pounds. They are of a yellowish color outside and in, and are baked to be eaten. They are sweet, but not a favorite food, and generally decay where they fall.

The trees were loaded with fruit, and among the lower limbs, which were high above our heads, were thousands of wasps'-nests; and the insects were in myriads filling the air with their noonday hum. Our host told us they never came below the line of their nests; and as the tree was very shady, we took up our quarters during the heat of the day around its trunk. Our foolhardiness came near meeting its reward; for we remained there utterly forgetful of impending pumpkins, until one came thundering and crashing down, putting us to the rout as if a bomb-shell had fallen among us; a catastrophe which we might have expected, for there were scores lying about. What an obituary! 'Killed by a jacka's falling on his head, in the interior of St. Domingo!'

Another interesting excursion was to a plantation in the mountains of La Hotte; classical regions in Hayti, as being the hiding-places and haunts of the negroes mentioned in a former number of these papers. On this route lay the singular winding path up a mountain, where travellers may converse when separated by an hour's march, one being over the head of the other. Among these heights it was, upon a table-land, that we came to a road leading off the highway, which had once evidently been a beautiful avenue. It was now, all but a narrow foot-path, overgrown by sweet-scented jasmynes: they were in full bloom, and their fragrance was literally wasted on the desert air. They carried us back to other days, when taste and refinement had abodes in these now desolate regions. Little did the proud planter think that his delicate flowers would one day be all that would live to point the way to his mansion! Here they clustered and bloomed year after year, with no friends but each other, neglected emblems of the past.

Thinking that we were in the bosom of the mountains, and not dreaming of the ocean, we passed through the hedge of jasmynes,

when behold ! it lay spread out in all its immensity almost beneath our feet ! The eye roamed over its broad plain until, fatigued with distance, it allowed it to melt into the blue of the remote horizon. If there is any one sight which a man ought to avail himself of when circumstances will allow, it is that from the top of a mountain. Never till then has he definite ideas of breadth, and space, and distance. It seems as if the intellects of mountaineers ought to be superior to those of other men, who have less opportunity of contemplating earthly grandeur.

We were bound to an estate which in by-gone days had been a splendid coffee plantation. Our approach to it was soon made manifest by an object still more interesting than the jasmine hedge. We were riding now beneath a glorious Gothic arch, the apex of which was some forty feet high, while the sides (which formed at once a grateful shade and fences to each side of the road, impenetrable even to a rabbit,) were some twenty feet asunder. If we had before been delighted, we were now entranced ! It was fairy land ! Never shall I forget that long green, Gothic avenue, perfect as if from the hands of a skilful architect, and stanch and strong with life. It was not of massive oak, nor of timbers hewn from the huge mahoganies of the surrounding heights. It was formed by hundreds of orange-trees, which had been set so near together that they ran up tall and slender, and their gradual inclination toward each other formed the perfect arch, shutting out the sun and I had almost said the rain, so compact were they. They were probably fifty years old, and not one was thicker than a man's arm. There they stood and there they still stand, unappreciated and indeed utterly unknown, save by the reckless denizens of the scattered huts.

I had written thus far, and read these lines to a friend now in this country, in whose company many of these excursions were made : ' You are mistaken in that last remark,' said he. ' How so ? ' ' Because the trees are all dead ! ' ' Dead ? ' ' Yes ; the *pichons* have attacked the orange-trees, and killed them all.'

I had seen the ravages of this pichon in other sections of the island. They are an insect so diminutive as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, but when viewed through a microscope they exhibit the precise shape of a turtle, with a pair of black prominent eyes, the body itself being of a light color. When they attack an orange-tree they cover it so completely that it has the appearance of being enveloped in hoar-frost. My friend observed that he had passed through a similar avenue about twenty miles distant from the one here mentioned, which was a full half mile in length ; and which had been the line of separation of two princely estates, the road passing between the two rows. Is there such another fence in the world ?

The next mark of the olden time, and we must say too of slave-labor, which we encountered, was a stone wall of great extent enclosing the property. It is handsomely built of broad flat stones. This seemed a very waste and profuseness of labor, in a country where hedges are so easily made by the orange, the Spanish wood, or that impassable and hardy shrub, the ' penguin.' This stone wall



will stand for future generations to gaze upon with wonder, a monument of the slavish labors of their fathers, the only symbol perhaps which will then be extant among the mountains of La Hotte.

Arrived at the site of the mansion house, we found but few vestiges of ancient grandeur, save a beautiful 'glacis.' This was an indispensable part of a coffee-estate, being a broad level spot covered with a hard cement, on which the newly picked coffee was dried in the sun. Tired and hungry, we gladly dismounted, and made our quarters in a decent cottage, and when the contents of our hampers were spread out, and the Westphalias and Bolognas and Gruyère displayed their pleasant countenances, and the Sauterne and claret ogled us with their red noses from their snug straw, we forgot our fatigue; the merry laugh resounded, the joke went round, and the air reverberated with the unwonted sound of the voices of white men. Perhaps the last which had been heard there were in the death-shrieks, when the knife of the insurgent slave gleamed in the light of the moon. And old men were round us who had perhaps been busy in those days. Perhaps? Undoubtedly they had been; for he who put not his hand to the work, and that right earnestly, straightway fell a victim to the jealousy of his own race. Now however these old men were civil and obliging, far more so than their sons. But as for persuading them to converse upon those events, one might as well ask the trees of the forest. It is doubtful if they converse upon those matters even with their own children. Perhaps they have a lingering dread that Charlie may yet come 'to claim his own again;' and they fear a day of retribution.

Negroes are superstitious to an extraordinary degree. In the howlings of the storm and in the stillness of the starry nights, do these old men never hear 'the voices of the past?' As evening closed in, the air grew chill, and round the blazing fire out of doors, (where the bananas and plantains and yams were receiving their culinary preparation,) might be seen, huddled close together, our hungry party, watching the interesting preliminaries with eager looks, stretching their stiffened and benumbed limbs to the genial heat, and occasionally stealing a glance toward the hill-sides and woods, which were buried in the blackness of night. Beyond us was a group of blacks, looking on with curious interest, while one of their number, whom we had made cook and major-domo, was ordering them about with an important air, clothed as he was in a little brief authority. And when he pronounced all ready, and the smoking dainties were drawn from the hot embers or the boiling 'chaudière,' the countenances of all were once more arrayed in benign smiles; and when the table was fairly spread, filling up as it did the whole interior of the hut, (boards supported on barrels,) and each man was politely requested to take his seat, draw his knife and fork, and fall to, the smiles were exaggerated into a more decided expression of satisfaction; voices grew louder, and the welkin rang again, I ween, that evening.

We passed two or three days here. We had changed the climate as much as if we had gone a thousand miles to the north; and we returned to town refreshed and invigorated by the excursion to the

mountains. We found among the Creoles of the plantation a noisy, talkative fellow, a sergeant, whose countenance and voice were quite familiar to us, as he was continually on duty at some of the guard stations in town; and as he was fond of society, his voice was often heard on the wharf or among the cartmen, laying down the law and meddling in every body's business; and he was a great stickler for a due respect to be paid to the 'corps de garde,' of which he was the consequential sergeant. I little thought what a splendid home this fellow had, neither did he in fact know it himself. Did he ever feel *poetical* as he snuffed the odors of the jasmynes or sauntered through the Gothic arch? Not he, the vagabond! The sergeant had too high an opinion of his importance ever to feel poetical; he was a great man among his brother rustics; and when he footed it to town every two or three weeks, to play his part among the soldiery, did n't he feel as if the independence of Hayti rested upon his shoulders? I believe he did.

ST. CROIX.

## F A I R Y G L E N .

In a beautiful dell where I love to go,  
Is a limpid brook with so soft a flow  
That its voice would never disturb the prayer  
A soul might breathe to its Maker there!  
'T is a lone, sweet place, where the ancient trees,  
That have met the storm and the summer breeze,  
Hang over the bed of the gentle stream,  
And shield its breast from the solar beam.  
It borrows a beautiful emerald hue,  
But is clear as the early morning dew:  
I can count the pebbles it glideth o'er  
With a farewell kiss, to return no more.

On its banks is many a flowery gem,  
That Flora might claim for her diadem;  
And the sturdy oak hath its clinging vine  
Which seemeth to whisper, 'I'm thine, I'm thine,'  
As it wreathes the limbs of the forest-king,  
And sways to the lightest zephyr's wing.  
And many a bird hath a quiet nook  
In the boughs that are arching that fairy brook:  
Their songs with the rippling of waters blend,  
And the leaves their flutter and sighing lend!

The voice of music cannot be still,  
For it sleepeth never—that purling rill;  
It singeth at eve in a plaintive tone  
A soft lament for the spirits flown;  
Yet oft on its tranquil breast at night  
Through the parted leaves comes a flood of light,  
From a star that seeketh itself to see  
Reflected in beauty, fair stream! by thee.  
Sweet gem of the landscape! a vain farewell;  
I yield to the magic of Beauty's spell!  
And never, while earth hath a thought of mine,  
Shall thy soothing light in my soul decline!

H. I. WOODMAN.

Boston, (Mass.)

## A P E E P A T D E A T H .

BY PETER VON ORNST.

I WAS standing one bright day on the banks of a small stream which ran near the village where I was staying, gazing alternately at the clear blue sky and at the quiet green valley that stretched away before me. Suddenly I heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and before I had time to think again, I felt the bullet like a ball of fire tearing its way to, and into, my heart. All control over my muscles was instantly lost, and I fell to the ground; perfectly conscious, but unable to prevent all sorts of motions in my limbs: caused, I supposed, by the blood rushing back to the seat of life. The tumult soon ceased, and I knew that I was dead. I found myself pent up, if I may so speak, confined within the narrowest limits. What particular part of the body I was imprisoned in, I was unable to determine; but to one part, and that apparently a very small one, almost a point, I *was* confined. I tried to project myself, as of wont, along my limbs; but the power was gone. The ground on which I lay felt like air; indeed I do n't believe that I felt it at all. The connection between me and the body was in a measure dis severed, and I shuddered as the thought came upon me that this was *death*. My eyelids closed, but I was able to see and hear as distinctly as ever; nay, more distinctly; for I could see not only the faces and forms of others, but their hearts; and could read their thoughts, even though they were but half formed.

The fellow who shot me came running up, wild terror almost overpowering his senses. The shot was purely accidental. This gave me some comfort; it was so much sweeter to go out of the world thus, than to die by the hand of an enemy. Soon others came up, crying out with fright. It was natural that I should look at their hearts, since it was just as easy as to look at their faces, and moreover, was somewhat new to me: but I soon grew sick of it. It was an ungracious task, and I do n't wonder now, though I did formerly, that the Rosicrucians were all misanthropes.

The men took me up softly, as though they feared to hurt me by any roughness, and conveyed me into the house. They laid me on a bed, covered me with a white cloth, and pronounced me a corpse; put on long faces, spoke in whispers, and sent for the coroner. How I longed to throw off the sheet, jump up, and kick them all out of the room! I felt able to do it: but when I tried, my arms and feet were mere bars of lead, and refused to obey the commands of the will. So I lay still, and tried to groan, but I could n't. What next? thought I; ay, what next! A cold shiver crept through me as I thought of the future; so I looked back on the past, and then tried to groan again; but with no better success. Soon the coroner

came in, took a pinch of snuff, and felt of my wrist. 'Quite dead!' said he, coolly. 'Death caused by a rifle-ball through the heart.' He was thinking about the price of stocks all the while, for I could see into his *soul*. 'Ah!' he continued, 'sad event; very sad; better notify his friends; it's unpleasant; the sooner the better. I'll make out my report to-day.' And with this, the little coroner waddled out of the house.

Nearly three days I had lain thus, and now I was to be buried. I was arrayed throughout in very white linen. Decidedly unbecoming, thought I. Oh! I wish somebody would bore a hole in me, and let me out! I was getting tired: for the last thirty-six hours had been thirty-six years. Nobody *did* bore a hole in me, however, and I remained in.

They took me up gently and laid me in the coffin. I struggled, and fought, and remonstrated; but they did n't seem aware of any motion that I made, but went gravely on with what they were about; and into the coffin I went. The lid was nailed down, all but the head-piece: so I knew that my countenance was to be exposed once more to the gaze of admiring friends. 'Snug quarters these! thought I;' rather close, but soft. I wish it had n't this confounded smell of the grave!

I went to church in state; listened to a very affecting sermon on the uncertainty of life; heard a dirge performed by the choir; and very well it was performed too. But the young lady that sang the solo! How I longed to bite her! I knew her voice. She sung altogether too well—too artist-like. I hated her for it; and thought how dearly I should like to sing a solo over *her* coffin.

The exercises being over, all gathered round to look again on the face of the dead. The lid was thrown back, and the light of day streamed in upon me. It was the last time it would ever visit me. My bed grew cold as I thought of it! Many familiar, many strange faces peered down into mine: some curious, some sad, but the most merely grave.

'I say,' cried I to them, though they did n't seem to hear me; 'I say, fine sport this; *very* fine; quite an amusing spectacle, no doubt! But see here, my good friends,' said I, raising my voice, 'I protest against this whole proceeding. If I was dead, or any thing of the kind, I should n't object in the least; but I am no more dead than you are! My position here is really uncomfortable. Just consider how *you* would like to be thrust into a box, and dropped down into a hole in the ground, out of sight; and all done so coolly and deliberately, for the sake of aggravation! I do n't see what right you have to treat a fellow in this way! I wish somebody would let me out! Holla! you wretch!' said I to the man who came with his instruments to fasten me in; 'do you suppose I am a dog, to be buried alive? Give me a little fresh air; *do* for mercy's sake!'

But the carpenter did n't hear me. He took hold of the cloth and spread it over my face, preparatory to nailing down the lid. 'Old fellow!' I cried energetically, for the blackness of despair and

horror was coming over my soul; 'none of that! I tell you now, I *won't* be buried!' But he seemed to think that I *would* be buried, and very composedly proceeded to shut me in. One little gleam of sunshine, and that vanishing like early mist, was all that remained to me for ever. I made a terrible struggle; something gave way with a cracking noise, resembling the snapping of a lute-string; and I was free! I dashed head-foremost through the crevice between the side of the coffin and the descending lid, and jumped nimbly on to the top of my late habitation.

'Ah, ha!' said I to the undertaker, as I shook my fist in his face; 'ah, ha! you thought to catch me napping, did you? I was a little too quick for you!' But he went on with solemn countenance to screw down the cover, and smooth the pall over the whole: totally unconscious that any thing unusual had taken place. I looked up to the gallery, and there stood the identical young lady who had just performed the solo, in the dirge. I had kissed her ~~last~~ day week! 'Oh, ho!' my dear, I exclaimed, 'had n't you better have reserved your lugubrious croak for a more fitting occasion? I shall dance at *your* funeral yet!' The young lady, without heeding me, looked down at the coffin mournfully; that is, as mournfully as she could look, and at the same time adjust her curls, and cast stolen glances at a young physician in one of the body-pews, whom I had supplanted in her affections. I was about making some violent remarks on her want of attention to me, and the extreme disrespect of the assembly generally, in not listening to my voice, when it occurred to me that after all I might be only a spirit, and then of course my voice could not be heard by mortal ears.

This train of reflection led me to consider my corporeal frame. But here was a puzzle; for although every thing looked as it used to do, so much so that I would have sworn that I stood on the top of the coffin wholly alive and material, yet it was equally undeniable that I was at that very instant reposing under my feet. With regard to my dress, there was a still greater puzzle. What its material was I could not determine. It felt very light and loose, and almost intangible. I found too that the power of gravitation had but little effect upon me, so that I could rise or sink like a cloud in mid-ether. All these discoveries filled me with wonder; but in the midst of my philosophical meditations I was disturbed by the pall-bearers, who were preparing to remove their load from the church. The day was a fine one; a large procession was formed; the bell sent forth its single heavy notes, and we were on our way to the church-yard.

'I may as well see the show out,' thought I; so I sat down astride the coffin, folded my arms, and apostrophized my former self beneath: 'Pleasant companion! Has it at length come to this? a sudden, violent and everlasting parting! Excuse me for not shedding tears, for I can't, or I would in a moment. A delightful, profitable, though somewhat uncouth servant and associate hast thou been to me, in times past. Kind-hearted wast thou; a little given to pains and grievings of thine own, yet always ready to share mine, and obedient to my slightest wish. I will not cast in thy teeth

thy slips and errors of foot, which have been many, and of tongue, which have been more. Forgive any unkind feelings or thoughts which I have entertained toward thee on that account. Forget me, old friend! for I shall soon do the same by thee. I will see thee buried, and then be off. You need n't feel pained at going away from the world: all things earthly must sooner or later have an end, and hence you are not alone in your misery.'

Hallo, you, Sir pall-bearer! do n't stumble over every third stone you come to, for you break in upon a very delightful philosophical homily of mine. Your twitchings and jouncings disturb me excessively. 'If I might suggest, Sir,' said I to the minister, who was walking very slowly before me, 'I would beg you to consider that I am bare-headed; the season of the year is mid-summer, and the sun is near his meridian. However, proceed no faster than you deem advisable. Great dunce!' continued I, aside; 'I might as well talk to a post! My good friends!' added I, turning round so as to face the procession behind, 'my good friends, it would give me great pleasure on this melancholy and distressing occasion to make some remarks on the brevity of human enjoyment, interspersing a few thoughts on the Graham system of diet, and concluding with a beautiful and affecting acknowledgment of the honor you are doing me in escorting my coffin through the streets of your miserable little town. I see, however, that we are now entering the grave-yard, and will forbear.'

Softly, gentlemen bearers! set me down softly. So! my course is run, and my ride finished, is it? The grave opens its great mouth, and I must vacate my agreeable seat. 'By the mysteries of the grave! what's this, though?' said I to a companion, who by some magic stood at that instant beside me. 'Is n't this Hans Von Spiegel?' 'Indeed it is,' quoth he. 'But who is Hans Von Spiegel?' asks the reader. He was a fellow who died five years ago, from a fall which he got from horseback. He was an intimate friend of mine; a little wild perhaps, but a very good fellow at heart, notwithstanding. Hans sidled up to me and regarded me with a friendly stare. 'Oh, ho!' says I. 'Ah, ha!' says he. 'How are you?' says I. 'Tolerable,' says he. 'You must think us,' he added 'an ill-mannered sort of people, not to come out and meet you; but the fact is, you died suddenly. If we had known that you had been coming, we should have contrived to receive you with becoming honor. However, I take upon myself the responsibility of welcome.'

'You congratulate me on my escape from the 'vale of tears,' I suppose,' said I. 'And sighs,' he added. 'And sighs!' thought I; 'what an expressive ejaculation!' Hans, be it known, asserted with his last breath that it was love and not the fall which killed him, although every body knew to the contrary. He lived just long enough after the accident to exclaim at least a hundred and fifty times: 'Oh! Blumine! cruel Blumine! you have been the death of me!'

'How do you employ yourselves in this land of spirits?' I asked, after a pause.

'I'm out of breath, just now,' he answered, 'having come pretty fast to see you: but I'll tell you more about our way of life directly.'

'Where shall we go first?' I asked.

'Nowhere till your body is buried!' answered he, rather indignantly.

'Just as you please,' said I, while the ghost of a blush struggled upward into my forehead.

The coffin was now lowered into the grave, and the sexton stood with his shovel in hand, while the minister blessed my remains. 'Old friend!' said I, looking into the grave, 'farewell! A pleasant sleep to you! But mind and be ready if I should want you again Farewell!'

At this Hans and I departed.

#### THE BOY'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UPLAND.

A SHEPHERD-BOY on peaks of snow,  
I see the castles all below:  
The sun here darts his earliest ray,  
Here longest plays the lingering day:  
I am the mountain's child!

Here is the torrent's infant home,  
I drink it from its fountain womb;  
It rushes from the rock away,  
I catch it in my arms, and say:  
I am the mountain's child!

The mountain! 'tis my birthdom right!  
Around its ribs the storm-winds fight;  
They rush and roar and howl along,  
But high above them swells my song:  
I am the mountain's child!

The thunders crash, the lightnings glare  
Below my blue-roofed home of air;  
I know them, and I shout aloof,  
'In safety leave my father's roof!'  
I am the mountain's child!

When sounds the tocsin wide and high,  
And beacon-fires inflame the sky,  
Down in the vales I march along,  
And swing my sword, and sing my song:  
I am the mountain's child!

W. H. R.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE JOHN ALSOP, Esq., of Middletown, (Conn.)  
By THEODORE DWIGHT, Junior.

MR. ALSOP was born in Middletown, (Conn.,) in the year 1776, and died there in 1841. Although a man of retired habits, and little known beyond the circle of his private friends, he was one of that small number of our countrymen whose time was chiefly devoted to literary occupations. The chief object of the present notice is not so much to bring his name or his writings to that public notoriety which he habitually shunned, as to commend to others his favorite enjoyments, and particularly to impress upon our young readers and those who have the power of influencing their opinions and habits, the importance of early acquiring a good literary taste, and of preferring its enjoyments to those of appetite or ambition. It is much to be feared that the present generation of our youth will come upon the stage without any just conception of the value of private study, or reading, in the proper sense of the term. There is no want of young readers, it is true; but how different are the works which we find in the hands of most of them, from those few but valuable volumes which formed the taste of some of our literary men in a past age! The first authors perused by the child, it is perhaps trite to remark, exert a powerful influence on the mind, even to the end of life. The natural love of truth may be overcome by the early reading of fiction; and when this effect has been once produced, by whatever means, adieu to all solid improvement, and to all sound intellectual enjoyment. But when fictitious writings are also *immoral*, how greatly is the evil increased, and how much more hopeless any future improvement! Half a century ago, when books were scarce in all parts of this country, the few families in which libraries were found generally possessed only works of standard value. This appears to be, to some extent, a natural result of similar circumstances. It is happily true, at the present day, that but little of the literary trash which overwhelms us here, finds its way across the Alleghany mountains; while more valuable books are read in much the greatest proportion by our western countrymen.

The family to which Mr. ALSOP belonged was better provided with books than most others in our country towns at that early period. His father and his grandfather were reading men; and the latter, being engaged in commerce, enjoyed facilities for increasing his stock, which he did not neglect. A social library was formed in Middletown, by the exertions of a few of the inhabitants, which, as usual in other places where they have existed, produced a happy and lasting



influence on the minds of many. With the example of friends around him, and the means of literary gratification in his hands, Mr. ALSOP began at an early age to devote hours to reading; and among the manuscripts which have been found since his death, are evidences of early attempts at poetical composition. At the age of fourteen he wrote a few verses, which express the sensibility and refinement of feeling that were conspicuous, not only in his subsequent writings, but in his manners and conversation to the end of life. As he loved literature for its own sake, and not because it was capable of being used for vain-glorious display, this little effusion was probably never read by any eye save his own during his whole life; and it stands at the head of a long list of poetical compositions hitherto unknown to his friends, as well as unpublished to the world.

The taste of Mr. ALSOP was naturally much cherished and directed by his elder brother, an American poet of no ordinary celebrity, the late RICHARD ALSOP, Esq.\* Although the brothers were very different in age, the latter being the eldest and the former the youngest of a large family, they were intimate and daily associates for many years, being for the most part inhabitants of the same town. The subject of this notice was a pupil of Dr. DWIGHT, at Greenfield Hill, and entered Yale College at an early age. He afterward came to this city, where he passed several years, engaged in the business of bookselling, during which period he had opportunities of forming an acquaintance with men of learning and taste, as well as of cultivating, by practical use, his knowledge of languages. After his return to a life of retirement in his native place, he spent many years in the midst of a circle of friends, by whom he was regarded not less for his amiable disposition and refined feelings, than for his well-stored mind and superior taste. Though habitually reserved, his native hilarity and humorous turn of thought often displayed themselves, and long rendered him a favorite in every circle: his society was prized and eagerly sought by old and young.

He early devoted himself to the acquisition of several languages, and did not, like too many persons who pursue that branch of study, confine himself to books. He sought the society of intelligent foreigners, and paid so much attention to the minutæ of expressions and pronunciation, that he was able in early life to converse with freedom, correctness and elegance, in French, Spanish and Italian. His library was supplied with standard authors of those countries, and his familiarity with them assisted his memory in retaining the power of conversing in their several tongues, till the close of his life. His health was impaired for a few years before his death; and, with the advice of his physicians, he spent several winters in the St. Croix and other Southern islands. In early life he had made a voyage to the West-Indies; and the various scenes to which his voyages introduced him, were neither unobserved nor disregarded, as many of his poetical compositions testify. How natural it is, as we review the writings of a man of such retired habits, extensive acquirements and refined taste, to desire that such examples were more common! How many a salutary check might then be put on the wild and heedless spirits, which so often lead to some extravagant theory or practice, impelled by the love of action, and by ignorance blind to the consequences!

We have been favored with several specimens of Mr. ALSOP's poetical compo-

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\* In a notice of Mr. ALSOP in Mr. GRISWOLD's excellent work, 'The Poetry and Poets of America,' he is mentioned 'as a poet, often elegant,' and as a writer 'better acquainted with the literature of England, France, and Italy, than any other American of his time.' He died at Flatbush, (Long Island,) in 1815, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

sitions, to some of which, taken almost at random from the private papers to which we have alluded, we give place below. The annexed lines are not only elevating and ennobling in their tendency, but they possess literary merit of no ordinary character:

## L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY READING SOME PASSAGES IN LORD BYRON'S 'CHILDE HAROLD.'

MARK countless worlds revolve in wondrous round !  
Mark man's aspiring soul ; earth's goodly frame !  
Then, Skeptic, speak ! — can wonders so profound  
Show, not their Maker's glory, but his shame ?

Yet *were* it shame, if HE whose powerful breath  
Could to dark chaos form and order lend,  
Should see the reasoning spirit quenched in death,  
Strong for no use and laboring for no end.

Explore each distant clime : the rudest race  
Adore *some* being, good, all-wise, supreme ;  
They view the spirit spurn this narrow space,  
And wake immortal from life's feverish dream.

Say, ye low-minded skeptics ! who, in spite  
Of reason, nature, man would brutalize ;  
Say why no floating atoms *now* unite,  
Nor worlds nor men from chance no longer rise ?

Curst be the fiends whose malice would deprive  
Virtue of hope, would rescue Crime from fear ;  
Would snatch their refuge from the good who strive  
'Gainst direst ills, and all unmurm'ring bear.

No ! Man's high-soaring Soul, with powers so great,  
Sees not the oblivious tomb her prospect bound ;  
Pure spark of heaven ! she toward the Eternal's seat  
Exulting mounts, through Being's endless round.

Yet, as one exiled long in foreign lands,  
Though summoned home awhile would lingering stay ;  
Thus on the confines of both worlds she stands,  
And gives one last, fond look when called away.

Sigh'st thou for joys that fame or grandeur brings ?  
Hop'st thou in them e'en *earthly* bliss to find ?  
No ! from our contrite tears the soul's health springs,  
And here, e'en here, our bliss the spotless mind.

Pleasures of earth, elusive, mock our hold,  
Distant invite, but near approached, they fly ;  
False as the pictures which the clouds unfold  
In glowing tints of summer's evening sky.

See sun-bright Rapture scattering roses round ;  
To Spring's soft breeze her rainbow pinions spread !  
Clasp her fair form, and in thine arms is found  
Pale Disappointment's wasted, sickly shade !

Like the gay image traced by painted beams,  
Yon heavenly arch of many-colored light,  
Joy's fairy-land e'er just before us seems,  
Cheats our vain hope, and still deceives our sight !

Seek'st thou that land ? Then let not earth's cold chain,  
Which binds thy frame, thy *spirit* too confine ;  
Turn to thy God ; in heaven's unclouded reign,  
Mid native skies seek Joy's eternal shrine.

We find one or two very faithful and clever translations from the Italian among the ms. fragments of Mr. ALSOP. The subjoined epigram of ROLLI is especially pungent:

'OF other belles words give an image faint:  
For CHLOE three suffice: bones, skin, and paint!'

'To a Coquette,' from RONCALLI, is scarcely less biting, though not quite so plain of speech:

'WELL may you laugh at lovers' pains!  
Your heart, a very looking-glass,  
Receives all objects as they pass,  
But ne'er the slightest trace retains.'

We close our selections with the following harmonious and thoughtful lines, embodying that calm philosophy which finds its only abiding-place in the Christian faith:

## L I N E S

TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

SOARING to-day through twilight of the grave,  
Thou, from thy prison freed, oh Spirit blest!  
Now looking back o'er life's tempestuous wave,  
Smil'st in thy haven of eternal rest.

Not all Life's joys to earth could thee allure,  
Not all Death's terrors damp the hallowed fire  
Which Faith enkindled in thy bosom pure,  
And bade thy soul on angels' wings aspire.

In vain the flowers of Paradise may blow,  
Bloom but to die, in this cold, dreary clime:  
Effulgent Bliss to our dark world below  
Scarce turns her front, in heavenward flight sublime.

And if her aspect to this dismal wild  
She turns, 'tis sudden clouded o'er with gloom;  
Instant she flies; and, beck'ning Virtue's child,  
Bids him through peril seek in Heaven his home.

THE AGE OF GOLD, AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE LUNT. In one volume. pp. 160. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

Mr. LUNT is a very pleasing and a very correct poet. He has good thoughts, and a fine ear for the melody of verse; his diction is often exceedingly beautiful, and his 'utterance' is generally equally unconstrained and felicitous. Some of his brief lyrics will long live brightly in our remembrance. Those thoughtful lines of his, of harmonious numbers and a touching pathos, commencing:

'Swifter and swifter, day by day,  
Down Time's unquiet current buried,  
Thou passest on thy restless way  
Tumultuous and unstable world!'

have in them a portion of the pensive musing and faultless rhythm of BRYANT. Touching the volume before us, so attractive in its fair open type and fine white paper, we must have but little to say 'at this present.' There is much in our 'mems.' and dogs'-ears that is gossip-worthy; but of this our space now forbids us to speak. Read the 'Age of Gold,' and 'thereabout especially' where the writer contrasts ancient and modern honor in matters of trade and its chances with present repudiation and bankruptcy; not forgetting the tribute paid alike to the valor of our

forefathers and the ladies of Boston, who raised the monument on Bunker's Hill. Of the lyrical pieces, omit not to mark the stirring action of the 'Ballad of Lutzen,' the nervous description of the scenes of 'Bloody Brook,' once faithfully depicted in a prose sketch in these pages; and as especially timely and seasonable, scan 'The Skaters' in their 'ringing steel,' and forget not 'The Poor,' nor the kindly bard who pities and honors them.

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ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PARTS I. to XV., inclusive. Edinburgh: ROBERT CADELL. London and New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

OF all the numerous illustrated serial works which have proceeded from the English and Scottish press, since the commencement of this popular style of publication, we have seen nothing which would favorably compare with the 'Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels,' fifteen numbers of which are before us. It was, as we learn from the publisher's introduction, a favorite pursuit of Sir WALTER SCOTT throughout life, but especially in his most active period, to collect and arrange objects of art connected with the historical events and personages recorded and illustrated by his pen; and it cannot be doubted that a series of engravings representing the Pictorial and Antiquarian Museum at Abbotsford, will furnish the most instructive *graphic* commentary that the body of his writings could receive from any one source whatever. This collection, therefore, valuable in itself, and doubly interesting as having been made by such a hand, has been studied with care, and its various curiosities faithfully copied, for the exclusive purposes of the present edition of the Waverley novels. Fancy and ingenuity have already been largely employed on subjects drawn from these works. The aim on the present occasion is to give them whatever additional interest may be derived from the representation of what was actually in the contemplation or memory of the author, when he composed them. Accordingly, for this edition, the real localities of his scenes have been explored; the real portraits of his personages have been copied; and his surviving friends and personal admirers, as well as many public bodies and institutions, have liberally placed whatever their collections afforded, at the disposal of the eminent artists engaged by the proprietors. The work will be comprised in about one hundred and six publications, or numbers, each having a fine landscape engraving or a portrait, done on steel, with numerous engravings on wood from the first artists in England, illustrating sixty-four pages of beautiful letter-press. The prominent scenery described in the novels has been adhered to with the utmost care by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R. A., who has spent months in its investigation, and who has already furnished whatever is needed for the earlier novels. The list of artists employed contains the names of twenty or thirty of the first painters in Great Britain; as WILKIE, LANDSEER, ROBERTS, TURNER, NASMYTH, 'and the lave;' while the artists in the engraving department are of equal eminence in their line. When finished, the work will contain upward of *two thousand* engravings, in which nothing will be omitted that can enhance the interest of the reader. Even the chair in which SCOTT sat at Abbotsford while composing his immortal works, and the old chest-of-drawers in which he found the discarded ms. of 'Waverley' are deemed worthy of preservation in the first issue of this faithful transcript of the scenes which 'the Magician has wrested from the hand of Time.' We received our numbers at a late hour; and shall therefore take another occasion to do them more elaborate justice. In the mean time we cordially commend the series to the acceptance of our readers, as the most beautiful, faithful, and all things considered, the *cheapest* edition of SCOTT's writings to be found in the world.

**HISTORY OF EUROPE :** from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E., Advocate.

WE are well pleased as we to see that the BROTHERS HARPER have commenced the publication, in semi-monthly numbers, of this most trustworthy and admirable history, three editions of which have already appeared in rapid succession in England. The work will be completed in sixteen numbers, making four volumes of about six hundred pages each. The cost of the English edition is *fifty* dollars; the American reader will be put in possession of the same work, printed upon paper of the first quality, and minutely correct in the text, for *four* dollars! Surely cheapness, where value is preserved, could no farther go. Mr. ALISON's style, as our readers have already partly been made aware, is chaste, forcible, and sometimes remarkably brilliant. There is a terseness in his language, which is yet sonorous and flowing; and he paints the scenes of warfare with the skill of a true artist of nature. We scarcely remember any thing more striking, more horribly dramatic, than our historian's description of the deplorable state of the French army after the disastrous campaign of 1813. The first corps of the shattered host which had wended its way back from the Elbe, though passing through a rich and cultivated country, in a temperate season, had consumed every thing on its course, and in reach of the stragglers on either side, to the distance of several miles; so that those who came after, could find nothing whereon to subsist, along an already wasted and exhausted line; and they arrived, a woful crowd, on the left bank of the Rhine, refluxed by the bridge of Mayence into the French territory, which they overspread like a flood; bearing with them an epidemic, which soon proved even more fatal than the sword of the enemy:

'THE dreadful typhus fever which they brought with them from the scenes of their sufferings in the German plains, soon spread to such a degree among the exhausted crowds who sought shelter within their walls, that in a few days not only the greater part of the military, but a large proportion of the citizens, were prostrate on the bed of sickness. The churches, the hospitals, the halls of justice, the private houses, were soon filled with a ghastly and dying multitude, among whom the worst species of fever spread its ravages, and dysentery wore down attenuated forms to the lowest stage of weakness. Such was the mortality, that for several weeks at Mayence it reached five hundred a day. The exhalations arising from so great a multitude of dead bodies, which all the efforts of the inhabitants could not succeed in burying, were such, that they were long poisoned the atmosphere, and spread an insupportable and pestilential odor through the whole city. The church-yards and ordinary places of sepulture being soon overcharged, and interment in coffins out of the question, from the multitude of dead bodies which abounded on all sides, they were thrown promiscuously into vast trenches dug in the public cemeteries, which were rapidly heaped up to a height exceeding that of the walls which enclosed them; and when this resource failed, they were consigned to the Rhine, the stream of which wafted them down, as from a vast field of carnage, to the German Ocean; while the shores of the Baltic were polluted by the corpses, which, borne by the waters of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula, from the vast charnel-houses which the fortresses on their banks had become, bespoke the last remains and final punishment of the external government of the revolution.'

BUT NAPOLEON's sun was now hastening to its setting. France, the sacred territory, was on all sides invaded. 'WELLINGTON, in the south, with hostile banners displayed, came down from the Pyrenees upon the fertile plains of the Garonne, while the united armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia and Sweden, extended their mighty masses toward the north and east, enclosing, by the progressive development of their resources, their formidable antagonist in a circle of fire. Never, surely, since the world began, was such involuntary homage done to the genius and valor of a single man! The allies made war, not upon a nation, but upon an individual. Their hostility was directed, not against France, but NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.' Here ensues a vivid picture of the battle of Laon, where for the first time the whole

disposable force of NAPOLEON, under his own personal direction, was brought to a stand. The description partakes of that apparent personal interest in the contest, which distinguishes some of Sir JOHN FROISSART's battles :

'It was a sublime and yet animating spectacle, when, on the evening of the 8th March, the allied army withdrew on all sides into the vicinity of this ancient and celebrated city. To the anxious and trembling crowds of citizens, and peasants driven in from the adjacent country, which had been the theatre of hostilities, the horizon to the south and west appeared covered by innumerable fires ; loud discharges of cannon rolled on all sides, and sensibly approached the town ; long lines of light, proceeding from the fire of the infantry of the allies, as they retired, or the French as they advanced, were distinctly seen as the shades of evening set in. When night approached, and darkness overspread the plain, a still more extraordinary spectacle presented itself ; the continued fire in the midst of the thickets and woods with which the country abounded, produced a strange optical delusion, which converted the trees into so many electrical tubes, from the summits of which sparks and dazzling light, as from so many fire-works, appeared to rush upward into the heavens. In the midst of this lurid illumination, long lines of infantry, dark masses of cavalry, and endless files of artillery, were seen covering the plain in all direction, till they were lost in the obscurity of the distance.'

The retreat of the French forces is described in a few words, but they are like a 'rich brush' in the hands of a painter : 'At four o'clock the grand park and equipages began to defile on the road to Soissons, and the French troops withdrew at all points ; but the cannonade continued till nightfall, and from the summit of the ramparts of Laon, the march of the retiring columns could be traced by the sight of villages in flames, and the awful prospect of granaries, farm-yards, and churches consuming under the reckless fury of the devastating bands, which, like a stream of lava, overspread even their own territory with conflagration and ruin.'

We close our extracts with the following description of the appearance of the French army on the morning of the Battle of Waterloo ; a sight whose magnificence, says Mr. ALISON, struck even the peninsular and imperial veterans with a feeling of awe :

'ELEVEN columns deployed simultaneously to take up their ground ; like huge serpents clad in glittering scales, they wound slowly over the opposite hills, amidst an incessant clang of trumpets and rolling of drums from the bands of a hundred and fourteen battalions and a hundred and twenty squadrons, which played the Marseillaise, the Chant de Depart, the Veillons au Salut de l'Empire, and other popular French airs. Soon order appeared to rise out of chaos : four of the columns formed the first line, four the second, three the third. The formidable forces of France were seen in splendid array ; and the British soldiers contemplated with admiration their noble antagonists. Two hundred and fifty guns, arrayed along the crest of the right in front, with matches lighted and equipment complete, gave an awful presage of the conflict which was approaching. The infantry in the first and second lines, flanked by dense masses of cavalry, stood in perfect order : four and twenty squadrons of cuirassiers, behind either extremity of the second, were already resplendent in the rays of the sun ; the grenadiers and lancers of the guard in the third lines were conspicuous from their brilliant uniforms and dazzling arms ; while in the rear of all, the four and twenty battalions of the Old Guard, dark and massy, occupied each side of the road near La Belle Alliance, as if to terminate the contest.'

When we had perused the above, we took from our sanctum-library several admirable views illustrating the present aspect of the field of Waterloo, which were purchased on the battle-ground a twelvemonth since. Here were pictured the blackened ruins of Hougoumont, its broken walls pierced by bullets and shattered by explosions ; the farms of La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean ; the monuments and pyramidal erections in honor of the brave heroes who there met their fate ; and as we gazed on them, we thought of the rushing squadrons, with hearts as susceptible and hopes and fears as intense as our own, who 'went down in the storm of battle with the foundering fortunes of their chieftain ;' the thousands of wives made widows and children fatherless, on that memorable day ; and it sickened us to think farther of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !'

'How do you employ yourselves in this land of spirits?' I asked, after a pause.

'I'm out of breath, just now,' he answered, 'having come pretty fast to see you: but I'll tell you more about our way of life directly.'

'Where shall we go first?' I asked.

'Nowhere till your body is buried!' answered he, rather indignantly.

'Just as you please,' said I, while the ghost of a blush struggled upward into my forehead.

The coffin was now lowered into the grave, and the sexton stood with his shovel in hand, while the minister blessed my remains. 'Old friend!' said I, looking into the grave, 'farewell! A pleasant sleep to you! But mind and be ready if I should want you again Farewell!'

At this Hans and I departed.

#### THE BOY'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UPLAND.

A SHEPHERD-BOY on peaks of snow,  
I see the castles all below:  
The sun here darts his earliest ray,  
Here longest plays the lingering day:  
I am the mountain's child!

Here is the torrent's infant home,  
I drink it from its fountain womb;  
It rushes from the rock away,  
I catch it in my arms, and say:  
I am the mountain's child!

The mountain! 'tis my birthdom right!  
Around its ribs the storm-winds fight;  
They rush and roar and howl along,  
But high above them swells my song:  
I am the mountain's child!

The thunders crash, the lightnings glare  
Below my blue-roofed home of air;  
I know them, and I shout aloof,  
'In safety leave my father's roof:.'  
I am the mountain's child!

When sounds the tocsin wide and high,  
And beacon-fires inflame the sky,  
Down in the vales I march along,  
And swing my sword, and sing my song:  
I am the mountain's child!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE JOHN ALSOP, Esq., of Middletown, (Conn.)  
By THEODORE DWIGHT, Junior.

MR. ALSOP was born in Middletown, (Conn.,) in the year 1776, and died there in 1841. Although a man of retired habits, and little known beyond the circle of his private friends, he was one of that small number of our countrymen whose time was chiefly devoted to literary occupations. The chief object of the present notice is not so much to bring his name or his writings to that public notoriety which he habitually shunned, as to commend to others his favorite enjoyments, and particularly to impress upon our young readers and those who have the power of influencing their opinions and habits, the importance of early acquiring a good literary taste, and of preferring its enjoyments to those of appetite or ambition. It is much to be feared that the present generation of our youth will come upon the stage without any just conception of the value of private study, or reading, in the proper sense of the term. There is no want of young readers, it is true; but how different are the works which we find in the hands of most of them, from those few but valuable volumes which formed the taste of some of our literary men in a past age! The first authors perused by the child, it is perhaps trite to remark, exert a powerful influence on the mind, even to the end of life. The natural love of truth may be overcome by the early reading of fiction; and when this effect has been once produced, by whatever means, adieu to all solid improvement, and to all sound intellectual enjoyment. But when fictitious writings are also *immoral*, how greatly is the evil increased, and how much more hopeless any future improvement! Half a century ago, when books were scarce in all parts of this country, the few families in which libraries were found generally possessed only works of standard value. This appears to be, to some extent, a natural result of similar circumstances. It is happily true, at the present day, that but little of the literary trash which overwhelms us here, finds its way across the Alleghany mountains; while more valuable books are read in much the greatest proportion by our western countrymen.

The family to which Mr. ALSOP belonged was better provided with books than most others in our country towns at that early period. His father and his grandfather were reading men; and the latter, being engaged in commerce, enjoyed facilities for increasing his stock, which he did not neglect. A social library was formed in Middletown, by the exertions of a few of the inhabitants, which, as usual in other places where they have existed, produced a happy and lasting



November issue; but having already presented liberal extracts from this species of election-literature, we shall forego their publication for the present. 'Oh! the Golden Days of HARRY CRUGER' is quite a long 'poem,' in which enthusiastic admiration of himself and hatred of his opponent are described in language unmistakably plain. Kindred songs, embracing labored acrostics upon his name, sufficiently attest the great popularity which Mr. CRUGER must have won at the hands of his constituents.

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### THE DRAMA.

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OR THE STAGE AS IT WAS AND THE STAGE AS IT IS.

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'Look here upon this picture,  
And on this.'

HAMLET.

It is indeed a painful contemplation, to the true admirer of the legitimate drama, to observe the contrast presented by the 'drama as it was,' and the 'drama as it is,' especially when that contemplation is enforced by reminiscences of the 'palmy days' of the drama, as it flourished some thirty years ago. In those days the halo which encircled the stage, consecrated by the talents of QUIN, GARRICK, HENDERSON, ABINGDON, CLIVE, and CIBBER, still beamed in the reflected lights of KEMBLE, SIDDONS, YOUNG, JORDAN, KING, FARREN, MUNDEN and COOKE. Then came, in worthy succession, 'KEAN the omnipotent,' and 'O'NEILL the matchless,' with a train of supporters, some of whom still exist, and form the only true connecting link with the legitimate style of acting. These were 'actors of the old school,' who proudly upheld the drama, and made it, what in reality it is and should continue to be, the highest intellectual amusement of a civilized people.

In those times, sterling wit and polished dialogue, broad humor and poignant satire, were the essential requisites for genuine comedy; while tragedy seemed to realize the somewhat indefinite description of Aristotle, and did indeed seek 'to purge our passions by means of pity and terror.' Classic in its style, pure in its diction, and effective in its plot and language, tragedy became that high and distinguished species of composition, which since its first invention it was designed to be; and it exercised an influence over the minds of the intellectual portion of the community which we in this present utilitarian age can scarcely comprehend. Audiences, composed of the literati and wits of the period; the leaders of fashion, and the 'million;' all were alike the ready and delighted supporters of the drama; upholding it by their countenance, and supporting it by their patronage and unwavering interest.

In suggesting to managers the course imperatively demanded of them by the present depressed state of the stage, we cannot omit calling their attention to that destructive species of the modern drama, known as the *Burlesque*, which we conscientiously believe has accelerated the decline of a healthy theatrical taste to a greater extent than many are willing to acknowledge. This degrading excrescence of the stage has not only exposed the secrets of the '*Bona Dea*,' but has actually introduced the public 'behind the scenes,' and has familiarized the uninitiated with all the trick and mechanism of the theatre, showing how 'the thunder is made,' and consequently destroying all the illusion before so sedulously concealed by the folds of the 'magic curtain;' '*Necessitas non habet leges*' we know is the plea for all this; but are not managers, like the man in the fable, cutting open their golden goose, the sooner to obtain the eggs?—and may not their experiment end in a similar disappointment? We appeal to the most determined admirer of the burlesque, whether the genuine wit and humor of a sterling comedy or farce have not afforded them more real satisfaction than the best of these extravagant and ludicrous

productions? We believe, however, that a healthier tone on this subject is generating both with managers and the public. The leading theatre in this city, devoted to this kind of entertainment, has this season exhibited a returning taste for at least legitimate opera and farce, and is nightly crowded by gratified audiences; while the manager himself must participate in this satisfaction, by the consciousness that he is appreciated as one of the first comic artists of the age; and that the nightly receipts are not diminished by the experiment.

Actors too in those days were 'nursed in the lap of princes,' and an '*esprit du corps*' existed among them, which made talent and education, if not respectability, indispensable requisites in candidates for histrionic fame. Nor need we confine ourselves, in this view of by-gone times, to England for our illustrations. America boasted her HALLAMS, HENRYS, JEFFERSONS, her MELMOTHS, MASONS, HODGKINSONS, and others of scarce inferior excellence, many of whom live in the memories of our old play-goers as 'stars' of the first magnitude, immeasurably superior to the so-called 'satellites' of the present day, who only twinkle in comparison to these full orbs of light, that once irradiated the theatrical horizon of our country. To one who has seen the great works of the old dramatists given by many of this galaxy of histrionic talent, in a style that cannot be conceived by the present race of play-goers, it becomes scarcely a matter of surprise to witness the present apathy for theatrical entertainments. In those days plays were so cast as to embrace the whole available talent of a theatre, and the minor parts were not the mere foils to exhibit the superiority of some favorite actor, and at the same time disgust a judicious audience. There was a uniformity in the whole, a harmony or keeping in the entire representation, which presented one perfect picture, delightful to the mere spectator, and gratifying to the true critic and auditor of taste. Here perhaps was the true secret of the vast influence exercised over the community in those days by dramatic representations. The writer of this article looks back to the period on which he is treating and unhesitatingly asserts, that it is impossible at the present day to produce that perfect illusion in stage effect, even with the superior scenic facilities and appointments that now exist. The stage is now, by comparison, like a gorgeously-bedizened skeleton, a magnificent appearance of humanity, but wanting the vitality, the *soul* of the living creation.

Such is the picture presented of the 'drama as it was;' imperfectly sketched it is true, and necessarily curtailed in the delineation. Yet, defective as the sketch may be, how painfully does it contrast with the 'drama as it is!' Languishing, nearly expiring; legitimate tragedy and comedy almost banished from 'ears polite;' dramatic and histrionic talent dwindled to a 'select few,' and the nightly receipts of our theatres reduced to a 'most beggarly account of empty boxes;' and only occasionally resuscitated by the introduction of some gorgeous mummery, or the fascinating but voluptuous gyrations of some foreign *danseuse*. With this decline in the patronage of theatres has grown up an entire change in the character of dramatic representations. Melo-drama, first intended as a more exciting species of tragedy, has now become the vehicle for presenting the grossest absurdities, and the coarsest kinds of profligacy, combining with it horrors that 'out-herod Herod.' As our leading novelists now select the felons of the Newgate Calendar for their heroes, and consecrate, or rather desecrate their genius, to dress up the crimes and follies of these worthies, as fit dishes for the public taste; so also our dramatists, who follow assiduously in their wake; and no sooner has the public appetite gorged upon the delectable treat through the pages of the favorite novelist, but forthwith they are called upon to repeat the enticing banquet in the dramatic representation, aided by all the accessories which painting, music and costume can now so well bestow on this degraded species of the modern drama. The voluptuous ballet and the entrancing opera, guiltless of all approach to nature, and divested of all literary pretension, complete this picture of the 'drama as it is,' which, contrasted with the sterling worth of the 'drama as it was,' is 'Hyperion to a Satyr.'

From this sweeping denunciation of the modern drama, however, we are bound in justice to exempt an interesting and effective species of entertainment, termed the 'domestic drama,' and many of the eccentric farces and interludes of the present day, which abound either in natural portraiture of character, or in palpable hits at the extravagance of the age, and which, in the absence of a continuous series of sterling tragedies and comedies, serve to keep alive in the minds of the public a taste for the legitimate objects of the stage. We readily confess also, that occasionally a beaming of the 'light of other days' flashes over the theatrical horizon, and a tragedy or a comedy appears that seems to indicate the returning glory of the drama. Yet even these are too often marred in their effect, from the paucity of histrionic talent, and from being written to fit the peculiarities of an individual actor, being either void of due interest in scenes where the hero or heroine are not engaged, or only effective when personated by the particular artist for whom they were created. In any notice of the 'drama as it is,' it would be unjust not to acknowledge the perfection of scenic representation, the beauty of appointments, and the correctness and magnificence of costume, which now decorate the stage. These are points in which the 'drama as it is' may justly claim a proud superiority over former periods. Indeed the scene-painter and the machinist, the property-man and the costumer, are your veritable SHAKSPEARES, SHERIDANS, OTWAYS and FARQUHARS of the modern stage. We have only to add, that '*decline and fall*' seems stamped upon the 'drama as it is,' and our picture would be complete.

Now whence has all this deterioration arisen? Numerous causes have been assigned by those who still cling to the drama, as to 'an early love,' as well as by those who are exulting over its downfall. The general intelligence of the age, which unfits men's minds for representations of the fictitious and the ideal; the perversion of the drama; the growing sense of the drama's immorality, and its objectionable associations with the hardness of the times, etc.; all are urged by partisans to these separately-assigned causes for the decline of public taste for theatrical amusements. That each and all of these causes may combine to produce the present depression of the drama, we will not deny; yet still we maintain that the taste for dramatic amusements is not extinguished; nay we boldly assert that in our own country at least the taste is not even *on the decline*. We have watched with interest every indication exhibited by the public on this subject: we have lately seen audiences delighted, nay enthusiastic, when any thing really sterling in its character was presented for their approbation. Managers should study these symptoms of the public pulse; they should keep with the age; not drag their unwilling energies after the public taste, but *lead* it. Let managers husband the resources yet left them in catering for their patrons. The increased intelligence and refinement of the age require that representations (at our principal theatres, at least,) should be in accordance with the taste of the audiences. Less will not suffice; a *uniform* fitness and propriety must be observable in the production of every piece; a stock company must be collected which can present, in the *aggregate*, respectable talent, so as not to offend the proprieties of the scene, even in a solitary particular. Managers are too often blindly obstinate on this point. Their conventional prejudices will not allow them to see how destructive it is to the interests of a theatre to have a few ignorant and incompetent underlings nightly destroying the effect of the really good actors in an establishment. A mediocre company, where the business of the stage is conducted with propriety; all perfect, the appointments, etc., in good keeping, and a general attention manifested in the minutiae of the scene; will convey a more lasting satisfaction to an audience than even the highest efforts of an overwhelming 'star,' supported and surrounded by the drawbacks we have described. And to all this attention and energy on the part of managers they must add a disposition to meet *cheerfully* the 'exigences of the times,' by continuing the reduction of prices they have already begun; by not relaxing their efforts in consequence of this reduction, but affording entertainments equal if not superior to those given at their former rates. Their profits may not be as rapid, but they are certain to be more *secure*.

Actors too must coalesce with managers, for their interests are one and indivisible. They must not allow a ridiculous vanity to prevent them from giving their support in characters which they may please to think below their dignity. There are few fallacies connected with the theatrical profession more erroneous than this. Actors of merit never lose their *caste* with the public by occasionally taking an inferior part. The public experience a delight in seeing their favorites, and are often more ready to acknowledge the merit of an actor in an inferior character than in one of acknowledged excellence. In the former, they trace the actor's genius, creating beauties which the author never contemplated. By a steady attention to such a course, improved upon and modified as circumstances may suggest, managers and actors may yet render the 'drama as it is' as successful as the 'drama as it was.'

H.

We thought to have offered our usual remarks upon the performances of the more prominent theatres during the month; but the preceding paper of an esteemed correspondent (the same to whom we were indebted for the admirable article entitled '*September and Oysters*') has left us little space for comment. It may be sufficient to state, that the time-honored 'PARK,' the oldest and first theatre in America, is soon to be converted into a Circus, by a company now in Philadelphia, who are at present exhibiting to the good citizens of that town the '*Red Ogre of the Frozen Regions*,' with 'fiends, night-mares, and dark agents;' 'black castles, guarded by living skeletons and departed owls, and joyous spirits clothed in white!' etc. We are informed however, that as a circus, the Park establishment will bear some resemblance to the best of its class, ASTLEY'S amphitheatre, London. MITCHELL'S 'Olympic' still continues its most successful career; the Manager's '*Grandfather Whitehead*' having added new laurels to his brow and large accessions to his treasury; a remark which will apply, in both branches, to Mr. BOOTH and his late performances at the BOWERY theatre.

'ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.'—A debt of obligation, which we hope his countrymen and brethren will not 'repudiate,' is due to Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, of Philadelphia, a Christian minister and a Christian gentleman, for his Address on the eloquence of the pulpit, with illustrations from that eloquent orator, St PAUL, delivered recently before the 'PORTER Rhetorical Society' of the Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary. We have not seen so many undeniable truths brought home to the hearts of speakers and hearers, for many a long day; and without more comment, we propose to illustrate the justice of our encomiums by a few extracts, which will speedily send our readers to the pamphlet itself. The following passage sets forth a plain truth in plain language:

'It is easy to tell what kind of a speaker is in the pulpit by observing his auditory. If they sit listless, lounging unconcerned or looking carelessly around, however good a man he may be, he is a poor preacher; but if they bend their eyes intently upon his countenance, listening *ut avis cantus aliquo*, or their cheeks be flushed, their tears starting, or their hands clenched, and there is a hush over all, so that his lowest whisper is heard in every part, he must be eloquent. For although it is a fashion to sneer at popular preachers, and to wonder what it is that attracts the people where we can see no learned depth nor keen metaphysics, we may be sure that no man ever won the public ear without some striking quality; and, as in the pulpit, we are not mere critics or metaphysicians, it would be far better to search out and emulate than to despise his power in securing the attention of his hearers. That very thing, which we cannot at first see, is the secret of his influence. We read little to admire in Whitfield's sermons, in Sumnerfield's less, though we know that both of them were men of various talents, as well as most successful preachers; but what seems only a common-place, as given in the quiet page, was full of energy and beauty when illustrated by their skillful enunciation, the play of their features, and the spiciness of their gesticulations. No small part of their efficiency lay in making thoughts, familiar and comprehensible, attractive and forcible by the talent of their delivery; and who in the pulpit would exchange such a talent for a head like a lexicon or an index of philosophical speculations?' . . . 'Eloquence, in the full sense of the term, is not indeed always to be insisted upon in the preacher. Men destitute of rhetoric may be and have been of great use in the pulpit from other valuable qualifications. There are those whose attenuated length of limb and angularity of frame no Callisthenes could ever drill into grace; whose voices are too harsh and unpliant or their musical sense too dull ever to acquire a pleasing modulation; upon whose arid brain the dews of fancy never fall, and the thoughts that grow in it are like certain excrescences, without bud or blossom or leaf—naked, knotty, gnarled, and unseemly. Yet even these, if they cannot be graceful, may become less awkward; if they cannot be musical in utterance, they need not screech nor mumble; or if they have no fancy, they may cease to be grotesque in absurd imitations of it.'

The reproof administered to preachers of the 'Elder KNAPP' school, in the second division of the subjoined passage, is equally forcible and just. How many divines, guilty of one or the other of the faults mentioned below, could we now count up on our fingers!

'Taste dignity in the pulpit is opposed to all affectation of prettiness; to a mincing effeminate utterance, a rolling of the *r*, a precise imitation of the *s*; to showy words and tinsel phrases, jingling alliteration, unnecessary antitheses, a constant effort at a rhythm in our sentences, elaborate circumlocutions to avoid the honest idioms of our mother tongue; or a dressing up of a simple idea with common withered flowers of rhetoric, until the people can see nothing but the millinery about it, and the smirking artist complacent with his skill. The preacher, conscious of truth and intent upon his great purpose, I will not say disdain, for he does not even think of such poor puerilities. He is above them, manly, honest and sincere. But he does not fall into the opposite extreme of coarseness. He is himself a gentleman and a scholar, and therefore has a due regard for the proper feelings and taste of such among his auditors; nor will he allow a breach of grammar, an ill-pronunciation, or an unevenly provincialism, to disgust those whom he would persuade to salvation. He need not always aim at pleasing the learned, but he is not the less intelligible by all for speaking good English.' . . . 'I doubt the success of those who despise christian eloquence. Surely, coarseness is not contributive to the force of truth, or our scriptural patterns are sadly defective. The good they seem to do at the moment is far more than counterbalanced by the mischief they fling over the future. I respect a blacksmith in his place; the dust of his furnace and his sweaty strength are a glory to him there; but I cannot restrain contempt for the preacher who affects the grimed features and coatless arms and sledge-slinging gestures of a blacksmith, in the pulpit. I can feel for one whom nature made ungainly or who lacked an early education to train his speech; I can forget his unavoidable defects in honor of his zeal and talents; but he who ape deformities, and strives after rude eccentricities, deserves no pity, except such as we give to a fool playing with the fires of an altar, or a madman laughing at the lightning of heaven.'

We are glad to hear such a writer and speaker as Dr. BETHUNE admonishing his brethren against the elliptical or 'Orphic' style of sentence-cropping. 'If there be a tide in our souls,' says he, 'there should be a flow in our eloquence; nor should we dam it up into pools by too frequent periods. A discourse made up of brief sentences is like a succession of aphorisms. There wants a closer linking of them together. One or two would be very impressive; so many of them is like a rope of sand. Beside, such sentences, if there be any connection in the preacher's thoughts, are brief only in appearance. He has separated them only by grammatical forms and stops, weakening but not destroying their relation to each other; or he gains conciseness at the expense of clearness, by leaving out relatives and expletives, and confounding us with unacceptable ellipses. To avoid a parenthesis (which might give the necessary exception or reference in an instant) he must be at the pains to arrest the current of his thoughts, and fit in a new entire sentence, nominative, verb, object, and all. Much, it is true, depends upon circumstances; and here an educated judgment must guide. A brief sentence often flashes truth like lightning. St. Paul has many such. St. James excels in them.' The fault here alluded to we remember to have thought a blemish in Mr. BELLONS' discourse upon the death of Dr. CHANNING, and we 'had it on our mind' to advert to it. Dr. BETHUNE has some admirable remarks upon the folly of attempting to convince or persuade, when it is necessary for the speaker to 'pump up a feeling,' in order that he may 'walk through his part' creditably. The evil mentioned in the closing paragraph we have often heard complained of by clergymen and other public speakers:

'EXCEPT we be acquainted thoroughly with our subject we can never present it clearly and profitably to others. Our thoughts will be weak and timid and our style meagre and faltering, for the plain reason that we distrust ourselves. All attempts at covering this poverty and uncertainty will be timid and flatulent. The sermon 'will drag its slow length' wearily along, and the hearer, at the close, know not whether the preacher or himself is most to be congratulated that the task of filling up so many minutes is over. But when we are fully prepared, and our minds are swelling with the thoughts, and our hearts with the emotions our subject inspires until there is a fountain-head of ideas pressing for utterance upon our lips, there will be an eagerness to speak, and a manifest consciousness of important matter to declare that is eloquence itself. Our words will flow freely and resolutely. Then there is no need of reaching anxiously after irrelevant things to fill up the time; or of playing with mere words till by some happy chance we pick up an idea.' . . . 'Good gesture is very much impeded by the shape of our pulpits, which forbid the long descending sweep, arrest the hand by the cushion and so drive it above the head, which is rarely decorous. The true position for an orator is standing forth free, without notes, without any screen. Demosthenes himself would have failed had he spoken out of Diogenes' tub, from which many of our pulpits seem to have been fashioned. Yet with all our difficulties, it is most strange that good action is so rare, when it is visible in every excited child, and in any man arguing in the street. Let nature dictate, but let us be sure that it is nature.'

We could wish that every dull, lukewarm, affected and pedantic divine in America could be 'served with a copy of this injunction' against the defects of our miscalled but prevalent 'pulpit eloquence.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The following communication has reference to a notice of Bishop DOANE's 'Impressions of the Church of England,' which appeared in the first number of the twentieth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER. Dr. DOANE, it will be remembered, declared 'upon the most abundant testimony that the national heart of England beat with all a brother's truth and fondness toward America;' that 'the blood of England yearned with instinctive magnetism toward its own current in our veins;' and this position was supported also by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, in an article entitled 'France, America, and Britain.' With such 'experiences' and assurances, we ventured a hope that the reverend Bishop took occasion to indicate the existence of a kindred feeling on the part of his own country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

AN article on page 102 of the twentieth volume of your Magazine \* induces me to place a few matters under your consideration; which, though well known, are generally overlooked by American reviewers in the eastern section of the Union. There, where the majority of the people are of British descent, the habits, feelings, and religion will have a certain affinity with those of the mother country; and it is very natural that people should acknowledge a tie, frequently arising from blood relationship. But the people of British origin often forget that their ancestors are not ours; and that with whatever feelings they regard the land of their fathers, it can be no 'mother country' to the majority of the people of the United States, who have therefore good reason to protest against being made the apparent participants in sentiments arising from such a source. Emigration has a strong tendency to unite nations in friendly bonds; but the only accessions worth mentioning, which we receive from the British Isles, are either dissenters or catholics; and these are far overbalanced by the immense tide which flows upon us from the German States. It is then pretty evident, that a friendly feeling toward England, founded upon the ties of consanguinity and religion, does not exist, except locally, in the United States: and the 'glory of the English church' is as little felt here as any other of so small a numerical amount. In the English settlement of Virginia, this church has long since given way before the active efforts of the Methodists, Baptists, and German Reformed; while the portions of the State inhabited by Anglo-Germans can have no feeling in common with any thing English. The same remark applies to Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Western States generally. What feelings can the five thousand German inhabitants of Buffalo, or the ten thousand of Cincinnati, have in common with British institutions? These, it is to be presumed, are principally Lutherans; and I find that during the year ending July 1841, there were added to this church seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-six by baptism, and nine thousand by emigration.

The respect paid to Bishop DOANE in England was nothing more than so eminent a man deserved; but a Catholic bishop of equal merit would have been just as well received in France, and a Lutheran divine in Germany. The hand of fellowship is extended, not so much to the American, as to the spiritual brother. It may be surmised that the writer of this article is not friendly toward England. If he is not, it may be attributed to the fact that his ancestors came from continental Europe, and that he has not inherited a drop of English blood. In comparing England with what the English call *the Continent*, (meaning continental Europe), I find many points likely to turn the feelings toward the latter. The educational system of Prussia *versus* the exclusive English university system; the general attention paid to the modern languages; the cultivation of the fine arts in Berlin, Wien, München, Paris; the various scientific expeditions, the results of which are published in exquisite style by nearly every European government except Spain and England; the relative honor paid to scientific men; the encouragement of science; the proportion of learned noblemen; the scientific results from the success of a NAPOLEON compared with a WASHINGTON; and I might even mention the absurd, ignorant, hideous, and improper manner in which the English think they are pronouncing Latin and Greek.

The great majority of our people must necessarily side with continental Europe; first, on account of our early conflicts with England, still fresh in the minds of the older inhabitants; and secondly, on account of the great accessions we receive by emigration. Gratitude for early favors will probably always incline us toward France; and as a nation it will scarcely ever happen that we can agree with England in any important political matter. So distinct are the systems of the two countries, that ours cannot be regarded in a favorable light by an Englishman who loves his own; and it is preposterous to expect any thing but blame from English travellers. For this we have reason to be thankful, as we are yet too stupid to look upon praise with suspicion, when it comes from a source whence we should naturally expect blame. Let us suffer the harshest criticism; let us even *deserve* the blame of all foreigners, until we acquire the small amount of independence necessary to make us equally indifferent to praise or misrepresentation. N. B. These remarks were written before I read the recent travels of Count SMOLITZKY. These views are submitted, with all due deference, by

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

EVERY body has heard or seen 'The Mistletoe-Bough,' that Radcliffian story in song, of a bride who hid herself in an old oak chest (which 'closed with a spring') on the night of her marriage, and who was seen no more, until years had rolled by, when her skeleton, in its bridal gear, was accidentally discovered in the living tomb which she had sought in merriment. There is a capital parody on this very Germanic tale, entitled 'The Vork-Ouse Boy,' which is set to the same music, and sung with a particularly lugubrious and 'dying fall' in the chorus. It would 'create a soul under the ribs of Death' to hear it 'executed' in the voice and with the instrumentation of a

certain friend of the 'Old KNICK's,' who in rendering it preserves the original pathos and irresistible cockneyism, to a charm. The last verse brought tears to our eyes :

#### THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

THE great-coats hung in the work-'ouse hall,  
The vice 'ats shone on the vice-washed wall;  
And the paupers all were lithe and gay,  
A-keepin' their Christmas 'oliday:  
Ven the Master he cried, with a savage leer,  
' You 'll all got soup for your Christmas cheer !'  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !

At length all ov us to bed vas sent ;  
But a boy vas missing — in search ve vent !  
Ve sought him above and ve sought him below,  
And ve sought him with faces of grief and vo !  
Ve sought in each corner, each kettle, each pot —  
In the water-lutt looked — but found him not !  
And veeks rolled on, and ve all vere told  
That the work-'ouse boy had been Burked and sold !  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !

But ven the soup-coppers repair did need,  
The copper-smith come, and there he seed  
A dollop of bones lie grizzling there,  
In a leg of the trowe's the boy did wear !  
To gain his fill the lad did stoop,  
And dreadsful to tell, he vas 'lided into soup !  
And ve all ov us said, and ve said it with sneers,  
That he vas pushed in by the overseers !  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !  
Oh ! the work-'ouse boy !

We hinted in our October number that the public, if we might credit certain givings-out in the last reading column of some of the daily journals, were tired of being 'on tiptoe' for the issue of 'Puffer Hopkins,' by Mr. CORNELIUS MATTHEWS, 'the American Boz !' and that if the work were not soon published, the popular excitement would increase to such a degree that the community generally would be compelled to mount stilts. Such we may suppose was soon after the result ; for the book appeared. 'Well, what do you think of it?' possibly asks some metropolitan reader. We will answer the question honestly and frankly. It is our deliberate opinion, that to compare 'Puffer Hopkins' with a bottle of small-beer would be greatly to belie that fluid. In the language of the 'Boston Morning Post,' a journal whose editor knows 'by experience' what genuine humor is, it 'is about as flat an affair as we ever tried to wade through.' There is not a distinct, substantial character, nor a vivid, life-like scene, in the whole book — not one. All is vague, ambiguous, shadowy exaggeration. Its 'humor,' its 'satire,' its 'nature,' are utterly naught. Our readers, we hope, will do us the justice to admit that we welcome *real* humor, wherever we may encounter it, with something like affection ; for we hold that 'an inch of laugh is worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market ;' it will scarcely be inferred, therefore, that we are altogether incapable of *appreciating* legitimate wit or pungent satire. And if, after *perusing* 'Puffer Hopkins,' any of our readers shall deem our verdict a harsh one, we pledge ourselves to establish the correctness of our estimate, by proofs from the work itself which cannot be gainsaid. The 'Sunday Mercury' of this city, with a touch of whose quality in the matter of sterling humor our readers have occasionally been favored, has the following just remarks upon this *chef-d'œuvre* of the 'American Boz :

' "PUFFER HOPKINS" is a book of vast pretensions and very small merit. It came into the world with a fuss, and it will go out of it with a phiz, like a Chinese cracker. When that quaint, pedantic, and yet clever magazine *Arcturion* came into the world, it came with a dog round its legs in the shape of the *humorous* story of 'Puffer Hopkins,' which retarded its progress, and finally stopped it from making any way at all ; it died. Had a literary connoisseur's inquest been held, the verdict would have been : 'Physicked to death by Puffer Hopkins.' What can equal the love of a parent for its favorite child? The love of Mr. Matthews for his bantling, 'Puffer Hopkins.' He insists upon introducing it to the public, and he courts public criticism like an over-fond and very foolish parent, who is puffed up with pride at the noise he fancies his pet is making in the world. He seems in his preface to fear that he may be charged with caricaturing nature : 'a charge,' he very modestly observes, which, 'brought as it is with great constancy against writers who attempt the humorous, should lead us to suspect — particularly as Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett and Scott, to say nothing of more recent eminent examples, have all at one time or another been included in the accusation — that there is less justice and more assumption in the charge, than seems at first possible.' Though we may admit Mr. Matthews' right to place himself on the same eminence with those distinguished writers, who by the by were not all humorists, we must at the same time deny that he has in any way subjected himself to the charge of caricaturing nature. H. B., the celebrated English caricaturist, owes much of his success to the fact that his caricatures are portraits — funny, but unmistakable ; Mr. Matthews owes his want of success to the fact that his caricatures are not portraits. There is nothing natural in his book ; the names of the different characters are ridiculously *unfunny* ; and where he has attempted to describe known like, he has signally failed. There is not a particle of humor in his portraits, nor are they distinguished, the one from the other, save by the author's designation.'

Now we think these are facts ; and moreover, that they naturally explain the mystery of a colloquy which we heard not long ago between a couple of news-boys near the Post-office : 'I say, Bill, A

said the first, drawing a ragged coat-sleeve from the elbow to the wrist across a dampish-looking nose, 'I say, sold any o' them 'ere?' pointing to a thick bundle under his companion's arm. 'Me?' answered the other; 'Guy! no; not a single blessed 'Puffer!'' And the twain went away together, dolorous and malecontent. . . . HARRY FRANCO has 'broke forth into singing!' Here ensues a 'piece-t-o' po'try, made right out of his head,' which has no lack of spirit, nor is it without a certain dash of good-natured satire. Touching the metre, however, we are bound in frankness to say, that it will require a 'long ear' to take in several of the couplets. The last line, for example, would task the large capacity of a donkey in this kind. These protracted Alexandrines are not unlike poor POWER's enlargements in the 'Groves of Blarney':

'There 's them trout and them salmon, a playin' together at black-gammon,  
And when you go to take a hold on 'em, do a'n' they immediately swim away!'

One word as to the treasured fancies of Mr. WILLIS, that most sparkling of tale-writers and essayists. He is quite in the right; his thoughts are his own, and are *worth* the 'honorarium' which they compel from Magazine publishers, be they contained in 'letters' or more elaborate articles. It is to a careful husbandry of pleasant fancies, odd conceits, and *bizarre* expressions, not less than to 'having his eyes about him,' that we are indebted to Mr. WILLIS for such admirable mosaics of small observances in real life as we find in '*Count Pott's Strategy*,' a sketch which effervesces like champagne, from the first line to the last:

#### A LONG-METRE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FROM HARRY FRANCO.

DEAR EDITOR: I have now taken my pen in hand, intending to pen a few lines, although possibly they may amount to a good many. The truth is, when one gets paid by the line for what one may write, A few lines would not only be most absurd, but decidedly unpolite, Unprofitable, and all that sort of thing and so forth, Beside, moreover, and above all, a few lines should never go forth From one friend to another, whether paid for in specie or the same species, Like some old-maidish aunts writing to hoydenish nieces.

And yet it must be confessed that the letters best known in story (*History*) have, like Horace Mann's, been written *con amore*; Although we have seen a contemporary *a-bridge* his paid-for letters, And write very much in the manner of some who are unquestionably his betters. Whether or not N. P. ever writes any other than mercenary epistles I do not presume to indicate, nor whether all his whistles Have all been sold as dear as Franklin's; but according to his own admissions, He counts up the worth of his letters as coolly as a merchant reckons his commissions. And he is all in the right, for why should an author, any more than a printer, Give his time to the public, and receive nothing to keep him warm in the winter? A literature that is not worth paying for is not surely worth having: If every line that is printed cost a dollar, both publisher and public would make a saving.

Do you think that 'Mr. Charles Dickens, (Boz,)' with all his high ability, Could ever have gained his popularity by any possibility, If he had given away his writings? No, no, Mr. КНИЖЕВНОСТЬ, He would not now have had small change enough to stock a Broadway broker's window with the autographs of Mr. Biddle, (Between us two a real great man, although something of a riddle,) But now he is living (Boz not Biddle) like a prince in stuccoed palace, And no doubt as good-humoured and merry as ever, in spite of all the malice Which has been heaped upon him, without rhyme or reason, that I can discover, For he is the self-same Boz now that we so feasted when he first came over, Last year about this time, when the whole country from one end to the other Left off talking of 'Nicholas Biddle' and began to talk of Nicholas Nickleby's mother; And every district school, academy and college Reasoned Greek and Latin, and began to acquire a knowledge Of choice Pickwickian phrases and Samuel Wellersisms; And cultivators of domestic Greek forgot all their oyster-collariisms, And hard-hearted Wall-street brokers no longer spoke of dollars, But talked about 'the rosy' like 'glorious Apollons'; And lawyers and judges quoted 'Bartlett vs. Pickwick,' but happily they were fewer Who treated Boz to profound legal jokes, like old Mr. Durr. And nobody knew any body but Kate Nickleby; and there was nothing like Cheeryble Brothers, Miss La Creevy, Tim Linkinwater, and poor Smirk. And there was nothing little but little Nell, and nothing big but big Jo Brodie; And every embryo Escalaphus drank nothing but brandy-and-water and soda, Like Bob Sawyer and his island; and every thing must be Pickwickiana, And over all the country Boz! Boz! Boz! was conspicuous.

But now (to be genteel and quote French) '*nous avons change tout cela!*' And whoever attempts to speak well of Boz is saluted with a cooler: But as it is considered right and proper to give his just dues even to the devil: To do less by a Christian author, strikes me as exceedingly uncivil. To say the least of it. Some of our very gentlemanly brethren of the quill Have discovered that Boz is no gentleman, and that he could not be if he should live until The great gun fires; while others, beautiful themselves as flowers in May-time, (Who, when he was here, did all they could to give him a gay time)



Awow he is a ruffian, fit only for Rosemary-lane or Seven Dials,  
And pour out upon his ounce be-patted bowl enormous vials  
Of wrath; and some of our patent democrats, still finer,  
Exclaim with the air of a lord: 'Buz a gentleman! why he is only a penny-a-loer!'

There is of course a philosophy in all this; but as I am not writing a sermon,  
Nor tracing out the hidden causes of things, like a transcendental German,  
I will only remark, that this prating about gentility should not be let pass with impunity;  
For 'gentlemen,' as such, are generally the worst part of the community.  
'These gentlemanly critics are so puffed up with their nonsensical leaven,  
They would probably refuse to keep company with a low fisherman like St. Peter in heaven;  
And prefer Satan himself (being a prince) as infinitely genteeler,  
And turn up their gentlemanly noses at SNACKERS, and call him a player and a deer-stealer.  
The exact nature of BOZ's crime I have not yet seen stated;  
Neither does any one venture to assert that he has been over-rated.  
It cannot be his 'Notes,' because we began to abuse him before they were put in circulation,  
And I do not see that they contain a sentence against the honor of the nation.  
It must be allowed that they are written in his peculiar style — funny, free, and flashy;  
And as he makes no pretensions to humbugous profundity, but only to being dashy,  
What right have we to grumble, when it was for these very qualities that we adored him,  
Welcomed him, dined him, danced him, feted him, followed him, bored him!

It is true that in the matter of spitting he 'piles up the ridicule' most awfully,  
But according to universal usage, national follies may be burlesqued lawfully;  
And as to the 'sweet South,' he has been most unaccountably tender,  
For, considering what he must have encountered, his strictures are very slender;  
And his aversion to the dark-ones is not to be wondered at, seeing he was only a beginner,  
For I have observed they have an ugly habit of scratching themselves while waiting upon you at dinner.  
I happened to be in W—— myself while Buz was there; and one Sunday at table,  
A 'chivalrous southerner,' who sat opposite to me, said to one of these God's images in sable,  
G—d d—n your black infernal soul to h—ll I take my plate and put some turkey in it,  
Or I will cut your blasted throat from ear to ear in half a minute!  
These were his exact words; but to give every one his due, please remember  
The chivalrous gentleman proved to be only a congressional member.  
But let those laugh who will! If Buz for each of his notes gets a guinea,  
There will be more to envy than to blame him; and if to please be a sin, he  
Will be damned beyond all redemption — there is no mistake about it;  
And if any of those who abuse him think that such vast popularity can be attained without vast merit, let  
them try after it themselves, and they'll not doubt it.

There were some down other subjects in my mind, when I took up my pen,  
Which I intended to touch upon, but I shall be compelled to write again.  
If this should not be considered chaste enough to be admitted into your pages  
You may put it into that 'witches' cauldron' the Editor's Table; the main thing with me is wages.  
The next time that I write, I will endeavor to be more correct and less promiscuous:  
Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,  
HENRICO FRANCISCO.

OUR excellent correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the entertaining and matter-full  
'Notes of Life in Hayti,' says in a line to the editor, accompanying his article in the present num-  
ber: 'Please to take notice that I mean jacka-trees, and not *jackass-trees*! Have an eye to the  
proof-sheets, therefore.' If it were jackass-trees, friend C., it would be no more remarkable than  
certain varieties that we read of in Barbadoes; where they have the 'Bread-and-cheese,' the  
'Sucking-bottle,' the 'Belly-ache,' and 'Fat-pork' trees! 'Marry, come up!' with your sup-  
posititious editorial verdancy! . . . We have lying on our table a volume of remarkable autograph-  
letters, belonging to a correspondent of this Magazine, from which we take the annexed. It is the  
first letter written to WASHINGTON by LAFAYETTE, on his arrival in America, in the 'times that  
tried men's souls.' It is pleasant to remember that the enthusiastic affection of the good Marquis  
for the 'Father of his Country' continued unabated throughout life:

*'Philadelphia, Tuesday Evening.*

\* MY DEAR GENERAL:

'I HAVE already had the pleasure to acquaint you with my arrival in America, and am endeavoring to reach Mount Ver-  
non as soon as possible. My first plan was only to stay here two days; but the affectionate reception I have met with in this  
city, and the returning some compliments to the Assembly, render it necessary for me to stay one day longer. On Friday I  
will be at the head of Elk; the next day at Baltimore, and by Sunday or Monday I hope at least to be blessed with a sight of  
my dear General. There is no rest for me until I get to Mount Vernon. I long for the pleasure to embrace you, my dear  
General; and the happiness of being once more with you will be so great that no words can ever express it. Adieu, my  
dear General! In a few days I'll be at Mount Vernon; and I do already feel delighted with so charming a prospect. My best  
respects wait upon Mrs. WASHINGTON; and not long after you receive this, I shall tell you myself how respectfully and  
affectionately I have the honor to be, my dear General,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'LAFAYETTE.

'In case your affairs call you to the Springs, I beg leave either to go there after you, or to accompany you in your journey.'

This letter is in the peculiarly neat 'hand of write' of LAFAYETTE, and is filed and endorsed in  
WASHINGTON's plain, round characters: 'From the MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, August 1784.'  
We cannot resist the inclination to lay before the reader BARRY CORNWALL's testimony, that  
'poetry is its own exceeding great reward.' 'I am glad,' says PROCTER, writing from Gray's-  
Inn-Square, London, 'that any of my English friends across the water, (for after all, are we not

all English?) take any pleasure in reading my small matters in verse. I wrote them when I was somewhat inexperienced. Now, that I know (or imagine that I know) more about poetry, graver occupations prevent my following it. A man with children is bound to produce guineas instead of rhymes. Yet the Muse, though unprofitable in one sense, is pleasant and gracious in another; and I cannot find it in my heart altogether to regret the hours I formerly bestowed upon her; wooing her indeed not very successfully, but nevertheless with a sufficient return to yield me some gratification, even now.' Modest and characteristic; and might have been written in the evening of that closing summer-day, when, released from care, he sat with his little daughter on a meadow-bank, inhaling the balmy air of the fading landscape:

— 'the nectarean breath  
Which Earth sends upward, when her lord the Sun  
Kisses her cheek at parting.'

We have sometimes heard small tradesmen and smaller money-changers sneer at the 'divine art of poesy' as incompatible with the successful prosecution of business. BRYANT, SPRAGUE, HALLECK, and several others in our own country, refute this absurdity, as do the business-men poets of England. Mr. SAMUEL ROGERS, of the house of ROGERS, TOWGOOD AND ROGERS, Bankers, London, while he has secured a princely fortune in successful finance, has probably lost little, either in the way of money or that enjoyment which money cannot purchase, by yielding to the 'glorious impulse of song.' Apropos of Mr. ROGERS, and as characteristic of his kind, benevolent heart, we copy, in his plain business-like manuscript, from the collection before us, this little fragment:

SELFISHNESS.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,  
What would they not endeavor, not endure,  
To imitate, so far as in them lay,<  
Him who his wisdom and his power employs  
In making others happy!

London, October 4, 1840.

S. ROGERS.

AFTER the foregoing had been placed in type, we received through the kindness of an esteemed friend, to whom our readers have heretofore been greatly indebted, the following original letter from Sir WALTER SCOTT. It bears the post-mark of 'Melrose,' where the world-renowned writer now sleeps his last sleep, and was addressed to our correspondent, then in London, in answer to a note from himself, accompanying a copy of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER's 'History of New-York:'

'MY DEAR SIR:

'I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocosely history of New-York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece; but I must own that looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of DEAN SWIFT as the annals of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. SCOTT and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think too there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of STERNE. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. IRVING takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to bear of, but through your kindness.

'Believe me, dear Sir,

'Your obliged humble servant,

Abbotsford, 2d April, 1842.

'WALTER SCOTT.'

It is pleasant, amid the occasional carplings of envious Detraction, to meet with eminent tributes such as this to a genius which has since delighted the world; which will continue to delight it for ages to come; and to reflect the highest honor on the country in which it had its birth. . . . We had intended briefly but succinctly to report the 'doings' at the late annual 'Feast of St. Nicholas,' spread in the most ample profusion corporeally by that *sans-pareil* of a host, COZZENS, and distinguished by a *spiritual* abundance, that was quite in keeping; but we can only allude to the entertainments. President BENSON preserved the regal dignity and yet hearty good humor of the worshipful burgomasters of the olden time. Certain functionaries, it is true, were 'not present, in consequence of absence;' but there was nevertheless much good speaking, and all *briefly* spoken, which is usually a great desideratum on kindred occasions. There was charming music, moreover, instrumental and vocal. Every thing, in short, passed off to entire edification. Dr. FRANCIS, who is never caught napping, made one of his most felicitous off-hand speeches; Mr. VAN BETHEM, who bore away the honors at the last anniversary dinner, again acquitted himself with signal credit; Mr. COLDEX, president of the St. David's Society, was especially happy in his few remarks; and it was our good fortune also to hear distinctly the manly and sententious observations of Mr. GRIN-

WELL, and those of Mr. JOHN A. KING, of Long-Island, who has 'speaking features' that illustrate even brilliant thoughts and terse sentences. We should desire for an habitual cynic no better temporary panacea for his unhappy disorder than the light of that countenance, and the sound of that ringing, cheery voice, at a festive board. But 'brief must we be.' Suffice it to say, that from soup to schnaps and pipes, nothing occurred to mar the anniversary festival of our beloved patron Saint. . . . We must decline the paper on the 'Evils of Socialism.' It is too long, too finely written, and without a paragraph or place for one, from beginning to end! Very forbidding are such articles, any way; but this, moreover, is diffuse, and indiscriminate in its comparisons. FOURIER'S institution is not 'New-Harmony;' where, if we may credit Hood:

'THEY'VE every thing in common, so they say;  
Even not uncommon wives: perchance they may;  
And, if the principle they carry through,  
The babies may be sometimes common too;  
Making it puzzling, rather,  
For some of them to find their father.

Of goods there is community,  
Leading of course to unity;  
If four-and-twenty Socialists require,  
At the same time, the kitchen fire,  
A chop to fry,  
Who shall to any one the right deny?

'For Owen says that every man,  
In his community, shall use the frying-pan  
Just when and where, and how he may require.  
And then, how very strange  
Their labor they exchange!  
The colder who would like a dish  
Of fish,  
Goes to the fishmonger and heels a shoe,  
Then carries off a sole or two.  
The lawyer wants a coat—a decent fit;  
To pay the tailor's bill,  
He need but make the tailor's will,  
Or serve him with the copy of a writ.'

We are sorry to learn that the 'Lines to a Night-Hawk,' from the pen of the gifted and lamented STEBBINS, were transferred to our last number from an imperfect English re-print of the poem. It was marred by four or five alterations from the original, some of which we would counsel the reader to correct. The close of the line, 'In thy ethereal way so thin and far,' should have read 'dim and far;' 'Flaunt up the starry halls together' stood in place of 'Haunt the starry halls of heaven together.' In the second line of the twelfth verse, for 'When pleasure shines,' etc., read, 'Where pleasure shines,' etc. We have before us a manuscript volume, in the handwriting of Mr. STEBBINS, which, together with the admirable 'Lines' above alluded to, contains several brief poems of rare beauty, with which we shall hope, through the kindness of a friend, to make our readers better acquainted hereafter. . . . How truly is it the gift of the *real artist*, whether he be painter-poet or poet-painter, to brighten past memories, and reveal past scenes, until time and space seem to vanish, and young years come up afresh from life's golden morning! 'Ah! the mill there!' sings Count RODOLPHO in 'La Somaambula;' and we almost partook of his emotion, while reading the following daguerreotype sketch, by Mr. ALFRED B. STREET, in the December number of the 'Northern Light:'

. . . 'But when morn,  
Bringing the daily task, uplifts the gate,  
The scene, like magic changes: the smooth pond  
Breaks into slanting lines; the scum whirls round;  
The rough black logs sail, jostling; and the weeds  
Stream in the dancing ripples; through the flume  
The waters rush in foam; the dusky wheel  
Whirls its huge circle, as the dashing flood  
Leaps on its buckets; grate and hum succeed  
Throughout the structure, till the daylight dies.

'We enter in: a thin white dust is spread  
O'er wall, and bin, and floor; huge swelling sacks,  
Here prone, or leaning each on each, there raised  
By sinewy hands on brawny backs, and brought  
With staggering efforts to the porch, where stand

The broad-wheeled wagon and the dozing steeds  
That now and then arouse to pick amidst  
The hay-mounds at their feet. The miller, bluff  
And bustling, powdered thickly o'er with white,  
Pours from the measure the bright golden corn,  
Or dark brown buck-wheat, in the hopper broad,  
A level mass, that in its midst soon shows  
A hollowed spot, as swift the particles  
Drop to the crushing, grinding stones beneath;  
Till funnel-shaped the sliding load appears,  
And the light grains at last whirl round the mouth  
Of the deep passage, and quick disappear.  
From the long tube, within the box beneath,  
Streams the warm flour in readiness for the sack,  
And a strong odor breathes like smitten flint,  
Through the dim dusty air.'

Who that has ever been to a country-mill, that object of teeming interest to the curious stripling, can fail to appreciate the faithfulness of this brief sketch? . . . As our very 'little people' come in from their daily exercise at school, spelling every hard word they encounter or hear in conversation, and praising the good lady whose teachings are their joy and delight, we are reminded how important is the position, how many the qualifications, and how poorly rewarded the services of those benefactors of society, the early school-teachers. GALT has drawn a picture of one of this class in Scotland, teaching a few children in a garret over a grocery-store, and ruling them with no law but kindness, who has doubtless many a counterpart in this great metropolis: 'NANSE BANKS taught them reading and working stockings, and how to sew the sampler, for twal-pennies a-week. She was a patient creature, well cut out for her calling, with bleer een, a pale face, and a long neck, but meek and contented withal, tholing the dule of this world with a Christian submission of the spirit; and her garret-room was a cordial of cleanliness, for she made the scholars set the house in order, time and time about, every morning; and it was a common remark for many a day, that the lassies who had been at NANSE BANKS's school were always well spoken of, both for their civility, and the trigness of their houses when they were afterward married. In

short, I do not know that any individual body did more to improve the ways of the parishioners, in their domestic concerns, than did that worthy and innocent creature, NANSIE BANKS, the school-mistress; and she was a great loss when she was removed, as it is to be hoped, to a better world.' . . . '*The Pilgrims, a Tale of Fancy and Fact*,' has many *separate* passages of a rare poetic beauty. These, if the writer will trust our judgment, and we have his permission, we shall gladly transfer to our pages. But as a *whole*, the poem would tire. The description of the Seasons is minutely *correct*, but not *poetical*. Take the pictures of summer and winter, for example, which occupy each two and a half pages of ruled foolscap ms. Both are *catalogues*, such as an auctioneer would prepare, if he were to sell at public vendue a winter or summer landscape. Now there are eight lines in two short lyrics of BURNS, which express more than the five pages to which we have referred. They are *suggestive*, but not an *inventory*. What a charming summer view is this:

'In simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
And corn waved green in ilka field,  
And claver bloom'd white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka beid.'

Pray do us the favor to look at the unavoidable *accessories* of this sweet sketch, friend 'S. T.' And here is its very antipodes; yet it is equally felicitous:

'In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill;  
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill.'

Is n't this a picture of desolation, in the winter highlands of Scotland?—and would a *ream* of paper enable a writer to depict the scene more forcibly? . . . We have turned up, among the unconsidered manuscripts in a mislaid port-folio, '*The Fratricide's Death, a Poetical Rhapsody*,' written by WILLIAM BLAIR, the 'Opium Eater,' whose strange autobiography appeared in our pages a short time since. It was penned while the writer was under the influence of the potent drug; and we well remember the pale, cadaverous young man, with eyes that flashed like coals in their sunken sockets, who handed us the ms. with a trembling hand, at our old publication-office in Broadway. Very probably he was at the climax of his 'wizard spell' at that very moment. We shall soon give place to the remarkable production in question, as well as to some other performances of this self-immolated victim on the altar of sensual indulgence. . . . 'M. B. P.' is in quite too much of a hurry. We haven't found leisure to read more than one chapter of his long tale, scarce a week received. His impatience is not unlike that of a discontented partisan, who walked into the office of a whig (or 'coon,' to adopt the current term) the next morning after the election of General HARRISON, and asked with a sneer: 'Well, you've gained the day; and now *where's your better times?* You've elected HARRISON, but where's the 'prosperity?' where's the 'change?' where's the 'plenty?' It's all a humbug, just as I expected!' . . . We would recommend all our metropolitan readers to visit RUSSELL'S '*Planetarium*,' now open for exhibition at the rooms of the American Institute, in the rear of the City Hall. It is an immense piece of scientific mechanism, of Cyclopean fabrication, entirely composed of highly-polished steel, brass, and solid cast iron, all silvered and gilded, and the whole mass of which weighs no less than two tons. The zodiacal table supporting the whole machinery is more than sixteen feet in diameter; the orbit of Uranus embraces an area of sixty-six feet in circumference; and the number of wheels and pinions regulating the complicated and multiple motions of the mechanism, amounts to nearly six hundred. The whole solar system, that is, the remote planets, Uranus, with his six satellites, Saturn, with his rings and seven attendants; Jupiter, with his four; Mars, Venus, Mercury, the Earth, with the Moon and the lesser planets; the ecliptic, with numerous stars, and the Sun in the centre, binding all together, revolve harmoniously in their respective orbits, and in *mathematical proportion of time* with regard to each other! The effect is indescribably impressive and sublime. It is as if the Great Architect had 'bowed down the heavens, and come near.' Would that the thoughts which were vouchsafed to us while gazing upon this wonderful structure could have been preserved by some daguerreotype of the mind! Well has it been said, that the undevout astronomer is mad. Who can survey the heavens, 'the moon and stars which HE has ordained,' and not exclaim with the poet:

'God of the rolling orbs above!  
Thy name is written clearly bright  
In the warm noon's unvarying blaze,  
Or evening's golden shower of light:  
For every fire that fronts the sun,  
And every spark that walks alone  
Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
Were kindled at thy burning throne!'

WE are in the receipt of letters and public journals from our esteemed friend WILSON, the distinguished vocalist, whose operatic career in this country, in connection with Miss SHIREFF, will not soon be forgotten. He has entered upon a new field, which he is cultivating with the most abundant success. His 'Scottish Entertainments,' consisting of Lectures upon Scottish Poetry and Song, accompanied by the music, are attended by crowds wherever they have been given. We hear from him last in Liverpool, where on each night of his entertainment some two thousand persons were present. In other towns of England and throughout his native Scotland the same success had attended him. He gives us a capital sketch of the scenes at Taymouth-Castle, the seat of the Marquis of BREADALBANE, during Queen VICTORIA's visit, before whom he sang to such edification that Her Majesty gave him permission to dedicate to her a forthcoming volume of his upon 'Scottish Music and Song,' which we can well believe will richly deserve her 'august patronage.' Mr. WILSON may well congratulate himself that he is free from all scheming managers, and can do as he likes. 'I sing,' he writes, 'what songs I choose, tell what stories I please, am my own manager, and also my own treasurer; and find a much better supply of funds and friends (not incompatible things, friend WILSON,) than I should have were I still painting my face, and adorning my person with theatrical garbure.' Success attend thee, inimitable SPECKBACKER! Would that, sitting by our ruddy fire this tempestuous December night, we could hear that rich voice once more rolling out 'Tak' your auld Cloak about Ye!' the while a certain bright copper-vessel, not forgotten we fain would hope, is 'whistling on the hob,' awaiting admixture with something 'neat' in the way of Glenlivet and all becoming 'fixin's.' Here 's to thee, friend of past days! . . . Reader, if in the providence of God it shall have been your lot to lose that first of characters and best of friends, a good mother, you will appreciate the feeling which dictated the thoughts that ensue; thoughts warm from the heart of an exile, three thousand miles and more away from the 'spot where he was born.' 'Oh! my mother!' said poor BUCKTHORNE, when, returned from his weary wanderings through a heartless world, he stood by her ashes, and buried his face in the grass that grew above her grave; 'oh! my mother! would I were once more by your side, sleeping, never to waken upon the cares and sorrows of this vain life!' Such were doubtless the aspirations, 'spread far out like filaments,' that pervaded the heart which indited the following:

## SONNET

ON A LOOK OF MY BELOVED MOTHER'S HAIR, UNEXPECTEDLY FOUND IN A POCKET-BOOK.

'THAT little lock of hair thus silvered o'er  
By Time's cold hand, is dearer far to me,  
(Though bound beneath the weight of poverty,  
Than aught most valued in the rich man's store  
Of gold and gems. That voice I hear no more!  
Death's darkness dims that once bright-beaming eye;  
All in the tomb save *this* lies moulderingly;  
Yet with a magic power does this restore  
The fading scenes of other, happier days.  
And though years pass away, of joy or pain,  
As I view *this*, dear Memory will raise  
Within the mystic chamber of the brain  
My mother's image! May I gladly gaze  
In Heaven's fair land upon herself again!

B. W. CAREY MASSETT.

THE writer of '*The Grotesque in Psalmody*' we have no doubt means well, and designs to effect a salutary purpose, in his well-written essay; but his examples of bad taste in the language of hymns include, in our poor judgment, one or two of the most beautiful in the 'Methodist Collection.' We quite agree with our correspondent, however, in his estimate of several songs, for they deserve no better name, which are sometimes sung at conventicle with 'a rich, deep snuffle, a mellow nasality, by the very 'Primitive Methodists.' Of this objectionable class, in our view, is the long chant commencing 'What's become of good old Daniel?' and running the inquiry through a long list of saints and patriarchs, each verse ending with the answer, 'Gone to the promised land.' We have somewhere seen or heard a clever parody upon the performances in this kind, which was a just satire upon the repulsive familiarity with the names of the sacred personages of the Scriptures which they exhibit. It was a rapid glance at some of the prominent events recorded in the Old Testament, and had a sort of refrain at the end of every verse, of which the following was one:

'Old Mrs. Potiphar was a very great flirt,  
She caught hold of Joseph and tore his shirt;  
There's a happy day a-coming!' etc.

While we yield to none in our admiration of the Methodist hymns generally, we cannot but admit that our correspondent is correct in many points of his animadversions. . . . We have received sundry insinuations and hints from various quarters, that it will be quite useless for Mr. JOHN QUOD to attempt to disguise himself as our '*Mysterious Correspondent*.' But Messieurs, you have

liberty to guess again; and especially 'B.' of Boston, whose faith seems strong enough to remove mountains. 'To 't man, to 't!' 'The Young Englishman,' however, deserves all favorable suffrages. The sea-scene in the present number is to our conception most graphically and powerfully depicted. We are glad to announce that our 'Mysterious Correspondent' will have a paper in every number of the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . Did you ever reflect, reader, upon the strange propensity which almost every man has (until he begins to look back to the time when he was 'as good as ever he was') to kick an old hat? Few would 'go ten miles out of their way to kick a sheep,' like JOHN RANDOLPH; but universal Humanity is old hat-kicking. Hence the juvenile discernment and sure forecast indicated in a trick which we lately saw played by some waggish boys. A 'shocking bad hat' was placed seductively near the edge of the side-walk, looking to a passer-by very soft and eligible to a kick that should send it into the middle of the street. We saw one man approach it, with 'destruction in 's aspect,' and drawing back, he dealt it a kick that made him recoil a yard or two, with an expression of face that was any thing but pleasing. As he went limping round the corner, we beheld the laughing little rascals readjusting and concealing the stones in the hat, for another customer. We laughed in our sleep that night; at least, so we were told the next morning. . . . The death of the late SAMUEL WOODWORTH should not pass unnoticed. He has written many beautiful poems, which will live as long as the language; witness his 'Old Oaken Bucket,' that will be sung by millions yet unborn. Mr. WOODWORTH was a warm-hearted man, a good husband and father, and blameless in all the relations of life. One characteristic of his style was a sort of treble-rhyming, which we at one time fancied to be a very difficult species of composition; but 'OLLAPOD' (may he rest in peace!) undeceived us, by throwing off almost impromptu stanzas in this kind. Resisting all entreaties, on one occasion, to prolong a winter-visit in New-York, on the plea that the Delaware would be frozen, and his return to Philadelphia rendered difficult, he thus referred to the truth of his prophecy, in the opening of a poetical epistle by the next mail after his arrival at home:

'I AM glad, as it is, that so soon I departed  
To this goodly city at once to return;  
For immediately after, old Boreas had started  
To scatter the snows from his locks and his urn:  
If I'd staid till Monday, or come home on Sunday,  
I should have had one day of pleasure, 't is true;  
But the steamboat ceased running, and therefore 'cunning'  
I think 't was, my shunning to tarry with you.'

This measure, poor 'OLLAPOD' was wont to say, could be 'run off the reel' faster than any other with which he was acquainted. . . . The '*Leaf from a Lawyer's Note-Book*' it should seem has in parts appeared before in print. This is sufficient to exclude it from our 'Original Papers.' One passage however we venture to segregate. Our 'lawyer' had been visited for weeks by a litigiously-disposed person, ostensibly anxious to 'file a bill' against his partner in trade, but evidently seeking gratuitous information by which he could be overreached without the aid of law. At length the 'counsel,' eager to touch his 'retainer,' informed the litigant that his next call at the office must be to direct him to 'file a bill,' for he could n't waste any more of his precious time in shilly-shallying. 'Well,' replied the law-seeking votary, 'I'll go down and *intimidate* the obstinate mule, and if that does n't do, you may file your bill.' He left the office, and in about twenty minutes returned with both his eyes closed and clad in puffy purple, exclaiming as he entered: 'File your bill! Mr. G.; file your bill! I could n't intimidate him, d—n him! But I'll *fix* him, yet!' He subsequently lost his case. . . . How much is there in the *manner* in which a favor may be rendered, to take away the sense of obligation, which to sensitive natures is oftentimes so painful! GOLDSMITH somewhere says, that if an Englishman and a Frenchman were walking together, and a poor mendicant, shivering with cold for the lack of an over-coat, which both had on, should accost them, the Frenchman would take off *his* outer garment, and with a thousand protestations and exaggerations of his charitable impulse, present it to him; whereas the Englishman would remove his own coat, and with a bluff manner hand it to the needy man, with: 'I say, here old fellow, take this—I don't want it.' The distinction drawn is nice, and it is we believe characteristic. The reply of a Scottish gentleman to a 'widow in affliction,' who had, after many a pang at the thought, addressed him from a distance, asking for a loan of five pounds for the relief of herself and children, is quite in point. The return post brought her a letter from this *true* 'nobleman,' enclosing *twenty* pounds, which commenced with the remark, that 'it was with sorrow he heard that such a trifle could be serviceable to her.' How delicate, and how considerate! 'It's just like himself!' said the widow; and no doubt it was. . . . '*A Visit to the Lunatic Asylum*' is a very vivid picture of painful scenes, which we should be unwilling to paint to the imaginations of our readers. Two of the inmates, we may almost infer, are members of a '*Mad Family*,' such as is described in preceding pages. The humor-

ous colloquies of the patients are not felicitously recorded. A writer in the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' who in the last number of that work describes the temporary insanity of an invalid friend, would doubtless have rendered these incoherent conversations to the life. One or two of his ludicrous incidents we transplant in this connection: 'When he awoke, the first thing which caught his eye was a fly sleeping on the wall above him. 'See that fly!' he called out. 'Look at him! how he swells! He is as big as an elephant! O, my God! my God! he will crush me!' and he struggled desperately, as if to free himself from an overwhelming pressure. At irregular intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour and a half, his paroxysms returned; sometimes assuming a frightful, and at others a most ludicrous character. At one time he fancied that his nose was dwindling away. 'O my nose!' he exclaimed. 'Stop my nose! Doctor, hold on my nose, will you? H—I of a doctor you are, can't stop a man's nose! What shall I do when I want to sneeze!' . . . A friend of ours, who has often enlightened the public on various matters, and who has made very many people happy for the time being, gives us the annexed as the *modus operandi* of the brain and nerves. His illustrations strike us as original and forcible: 'The brain is a galvanic battery, having the power to collect within itself the electric fluid. The nerves are wires, conducting this electric fluid to every part of the human system, and putting the body in motion. It is this electric fluid that causes the heart to contract and expand, and to force the blood to every part of the body, carrying with it those particles which are intended to replace those that are continually passing off. When this electric fluid is equally distributed over the human body, it constitutes *health*, and our actions are in accordance with nature. But when this fluid becomes unequally distributed, (that is, collected more in one part than another,) it constitutes *disease*, to a greater or less extent, according as the balance is disturbed. The electric fluid always seeks an equilibrium. It is very perceptible in the atmosphere when it is agitated; we have thunder and lightning until it is equalized, when all is calm again. It is precisely the same when it becomes disturbed in the human system. When steam is thrown irregularly upon the machinery of a steam-boat, it produces a jarring motion; and thus if the electric fluid be thrown irregularly on the heart, the contractions will be irregular, and disease must ensue. It will be perceived, therefore, that our health depends upon an equalized state of the electric fluid over the body. The great cures produced by animal magnetism, in cases of nervous head-aches, spasmodic contractions, etc., are brought about by frictions, which equalize the fluid.' . . . 'The *Consecration*' is declined. It lacks life, and has neither novelty nor style to recommend it. It is written as *from* a 'clergyman,' but not *by* one, unless we greatly mistake. If the writer is a divine, we can only say that if, in the 'laying on of hands,' any one of his brethren in the ministry had touched his head with a staff instead of the hand, the joke of 'This will do well enough—timber to timber!' would have been more applicable to himself than it was to a kind old recipient on another occasion. . . . The criticism upon a prolific American litterateur, which we receive from 'M.' of Philadelphia, is too long, and otherwise disproportioned to its theme. The writer is mistaken too in his inferences as to the effect which the writings in question may have upon our literary repute in other countries. This is quite a needless fear, so far as the writer referred to is concerned, for none of his works have ever been republished or noticed abroad, to our knowledge. The truth is that there are two classes of *literati*; those who live to study, and those who study to live; the former elevate literature, while the latter degrade it. Their understanding becomes rarefied rather than condensed: they lose their meaning in a multitude of words, and bury their little sense under a heap of phrases. . . . We welcome two or three new contributors in the present number, and the reappearance of one or two old and favorite correspondents. A passage in the 'Voyage to the North-Pole' alludes to a celebrated philosopher who made discoveries in the moon. This compliment is to RICHARD ADAMS LOCKE, who will be remembered for centuries by his inimitable 'Moon-Hoax.' What a letter Dr. DICK of Scotland wrote us concerning that 'incredible narrative!' It was about the warmest tribute we ever heard paid to it, although the praise was rather 'over the left.' 'O *Mores*!' is most welcome. Do n't let it be so long again 'between-meals.' 'Ith'n't G'd the sweet?' Granted; but 'sweeter far than this, than all' will be, to those who appreciate their sly satire and irresistible style, the frequent favors of our observant correspondent. . . . We could not find words to record the mournful yet pleasant thoughts called forth from the cells of Memory by the beautiful essay, '*Old Thoughts on the New Year*,' in preceding pages. Let it however at least be permitted us to make this hurried reference to that admirable paper, and to add a heart-felt aspiration that our readers may truly find the era upon which we have entered together, a HAPPY NEW YEAR. . . . We need not say that we shall at all times be well pleased to hear from the author of '*Music at Idleberg*.' Both in matter and manner, his articles leave but little to be desired, by any observant and tasteful reader. . . . Among the articles filed for insertion in the next or subsequent numbers, or awaiting 'hopeful' consideration, are the following: 'Tom Van Diddlemus, a Tale of Tinnecum;' 'Byron;' by THOMAS CARLYLE; 'A Visit to Florence,'

by Rev. WILLIAM HAGUE; 'Boz at Idleberg;' 'Neck-nothing Hall, a Hunting Sketch;' the 'Polygon Papers,' Number Seven; 'My Port-Folio;' with several other articles, in prose and verse, which we lack the leisure and space to mention. Several books, pamphlets, etc., are from the same cause reserved for consideration in another number, including 'The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems,' by ALFRED B. STREET, Esq., of Albany; DICKINSON's comprehensive and convenient 'Boston Almanac for 1843;' 'The Floral Almanac, devoted to Horticulture, Floriculture, and Botany, with fine colored Engravings, edited by JAMES HOGG, Nursery-man, New-York;' the 'American Eclectic and Museum;' and 'The Píerian,' devoted to the entertainment and instruction of youth.'

#### L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.'—Little did we think, when some three years or more ago the translator of these fables, Mr. ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr., called our attention, as we did that of the public, to his project, that the result would be the production of two such elaborate and beautiful volumes as those now before us; volumes printed in the first style of the 'art preservative of all arts,' upon fine, smooth-pressed paper, profusely ornamented typographically; illustrated with two hundred and forty elegant engravings; and bound in a style in keeping with the other external characteristics of the work. We cannot better express our admiration of these volumes, than in the language of Mr. BRYANT, of the 'Evening Post': 'LA FONTAINE, unadorned, unillustrated, was the delight of our childhood. Here we have him adorned, illustrated, to Art's *ne plus ultra*, for the ravishment of our sober manhood. The artist has thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the poet, and to this, doubtless, he owes his wonderful success. LA FONTAINE, so to speak, humanizes his beasts; he gives them human passions, human foibles, human language, and does all this to a degree, and with a truth and reality, infinitely greater than that of any fabulist that had preceded him. We see the poor half brute half reasoning creatures. They are before us; they talk, they act, now like beasts, and now again like human beings. They behave so much as we do in the same circumstances; they stand out so living and life-like; that we are absorbed in their various fortunes, and we cannot quite make it clear to our own minds whether they are brutes or not. Indeed, for ourselves, we have always fancied that somewhere or other, either in this world or the next, there must be animals just like LA FONTAINE's beasts—a grade above our brute creation; a grade below our human race—a sort of semi-beast, semi-man organization. This race, so wonderfully depicted by LA FONTAINE, is with equal truth and success eternized by GRANDVILLE. His figures, combining the human expression with the brute face, the human dress with the brute head, bring to the sight precisely the same idea that LA FONTAINE conveys to the mind.' Mr. WRIGHT in no respects exaggerates, when he states that the illustrations 'are replete with the very spirit of LA FONTAINE. The painter, with the same inspiration, has trodden in the footsteps of the poet. The latter conferred upon creatures animate and inanimate, the gift of speech, and the former has put them in attitudes and garb appropriate to its use. He is truly a master of ceremony and of scenery, and succeeds in teaching the stupidest of animals to observe the proprieties of the drama.' We are glad to perceive that these volumes have already reached a second edition; that they have been reprinted and most honorably commended in England; and that in this country they are gaining a permanent hold upon the fancy and affections of the public. Mr. WILLIAM A. COLMAN is the New-York publisher.

We had well-nigh forgotten to add, that Messrs. TAPPAN AND DENNET, Boston, have issued a smaller and cheap edition of WRIGHT's LA FONTAINE, in two volumes, with the engravings neatly reduced and stereotyped. That the edition is well appreciated, may be gathered from the fact that it is the *third* which is now before us.



'UTILITY OF THE FINE ARTS.'—This is the title of an Address delivered at the last Annual Fair of the American Institute, by GEORGE HARVEY, Esq., the eminent artist, whose 'Views of American Scenery' we adverted to in our last number. We find it in the 'United States' Farmer and Journal of American Institutes,' where it is so wretchedly printed that it is extremely difficult to read it. The tendency and manner of the address are praiseworthy and unexceptionable. It is an argument for, and an able appeal in favor of supporting, the Fine Arts; and is enforced by several capital illustrations. Here is an anecdote, which we regret is all that we can transcribe from this able and interesting performance:

'WHEN I was in Paris, I witnessed one of these ignoble displays of wealth in a gentleman of fortune, who drove through the Boulevards nine times in the same day, and each time with a fresh equipage of horses and carriage. I could but pity the 'state of intellectuality' which impelled him to this and similar exhibitions, that he might obtain companionship with a class that must be despised by every right thinking person. Let me not be understood as endeavoring to detract from a just appreciation of these elegances of furniture and equipage; on the contrary, the acknowledgment of their usefulness by the community at large, I look upon as the precursor of a more intellectual state of society; and hail therefore, as a good omen, the display of taste here witnessed in the manufacture of articles of acknowledged utility; but when I enter the mansions of the opulent and perceive them surrounded with sumptuous splendor, and nothing to redeem the want of meaning, nothing to denote a comprehension of the poetry of mind, I cannot help saying to myself, 'The possessors have but entered the vestibule of civilized exaltation; their communion and fellowship are yet only with the STILTONS of the age, for all is outward.' One of this class, a votary of Plutus, called upon an artist who had been for many years occupied in carrying out a design, which he had formed in early life, of painting a series of connected pictures; and for this purpose he had never neglected an opportunity of studying nature, that he might be enabled in his representations to convey to others, nature's students, the emotions of pleasure which he had infused into his being. This person was introduced by a valued friend of the painter, with the hope that a sight of his works might awaken a desire to become a patron. The pictures were shown, but they were viewed with wandering eyes, and the explanations fell upon dull and listless ears. When they were all seen, this son of fortune exclaimed: 'Well, they are all very pretty; but of what use are they?'

What it was that the indignant artist said in reply to this worshipper of Mammon, the reader may learn by a perusal of the entire Address of Mr. HARVEY, to which we have pleasure in commending him.

POEMS OF GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.—Every admirer of the poetical writings of Gen. MORRIS will have good cause to welcome a volume now before us, bearing the modest title, 'The Deserted Bride; and Other Poems;' the 'other poems' being all those briefer pieces which are so well known to the public, and many of which, married to charming music, have become such general favorites. It is not of the literary character of this book which we are called upon to speak, since that may be deemed established; but we must not omit to record our admiration of the beautiful style in which the work is presented to the public. Printed upon large, clear types, on the finest and whitest drawing paper; *profusely* embellished with fine engravings, from original designs by our own artists, WEIR, CHAPMAN, and others; and enclosed in just the most neat and tasteful binding that could have been adopted; the volume comes before us with nothing to be added to its attractions that could heighten the effect of that 'first appeal which is to the eye.' Right glad are we, for our amiable author and veteran contemporary's sake, that the volume is appreciated as it deserves to be by the public, who will be likely to relieve the MESSRS. APPLETON'S shelves of every copy before the holidays are over.

BRAITHWAITE'S 'RETROSPECT OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY.'—In our last number, we noticed with much pleasure part five of this work. We have since received part four, of the reprint from the London edition, which in all respects sustains the character we gave of the volume. It contains one hundred and twenty-five articles, carefully digested from the various periodicals, many of them of sterling value. The nature of this Magazine does not admit of our going into a detail of its merits, much less to give any extracts from it: but we are confirmed in the opinion that the plan and execution of the work are such as ought to recommend it to every practitioner who desires to keep his medical knowledge 'posted up' to the present moment.

'**THULIA: A TALE OF THE ANTARCTIC.**' — We have read this most beautiful volume with unalloyed pleasure. We have but one objection to it, and that is its *name*. We can't dissociate it, without an effort, from RUSSELL's lisping 'Miss THULIA' who 'wath so vevy peculia'!! But this is a trifle; while its merits are such as to challenge admiration of the author's powers. Doctor PALMER, from whose pen it proceeds, was attached to the Exploring Expedition; and his poem is a true story of the incidents minutely detailed in the appendix, in a narrative prepared from the journals of the 'Flying-Fish,' the 'Thulia' of the book, a little schooner, carrying only thirteen souls. Very spirited and stirring are the descriptions of the dangers to which this noble little craft was exposed, and the means by which she 'eradicated herself therefrom.' The descriptions are uniformly vivid and life-like, and the numbers are harmonious to a wonderful degree, especially when it is considered that they proceed from an unpracticed writer. The illustrations, which have been beautifully re-produced on wood, are by Mr. AGATE, one of the artists of the Expedition; they are twelve in number, and many of them are exceedingly spirited. The representation of the frail little craft 'in a storm,' 'passing between two ice-bergs,' and 'forcing her way through the ice,' are fine designs, excellently well engraved. We scarcely know of a more beautiful and interesting volume for the holidays than this. Our judgment can be tested by a call upon the publisher, Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN.

'**POETRY: A SATIRE.**' — This poem, pronounced by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq. before the Mercantile Library Association at its late anniversary, and pronounced *well*, too, as we hear on all sides, has been cordially received at the hands of the writer's contemporaries and the public, which indeed it well deserved; for although prepared at short notice, and amidst other and pressing professional engagements, it exhibits to us no faults of haste, nor crudeness in any sense. The versification is easy and flowing, and the 'hits' are palpable enough. Small poetasters are handled without the gloves; and pompous wealth, that carries its brains in its pocket, is shown up to the admiration and edification of those who lie under no such imputation. We like the tribute paid to the *real* poets of the day, and to veritable poetical themes always ripe to the thoughtful and observant mind; we like too the honor Mr. BENJAMIN has done to *genius*, in contradistinction to a 'rhyming facility,' and the justice he has rendered to the rich old Saxon tongue. We commend this beautifully-executed work to the fancy, good sense, and *hearts* of our readers.

**CHARLTON'S POEMS.** — We have received from the press of Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS and COMPANY, a beautiful volume, of some two hundred and forty pages, containing 'Poems, by ROBERT M. CHARLTON, and THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D.; with an Appendix, containing a Eulogy on Dr. JOHN CUMMING, who was lost in the Pulaski, and an Historical Lecture on SERGEANT JASPER, by ROBERT M. CHARLTON.' Our readers have already been favored with an admirable extract from this last-cited production, together with a prose illustration of one of the humorous poems, which we perceive, like the 'Leaves from a Georgia Lawyer's Port-Folio,' has found its way into half the newspapers in the Union. When late hours and crowded pages are less valid excuses than at present, we shall try to 'name our views' touching this very handsome volume, which we can now only cordially commend for its many merits to the public acceptance.

**BRANDE'S 'ENCYCLOPEDIA.'** — The Brothers HARPER have issued the first of twelve 'parts' of a series, of an hundred and twelve pages each, (price twenty-five cents!) which is to contain an 'Encyclopedia of Science, Literature, and Art: comprising the history, description, and scientific principles of every branch of Human Knowledge; with the derivation and definition of all the terms in use: illustrated by engravings on wood.' The general editor is the celebrated Professor BRANDE, of Her Majesty's Mint, the 'Royal Institution,' etc.; and he is assisted in the various departments by eight or ten of the most distinguished men of science in England. Such a work as this, complete in more than eleven hundred illustrated pages, for the sum of three dollars! Messieurs HARPER, 'how is it done?' Be good as to mention!

'THE SALEM BELLE,' a tale of 1692, comes to us in a neat and tasteful volume from the press of Messrs. TAPPAN AND DENNET, Boston. It is an agreeable and entertaining, but not particularly powerful story, connected with that famous delusion which has made Salem a place so renowned for 'imaginary' persons. It is the object of the work to 'hold up the beacons of the past, and in this connection to illustrate the social condition, habits, manners, and general state of New-England, in these early days of its history.' We believe with the author, that at a time when fanaticism in various ways is moulding the public feeling into unnatural shapes, and shadowing forth a train of undefined evils, a work which shall serve to guard the public mind against a recurrence of popular delusions will supply an important desideratum among the books of the day, in 'making many' of which verily there seems to be 'no end.'

THE 'BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.'—This work of HUTTON, which is alike useful, moral, and entertaining, has been revised and improved by Rev. J. L. BLAKE, favorably known to the public by various popular works on general literature, and published by his son, Mr. ALEXANDER V. BLAKE. The aim of the editor has been, to lead his young readers to the contemplation of the works of God, by familiar and comprehensive delineations of nature; showing that in all its domain, 'the wisdom, power, and bounty of the great Creator abound; convincing the reason that even the vilest weed and the meanest insect offer incontestible evidences of their Maker.' The work is attractive in its externals, and rendered very convenient to students by means of questions for their exercise at the foot of each page; a form of consecutive examination original we believe with Mr. BLAKE, and now very generally adopted by other writers for the young.

CHAPIN'S CLASSICAL SPELLING-BOOK.—We are enabled, from an attentive examination of this excellent work, to endorse the testimonials which it has received from many distinguished sources; including among others the New-York Review, which thus characterizes and commends some of its prominent merits: 'The book not only gives us a complete set of rules for pronouncing the English language, with abundant examples for illustration, but it actually presents before us the *whole language*, arranged under these rules, so that every reader can see for himself all the *analogies* which confirm the rules, perceive their strength or weakness, and have a full view of all the exceptions or anomalies. This is what we have never seen attempted in any other work whatever. The success of the attempt seems to us to be complete.' Mr. ALEXANDER V. BLAKE, Goldstreet, is the publisher.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S GUIDE.—The intention of this little work, by HEBER CHASE, M. D., as its title indicates, is to furnish Medical Students attending or *designing* to attend lectures in Philadelphia, with a complete directory of the various public and private means of medical instruction in that city; collegiate and clinical medical schools, courses of private lectures, hospitals, alms-houses, regulations of hours, fees, etc. Thus the student in New-Hampshire or New-Orleans can sit in his office and determine his course of study with the attendant expenses, imbibing at the same time a mass of indispensable information, always difficult if not impossible to obtain from any other source. As the work is neatly got up, in a form convenient for the pocket, and apparently with great care, we have no doubt it will circulate generally among those for whose benefit it is intended.

'HANDY ANDY: A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.'—The numbers of this very laughable and entertaining work have been brought to a close, and are now issued by the Messrs APPLETON in a large volume, with twenty-two capital illustrations on steel, by the author. The public will not need to be told that Mr. LOVER is a most felicitous painter of Irish life; for 'Rory O'More' and 'Handy Andy' have made this fact sufficiently well known throughout the Union. It requires only to be mentioned that the latter work has been issued in two forms by its American publishers; and that both are well executed and remarkably cheap.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

No. 2.

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## SKETCHES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CADI AND THE ROBBERS'

A FEW days ago, when going to the Sublime Porte, the residence of the Grand Vizier and other ministers of the empire, I met a public crier on horse-back, followed by a crowd, informing the populace of the birth of a Prince. The announcement was made in the following strain, the crier turning his face from one side of the way to the other, as he proclaimed the news:

'Long life to His Majesty our sovereign, to whom has been born a prince, and named Sultan Abdul Hamid! May the Most High increase his power and prosperity! Amen!'

Just as I reached the Porte, a large building near the centre of the city, a crowd was collected around its gate-way, a guard of horses was drawn up under arms, and while I was yet asking the cause, the *kizlar agasee*, or chief eunuch of the royal harem, passed before me, mounted on a magnificently-caparisoned horse, and attended by a guard of soldiers, cavasses, and ordinary domestics. This officer is some forty-five or fifty years of age, his features very much withered and wrinkled, though he is rather corpulent, and without possessing a shadow of intelligence in his face. He wore the usual *fez*, a red cap of the East, a blue frock-coat, and a sword suspended to his side by a gold belt. Most of his attendants wore the livery of the sultan.

This gentleman, whose color I need scarcely add is as black as anthracite coal, bore a letter from the sultan, his master, to the grand vizier, or first minister of the empire, informing him of the birth of his son, Prince Abdul Hamid. The letter was enveloped in crimson satin, and stuck in the front of his coat between the buttons, one half remaining exposed to the view of the populace. As he passed the gate-way the guards presented arms, and a band of music stationed in the court-yard, concealed from my view by the high walls which surrounded the building, suddenly struck up the

Sultan's March, a fine air composed by Donizetti for Sultan Mahmoud the Great. Turning to the right, the chief eunuch approached the stepping-stone at the entrance of the great hall of the Porte, where the supreme council of the government is held: all the windows, of which in most Turkish edifices there are not a few, were filled with the clerks of the different bureaux and the attendants of the ministers; and as he entered the lower door of the Porte, several of its officers, secondary in rank, met and aided him to ascend the stair-case. This latter and the apartments through which the eunuch passed were also lined with officers, both civil and military, all of whom bending low touched their hands on the floor, their mouths and foreheads, in humble reverence to the bearer of their sultan's letter. In the great hall of the council the grand vizier and all the higher ministers of state sat in conclave to receive him: they all rose as he entered, the grand vizier alone without saluting him, other than by an inclination of the head; and as the eunuch hurried forward to kiss the hem of his coat, he made semblance to prevent an honor of which he wished the envoy to suppose he did not feel himself worthy. This is eastern civility: the grand vizier as well as the eunuch himself have frequently kneeled down and kissed their sovereign's feet, or rather the dust with which they were covered; and the same idea is conveyed by the lowest Turk to his superior, when in place of stooping, he appears to convey the dust to his mouth with his hand.

After saluting the grand vizier, the eunuch drew the sultan's letter from his breast and handed it to the former, who kissed it, pressing it against his forehead, and opened the soft red wax seal which closed the envelope. He then read with a loud voice the following letter, which I now translate from the official gazette in which such documents are published:

'MY FAITHFUL VIZIER: Thanks be for the favors and providences of the Creator of all things. I have written this imperial rescript, and send it to you by the aga —, of my imperial residence, for the purpose of informing you and all my faithful servants, that this morning at ten o'clock a prince from my royal loins came to adorn the cradle of existence, and embellish the couch of the living, to whom I have given the name of Sultan Abdul Hamid. May the Most High prolong his life, and bless his arrival to my royal person and to all faithful Moslems! That this public joy be partaken of by all God's people, you will order a general cannonade to be fired for seven days, each five times, and let my faithful servants and others who may so desire, evince their joy on this occasion by illuminating their dwellings. Now may God eternalize our race and render perfect the peace and quiet of all the Mohammedan people in our days! Amen!'

As he finished the last words, all present bowed their heads, and an *imaum*, or Turkish priest, stepped forward in front of the line of dignitaries who surrounded the grand vizier, and commenced a short prayer, imploring divine blessings on the head of their sove-

reign. When all had re-seated themselves, the eunuch occupying a place of honor near the grand vizier, a pipe and cup of coffee was brought him. The vizier inquired particularly for the health of the sultan his master, and 'all the royal family;' and handed him a small box covered with red morocco, at the same time begging his acceptance of its trifling contents and of one of his horses, as an humble expression of the great joy which his visit had given him. The eunuch then rose, again kissed the hem of the grand vizier's coat, was saluted by all present, descended the stair-case where he mounted his horse, while that which the vizier had just presented to him, caparisoned in a richly embroidered saddle, bridle and cloth, followed him, and the band saluted him with a lively air as he departed.

Since then the guns of the vessels of the government lying at anchor in the Bosphorus, and at the arsenal, and of the different fortresses, have been fired five times a day, to the great waste of the powder, filling the atmosphere with smoke, and jarring every window of Constantinople. From the 'petit champ des marts' of Pera, the Bosphorus offered a magnificent spectacle. The *yalees* or summer-houses of all the officers of the Porte are on that beautiful stream, and as all the 'faithful servants' of His Majesty took good care to evince their joy by illuminating them, the effect was most splendid. As far as the crooked form of the Bosphorus would permit, the eye fell upon clusters of lamps suspended so as to represent different flowers and figures. At about nine o'clock at night the fifth daily cannonade commenced, and as there were some eight or ten seventy-fours with a goodly number of frigates and small craft, all firing at once, the effect which the roar and flashing of their guns made in the obscurity can better be imagined than described.

The present Sultan Abdul Mejid succeeded his father, the late Mahmoud II. on the third of July eighteen hundred and forty, and since then he has had six children born to him, whose names are Bahieh Sultan, Myrieh Sultan, Refieh Sultan, Sultan Mohamed Murad, Myrieh Sultan, and Sultan Abdul Hamid. It will be perceived that the title of sultan, meaning prince or princess, follows the names of the females and precedes those of the males. The last born is named after the grand-father of the present sultan. He has a brother named Abdul Azziz, now about twelve years of age, who has the next right of succession to the throne, and in the mean time is confined in the *cafez*, or cage, as the common Turks call that part of the imperial palace where he resides. During the reigns of some of the former sultans the chief eunuch of the imperial harem possessed very great power, in consequence of being the favorite of his master. More than one grand vizier has lost both his place and head through their intrigues. A Turkish gentleman informed me, while conversing on the subject of the visit of the *kizlar agasee* on the present occasion, that during the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid a case of debt amounting to some three hundred thousand piastres, or fifteen thousand dollars, between a Mussulman and an Armenian, was brought before the grand vizier in the *arz odasee*, or great hall



of justice, (now abolished,) who on hearing it, perceived that the former was really the debtor of the latter, but endeavoring to wrong him. He did not pronounce sentence as usual, but dismissing them for the moment, required their attendance again in a few days. The Mussulman, fearful perhaps from some remarks of the grand vizier that he would be compelled to pay his just debt if he again appeared with the Armenian, hastened to the chief eunuch and gave him a bonus for his protection. The eunuch sent for the Armenian and ordered him at the peril of his life to desist from his suit, and not presume to reappear in complaint against the Mussulman. The poor man not daring to disobey so powerful a person as the chief eunuch, returned to his home in desperation, lamenting the injustice he had met, and the loss of his money.

After the lapse of a few weeks, the grand vizier happened to remember the case of the Mussulman and Armenian, and wondered why he, the latter, did not again appear to prosecute his debtor. So despatching one of his tchohadars, or messengers, to bring him before him, said: 'Why have you not come before me, agreeably to my orders, to prosecute your adversary for the amount you claim?'

'May you never be less! may your life be long!' answered the Armenian, kissing the hem of his cloak; 'I dare not tell you.'

'How is this? Dare, did you say? Am I not the grand vizier? Whom then do you fear? Speak, man, speak!'

'I fear for my life!' continued the Armenian, in alarm. 'I am ordered not to reappear against him, if I do I will lose my head.'

'Ajaib, wonderful! who has the courage to oppose my orders? Say, man; tell me instantly; obey my commands, or I will myself have your head taken off.'

When the poor Armenian perceived the strait in which he was, he fell at the vizier's feet, imploring his protection, and informed him of the prohibition put on him by the chief eunuch.

The vizier's face on hearing this turned livid with anger; but with that command of feeling and feature possessed in general by Mussulmans, the result of quiet meditation and habitual submission to the decrees of their superiors and of fate, he calmed the Armenian's fears, assured him of his protection, and dismissed him with the promise that justice would eventually be done to him.

This occurred during the moon of Schaban; that of Ramazan or the annual fast expired, and Schaval commenced, the first three days of which in the East are called *bairam*, when no business is done at the Porte; and after all the higher officers of the government have offered their homages to the sultan by kissing his feet, they visit and felicitate each other in turn at their respective bureaux. As usual, on the second day of the fête, the chief eunuch was expected to visit in state and to compliment the grand vizier. The latter ordered his servants, when he arrived, in place of ushering him immediately into his presence as formerly, to show him into an ante-chamber, there present him with the woollen blanket and scull-cap of the slaves which arrive from Egypt and the Barbary states for sale, divest him of his rich furs and shawls, and dress him, *volens*

*volens*, in the former, after which they should take him to the *yessir pazar*, or slave-market, and dispose of him to the highest bidder. 'You,' added he to one of his *tchohadars*, 'buy him for twenty-five piastres, (about one dollar,) then return with him to the *Porte*, restore him to his costume, and usher him with the usual ceremonies into my presence.'

The chief eunuch arrived, mounted on a fine horse richly caparisoned, surrounded by numerous attendants, landed at the foot of the great stair-case leading to the apartments of the grand vizier, and without deigning to honor the salutations of the persons who lined the passage with any notice or return, proceeded directly to the door of the vizier. Just when he expected the cloth curtain which hung before it to be thrown aside for his entrance, the attendants of the vizier asked him to enter one of the ante-chambers. This astonished the eunuch not a little, but not knowing the cause, he did as he was requested. Scarcely had he seated himself, when the blanket and cap of a slave was shown him, and he was informed it was the order of the vizier that he be dressed in them. For some minutes he expressed his indignation at the insult offered him, and made many threats of vengeance; but seeing those around him preparing to enforce the order, he quietly submitted. Soon his rich turban was laid aside, the valuable cashmere shawl which he wore round his fat waist was unfolded, his costly samoor or martin-fur jacket was added, with the remainder of his dress, to the turban and shawl, and the whole replaced by a scull-cap and coarse woollen blanket, wrapped round his body so as to resemble the ancient Roman toga. When thus equipped, he was conducted out of the *Porte* and taken to the slave-market, where a *tellal* or crier offered him for sale to the highest bidder. Seeing in the eunuch only a fat negro of some forty-five or fifty years of age, with features as repulsive as they were unintelligent, and his tout-ensemble not offering a very fair prospect of much capability for hard work, no one bid for him save the crier, who ventured to offer twenty piastres, trusting to turn the bad bargain to some account. So the *tchohadar* did as he had been directed, and bidding twenty-five piastres, bought him in.

After this the chief eunuch of the imperial harem was reconducted to the *Porte*, where the vizier's attendants dressed him again in his usual costume, and leading him to the vizier's apartments ushered him with every form and ceremony into their master's presence. The vizier received him very coolly, and without returning his salutation, or bidding him be seated, asked him if he now knew how much he was worth? The humbled and trembling eunuch answered in the affirmative.

'How much?' asked the vizier.

'Twenty-five piastres,' added the eunuch.

'Good!' said the vizier. 'So you who are worth twenty-five piastres never again attempt to interfere in affairs of justice which do not concern you, and where the sum is far beyond your own price.' He then bade him be seated, called for pipes, coffee and sherbets, and treated him as his rank required. The chief eunuch returned

to the imperial palace, but without daring to open his mouth in complaint to the sultan, knowing that His Majesty had given the vizier permission to act as he did. In the course of the day the Armenian received the money due him, and never afterward had cause to fear from the threats of the kizlar aga.

Yesterday another pageant took place here. A citizen of our great republic, Mr. Reeves, launched a steam frigate, which he has been for some months constructing in the arsenal. The ground near the vessel to be launched was cleanly swept, and a rich tent or pavilion pitched for the sultan. It is of red cloth, lined with white, richly embroidered within, and supported by gilded columns of wood. An European sofa, also richly embroidered and gilded, was the only piece of furniture it contained. A line of marines, very neatly dressed and equipped, were drawn up under arms from the wharf on which the sultan would land to his pavilion, with a band of musicians in red uniform at their head. All the higher officers of the government, commencing with the grand vizier, assembled on the wharf to meet their sovereign and conduct him to his pavilion, and thousands of spectators, male and female, were assembled in the neighborhood of the frigate to see her launched.

The royal astrologers, whose business it is to find the *eshref saat*, a 'lucky hour,' for all such public undertakings as this, had fixed upon half-past one P. M. as the moment most propitious for her entrance into the water. The sultan arrived about fifteen minutes before the appointed time in his beautiful barge of state, which is one of the most oriental objects now to be seen at this capital. It is some seventy or eighty feet in length, ten in its greatest breadth, and elaborately gilded and carved within and without. It turns up at the prow and stern; on the extreme point of the prow is a gilded dove with outspread wings, and at the latter a canopy supported by four columns, on which the sultan reclines. It is rowed by thirty handsome young Mussulmans, dressed in the small red scull-cap and the white silk shirt peculiar to the *caik-jees*, or boatmen of the Bosphorus. They gently rise in their seats in rowing, and make the blades of their oars form a most perfect and symmetrical line in the air.

In the barge with the sultan was a few of his private attendants, called mussahibs and madins, makers of conversation and companions, who usually accompany him and are the recipients of his favor. The pachas all met him at the wharf, the grand vizier and Halil and Achmet Pachas, his brothers-in-law, assisted him out of his barge, and followed him to the pavilion. The sultan was dressed in the common European frock-coat, the collar of which was erect, and over his person he wore a short blue cloak, the collar of which is covered with jewels. As soon as he was seated on his sofa, first the grand vizier, then all the other pachas and effendis in turn, knelt down and kissed his feet and then retired, a few persons only remaining near his person. He appeared in pleasant mood, and conversed freely with those around him.

When the lucky moment arrived, an imaum or mussulman priest

of distinction, who was among the pachas, approached near the bow of the frigate, and raising his hands toward his face, the palms upward, in the attitude of devotion, began a prayer. A sheep with its feet tied together and the wool round its throat sheared close, was held near him ready for sacrifice. At the precise moment he stooped down and cut its throat; and the timber which held the frigate being just then sawed through, the vessel gradually slid down her ways and plunged into the Golden Horn. Several ships of war lying opposite welcomed their new companion with a salute from their artillery, and the band of music struck up a lively air.

It is customary on launching a vessel of the sultan for those convicts who have worked at it to receive their pardon and freedom. They remain in it, and when it touches the water, plunge from the bow into the water and swim ashore, thus purifying themselves from their crime. In this instance eight poor fellows who had been selected for the occasion, as the frigate was slowly receding toward the opposite shore, were seen struggling among the waves which she had made, and on reaching the shore were helped out by their friends. The sultan was much pleased with the launch and appearance of the frigate. He ordered a decoration in diamonds to be made and presented to the builder, and directed that he should commence another of greater dimensions.

J. P. B.

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October 10, 1842.

SCARCELY had I finished the preceding, when the guns of the capital announced the birth of another member of the royal family. The sultan this time has had a daughter born him; her name is *Aliéh* Sultan, or the Sublime, the feminine of the common Mus-sulman appellation of He-Ali; and we shall have again the war of artillery jarring our dwellings and stunning our ears for the next three days.

In the first part of this sketch I said nothing about the ceremonies which naturally take place in the royal harem on the birth of a prince or a princess. So little is known here of occurrences in that sacred part of the sultan's palace, and so very difficult is it to acquire information on the subject, that I must draw upon others for what I could not learn myself.

The quiet which reigns in the harem is only broken by the confinement of one of the sultan's *cadens*, when certain formalities prescribed by ancient custom are observed. Three days after the birth of the infant, its mother takes possession of an apartment magnificently furnished; her bed is curtained with rich crimson satin embroidered with rubies, emeralds, and fine pearls, supported on four silver rods, also embellished with precious stones; her room is hung round with crimson satin, its sofas covered with fine blue cloth, richly embroidered; the cushions of velvet worked in flowers. She occupies this chamber for six weeks, after which its ornaments are deposited in the treasury of the sultan, whence they are taken only on a similar occasion.

Once installed in her apartment, the *kiliya-cadin*, or superintendent of the royal harem, invites by note the sultan's married sisters and the ladies of his ministers to pay their respects and homages on the occasion. These notes are accompanied with porcelain vases filled with sherbet. All the invited ladies assemble at the harem of the grand vizier, except the sultan's sisters, and go *en masse* in their arabahs or coaches to the palace. On entering the apartment of the *cadin*, they each salute her by kissing the border of her coverlid, after which they at her request take seats on the rich sofa. Soon after they are seated the sultan's sisters and his other wives arrive, and after paying their felicitations to the invalid, pass on to an elevated sofa, assigned for them especially, and separated from the common visitors. During this ceremony, two young female slaves hold open the curtains of the *cadin's* bed, on the foot of which sits the *accoucheuse*, and the nurse holding the royal infant in her arms. In another part of the chamber, seated on its rich carpet, kneel a number of female musicians, playing some soft harmonious air.

If this reception takes place at night, the harem is splendidly illuminated, and the young female slaves, of which it usually contains a goodly number—the handsomest and most accomplished of the capital—have *carte-blanche* to amuse themselves as best they may, keeping I suppose beyond the hearing of the new mother and her babe. It is said that on such occasions as these they keep the eunuchs of the harem in terrorem, and pay them off in severe jokes for their rigid and inflexible vigilance. Even the high command and character of the sable gentleman mentioned in the preceding part of this sketch as being the bearer of the sultan's epistle to the grand vizier, is said to be insufficient to restrain their frolicsome pleasantries.

The following day is generally devoted to the ceremony of receiving the cradle furnished by the grand vizier for the royal infant, as an act of homage to the sovereign. It is carried to the *seraglio* followed by a *cortège* of the principal ministers of the state. After reaching the entrance to the harem, the *kizlar-aga*, and his attendant eunuchs receive and carry it in form to the chamber of the sultana, where, surrounded by the other cadens and great ladies, she graciously accepts it by throwing a hand-full of pieces of gold into it; in this she is imitated by those around her; the *accoucheuse* then places the child in it, and after rocking it three or four times, again takes it out, and the ladies cover the cradle with rich stuffs, all of which are the profits of the *accoucheuse*.

When the present sultan's eldest son was born, all the principal Turkish ladies of the capital went in person to felicitate the mother, taking with them rich presents. Each one was accompanied by two or three attendants, mostly Circassian slaves, and spent three days in the imperial harem. The sultan made to each very costly presents of shawls, embroidered silks, aigrettes of diamonds, and other jewelry.

In Ottoman history there are found instances of the marriage of

sultans, either with the daughters of their own most distinguished subjects, or with foreign princesses. Some of the earliest sultans married the daughters of Greek princes, of the emperors of Constantinople, of Byzantium, Servia, and Caramania. But of late years, the sultans have found their favorites among the fair Circasians of their harems, and when they are so fortunate as to bear them a prince or princess, they raise them to the rank of kadin. Ordinarily their number is fixed at four, sometimes at six, and the present sultan's grand-father had seven: the odaliks, or female slaves attendant upon the sultan, and partakers of his favors, are unlimited in number, and some of the Ottoman sovereigns' families have been very numerous; for instance Murad III. left at his death one hundred and thirty sons and daughters. Latterly the sultans have been more limited in the number of their family, or their progeny is not permitted to live. Sultan Mohammed II. left only six children; his son however bids fair to sustain the character of Eastern princes for fecundity. It is a remarkable fact that the daughters of the late sultan, of whom three have been married to pachas, have no children, the probable result of a prudent policy, which has for its object the limitation of the number of the imperial family. J. P. B.

*Constantinople, October 28, 1842.*

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THE DAYS OF OUR MOURNING ARE ENDED.

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A SONG OF HEAVEN.

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I.

THE days of our mourning were many below,  
 For sin on our footsteps attended;  
 In the valley of Time there were shadows of wo  
 That the plains of Eternity never can know:  
 The days of our mourning are ended.

II.

Swift, swift from the billows of death we were borne  
 On wings that glad angels extended!  
 The set of life's sun was of life the full dawn,  
 And lo! in its light every sorrow is gone:  
 The days of our mourning are ended.

III.

Up! up! for the tide of our glory shall roll  
 For ever, where seraphs have bended!  
 On! on! to the throne! to Eternity's goal,  
 Where the smile of the Lamb is the song of the soul!  
 The days of our mourning are ended.

*Boston, December, 1842.*

CHARLES W. DENISON.

## T O M V A N D I D D L E M A S .

A TALE OF TENNESSEE.

THE sentiment and love of the common novel have waxed thread-bare. The situations, declarations, protestations, and passionate bursts of lovers, are as well understood as the most common shrugs and orange-peel twists of the stage. Still the tender passion must form the staple of romance. Neither heaven nor earth, much less the ideal world, can exist without love. This then shall be a sort of prose-pastoral, wherein shall appear not the Damons, Chloes, or Phillises of a past age, with all their fine speeches and sentimental sighs, not the exquisite creations and searching after the ideal which belong to the present state of romance, but the unpretending picture of a simpler life, the hero of a home-bred tale.

TOM VAN DIDDLEMAS had the keenest sense of the *beautiful*—I mean of woman's loveliness. Other forms attracted less of his attention, and awakened none of his philosophy; but he instantly ceased from hoeing, arrested his plough in the furrow, or paused in his most important work, when fair faces glanced by him, and ardently staring, muttered incondite things to his own heart, which melted like soft wax before the flame. Sometimes he would fling himself upon the grass, and dash the palm of his hand to his brow, impatiently desiring to give forth the luxuriant affections of his soul. Of those destitute of personal charms he took no more notice than if they had been sticks or stones. He only nodded his head to the aristocracy of beauty. He was like Jacob turning to the daughters of Laban, as it is described in the simple and beautiful narrative of the scriptures. 'Lear was tender-eyed; but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored. *And he loved Rachel the best.*' There was something very natural in this, however opposed to the doctrine or opinions of a class. I refer to those whose own comeliness is departed, and who are beginning to wax old as doth a garment, and yet from the 'bowers of their complacency' continually foist upon the world that false old adage, that 'handsome is that handsome does;' thus losing sight of the distinction betwixt *to be* and *to do*, and slyly insinuating that 'good works' are to homeliness more peculiarly allied. Thrice honored be Virtue and her ways of pleasantness; yet surely she does not the less commend herself when her attributes are mirrored forth in a comely person, when love sparkles in the eye, modesty blooms on the cheeks, and the beams of intelligence light up the countenance with an ineffable charm.

Tom Van Diddlemas believed that he possessed commanding influence with the sex. Priding himself on this, he was much addicted to playing the part of a rustic beau, dressing himself in his best Sunday suit, and paying his flattering addresses to the fairest

maidens whom his eye could single out. To insure success in this, his personal attributes were a small, rude person, but in it a concentrated quantity of pluck; a pair of elliptical legs which might have formed the first of a useful series for running the gauntlet; a mouth whose extremest tension threw a glare of intense sunshine over his whole visage by the aid of two eager saucer eyes; and other charms to match. His conversation was lively, salient, unrestricted, and of the largest liberty; his laugh unmitigated. He had learned no sophistry in the precincts where he had been brought up. These consisted of an excellent farm of fifty acres, which he assisted his sire to keep in good fence. The bleak winter, if we except the time which it required to shell corn, milk the cows, and find out where the hens laid their eggs, he devoted particularly to gallantry. Van Diddlemas was superb in a country ball-room. He set all the violins at defiance. He demonstrated 'that none but the brave, none but the brave, none but the brave, deserve the fair.' Once he asked and obtained the hand of the same beauty in seven successive quadrilles. This raised the cry of 'no monopoly,' and a tall fellow, excited to a high pitch of indignation, showed premonitory symptoms of fight. But Tom Van Diddlemas sprang into the centre of the room, before the eyes of the brilliant company, doubled his brawny fists beneath his adversary's nose, and bawled out in a raging voice, while he cast around him a defying look: 'I'm the fiower of Jasper cĕounty; touch the bud who *darr!*' From that time he was without a rival, and his pretensions remained undisputed. Few were so bold as to thwart his wishes, or to stand between him and those shining luminaries which shed their light into his very soul.

One lovely day in autumn Tom was reluctantly engaged in the task of ploughing some obstinate ground with a yoke of big-boned oxen, whose horns were continually bowing to the ground as the goad rattled around their yoked heads. He got heated and vexed as the sun rose higher, and was constantly shouting to the beasts as they moved with elephantine tread in the furrows. 'Gee-whoa there! Whoa! I tell you to whoa, now!' The atmosphere was still and languid. Crow-Hill, which rose up beautiful and without mists in the rear, threw back as from a hard rock the decided echo: 'Tell you to whoa, now!' Tom halted at the fence, wiped his brow, and leaving the oxen to browse upon the short grass, seated himself upon the topmost rail and began slowly to knock his heels together as he watched the lazy whisking of their long tails, or strove to keep his eye upon the swallows dashing out of the sky with the rapidity of a ray of light. Occasionally he would throw out his arm, and 'grab' a white-headed bumble-bee or crack some of them over the head with a stick, while they remained stationary on quick-vibrating wings, before they darted off towards the round holes which they had bored in the rails. When he had got his hands full he watched the working of their black probosces as they attempted to bite their way out of his clenched fists. Then he began to saunter toward a neat farm-house, about a hundred yards off, to get



a drink of butter-milk; for he had exhausted the water which he had brought with him in a stone-jug, and still he said he was as 'dry as a fish.' As he drew near, his ears were saluted by a sound more agreeable to the thirsty than the rippling of brooks; the subterraneous plashing of creamy waves, gradually thickening into choicest butter by the rapid industry of the arm which plied the churn. The maiden with whom he had danced in seven cotillions was in the kitchen-area, engaged in her morning task. She was all unadorned, with sleeves rolled above the elbow, displaying a well-shapen arm, but had a more proper and comely aspect even than in the dance. Tom for his part was likewise *en dishabille*, without coat or neck-cloth, and his visage marred with dust. He however looked down, and making a noise to indicate his presence, nodded his head in token of his arrival, and entered familiarly. 'How do do?' said he, sitting down on the edge of a great tub, filled with blue water; 'how do you come on? Gi' me a drink o' butter-milk, will you?'

'Take it an' welcome,' replied she, reaching after a bowl which stood on the topmost shelf of the dresser.

As she stood upon tiptoe, and stretched herself to her utmost height, her well-sculptured form produced an impression on the heart of Tom by its developed nobleness.

'Take it,' said she, dipping out the rich consistence which stuck to the side of the bowl like a thick paint.

The beneficiary received it in his hands, placed it to his lips, put it down again as if unwilling to begin; then raising it once more, opened his gulf-like mouth, and took it in with a slow but sure suction to its latest drop. At the same time his *eyes* were drinking. When he had got through, he drew his arm across his smeared mouth from the shoulder to the wrist. A refreshed air was all which bespoke his gratitude. He said nothing, but sat down again, threatening to fall backward into the indigo-water while he kept his eyes fixed on the maiden who presided at the churn. She was a sweet dairy-maid, fresh as the morning, on whose full cheeks the lily and the rose were amicably blended; the rose-hue deepened and enhanced by Tom's continued gaze. The truth is, he had been long smitten with her charms, and made no effort to conceal the wound. His knowledge of the world was circumscribed; but he loved her best because she was the fairest of all whom he knew. She loved him best because he was bravest; because she thought he had the heart of a bold, honest yeoman, and because his Dorian rudeness was sometimes palliated by a flattery which addressed itself in no studied sentiment but in manly Saxon to the heart. He was already meditating a compliment, but had not got it prepared for utterance. 'Mary Ann,' said he, 'how many *calves* has your folks got this season? Our'n,' he added, 'sucks all the milk, and we're a-going to feed 'em out of hand.'

'It's a good way,' replied she, 'but a troublesome; they won't lick the pap without it trickles down a corn-stalk, or through the fingers, or some such way.'

'What if they won't? it's better than to give 'em all the milk. They'll soon leave off suckin' and eat a hearty meal o' victuals. They had ought to do it. They ought n't to have milk until they get to be big calves. It's altogether supernumery. It comes tough at fust, and they holler *some*. Can't help that. Our'n has got to stand it, if they bellows their lungs out. Haw! haw! haw!'

'Young calves must be treated tender, Thomas.'

'Where's the use o' killin' 'em with kindness before their time? They got to die soon enough. And that puts me in mind. You've seen that red heifer of our'n, with a white star on her forehead? Butcher Bill came and took her away before sunrise this morning: it was as much as he could do to get her away, the old cow took on so. Fust she would walk up and down in great misery, and then she would stretch her neck way out of the stable-window and look down the road, and bellow all her might. And so she kept on bellowin' until the calf's tail was thrown in to her, and that stopped her. Haw! haw! haw!'

'Poor thing!—how can you laugh?'

'Mary Ann, I shot a swallow in our barn to-day.'

'You don't tell me so! Then the milk will be bloody.'

'I was in the barn a-shootin' owls. The screech-owls would n't give me no rest at night. They sounded so hateful solemn. 'Tu-hoot—tu hoo!' said they; 'Too-hoot—tu-hoo!' 'I'll tu hoot—tu-hoo you,' says I. So I takes my gun in the mornin' and cracked over some of them. The swallows had a mud-nest where the peg is druv into the beam under the roof, and they kept coming into the window, so I let fly at one o' them too. I had n't no grudge agin 'em, and was sorry that I done it arterwards.'

'The milk will be bloody, that's all.'

'You see if it does! It's all a notion. If that be so, then we shouldn't have no use for our churning-machine to go by dog-power.'

'To go by what?'

'Haw! haw! haw! to go by dog-power. You know old Bee-Hive, don't you?'

'Well, I believe not.'

'Haven't you seen a down-east Yankee that drives a one-hoss waggon about here, full of little white boxes? Them's patent beehives to keep the moths out. A spell ago he fetched along a churnin'-machine to go by two-dog. It warn't his; it was invented by one of his feller-citizens, and he was to swop it away, or sell it on sheers. Poppy refused to look at it; but the old woman, 'Father,' says she, 'I like the idee very much, if it will do what he says it does.' Old Bee-Hive says, 'It's immater'el; I'm on my way to Bozrah, up in the State; if there's no objection, jist let me leave it here till I come back.' 'You may leave it, if you like,' says Pop. No sooner was his back turned than Jim sot to work at it. Jim's wonderful handy to do any thing; he's always a-fixin' about. Well, he borrowed two pretty good-size pups, and put 'em in harness. It was agin' their stomachs at fust, but they *had* to go.

Jim made 'em go like a book; every thing worked right, and Pop was pleased. From that day to this Jim's been a working at that machine, and now he's got it pretty nigh perfect. It does every thing but speak. Fust, it was two-dog power; now it goes by half a dog.'

'Now *do* tell! What's half a dog?'

'I'll tell you. Suppose an' you had to have two dogs to set the machine a-goin', and arter a-while you fixed the wheel, so that one dog was able to do it, and do the work of two. Very well, that's half a dog.'

'Oh! I see, I see; I'm very dumb.'

'No you aint, Mary Ann,' said Tom, with a bewitching smile; 'pears to me I never see you look — so — kind of ——'

A deeper blush was kindled upon the rosy cheeks which Tom so much admired. He certainly had a way of touching the heart.

'So kind of — good,' he added, 'as you did in church last Sunday.'

A long pause succeeded, in order to let this sentiment have its perfect work, at the conclusion of which he sprang from the place where he had been sitting, as if he had been shot, and running up the steps, began to gaze over the picket-fence with all his eyes. 'Here,' said he, 'who's this? who's this?' He had caught a glance of the elegant form and *tournure* of some person with whom he was unacquainted. Presently he took a long stare at her face.

'That's a lady from the city,' said Mary Ann, 'who is spending the rest of the season at Mrs. Rollock's. She's got a harp and piano-forte, and plays splendid.'

'Ha!' said Tom, 'I must go see her. I'd like to get acquainted ——'

As the amateur was about to dilate upon this new topic, a well-known voice saluted his ear, pronouncing in angry, jerking monosyllables: 'Tom, Tom, Tom!'

'There!' said he, 'that's the old man; I've got to go. Mary Ann, hold out your hand.'

'Why, what have you got?'

'I tell you to hold out your hand.' The request was complied with. A piercing scream rent the air. He had filled her hand with white-headed bumble-bees, and held it shut with a grasp like a vice. Then inflicting a kiss upon her lips, he ran off. 'Here you!' said an old woman, who had witnessed the manœuvre from the back-kitchen, running after him, and shaking her starched fist; 'don't you be quite so rude next time.'

'Yes Ma'am!' replied Tom, with ready impudence.

No sooner had he got out of the gate than the elder Diddlemas pounced upon him. 'What are you about, you lazy loon? What have you been doing, this hour? The Berkshire is in the garden. Look where you've left the oxen. Is that all you've done since you had your breakfast?' The 'old man,' as he was called, was stern. His maxim was 'Work first, and then play.' Tom adopted the family arms, with the motto reversed. 'Poppy,' said he, 'I was nigh about choked.'

'I'll choke you, you dog! What was you doin' in there, eh?'

'I was arter ——'

'The gals, I spose.'

Tom ran into the fields again, and began to plough; but the lady whom he had got a sight of weighed upon his mind, and he resolved to be acquainted with her, if possible. 'Ah!' said he, as the sod rolled away from the burnished share of the plough; 'ge-whoa!—what a slave I am! I must look after that strange gal—she's *putty*;' and his eyes glistened. At sundown he went home, and after taking care of his oxen, cows, and horses, washed his hands and face clean, arrayed himself in his best suit, and set out to act upon his determination. The widow Rollocks received him coldly. He had never paid the slightest attention to her two daughters, who were accounted 'excellent girls,' but were without personal charms. 'Bless me!' said she, as she elevated her brows, and looked at him with unmitigated surprise; 'what's a-goin to happen in Tinnecum? Why, Thomas Van Diddlemas! is that you? You're somethin' of a stranger.'

'I been a-goin' to come, Ma'am,' replied Tom.

'You been a long time making up your mind,' said she; and then after a long and sarcastic stare, she made atonement, by adding in a more hospitable voice, 'walk into the parlor.' Tom made sundry preparations, such as scraping his heels, adjusting his neckcloth, thrusting his hands through his hair, pulling up his collar, pulling out his wristbands, and lengthening the chain of his watch, after which he walked in with a ready boldness. He immediately paid his respects, in that off-hand way in which he prided himself, to the Misses Rollocks, after which, seeing a strange lady, he stood before her as stiff as a stake and looked at Mrs. Rollocks as much as to say 'Introduce me.' She did so. 'Miss Trelawney, our friend Mr. Diddlemas.' The lady, who happened to be busily employed, and whose neck was curved over some fine embroidery, slowly lifted her eyes, and appeared before the rustic beau in all the dignity of her charms. A feeling, such as Tom could never account for, came immediately over him. His courage was dashed, his whole stock of presumption failed him, his tongue was parched and flew up to the roof of his mouth, where it stuck; his heart throbbed; he could only make one of his worst bows, and sit down. The Misses Rollocks observed his confusion, and tried to 'draw him out.' It was in vain. His gayety, his freedom of conversation, his rough sportiveness were all gone. He could do nothing; he had not a word to say during the whole evening, and at a late hour bungled out of the room. He was greatly humbled; he felt as if he had lost caste. The next day he was observed to be in the dumps. His customary bravado had left him. His aspect was frightful, and woe-begone. He worked with a dogged industry in the fields. His clarion voice was not heard. He was as silent and dumb as the oxen. He was revolving deep thoughts in his mind; he was devising methods to escape from the mortification brought upon him by the previous night; to regain the position which he had lost; to

vindicate his character with the fair. He must not cast down his laurels, and acknowledge beat. He must make another effort to sustain himself, at least to hold his own. The distinguished air of the strange lady had made a deep impression upon him; he should like to gain her good opinion; he continued to think of her. He forgot the seven cotillons, he forgot the blooming cheeks, and the nectar of the lips which he had so lately imbibed, and the simple airs, and calico dresses of unadorned beauty, and bowed down before he knew not what of sentiment, of accomplishment, and of an air which cannot be defined. Oh! Tom Van Diddlemas! it is to be feared that you and all others who act upon such wild presumption will in the end pay dear for their platonic passion, and will find that beauty is sometimes a false light which leads only to bewilder, and allures only to destroy!

Tom lay on his back among the clover, and looked upward on the beautiful, serene sky. To one whose mind is peaceful and at ease, it is a lovely sight to gaze upon that deep, deep blue, and to picture with the eyes of the soul the heaven which lies within that pure sphere; or as upward and onward from the horizon the clouds come rolling, pale or rose-tinted or exceedingly glorious, to acknowledge their real semblance, the cataract, the castle, the landscape of surpassing beauty, and all the scenery admired by one who looks thoughtfully on the winter fire, yet more various, more marvellous in its effects of light and shade, more complete in its swift changes wrought out by a divine magic before the very eye which is baffled to detect the process, and withal so gradually that we know not where in nature to look for its comparison, unless it be in flowers which have assumed a deeper tint while we are gazing at them, in infancy blooming into childhood, and childhood bursting into the glory of youth. Tom thought of none of these things. He loved beauty, but it was womanly beauty. Trees and rocks and flowers and blue skies he saw every day, and like the mass of men reflected little about them. Beside, he was in trouble, which had a soporific influence on him; so he shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and began to snore. The sheep and the cows grazed at his side, and cropped the grass beneath his head unnoticed; the field mice ran over him; the bob-links rode buoyant on the high grass beside him; the white and red clover, fed on by innumerable honey-bees, leaned over in fragrant masses and hung into his very mouth; and to bring in the requisite *sin*, which is always inherent in the sweetest picture which even a Claude could fancy, not many yards off a black snake was creeping along to devour the eggs of a small bird which makes its nest in the grass. In the mean time the Berkshire, up to his old habits, had broke prison again, and 'scrouged' his way by main force into the garden, where he had executed a considerable amount of rooting. Tom roused himself at last from his dreams, and lifted his head above the clover, with a vague sense that some one was calling him. Muttering evil wishes against 'the old man,' who was continually disturbing him, he looked around, but saw a stranger in a sporting-jacket, with dog and gun, looking over at him. 'Halloa!

my man,' exclaimed the latter, 'which is the best swamp about here for woodcock?'

'Woodcock?' replied Tom, leaning on his elbow, 'keep right up the lane where you are, and when you come to the woods go into the hollow, and take the path to your right, and you'll find 'em.'

'Thank you, my man.'

'You're welcome,' replied the other inaudibly, taking a hard look at the stranger's moustaches and superfluous quantity of hair; 'be keeful that you do n't get cotched in the bushes and have to holler for help; but if you should get all through, and shoot any birds there, guy! it will be a wonder!'

A new idea now popped into the head of Tom Van Diddlemas, at which he clapped his forehead for joy, and wide awake, rose up on his heels. He thought he had hit on a way to make himself irresistible; and full of the project, he jumped immediately over the fence, and putting himself to his utmost speed, arrived at the village tailor's, and wanted to know if his new coat was done.

'No it is n't,' replied Mr. Thimbles.

'Then have it done,' said Tom, 'for I'm in great want of it, and have got nothing fit to wear.'

'It is ready all except sewing on the buttons, and that can be done in half an hour.'

'Then I'll wait for it. I want to see how them buttons will look. What'll be the effect of them buttons, Thimbles?'

'Them buttons, Sir, them buttons?' replied the tailor, looking at one through the blotting-paper; 'I know of nothing like them in Tinnecum. Rest assured, Sir, they're a superb article.'

'I got the pattern,' said Tom, 'when I was to York last. I see the pattern, and I liked them. I says to the old man, 'Aint they splendid?' 'You pshaw!' says he, 'come along.' 'No you do n't, father!' says I; so in I went, and got 'em. Ah!' proceeded Tom, breathing on one, and rubbing it on his sleeve, 'that log cabin's as nat'ral as life. See the logs! See the mud! See the smoke comin' out o' the chimbley! See the cœow! and by Jings! Thimbles, I like to *not* seen it, but if here aint—yaw!—I b'lieve I'm c'rrect—here's a goose-yoke hangin' onto a beam! That's *too* nat'ral! Haw—haw! haw! haw!'

'Sir,' said the tailor, turning over the coat on the face, and clipping off the end of the thread, while he made a motion to Mr. Tirks his journeyman for the skein, 'I know of nothing that has improved faster of late years than buttons. So has all things, however; so's morals, so's temperance, but partic'larly buttons.'

'Go to grass, Thimbles! I wish't you'd hurry on with that. I want to try it on, and then go.'

'It's in a fair way to be done, Sir; only have patience a little while, and it's your's.'

Within the time specified the coat was actually done, and Tom was allowed the inexpressible privilege of putting it on. In this he was assisted by the tailor, who smoothed and patted down the several parts of it with his hand, and having given it a final pull in

front, 'oh!' said he, 'that's a sweet-settin' coat!'—for the truth of which he appealed to the journeyman. Mr. Tirks drew his heels from under him, turned Tom around in the light, pressed his hands around his waist, and declared 'it sot as if it growed on him.' Tom twisted himself about before the glass with a pleased air. 'Thimbles,' said he, 'you *are* a good fellow;' after which he hurried out. 'That's a fine young man,' said Mr. Thimbles, looking at him through the window.

A small tailoress who sat upon a stool bit off the end of her thread, and Mr. Tirks observed that her neck looked very red.

The coat in question was of a pepper-color mixed up with a little salt, not swallow-tailed, but cut off remarkably square and broad just where it began to taper off, detracting somewhat from its character as a dress coat; hanging bag-like, according to the approved Tinnecum fit; but its chief glory consisted in the log-cabin buttons with all their rural scenery, without which the most effective stitches of the artist would have been of none effect. As Tom sallied forth into the highway, his unusual sheepishness indicated that he had it on, and he was unable to parry the vulgar interrogation of those whom he met; who asked him 'where he got so much coat?' He attracted almost as much notice as when he once walked up the aisle of the church on Sunday, wearing a pair of breeches of a peculiar fashion in front. The congregation were visibly moved in their seats; the deacons stared; the young people laughed; but Mr. Thimbles, sitting in the gallery, thrust his elbow into the ribs of Tirks, and whispered: 'Look at Tom; does n't he cut a swell?' When he came to a bridge over a creek, he admired the buttons again in the mirror of the waves, but took notice that the other part of his dress was not in correct keeping. He therefore pulled off the coat, and carrying it to a bank of beautiful clean turf, spread it out, folded it up, put it under his arm, carried it home, and spreading a clean silk handkerchief over it, left it for farther use.

Having driven the Berkshire pig out of the garden, he took a hop-skip-and-a-jump for very lightness of heart; sprang into an empty wagon; sprang out of it again over the wheels; took up a clam-shell and sent it scaling through the air till it fell among a flock of pigeons on a roof, and away they flew with a great rushing of wings. After this, he tore off a hoop from a firkin of butter, and hanging it upon his arm went into the fields, where he began to pluck all manner of flowers. When he had collected a quantity, he began to arrange and combine the colors in a tasteful fashion, interweaving them on a flat surface, bounded by the circumference of the hoop, after something of the kind which he had seen in Fly-Market. A bouquet was thus formed, of immense size, and of a pleasing variety. It was a flowery shield composed of concentric circles, whereof the centre or eye was a blood-red dahlia; after that came a ring of marygolds with an occasional jonny-jump-up; then a row of white roses followed by one of wild red, and so on; to say nothing of transverse lines of creepers, honey-suckles and dande-

lions, the whole encircled by an embossed edge of pinks. Under covert of this, he meant to creep up with the log-cabin buttons, and take the field. Soon after the shades of evening fell, he sallied forth; but to make assurance doubly sure, he stopped in at the tavern, and addressing the landlord, 'Muggs,' said he, 'I guess I'll take a stiff brandy-sling.'

'Where you goin', Tom?'

'That's my business; you make the sling.'

'You're wonderful crabbed to night. Somebody's got a new coat.' When the fortification of himself was complete, he went out and hastened toward his destination; but as he approached the house, and saw the lights in the windows, and fancied that he saw the ladies moving about, Mr. Van Diddlemas soliloquized, and spoke in a commanding voice to his own heart, which was already according to his own phrase 'going it strong.' 'Tom,' said he, shaking his shoulders with impatience, as the dog does when he comes out of the water, 'you great big fool! what are you a-feared on? I tell you to behave yourself! Do you want 'em to laugh at you, and say that you're nobody, instead of respecting you? Then you better conduct as you did last time. Tom, you *was* consid'rabl' scared, kind of. What made your ears go tingle—tingle—tingle—dinge—kind of? Guy blame! the ladies wo'n't eat you!'

The brandy-sling producing an agreeable confusion in his brain at this time, enabled him to toe the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself with a sober accuracy. Whom should he see on the moment of entering the room but a rival in the shape of the gentleman who had asked his advice about the shooting-ground. Tom sat down; his eyes sparkled, (so did the buttons;) and he demeaned himself with much ease, holding the bouquet behind his back. He reserved that, as well as the triumphant flash of some extra buttons, for a ruse.

'By the way,' said the gentleman with moustaches, proceeding in his conversation, and speaking in a confident tone to the city lady, 'I-a presume-a I-a need hardly inquire what your opinion is of the new opera: of course ——'

'I cannot awnswer, as I have not heard it.'

'Oh! I-a ask pardon; but no doubt you have heard of ——'

'No, I never heard of it.'

'Indeed! You will then have a great treat before you. Rossini's music is all charming.'

'Not all.'

'Ahem! Miss Trelawny, I-a hope you find your health benefited by the air of Tinnecum. I-a presume you have entirely recovered from your late indisposition?'

'If y' awsk me how I ave been for the lawst two months, I sh'll awnswer, quite eel; but if y' awsk me how I have been in the lawst two weeks, I sh'll awnswer, quite well.'

Tom Van Diddlemas walked up and presented his flowers, which were received with so gracious an air as to banish all his diffidence,



and he spent the evening most pleasantly in listening to what he pronounced 'the beautifullest music he ever heerd;' and having asked for the 'Tarrier Pigeon,' as he called it, his own favorite song, he came away. From that time he was a punctual visiter, meeting with the most flattering attention, always encouraged to exhibit his conversational powers to the utmost, but acting under a little restraint, for fear of losing any ground once gained.

One day he was sitting on a load of compost, in his most shabby attire; but his mind as usual was diverted from the homeliness of his own shadow, and went botanizing among the 'flowers of loveliness.' He was recounting all the love-scrapes and adventures in which he had been engaged from the time when he was a mere stripling until he became a stout and formidable beau. Last of all, he permitted himself to be agitated by the foolish hallucination which had lately taken possession of his mind. 'How is it,' said he, fixing his eyes on the brass nail in the butt of his ox-goad, 'how is it that a body keeps all the time a-thinkin' of a pretty gal, and wantin' to kiss her, and yet when he does actually see her, he feels kind o' feared like, and wants to run away?' Just here the wheel of the wagon passed over a large stone, only to run upon another, jolting his whole frame, and causing him to bite his tongue so that it bled. 'Gehoy!' exclaimed he, starting up in a passion, and shouting very loud; 'what are you about there?' He happened to be driving through a difficult lane, which I have heretofore mentioned under a very unhandsome name. Just as he was recovering himself, he heard merry voices and laughter in the distance, and standing up on the tongue of the wagon, and looking forward over the horns of the oxen, oh, horrors! whom should he see approaching but the strange lady accompanied by the Misses Rollocks!

As he awoke to the full jeopardy of his situation, he looked around for the means of escape. The lane was too narrow to allow him to turn round, so he jumped upon the ground and began to tug desperately at the rails, that he might open a passage into the adjacent fields. But the rails stuck tight. 'Cuss it!' said he, 'if you won't come out, then stay where you are!' Swearing with vexation, he sprang up again beside the pitchfork. He felt cold all over; his very heart became chill, and then the blood regurgitating flew up into his cheeks, and tinged his beautiful, 'lengthy' nose. He would have hid his head like an ostrich, but he had more sense. Never had he been detected in such a vile plight, since he had become inspired with his new-fangled ambition. If the Misses Rollocks or any of his country-friends had met him, he would n't have cared for it. His supremacy was already established as the flower of Jasper county. What was now to be done? For himself he was without coat, he might as well say without hat, as the one he wore was destitute of a crown, likewise of a rim; his trousers 'filthy dirty' and pulled up above the tops of his boots, his hands and face adopting about an equal standard of cleanliness. But the ladies came bursting forth as if from a fulling-mill, in all the

purity of white dresses, with happy sparkling countenances flushed with the excitement of the rural walk. How light-hearted they were, in the open air and sun-shine, more exhilarating in their healthful gayety than the artificial music and full light of the ball! How they went on their way, full of smiles and laughter, catching inspiration from all objects in nature, the flowers, the birds, the lark soaring heavenward, the butterfly, the grasshopper happier than the mythologic gods, and recovering from his debauch of morning dew. But Tom Van Diddlemas's heart sank within him. It was only by a strong effort that he summoned up courage to carry him through the ordeal. As he was unable to lay hid under a slouched hat from the want of the whole circumference of the rim, he looked up as the ladies approached, and directing upon Miss Trelawney a broad, though sickly smile of recognition: 'Mornin'!' said he; 'it's beautiful weather over head.' That lady happening to be full of merriment at the moment, leaned against the shoulder of a friend who was with her, to prevent herself from falling down, and the whole party screamed with such loud laughter, that all the birds on the bushes were frightened and flew away; and a vicious cow, glad of an excuse, kicked over a full pail of milk, and the dairy-maid lifted up her hands in fruitless apostrophe. 'Now or never!' thought Tom Van Diddlemas. 'Who—a!' said he; and as the oxen stopped, he descended upon the ground. Then addressing the ladies: 'Let's have the good of that,' he added; 'I guess I like to laugh too. Haw! haw! haw! Girls, are you goin' a blackberryin'?'

'Yes,' replied Miss Trelawney, laughing all the time, although if she had declared the ostensible purpose of the walk, it was to hear the bull-frogs sing in Cat-Briar Swamp.

'Good!' said Tom; 'then I'll tell you where they're to be found. You see that dead tree, with a crow onto it?'

'Yes.'

'And you see that stun fence on the other side of it?'

'Yes.'

'Wal, fust you climb over the fence, but be keerful of the briar bushes, you see, or else you'll get scratched, you see; then follow the lane until you come to a wonnut tree, and a little furdur on you'll see a big stun, and there you'll get your baskets full.' Miss Trelawney thanked him with an ineffable grace.

'You're welcome,' said he, in the fulness of his heart, 'you're double welcome. Follow the directions I gin you, and good luck to you!' So saying, he sprang back into his seat, and so much exhilarated was he with the success of his own boldness, that he immediately forced the oxen into a rolling trot. 'There's no use't o' bein' a-fear'd o' gals, none whatsumever,' said he, swaggering to himself; 'I never was, I never mean to be. Be a little bold; they'll like you the better for it.' There was some philosophy in these remarks of Tom Van Diddlemas, though couched in homely phrase. All he meant to say was, that tact and self-possession are sure to command respect. With this he hurried on, shouting and singing, and addressing whatever came in his way. Had he been a scholar

he might have caught the inspiration, and vented himself in the hexameters of Maro :

'Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin.'

As it was, he merely expressed himself with greater vociferation in the technical phraseology of the farm. 'Hallo there! gee—whoy; buck! hoy—hoy! h-ō-y! gehoy-a! who-a!—get along now! Why do n't you go 'long?—hoy! I say, there, old man, what you doin' with them turnips there, hey?—you got a full field on em.'

Fady Winkleby, Esq., late member of the Legislature, looked up from his work, squinting, and replied: 'I'm a-thinnin' on 'em.'

'Take you a long time to thin 'em all out. Gehoy—get along. I say you Sir! do n't fire that gun of your'n over there by the swamp; there's gals there. There's robins at the other end o' the lane. How many you shot?—le' me look; snipes, eh? Guy! you've made a good day's work; what'll you take for that ere piece of your'n? Percussion, eh? Wal, good day; I must be movin' on. Come around there!—I tell you to come reound!' So saying, Tom Van Diddlemas turned out of Hell-Fire Lane, in better humor than he had been for some time.

In the mean time the ladies pursued their walk gaily, and without any abatement of their merriment, clambering stone fences and rail fences with wonderful agility, sometimes shrinking suddenly back at the sight of a bug, or shivering at the mere imagination of a snake in the grass. 'Ugh! the horrid creatures!' exclaimed the younger of the Misses Rollocks; 'I believe I *should die* if I happened to touch one.' 'Ow!—cow!—ow!' Dear me! what was that?' 'Why you foolish thing, it's nothing but a dear little, wee toady.' Then they came to Cat-Briar Swamp. This is rather a pond in a hollow in the woods, full of dark water, only accessible in some places through the thick bushes which skirt it on every side. The white flowers of water-lilies floated in abundance among their broad, green leaves, and the briars of the opposite shores literally blossomed with the paper and linden sails of school-boys' barques, which were launched under the fairest auspices, but became irretrievably wrecked upon the shoals. An extensive collection of turtles of all sizes were ranged on the floating logs, their heads out, their shells dry and shining in the sun, but letting themselves drop into the water on the approach of footsteps, with the phlegmatic action of shelled animals, very different from the spasmodic hop of the green-bull frogs, and the quick wagging of the tails of the tad-poles. One mud-turtle remained after the rest, so preciously, curiously small, that his whole back—*immane dorsum*!—scarcely exceeded in size the thumb-nail of a lady. Him Miss Trelawny made haste to appropriate, softly, softly treading on the doubtful ground, that he might not be frightened, until just as her jewelled hand was opened above his speckled shell, down he slipped with comparative agility into his native mud; and she too losing her foothold in the eagerness of pursuit, only recovered herself by sinking one foot deep in the black waters of Cat-Briar Swamp. Oh! it was a thousand pities

that the little mud-turtle escaped; and while lamenting the failure of the attempt, she stretched out her well-laced foot upon the turf, while the water ran out of every eyelet-hole in a stream. The Misses Rollocks insisted on returning immediately to obtain a dry shoe, which was overruled, and all continued to examine the curiosities about the pond, and to excite the scorn and hissing of a goose and gander and a brood of half-grown goslings, who had come down for a swim. With spirits too buoyant to be damped by a small accident they proceeded to fill up the innocent recreation of an hour; now vainly essaying to pull out the distant lilies by their elastic stems, or gazing high upon the purple grace of some wild clusters, unattainable save by the pendent beaks of birds hanging over them with quick fluttering, their daring bosoms at the very points of sharp thorns; or examining the convolutions of snail's shells, or proclaiming with loud voices some new discovery—a forsaken bird's-nest, the miracle of the little architect, once with its host of uplifted bills the very home and emblem of the tenderest, most beautiful love, now like yonder mansion left by its family, never to be visited again; its fledged broods gone, we know not what mates to discover, in what new fields to build their nests in spring-time, in what heavens now flying, in what sweet groves singing!

Tom Van Diddlemas in the mean time was busily employed in reloading his wagon. The chickens and tame barn-yard fowl were almost at his feet, scratching the soil, passing by the diamonds if they happened to see any, and picking up the grains. Cows and calves were breathing their fragrant breaths around him. 'I wonder if it's a-goin' to rain to-morrow?' said he, leaning on his pitchfork, and looking up toward one of the barns at a tin turkey-cock with a stiff, flaring tail, lightly moving about on a pivot thrust through its bosom. 'I rayther think not. Pop wanted me to take them heifers to market. If I don't go there, then I'll go somewhere else. Wind nor'-west; it's high time to be gettin' in stalks. I hate corn-shucking; it's work for niggers.' In the midst of these reflections young Master Rollocks arrived in the barn-yard, and said that the ladies requested the loan of Mr. Diddlemas's ox-goad to knock down chestnut-burrs. Nothing could exceed the delight of Mr. Thomas at this message. 'Yes,' said he, 'tell *her* she may have it in welcome; and tell *her* she may keep it as long as she's a mind to, and tell *her* when she wants it again, here it is. And yet,' he added in an under-tone, as the boy moved off, getting the better of his admiration; 'how am I going to manage them beasts? Hallo!' shouted he, in a peremptory voice, calling him back; 'how d' you think I'm going to make 'em *hoy*?' 'Hey?'

'No matter,' replied Tom, with resignation, 'go long.' So he went on 'forking' away with all his might, but abstracted in mind, and forgetting the work of his hands, in a train of sweet, soothing imaginations, waking visions, delicately tinged with the color of rose. He labored unconsciously; chips, sticks, corn-stalks, decayed vegetables, and all the fertilizing compound beneath his feet, were

heaved up by his laborious arm, until at last they fell from the heaped wagon, and he paused to wipe his brow. In the very act of passing his hand over the narrow isthmus of his forehead, a thought struck him. If he had been stung by a bumble-bee, his crooked legs could not have been animated into a more elastic spring. 'My sakes!' said he, 'I never thought of it till this minute! They're blasting rocks in Blackberry Hollow!'

Almost on the instant a loud explosion was heard: masses of rock flew up in the air, and the party in the woods were seen running in great affright. A liberal quantity of quartz came down very near them in a meteoric phenomenon, and sank into the ground. They had tied a white handkerchief at the end of Mr. Van Diddlemas's 'ox-goad' out of sport, which they carried with them in their flight. Spurred on by his anxiety to render assistance, Tom ran after them, until he struck his foot against a root, and fell at full length, scratching off the skin from his palms. He had scarcely risen from the ground, when he was violently seized by the arm, and looked about him with enhanced anger to see who stopped him. It was the *old man*. 'You probation villain!' said he, 'you are running after the gals. If you warn't a great big fellow as you are, I'd tie you up in the barn, where your hollering would n't be *heerd*, and baste you soundly. Have you *sot* them posts that I told you? Have you fastened up that fence? No. Do you know that I've got to pay damages? Do you know that Robert's been loose again, and rooted all thro' a sparrer-grass bed? How'd you put him up, hey? hey? you probation villain!' With this interrogation, the old man, shook Tom Van Diddlemas's head almost off his shoulders.

'Now you let me alone, Pop!' said he, crooking his arm, and giving an angry and defying response to the paternal resentment. 'Dod rot the Berkshire! I wish't it was time to stick him in the gizzard.'

'You wish, do you? you wish, do you? I'll wish you! I'm good mind to sting you, as it is! Go long and get your dinner, and then fork that manure.'

The infatuation of Tom Van Diddlemas became a matter of common talk, a subject of vast enjoyment and merriment among the sane young men, and of sarcasm among the belles of Tinnecum. Malice, like a little laughing devil, smiled upon him from every hedge, gateway, porch, and window, whenever he put on his new coat. Love and the buttons were placed in the same category of wonder. He was fast losing his influence with the fair. But what he lost in some quarters he imagined that he gained in others. The Misses Rollocks told the story in a company where all eyes were eagerly fixed upon Mary Ann. Her countenance stood the test, and gathered nothing but the grace of dignity from the ill-mannered stare. As for Tom, he did not care a straw what was said of him. He said that the young men were jealous of his new coat, and the young women were passionately in love with him. He meant to take his pick and choice of them, and those that warn't pretty might grow up to old maids for all that he cared. The thoughts of his heart, the desire of his eyes, the out-goings of his

affections were alike directed to those who were most beautiful. As he sat among the fragrant boughs of an apple-tree, where they formed a sort of natural arm-chair, and rocked in the breeze, neglecting the business of the farm, and leaving the holes to set posts in undug, his 'ladye faire' passed sweetly by. Oh! miracle of horsemanship! She burst from out the dark grove in full career upon the plain, holding the rein over her courser's neck, who is conscious, by his enkindled eye, of the charge he bears. What noble gait and action of the steed! and for the rider, what secure posture! what elastic ease! what resolute command! A voice of encouragement; a glad bound; another—another, quick as the throbbing of your pulse; the shaking of blue tassels; the momentary glancing of bright hoofs—and all is vanished as a dream!

'As lightly glanced she o'er the lawn,  
Her tresses wooed the gale;  
And not more swiftly flies the fawn  
In Sidon's palmy vale.'

Tom Van Diddlemas, hanging baboon-like by his arm, let himself drop hastily upon the ground to catch a last glimpse of the gallant sight. As he stood lost in astonishment, some one tapped him upon the shoulder. He started from his trance, and turned round. It was the sportsman. 'How are you, my man? Do you see any thing pretty?'

'Putty?' replied Tom, 'you're right there! She rides splendid.'

'Whose quadruped was it, eh?'

'Hey?'

'Whose quadruped?'

'Hey?'

'Whose charger, my man?—do n't you understand?'

'Wal, a dollar and a half, I guess, or nigh about. Feed is high.'

'True, true. That's a fine girl.'

'Oh, guy! ain't she though?'

'Undoubtedly, my man; I speak uninterestedly, notwithstanding that girl treats me with sarcastic severity. You may have noticed that she treats me with *hauteur*—I should say, with scorn.'

'Wal, I did think that she handled you sort of *hash*, kind of.'

'Yes, my man, she was insufficiently harsh and grating to the feelings of this bosom, though I respect her still. She is an admirable girl. Van Diddlemas, you're a happy man.'

'How's that?' said Tom, pricking up his ears.

'I say you're a happy man. Have n't you a sort of faculty—a sort of knack, of rendering yourself captivating to the gentler sex? of—of—of—of—a—a-pleasing the ladies?'

'Yaw, yaw; you're right there, you're right there.'

'By Jupiter! Van Diddlemas, do you know that girl likes you?'

'Haw! haw! haw!' shouted Tom, breaking into a horse-laugh, and grasping the sportsman's hand with gratitude, while his ears tingled, and his nose itched to its very end; 'by jings, I'm glad you told me; we ain't far from even. I guess I like *her*.'

'Do you indeed, indeed, my friend!' replied the other, putting down his gun, and taking both his hands to hold Tom's, while he appealed to him in winning accents; 'reciprocal love is the sweetest thing on earth. It strews our path with flowers. It makes the world a fairy land.'

Tom Van Diddlemas with his untutored heart was always conscious of the eloquence of beauty; hitherto his taste had not been cultivated to apprehend the eloquence of words. But now he felt, and deeply too, their full force; his saucer eyes swelled and dilated, and that cold tremulous chill ran through him, which is simultaneous with the utterance of something beautiful or sublime.

'When woman smiles upon us,' proceeded the speaker, 'we are apt to abandon ourselves to the intoxication of her love. Her presence infatuates, her honeyed accents make us monomaniacs, my friend. She leads us captive at her will. The strong man is bound in fetters. The resolute man loses his courage. The free man is absolutely a slave. But oh! when we contemplate her at our leisure in all the ornament of her attire, decked in the charms which nature has given, conscious of the power of her own charms, her eyes, her radiant eyes, her cheeks, her glowing cheeks, her dewy, dewy lips ——'

'Yaw, yaw,' gasped Tom, supporting himself by the rails.

'But enough, enough of this. All delights are fleeting. She is going away to-morrow.'

It was as if a thunder-bolt had leaped down upon the carcass of Tom Van Diddlemas. A violent revulsion took place. His blood forsook him. He became weak in the knees, which approached each other within half a foot of the knocking point. 'Going away from Tinnecum!' exclaimed he, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak: 'going away from Tinnecum! — to-morrow! — *to-morrow!* By guy!'

'To-morrow, my friend, to-morrow is the fatal word.'

'How am I goin' to stop her?' said Tom, opening his bosom with ingenuous confidence, and asking succor from the counsels of his friend.

'Never despair in this world, my man. I'll tell you what to do.'

Tom's eyes almost burst out of his head, and he held in his breath with eager expectation. 'Are you attending to me? Are you paying attention?' asked the speaker.

'Yes, yes, I guess I be; many thanks to you. I'll do all you tell me to.'

'Very well; remember this is all for your good — for your promotion, my friend, you understand.'

'Thank 'ee, thank 'ee,' said Tom, 'thank 'ee a hundred times.'

'Never mind your gratitude just now, my man. It is agreeable to see it because it is rare in this world. I say gratitude is rare in this world.'

'Oh dear! — go a-head'

All in time; let us take it calm and considerate, my friend. By the by, just you go and bring me a glass of water, or cider perhaps;

that's a good fellow! Then we'll talk all about this when you come back.'

Tom ran with all his might, sprang over the fences, arrived at the cider-mill, and dipped a gourd into a hogshead full of the pure juice of the apple, and out of breath presented it to his thirsty friend. The sportsman contemplated it with undisguised pleasure. 'Ah,' said he, looking down upon, and religiously counting its beads, 'here is purity,' as Squeers said; '*Poma melioris succi*,' as we used to have it at old Columbia.' With this he put it to his lips, and drank it down in a great many small draughts, after which he wiped his lips delicately, and compressing his mouth into a smaller compass, put on a commanding frown. 'Mr. Van Diddlemas,' said he, speaking with great gravity, 'relying implicitly on your good judgment, taking an interest in you, wishing to see you prosper—is that black fellow calling you?'

'No, no,' replied Tom, impatiently; 'never mind him. It's only Tight.'

'I—I presume he is, though; you'd better see what he wants.'

'Mister Thomas, Mister Thomas, the old gentleman says you must come and help mend the harrow.'

'Tell the old man,' replied Tom, walking up angrily, and raising his left arm horizontally as if he meant to sweep off the head of the negro Tight at a blow; 'tell the old man that I'll come when I get ready, and you make yourself scarce, or I'll crack your black scull.'

Tight vanished.

'Let me ask you,' proceeded the sportsman, as he looked toward the retreating heels of the negro, 'do you sometimes go to town?'

'Yes, yes, Sir, to be sure I do. My uncle's got a fust rate stall in Fly-Market. Perhaps you may have seen his name over it?'

'Well, I think I have. Now my advice to you is as follows. The next time you go to town, call and see the lady, and tell her you come for old acquaintance' sake. Drop in about the latter part of the afternoon, and very likely you'll be in time to take a sociable dish of tea.'

'By jings!'

'As you may see a good many people, (this however I will only mention as a friend) be careful to brush your top-knot well up in front; and by the way, is that the best coat you have?'

'T aint likely!' replied Tom, with an expressive smile.

'Very good; I was only going to say put on your best coat—'

'In course I shall. Thimble's lately made me a sweet-settin' coat.'

'Put it on, my man, by all means. And when you get there, be as bold as a lion. If you conduct yourself otherwise you may as well stay at home. When the door is opened to you, walk right into the house. You'll find the ladies there. You'll hear 'em a-talking. If any one tells you they're not there, don't believe one word of it. Say it's Mr. Van Diddlemas, and that you know they'll see Mr. Van Diddlemas.'



Tom squeezed his fists with all his force into his ribs, and wriggled himself half around on his heels in all the anticipation of delight. When his head bobbed up again, his flushed face relapsed into an expression of the most profound attention and respect.

'With regard to external conduct, I shall not presume to dictate to you a single word. It would be unnecessary; nay I am sure, an uncalled-for insult. You are the Beau Brummell of the place. There is no young man superior to you in this county. Far be it from me to flatter you. I say it from personal knowledge. You are a polite young man.'

It would have been the merest affectation to have parried this remark. So Tom replied, 'I knows I be.'

'Above all things, my friend, let me enjoin it upon you to be neither cold nor formal. This nips the bud of the tenderest affection. Smile pleasantly, laugh plenteously; you are no stranger; call the lady Mary, or Molly, or cousin, or sweet coz.'

'I mean to.'

'That's right, my man. I have nothing more to say to you. Your own sense will direct you. You have my best wishes.' With this the sportsman seized the hand of Mr. Van Diddlemas, and shook it very heartily, smiling ingenuously upon him, while the latter, really conscious of his obligation, in vain endeavored to express his thanks, as he wished, and could only stammer forth broken sentences: 'Thank'ee sir — much obliged — acted my friend — do jist as you tell me — guy blame —' Then starting suddenly, 'Won't you have some more cider, Sir?' said he.

'Thank you, my friend; I will, if you please: that's a gentlemanly fellow.'

After the stranger had swallowed down the second draught, he took up his gun, examined the lock, fitted on a fluted percussion cap, and casting an equivocal look at Tom: 'I had poor success according to your last instructions, my friend. I didn't start many birds.'

'I 'spect you did n't,' replied Tom, laughing heartily. 'But I'll tell you better this time. I could ha' told you where there **was** lots on 'em. Take the left road till you come to the three poplars, and then go right into the woods, and if you don't find a bundation sight on 'em, then do n't never b'lieve me again.'

'I believe you implicitly, my friend; there are birds there without question. Farewell.'

These two worthy personages thus parted. The one went in pursuit of a fine day's sport. Tom Van Diddlemas wanted to get out of sight and hearing, that he might revel in delicious day-dreams of love and beauty. Avoiding the presence of Tight, who was coming, charged with another message, he ran into the field among the hay-stacks, and selecting one which was piled up high with the sweetest clover, clambered to the summit, and excavating a place large enough to hold him, lay down as on a soft couch, with only his head out, and enjoyed a dreamy tranquillity such as is rarely known in this troublesome world. Happy, unfrequented hill-top! where no voice can come —

'I say, Tom, Tom! where are you, Tom?'

'No you do n't, old fellow!' As he thus murmured, in triumphant security, his eyes upcast were resting upon the pure white form of a cloud, outstanding from the general mass, like one of those winged, trumpet-bearing angels, sometimes seen just soaring from the pillars whence the vaults of the cathedral spring, and sustained in their heavenly flight by an iron bar through their backs. 'Mary, Molly! — cousin, sweet coz!'

'Tom, Tom! Tight, have you found Tom?'

'No, master; can't find him no wheres.'

'Then come along here yourself.'

'That's good,' said Tom. 'How the old man does bother me. Bang! bang! Ha! ha! there go two woodcocks, or else he's no shot. Won't they have to take it to-day?' From these remarks Van Diddlemas went again into a silent, thoughtful consideration of the angelic cloud, uninterrupted except when occasionally a double explosion from the swamp told that another brace of woodcock were probably brought to the ground.

An hour or more passed pleasantly thus, and he began to think of coming down again into the lower world, when he heard a number of voices very near him, and peeping out of his hiding place saw that the stack was surrounded. A half a dozen men stood there with gleaming pitch-forks. 'It's drunken Roger,' said they; 'he's at his old tricks again. Hosses won't eat the hay that's been laid on. Stick him.'

Tom started in alarm, but at the same moment 'the iron entered into —' the lower part of his back, and he bundled out of his nest in a fury. As he stood at the base of the small pyramid, his head and shoulders covered with hay, and doubled up his large fists, the husbandmen leaned on their pitch-forks in every attitude of merriment, and Tight looked on from a neighboring corn-crib, and smiled. Such a smile!

The morrow came, and the Rollocks family, with tears and sobbing, bade farewell to the distinguished stranger. Tom Van Diddlemas, whose notions seemed to be very lofty, looked at the departure from the topmost branches of a hickory tree, whose leaves had begun to assume that gorgeous variety of color which denote their fall. The year was indeed waning, bringing with it somewhat of despair; but true love makes short the winter of discontent, and imagination forestalls the happy summer with its return of buds and blossoms, birds and enchanting melody. She whom he now looked on from his eyrie was hurrying away, bearing the season with her, to bloom and be admired in those gay conservatories whither the throng of fashion hastens; where many a tender and loved plant is brought to live on smiles, and breathe the air of flattery, and beauty glows deeper with a jealous rivalry, and crest nods to envious crest, and the very roses borne together by passionate gusts lose no chance to wound each other with sharp thorns. But to drop the figure, perhaps she whom he now venerated to admire would drive her discarded lovers to despair,

thinking only of her Tom Van Diddlemas; while hurrying to her from the purlieus of Fly-Market, he should come in the meantime to mitigate the days of absence; but when the winter was past and the rain over and gone, and oh, ecstasy! she should return to Tinnecum! —

'Heigho!' said Tom, fetching a deep sigh, and interrupting his own meditation in the midst; 'I guess I better go and tell Mary Ann.'

With this he hurried immediately to the cow-yard. His heart sank within him a little, when he saw her kneeling upon some corn-stalks, engaged in the elegant occupation of milking. A white kerchief was thrown over her head, and she never looked more modest or blooming. Tom stood for a moment, gazing over the stile. 'Guy!' said he, turning confessor to himself, 'she's nigh about as putty, arter all! I've a good mind to —'

'Oh! is that you? Good day, Thomas.'

'Good day, Mary Ann; I'd jist like to speak with you a word or so.'

'With me?'

'Yes, with you — if you ain't got any objection.'

'Very well. Coo! coo! stand still, Mully! now don't kick over that pail.'

'Mary Ann, I want to tell you something.'

The alarm of curiosity spread itself in a rapid expression over the countenance of the dairy-maid, and she stood silent.

'I want to tell you a great secret. You won't tell nobody, will you?'

'Oh no.'

'Very well, see that you do n't then. I — I — I — I — I — I —!'

'You — you — you — you — you — *what*, Thomas?'

'I — I — I — I b'lieve that I'm in love. Who do you think it's with?'

'Well, well, I — I don't know. That is n't for *me* to say. Who can it be, to be sure?'

'You know that lady that's been a-stayin' at Mrs. Rollocks?'

'Yes.'

'Well; she's the one.'

'Ah? — and is she in love with you, too?'

'Haw! haw! haw! — yaw! You're right *there*. She's more desput than *I* be — I been told. Got it pretty straight, too. Good by, Mary Ann; I got to go feed critturs.'

With this, Tom Van Diddlemas started off abruptly, and ran as fast as he could run. His rude hand had severed the bonds which like a fine elastic cord, when once released, fly back violently to their object, scarcely to be again drawn out. First love was abandoned. Having unburdened his mind of a weighty message, his head and heels felt equally light; light as a blossom which the rapture of an after-summer flings upon the breeze. But Mary Ann, like a neglected flower, held up her head and bloomed more proudly.

## T W I L I G H T M U S I N G S . \*

Wie leicht ward er dahin getragen,  
 Was war dem Glücklichen zu schwer!  
 Wie tanzten vor des Lebens Wagen  
 Die luftige Begleitung her!  
 Die Liebe mit dem süßen Lohne,  
 Das Glück mit seinem gold'nen Kranz,  
 Der Ruhm mit seiner Sternenkronen,  
 Die Wahrheit in der Sonne Glanz!

SCHILLER: 'DIE IDEALE.'

My dear young friend, upon these virgin leaves  
 Let others gild their flatteries, if they will,  
 Or paint their idle fancies. Be it mine  
 To sketch some thoughts, which doubtless are to thee  
 A daily presence, and at times arise  
 Before *my* vision, solemn, dim, and slow.

Oh! what a glorious world is round us spread  
 Where'er we turn our feet! The populous Earth  
 Is filled with sights and sounds and thoughts of joy  
 Through all her borders. Yet our own mad hands  
 Have brimmed the cup of grief for our own lips  
 To quaff in bitterness, and made our life  
 Half bliss, half anguish. When the last red light  
 Of the declining sun with purple glow  
 Bathes the blue mountains, and the balmy air  
 Floats, like a breath from heaven's own spicy fields,  
 O'er hill and valley, how the pensive Soul  
 Sinks in soft rapture, weakened by the thrill  
 Of her own pulsings! While the dying Day  
 Closes her dark-fringed eyelids o'er her life  
 So brief, so bright, so joyous, and the Night,  
 Rocked in her cradle by the lulling winds,  
 And wrapped in jewelled robe of purest blue,  
 First opes, with sad, sweet smile, her eloquent eyes,  
 Large, drooping, shy, and languishingly dark,  
 How the deep Spirit of the universe  
 Shadows our spirits with his mighty wings!

Freed from the daily cares that clogged their limbs,  
 And purged of sensual dross, they rise and swell,  
 Stretch forth their yearning arms, and strive to clasp  
 The Infinite and Immortal. Baffled still,  
 To earth still pinioned fast, they sigh, but cease  
 The ineffectual strife, and sink away  
 In half-unconscious musings. Sad, yet sweet,  
 Our memories waken as the day-light dies,  
 And, travelling o'er all the checkered paths  
 Our feet in childhood or in youth had trod,  
 Recall the joys it once was heaven to feel,

\* THESE lines, written lately in the album of a friend, though not intended for the public eye, may yet perhaps be deemed not utterly unworthy of its inspection. This careless limning is an effort, often made before, to express some of those vague and trance-like thoughts which sometimes steal over our being 'like dew along the flower' as we listen to the lullaby of Night, but which are always scared from us by the ungentle noises of the many-voiced and babbling Day.

And still is heaven to think of. Dreams of love,  
 Of love immortal, pure, immutable;  
 High hopes of glory, and a fame whose blaze  
 Should blind the world; and all the exquisite chords  
 Of noblest feeling, played upon by thoughts  
 Caught from all time, and roaming through all space;  
 These all return, and make us sigh and weep  
 O'er our own folly, and their vanity.

Then all the purposes we cherished once,  
 Of wide philanthropy, and tireless zeal  
 To raise our drooping race, cheer their faint steps,  
 And scatter roses in their thorny road;  
 All high-born aims to feed our craving hearts  
 On golden fruits, and lead them by the streams  
 Of knowledge, wisdom, loveliness, and love;  
 All rise like spectres, sorrowful and stern,  
 Pale and reproachful, pointing to long years  
 Of wasted energies and broken vows.  
 And lo! far backward through the mists of time,  
 In dim procession moves a lengthened train,  
 Phantoms of blighted hopes and buried joys;  
 And while we look with strained and sickening gaze,  
 Ere turning to their graves, one farewell glance  
 Beams cold and desolate from their faded eyes!

Oh! sorrowing Dian! Grecian poets say  
 Each night thou stoopest from thy throne to walk  
 The high, bare mountains, where Endymion lies  
 Entranced for ever, and dost fondly kiss  
 His cold, pale lips. And ah! not all thy love  
 Nor all thy grief shall e'er unseal those eyes,  
 Or raise thy loved one from his rocky bed  
 And sleep eternal! But the fable means  
 That Truth by night forsakes her sky'd home,  
 And strives through love to melt the man to life,  
 And loose the spell-bound from his iron sleep.  
 Ah! never, goddess! will Time's captive wake  
 Till Death, a mightier magician, wave  
 His wand, and sealing up the bodily eye,  
 Unclose the spirit's orbs, to close no more!  
 Ah! bitter, bitter! that these sensual chains  
 Must hold our Reason like 'the strong man bound,'  
 And make us cry, as once among his foes  
 Did Israel's champion \* captive, old, and blind,  
 'Oh! dark, dark, dark! even in the blaze of noon!'

Yet even in these sad musings, we exult  
 That we *have* spirits, which can soar so high  
 Above 'this sensual,' and ally themselves  
 By these impatient longings to the God  
 That lives within us. Nature throws aside  
 Her sordid vesture, and we proudly feel  
 That we are kindred to the Deity,  
 And were not born to die; that we have still  
 Kindling within us a celestial life;  
 And, howsoe'er debased by time and sense,  
 Can burst *at last* the chains, replume our wings,  
 And soar right upward, till our feet regain  
 The blessed, pure, and spiritual realm.

POLYBOM.

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\* VIDE MILTON'S 'Samson Agonistes.'

## THE POLYGON PAPERS.

## NUMBER SEVEN.

In derision sits  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raise  
 Quite out their native language, and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders.  
 Great laughter was in heaven,  
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange  
 And hear the din. Thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

MILTON.

No INTELLIGENT and observant man, whether foreigner or native, in travelling through those divisions of the world where our language is spoken, can fail to remark the astonishing diversity of pronunciation prevalent even among those who claim to be of genteel birth and finished education. This diversity, it is true, obtains more or less, and of necessity, in all languages. The Italians by their proverb, '*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*,' indicate that only the natives of the Papal States enunciate their language with perfect purity of accent. An accentual *patois*, very perceptible to a Parisian ear, will usually prove a traitorous Shibboleth to the provincial gentleman of France; and the student of Göttingen will be enabled by some unlucky sound to say to the scholar of Dresden: 'Thou art from Saxony; for thy speech bewrayeth thee.' But in our language the pronunciation of polite speakers is far more various than in any other established tongue. We have no undisputed classical pronunciation. We are guided by no court-standard, no academic law. The amalgamated nations that speak English are each a law unto themselves. Cockneys and Yorkshiremen, Hibernians and Scotchmen, Texians and Yankees, all throw in their equiponderant votes. Every literary sect and every fashionable circle exerts its independent influence, and sends forth an innovating ripple of larger or smaller diameter. The philosophers of Edinburgh give currency to the Doric *plateiasmus*, and the exquisites of Almack's legitimize the high-bred drawl. The graduates of the theatre remould the language of the scenes, and roll it forth voluminous with the tragic utterance, or expectorate it curtailed by the comic mutilation. The expounders of texts and the compounders of pills, the curators of our souls and the curers of our bodies, take whole classes of words into their special elocution, and articulate them at their will. The tribe engendered by 'Coke upon Littleton,' who are willing to unfold the *law*, but anxious to conceal the *profits*, think they have received with their diplomas the privilege of pronouncing legal language as well as of pronouncing upon legal points. In our orthoëpical works, there is not a semblance of harmony; and while the doctors themselves are charging one another with 'heresy and schism,' it is impossible for the unpretending laity

to eschew heterodox tones, and embrace the true catholic accent. And in the result, there being no recognized standard, every one models himself by the greatest man of his acquaintance, or selects that brogue which is easiest for his vocal organs, or most pleasing to his self-educated ear.

In point of orthography our language has changed more since the days of Chaucer, its first great poet, than the Greek had done from the time of Homer to that of Nounus and the fathers of the Eastern church, an interval of twelve centuries. In fact, a modern Greek can read the writings of that poetic Adam as easily as we can read those of the aforesaid father of English song. Yet, as the Greeks were subdivided into countless independent communities, lived under the most opposite systems of government, custom, and law, colonized over half the globe, and were noted as the most restless, inquisitive, and fickle of nations, it might have been expected that their writers in that long lapse of ages and in their wide distances of clime, would have introduced orthographical innovations of the most extensive kind. If it be suggested that the wonderful genius of their first poet, the universal familiarity of the people with his works, and the idolatrous reverence surrounding his memory, preserved the language in its main features of orthography as he left it, I reply, that the poems of Chaucer also ought, though in a less degree, to have fixed the language of England. For Chaucer ranks foremost in the second order of poets, and his popularity was sufficiently extensive, one would think, to constitute him not only the great founder, but the great perpetuator of his native tongue. Yet there is an utter want of symmetry in his orthography; and both he and the other old writers, his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, are not only at variance with us, but are totally inconsistent with themselves. In the same author you may frequently find the same word spelled in three or four different modes. The inconsistencies existing then have continued ever since, only that they then were the sins of ignorance or the vagaries of caprice, while the subsequent diffusion of books and universality of writing have converted each special offence into a special rule, and they now form a mass of compulsory transgressions protected by the shield of law. In fine, our language in its orthography and pronunciation is now so utterly irregular, so systematically unsystematic, that it were almost idle to speak of it *remedially*. Its whole constitution is too hopelessly disordered to admit of cure, except by an authorized, skilful, and bold physician, in the use of the most violent means. But there is no such authorized practitioner; and therefore, though I may hereafter state what *may* be and *ought* to be done, I shall accompany it with the consolatory prediction, that it will for years and perhaps for centuries continue undone. Its excrescences will still remain unlopped, its broken limbs unset, and its luxations uncorrected, save by the occasional and blind manipulations of chance. Still as a point of fact we may speak of and deplore it; and belonging, as I may say, to the department of statis-

tics, it may afford a few moments' curious speculation in considering the causes of this anomalous character.

Those causes are, first: the multiplicity of seeds from which the trunk of our language sprung, and secondly, the peculiarly imitative spirit of the Anglo-Saxon and Britannico-Yankee race. In my last I spoke briefly of its composition; for it is not my object to enter into an extended treatise on the history and nature of our language; a knowledge easily gained from elaborate works, devoted to the subject. I will merely say in recapitulation, that it may not inaptly be compared to an edifice of a mixed order, and of heterogeneous materials; the base being Saxon and the superstructure Latin; while within, the library is Greek, the music-room and picture-gallery Italian, the parlors and kitchens French, and all over and throughout the building are scattered countless ornaments from other languages. Before the original design of the structure was extended and altered by all these burdensome embellishments, it was irregular enough to satisfy the most whimsical fancy, and the bare inspection of five Saxon monosyllables, *plough, dough, through, cough, rough*, all spelled alike, and all differently pronounced, would have convinced a foreigner that its ground-rule of pronunciation was the *observance* of reckless inconsistency. He would have formed the same opinion of its orthography on listening to five other words, *now, blow, true, off, stuff*, corresponding to the former in sound and totally different in spelling. These and similar words were left for custom to write and pronounce according to her own caprice, and even in the Saxon division of our language not only every vowel, but almost every diphthong has two, three, or four distinct sounds, and these interchanged with the lawlessness of hap-hazard. The language has since been still more hopelessly confounded, both to eye and ear, by the constant and great influx of foreign terms. More than a century ago Addison, that charming model of idiomatic purity, protested against their introduction. But his remonstrances were unavailing, partly because his own Spectator practically countenanced the abuse, and partly from the peculiar nature of his countrymen.

It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how so proud, distant, and surly an old fellow as John Bull should ever have needed the counsel, and why, after receiving it, he should have failed to follow it. It is not surprising that his brother Jonathan, republican though he be, should import his furniture from all quarters of the world. He has just commenced *house-keeping*, and is compelled to live on loans, and be elegant by imitation. He has not had time to surround himself with a complete establishment of language, literature, and law. Moreover, he is vain rather than proud, and vanity, though inclined to play the peacock with its present fineries, is also always eager to copy the elegance of others. But that the haughty monarchist John Bull is an inveterate sponge, and begs, borrows or steals every thing he can lay his hands on, is truly amazing. He is a universal mimic; a mimic equally of what he admires and of what he only affects to admire, of what he really despises and of what he merely



pretends to despise. He retains indeed his own intrinsic qualities, or if he change in them, it is only from the shock of violent causes, and the silent influence of that time which will at last corrode the diamond. He neither adopts nor relinquishes great virtues or great vices.

One of his great virtues is to grumble at his taxes, and yet pay them, and to swear they are unendurable, and yet endure them. As they are laid to secure him in the unjust possession of half the globe, it may be that he supports them by way of penance for his sins, and in order that he may 'be pardoned, and retain the offence.' Or perhaps he thinks these self-imposed burdens may enable him to perform his various philanthropic duties, such as pacificating the world by holding the bayonet at their breasts, civilizing the savage by making them wear Manchester cottons, and christianizing the heathen by forcing opium down their throats. But be they laid for penance or for charity, he swears they are a blessed curse, and would not reduce them, could he import Potosi or coin the stars into guineas.

One of his great vices is profanity. In Sterne's time his 'army swore terribly in Flanders;' and he has not yet reformed his habits, for he still trudges all over Europe, cursing like a tinker. He will not relinquish this hereditary privilege. He received it from the founder of his church, Henry the Eighth, whose oaths would have curdled the blood of a pirate. It is a part of his religion, and when it goes down, down go roast-beef and Magna Charta, brown-stout and the constitution, plum-pudding and the Establishment.

But although he will part with none of his connatural characteristics, nor borrow any thing to impair them, he copies every thing else. He imports his clothes, his tones, his airs, his fashions, his *connoisseurship*; in short, every thing but politeness. That is too hostile to John Bullism. Were that graceful exotic to flourish under the British oak, it would soon exterminate it, root and branch. Civility is a natural endowment, and he was born in a chilly climate, under a grim and lowering star. His horoscope is stiff-necked. The other external accomplishments that sit so airily on foreigners, he assumes, although they become caricatures on his noble yet repulsive nature. He thinks himself a lion; his neighbors consider him a bear. Let him be a lion, since such he is, though under a bear's skin. The continentals all hate him, and with reason; for he whips them in war, and vilifies them in peace. Monsieur Goddem (to employ his ludicrously appropriate French *sobriquet*) scatters his guineas and his curses among them with equal profusion. He professes to despise them; and in many points his contempt is not only sincere but well-grounded, because in many points he is far ahead of them all. Yet he imitates them. He sometimes takes off the high gravity of the Spaniard, whom he terms a solemn owl; and he is all the while grinning at his own quaint conceits. He calls the Frenchman a frisking monkey, and the Italian a purring cat: yet the British lion attempts to walk the *minuet* of French elegance, and whisks his tail like a genuine but half-taught mon-

key; he strives to reduce his roarings to the melody of Italian tones, and caterwauls most felinely. He knows himself to be awkward, and with proud asperity declares that finery was not made for him, nor he for finery. Yet in his whimsical perverseness he dresses as finically as the gay Frenchman, and thinks his clothes become him as well as they do their ingenious and graceful inventor. Across the channel he declares he would not renounce his patrimonial dinner of beef and turnips with his dessert of pudding for ambrosia, cooked and carved by Ganymede, the *chef de cuisine* and head-waiter of Jove, nor exchange his antiphlogistic ale for Olympian nectar, or for the metheglin of Hyblæan and Hymettian bees. Yet, while on French soil he showers anathemas on their trumpery soups and meagre wines; he likes savory food and palatable drink, and is very glad to get them in England. In France he grumbles at their 'ros-bif *de mouton*,' not more execrable, he says, in name than in nature, and sighs for 'ros bif *de bif*' done *à la* British. But in England he thinks his plain insular dishes mightily improved by a sprinkling of French culinary science; and seated on French chairs, overlaying his English meats with French *entremets*, and medicating the whole with French wines, he suffers the acmé of grumbling happiness.

To return however to a point more nearly connected with my subject: look at the farther conduct of this most admirable, most inconsistent, and most incomprehensible of mortals; conduct totally irreconcilable with his words of pride and attitude of independence. He is in the constant habit of borrowing from the literature of all Europe, while they rarely resort to him for supplies. He says and believes that a collection of works might be made from his own language, which in various excellence would counterbalance all the libraries of modern continental literature. He says, that while on the one hand, if possessing the least tincture of taste and liberality, he must admit the transcendent excellence of many fruits of Italian, German, French, and Spanish intellects, and cannot pretend to find in his own language the exact counterpart of each, yet on the other hand he cannot but gaze in admiration at the infinite variety and inappreciable value of the productions of his own capacious, opulent, and fruitful mind. Without stopping to institute particular and invidious comparisons, which it is impossible to substantiate by conclusive proof, he thinks it not extravagant to say, that in history, philosophy, and epic poetry his language may fairly be set against any modern tongue; that in the department of the drama and the novel it may perhaps counterpoise them all; while in the works of its essayists, theologians, orators and humorists it stands perfectly unrivalled. And begging half a million pardons for the arrogance of so sweeping a sentence, and admitting that it is impossible for the native of one country so far to lay aside the prejudices of education, and so deeply to familiarize himself with the language and writings of other countries as to form of them a full, intelligent, and impartial judgment; begging all these pardons, I repeat, and admitting all this impossibility, I am half inclined to side with his opinion.

Yet John Bull learns all their languages and studies all their books, although they seldom return the compliment. The Germans, whose language and literature bear a very marked affinity to his, might be expected to dive deeply into the riches of his treasure-house. Yet what German reads English, except a few in the last quarter-century, who have been taught by their own great critics, philosophers, and poets, by their Schlegels, Goëthes, and Schillers, that in that tongue only are to be found the writings of a SHAKSPERE, the most wonderful of 'oceanic minds?' On the other hand, every would-be-philosopher, as well as every really deep thinker and genuine enthusiast in England or America, studies and translates or imitates the German philosophers and poets. If it be thus in reference to the Germans, how shall it be with the French, Italians, and Spanish, who in general can properly appreciate only works written in those three kindred dialects?

Every Englishman acquires a knowledge of French, as an integral part of his education. How many Frenchmen learn English? And why should they learn it? They can never gain the idiomatic skill to penetrate the golden meaning of our sterling writers, and those writers are not 'after their heart.' The works which correspond to their ideas of excellence, they can have in translations as good as the English original. And whatever in English literature is thus to their taste, they can parallel by equally good productions of native growth. Why then should they study the difficult English language? Voltaire boasted of having introduced Shakspeare to the acquaintance of his countrymen; but he introduced his tragic shade gesticulating like a dancing-master in mourning, and his comic ghost capering like a harlequin of the Boulevard du Temple. The French know about as much of the true Shakspeare from the traductions of Voltaire as they do of the real Milton from the versions of Chateaubriand.

Every accomplished young lady in England reads Italian poets and sings Italian songs. What Italian female, be she *signora* or *donzella*, peruses the Paradise Lost, or trills a Moore-ish melody? Italian vocalists are daily soothing British ears, and Italian operas are nightly performed before British auditories. What British air was ever heard in Italy, unless from the Irish livery-man of some portly London cit, smacking his lips over a glass of *Lacrima Cristi*, and bawling forth 'Come, boys, life's a whirlagig!' in a tone to scare the very screech-owls of that land of melody?

Well, John Bull is a nabob, and may spend his money as he likes. If he choose to embellish his ungenial soil with each costly and elegant exotic, his purse will bear him out. In truth, he shows his wisdom in surrounding his gouty feet with every comfort the world can furnish, and in sunning his foggy island with all the joy obtainable for love or money. And if the borrower overwhelm the lenders with unmeasured maledictions, that is but a matter of taste, and at the worst only proves a want of politeness. If, after storing his capacious mind with his own home-made treasures, he choose to enrich it still farther with the elegant productions of the Conti-

ment, he is not to be reproached for improving his taste and enlarging his knowledge. Or if, while asserting the superiority of his own literature, he practically deny it by paying more attention to that of foreign countries, he only exhibits that union of egotism and cupidity so visible in all mankind, who are incurably addicted to boasting of their own possessions, and coveting and copying those of others. Neither do I care if he be inclined, when in Italy, to discourse on the fine arts in a semi-Italian, and criticise architecture, sculpture, and painting in language which he cannot pronounce, and does not understand. In this he only resembles the rest of his species, who, whatever their dialect, whether pure or mixed, are fond of talking on those subjects especially which are above their intelligence and without their sphere. And in fact, if we wish to converse only on what we fully comprehend, the steps of improvement are fettered, and the soaring wing of the spirit is pinioned to the earth. We utterly abjure the discussion of all that is high, beautiful, and noble, and unseal our lips only on trivial matter-of-fact occasions. We banish criticism, philosophy, poetry, with all their spiritual train, and confine ourselves to bald, statistical narrations of actual events.

I therefore blame him not, if he delight to launch forth on the chartless and misty ocean of German speculation; nor am I surprised if sometimes, looking through the fumes of their contemplative *meerschäum*, he mistake some ordinary fish for the renowned and far-sought sea-serpent, or regard a consumptive iceberg as an indissoluble mountain, looming bold and awful from Truth's unfathomable depths. Nor am I inclined either to wonder or to carp, if he look with a stare of grave admiration at some of his own late imitations, and by their antithetic oddity and most un-English inversions be deceived into the idea that they are pregnant with weighty discoveries. Shallow water, if muddy, may deceive even a practiced eye; and transcendental doctrines, ushered in with Coleridgean solemnity, and travestied in sesquipedalian compounds, invented for the nonce, may easily be thought deep—deep beyond all soundings—for, like Bottom's dream, they have 'no bottom.' Yet in this he is only like the men of all nations and of all ages; since on some one or other subject, scientific, philosophical, or religious, the learned of all times from Plato until now have but caught up, echoed and reëchoed the wise ravings of their brother somnambulists. It is then quite natural that John Bull, as well as others, should often gaze astonished through his magnifying-glass at some monstrous bubble, and, on the bursting of the bubble, drop his glass and look in equal amazement at the less than atoms, the very nothing, that peopled the vacuum of its airy shell.

And what though he listen to a Neapolitan songstress, as the *artiste* herself believes, with an unintelligent rapture, and rend the delicate mazes of her ear with a thundering call for the repetition of her fresh-lipped warblings? What though he shout a mispronounced *encore* for the reëpppearance of a Gallic *figurante*, and follow her sylphid movements with an unlearned eye, as a satyr might

gaze at the gossamer elasticity of an Oread nymph? He has paid for their performances, and is happy in the enjoyment of a costly indulgence, and in believing himself a critic. It would be hard indeed were others to possess the finely-attuned ear, the melodious voice, and the scientific eye, while he, for all his money, could not see, hear, and applaud in his own noisy way, and atone for his deficiency in artistic knowledge by pedal and manual and vocal manifestations of his imaginary joy.

Neither, lastly, do I censure him for the fact that while he hates the French with a perfect Johnsonian hatred, the nearer he approaches his light-hearted rival in dress and in all the showy externals of life, the better he likes himself. This is but a slight and quite natural inconsistency. The seeds of his aversion, sown in the Norman conquest, irrigated ever since by the bloodshed of mutual and wholesale murder, and fostered by his religious belief that human nature and French nature are two distinct things, has at last strengthened itself into an ineradicable abhorrence. Yet he sees his enemy to be a buoyant, elegant, witty, and inventive being, and imitates him perforce, in obedience to the well-known Virgilian maxim:

‘Fas est et ab hoste doceri.’

But I blame him for thinking that his clothes sit more gracefully upon him, and that his viands eat with a more savory relish, for retaining their French names. I blame him for imagining that he comprehends the fine arts more tastefully for bestowing on all their dependencies and connections their Italian appellations. I blame him for asserting that the English language is superior to the French for almost every species of composition, while he daily assimilates them more and more by the domestication of needless words. I blame him for banishing all ‘coffee-houses’ from London, and replacing them by *cafés*; for transforming his ‘eating-houses’ into *restaurants*, and exalting his ‘hair-dressers’ into *perruquiers*. I censure him for antiquating his plain Saxon ‘hat’ and wearing a jaunty *chapeau*, and for metamorphosing his ancient ‘coat’ into a *habit* — a vile habit indeed. I censure him for bearing a more than Punic hostility to the French nation, and yet importing bodily the entire culinary lexicon of his sworn and eternal foe. I censure him for declaring his infinite superiority over his versatile competitor, as well in arts as in arms, while he draws almost as largely from his artistic nomenclature as conquering Rome ever borrowed from that of subjugated Greece. I laugh to see him turning up his nose at whole libraries of French literature, while he interlards his own works with French phrases, even when writing on subjects totally disconnected with France and French topics; phrases introduced for no discoverable reason but to show his familiarity with a language he professes to despise, or else to render his own too precious gold fit for the wear of daily currency by alloying it with baser ingredients. And how ridiculous are these medleys of semi-French and no-English! Why you may read fifty volumes of current French, or Ital-

ian, or German, or Spanish literature, without ever having cause, from the use of a single English expression, to suspect the existence of the English tongue. Yet Bulwer and Blessington, and all the big whales, and all the little minnows of British romance, in their pictures of British high-life, present us with a polyglot ollapod of words, which, if it be a correct representation of metropolitan language, reminds one of that hybrid offspring between Greek and Latin, satirized with such caustic truth by Juvenal, as prevalent among the fashionable ladies of declining Rome.

Yet even all this is endurable, or at least natural, and to be expected. For as the French is indisputably the finest conversational language in the world, fashionable authors and fashionable talkers may well be expected to draw largely from the happy familiarities so abundant in that rich colloquial treasure-house. All the lovers of 'small-talk,' whether printed or spoken, can fill up the little interstices between our many-cornered English words with nicely-fitting vocables from the grand magazine of felicitous chit-chat. There are, moreover, many ideas, or shades of ideas, which there is no brief English expression to convey, as there are likewise many proverbial or allusive phrases, such as '*apropos des bottes*,' which, from their origin, have an untranslatable humor. It is of course very proper for a writer or speaker to employ terms from the ancient or foreign languages whenever the subject renders them necessary, or when they express his meaning with superior force and beauty; and in general they may be introduced, due regard being paid to the rules of taste, and when they may be supposed to be understood by those to whom the discourse is directed. But they should invariably be distinguished by their *Italic* dress; and before they are admitted into the ranks of English soldiers, and allowed to wear the English uniform, they should be taught the English discipline and be made to speak in English tones. Mr. Fox, the great statesman, and a thorough master of his vernacular tongue, went so far even as to pronounce French proper names according to the English sounds of the letters. If this be thought superfluous, at least let us give to words which we have naturalized among us their appropriate English accent and orthography. For one, I am in favor of domesticating foreign words only from sheer necessity. We can form almost any word that may be needed, from roots already in use among us; and if these be insufficient, let us resort to the old repository, the Latin, whence they can be derived and anglicised according to established laws. A ridiculous affectation has lately appeared among some dandy-writers of altering certain of our adjectives ending in *ic* into the French termination *esque*. Thus in imitation of 'grotesque,' 'picturesque,' we have already *gigantesque*, *romantesque*, and no doubt we shall soon be delighted with *hero-esque*, *poet-esque*, *pedant-esque*, etc., etc. Such writers, in their anxiety to display their familiarity with foreign tongues, only prove their ignorance of English in particular, and the foppery of their taste in general.

I blame John Bull, then, for importing so many useless terms from contemporary nations, and for thinking them fine because they are

foreign, and melodious because they are new. If there be cases, as doubtless there are many, where it would be difficult or superfluous to invent new terms for objects which already have their respective names, I censure him for not making those names thoroughly English — English both in orthography and pronunciation.

And now what shall we say of Brother Jonathan? Why, that in his words, as in his clothes, and airs, and fashions, and literary opinions, and philosophical creed, he is but a second-hand imitator — the mime of a mimic. Comparatively unacquainted with continental languages, he buys at retail the British wholesale importations of foreign phrases, and sometimes sports them with the timid vanity of a conscious debtor, and at others consumes them with the reckless prodigality of an intended bankrupt. Necessity, the mother of Invention, has compelled him to the manufacture of many new words, and occasionally, from pure sport, or to show the fertility of his genius, he has produced such brilliant terms as 'lengthy,' 'jeopardize,' etc., etc. In justice however it must be remarked, that in his labored compositions he tampers far less with his mother-tongue than do the boasted Simon-pures of England.

Here, then, in the continual adoption of words unchanged from other languages, is to be found the cause that the confusion originally reigning in our orthography and pronunciation is daily becoming 'confusion worse confounded.' With a servile deference to the countries of their nativity, we naturalize them with all their foreign airs and accents about them, and without even administering the oath of allegiance. Or rather, they are neither foreigners nor natives, but a mischievous 'tertium quid,' which we will not pronounce in our own way, and cannot pronounce like the lenders. This practice, too inveterate to be changed, has caused evils too deep to be eradicated. It has rendered our language a chaos to the eye and a babel to the ear — a 'rudis indigestaque moles,' which it is impossible ever to systematize without a radical, revolutionary reformation. Without such reformation, its dictionaries will need to be altered and enlarged at least twice a century, until the consummation of all languages. That consummation will probably be the predominance of English over all other tongues, and their consequent expulsion from the lips of men. This catastrophe will not so much result from its superiority in elegance, or perspicuity, or brevity, or force, as from the fact that it will gradually have devoured, digested, and incorporated them all into its own gigantic frame. One of the boasts of our late lexicons has been the introduction and explanation of *so* many, or *so* many thousands of words not to be found in any previous vocabulary. Any one who will compare the number of words in Webster's with the number in Johnson's Dictionary (about a century distant in publication) may easily discover by the rule of geometrical progression, that in A. D. 1950 our language will contain one hundred and fifty thousand words; in A. D. 2050, three hundred thousand; and before the year 2250, more than a million. If an acquaintance with *words* be, as some assert, a knowledge of *things*, the master of English at

that day will assuredly know every thing. At all events, judging from its present rate of progress, it will soon absorb into itself all human dialects, and becoming the universal repository of words, will be adopted by the general consent of nations as the language of languages, an acquaintance with which will preclude the study of all others, and which will be the interpreter of every science, and the medium of lingual intercourse among all the tribes of the earth.

POLYGON.

S E V E N T Y - S I X .

I.

SAD were the times, when mid the smoke  
Of gathering war in days of yore,  
Our sires the tyrant's thraldom broke,  
Resolved to wear his chains no more!

II.

Hard was their lot, but they are gone,  
Who stood so well the battle-fray,  
Yet their good fame, though dim at dawn,  
Hath waxed into the perfect day.

III.

And who shall say, when Time hath hurled  
The kingly toil of ages down,  
How brightly from this western world  
Shall beam the light of their renown!

IV.

It needs no prophet's eye to trace  
The spreading grandeur of their fame;  
How fair a light their deeds shall grace,  
How high shall stand their country's name!

V.

On Freedom's flag, by Valor's hand,  
'T was traced in lines of precious gore,  
Mid stripes and stars there let it stand,  
Till kings defile the earth no more!

VI.

Until, rejoicing o'er the lands,  
Shall beam that bright and blessed day,  
When man shall rise with stronger hands,  
And nobly break the despot's sway:

VII.

Till in the deserts of the West,  
And where the Southern waters sleep,  
The tribes of men from war at rest  
One general jubilee shall keep.



## B O Z A T I D L E B E R G .

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

Boz! a pleasant name that! It has become with us Americans a household word. It is imprinted on massive octavos in our libraries; it hangs in gilded frames from our walls; it is stamped indelibly on our hearts. All that is cheerful or humorous or pathetic in our nature; all that is bright and beautiful and endearing in our social relations; are blended in that name. Would you smile? Follow the devious oddities of that prince of clowns, Sam. Weller, or watch the suicidal ravings of Mr. Mantilini, or listen in rapt admiration to the poetical effusions of Richard Swiveller, Esq. Would you weep? Go stand over the grave of Smike, or strew bright flowers where little Nell reposes; and learn on every page, for the lesson is there, how bright a thing man's nature may become, albeit in poverty and rags, though Stoicism may sigh, and Philosophy spend its life in tears.

Watching as we did his first dawn in the sky of literature, with every succeeding bound which brought him nearer and nearer the zenith, we felt that he must soon be, as he has already become, the cynosure of many eyes; the exponent of many strange truths, stranger than fiction; the explorer of mysterious depths of that mine, the heart, which even the great masters, Scott and Bulwer, had never fathomed. And with his happy faculty of drawing the reader to his side, until he may hear his voice and count the pulsations of his heart, we felt that the time was near at hand when oceans would no longer intervene; when the same atmosphere would encircle us; when we should grasp his hand and hear his voice, not alone in fancy, but in fact.

He passed in triumph through our eastern cities, more like a fighter of battles than a wielder of the pen; until wearied with balls and dinners, and the glare of staring crowds—the sure though undesired awards of fame—he declared his intention to eschew such public adulation, and ‘to go and shake hands with the American people from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.’ ‘Surely he will not forget Idleberg!’ thought we. ‘Even if, instead of being almost in his path, it were hundreds of miles away, he will certainly come to Idleberg!’ And so well satisfied were we Idlebergers with this conclusion, that those of us who smoked, quietly resumed our pipes in our chimney-corners, awaiting the arrival with as much certainty as the rising of the morrow’s sun; and several young couples on the verge of matrimony resolved to check their impatience for a few weeks, on the extreme probability of thereby having Boz at their nuptials. It would be sufficient to immortalize one, you know, to be announced in that forthcoming journal, with all the blanks filled, as follows: ‘On the evening of —, the — day of —, was

present in the town of Idleberg at the marriage of the accomplished ———, Esq., to the beautiful Miss ———, youngest daughter of the Hon. ———. Bright scene, happy couple, music, dancing, etc. etc.'

Among the most enthusiastic admirers of the distinguished author at Idleberg, may be enumerated Mr. Pierre Diggs and Mr. Ignatius Swell, editors respectively of the 'Idleberg Mercury,' and the 'Sentinel of Freedom.' However diverse the sentiments of these gentlemen on all subjects of national and state policy, here at least they harmonized. It were tedious to recount what sparring and fighting with gray-goose quills; what shedding of ink; what wars of words, embellished with marks of wonder and interrogation, like so many small swords, these individuals were in the habit of conducting, to the infinite diversion of the town. Mounted on their hobbies of national banks and hard-money currencies, with Henry Clay, General Jackson, and other distinguished politicians for pages and retinue, they performed all kinds of tilts and tournaments, to the admiration of the brave and the terror of the timid, until swords and fire-arms danced before their eyes like ghosts and spectres. But like the warriors of contending hosts, of whom it is related that when the heat of battle had passed, and the smoke of the cannon had been whirled away into clouds, they met in peace and quenched their thirst at the same fountain; so these chivalrous champions, when the rancor of party zeal had abated, entertained a generous rivalry in extolling Boz, their favorite author, whom they elevated by successive bounds to the very summit of Fame's ladder. In their sage opinions — and who dare demur? — Pickwick was glorious, Twist and Nickleby were divine, and Master Humphrey's Clock surpassed every literary achievement of ancient or modern times.

Nor was Boz less a favorite with the fair. By the matchless power of his genius he had enshrined his image in many gentle hearts that had never beat with any but the gentlest impulses of our nature. How many of them had fondly hoped to see and know the man whose pleasant companionship had robbed them of hours of repose, until the midnight lamp burnt dim, throwing over the brightness of their bloom a pale glare of thought that did not vanish with the morrow! And the *prima donna* of this fair band of admirers, Miss Parminta Rainbow, as she was poetically styled, must not pass without particular reference. Rocked in the cradle of poesy, and reared in the atmosphere of romance, she had become a walking and talking cyclopedia of all the modern creations of genius, and especially the more recent publications by the author of the 'Pickwick Papers.' To use her own elegant language, she had drank from the deep wells of Helicon, and breathed the atmosphere and gathered the laurels of Mount Parnassus. Not satisfied with impersonating some one of the many muses, she aspired to represent the entire nine, including Melpomene, Terpsichore, and all the rest. Though gifted by bountiful nature with the personal developements of a Bardell, she preferred cultivating a likeness to the gentleness and simplicity

of little Nell. In a word, she possessed all the sterling qualities which fitted her to take the lead of a large class of admirers, who hung with rapture on her eloquence, and listened to her decisions on all literary matters as the decrees of fate. As to marrying! blending her ideal existence with any of the ordinary masses of flesh and blood, called men! she had rather suffer the martyrdom of eternal celibacy, than cherish such a thought for a moment. But there *were* dreams of future bliss, often enjoyed at heart, though seldom whispered even to her most intimate confidants; and these referred to a distant time far down the annals of a misty future, when she should be the partner of a real live author, permitted to examine huge folios and dictionaries, to copy his immortal manuscripts, to inspire the hours of his solitude, and to blend her undistinguished name for ever with his own.

Such was the state of the public mind at Idleberg during the sojourn on this continent of the distinguished author whose name heads this paper. Nor was it at all abated in intensity after the return of a rather corpulent citizen, Major —, who had just visited the eastern cities, and had actually descended the Ohio in the same boat with Boz. The Mercury and the Sentinel swarmed with paragraphs narrating an event so auspicious to Idleberg, and confidently predicted his speedy arrival. Miss Rainbow was the first individual who, forgetting that the Major was a bachelor, rushed into his arms, and deluged him with a shower of inquiries concerning her favorite author. 'Oh Major! *did* you see Boz?'

'Why certainly, my dear, and —'

'And what is he like, Major?'

'Why, Parminta,' replied the Major, 'he's neither very long nor very short; rather middling like.'

'But, Major, I want to know what he did, and what you did, and all about it.'

'Well, well, my dear,' said the Major, taking a pinch of snuff with provoking deliberation, 'when I learned that Boz was on board, though I had never read any of his stories about Tom, Dick, and Harry, —'

'Now, Major!'

'I confess I had some curiosity,' he continued, 'to see the man whom all the world seemed going mad about. So the first well-dressed, fine-looking man I saw, says I, 'that's Boz;,' and the next handsome man I saw, says I 'that's Boz;,' until I thought there must be at least twenty Bozses on board; and yet he was none of these. But where do you think I saw him at last?'

'Do tell me, Major!'

'Why, I asked the clerk to show him to me, and he pointed out a rather plain-looking man, with very long hair and a red waistcoat, sitting at the far end of the cabin by a table, with a pile of papers a foot high by him, a portion of which he seemed to be reading to a lady who sat by him, and who I was told was his wife.'

'Oh, Mrs. Dickens!' exclaimed Miss Parminta, clasping her hands in ecstasy, during which performance the Major took another pinch of snuff.

‘But, Major, did n’t you speak to him?’

‘Oh no, Parminta. He seemed rather distant like, and was writing nearly all the time. I tell you what I did, though. One day I happened near his lady, and says I: ‘You have come a great way, Madam, to see our country, and I hope you are pleased with your visit.’ ‘Oh, Sir,’ says she, ‘we are delighted; we have been treated very kindly indeed.’ I then offered her a pinch of snuff, as I always do the ladies, you know, to which she replied: ‘No, I thank you, Sir;’ and the Major continued the conversation, adding many other pieces of information, of trifling interest to the world at large, though magnified into great importance by the imagination of Miss Rainbow.

And now all Idleberg was alive with the Boz mania. The illiterate few who had neglected perusing his works, now gathered them from every available source, and commenced reading them with greedy assiduity. In commercial phrase, Pickwick had advanced a shade; stock fair, but in great demand. Expectation stood on tiptoe, and the periodical arrival of the stage-coach was met by curious glances, hoping that Boz had at last reached Idleberg. The rival editors were ever on the alert to catch the first glimpse of his person, while the fair Parminta regularly drew aside her rose-colored damask curtains, and watched with anxious interest the approaching vehicle; until at last, one afternoon, as it dashed down the street through clouds of dust that rose from its lumbering wheels, Messrs. Diggs and Swell were favored with a view of a solitary passenger, a gentleman with very long hair and a red waistcoat. The fair Parminta was observed to clasp her hands in ill-dissembled joy, while the rival editors, forgetting in that blissful moment the animosities of years, opened the coach-door, and grasping both his hands, handed the astonished stranger to the pavement, smiling and bowing meanwhile with such rapturous delight, that their guest grew pale and trembled in their embrace.

‘We’ve caught him at last!’ and ‘Is this him indeed?’ were the simultaneous exclamations of Mr. Pierre Diggs and Mr. Ignatius Swell.

‘I demand your commission!’ exclaimed the stranger, starting back from their embrace, and assuming an attitude of pugilism.

‘Now be easy, Charley,’ said he of the Mercury. ‘Our commission! ha, ha! that’s a good one! and from Boz, too! ha, ha!’

‘Gentlemen,’ said Boz, suffering his features to relax into a benignant smile, ‘I assure you your attentions are very agreeable, and ——’

‘But where is the companion of your journey, your ——’

‘I understand you, Sir. The fatigues of the journey forced my companion with much regret to remain in a neighboring town; and let me assure you that nothing but the sternest necessity could have deprived her of the pleasure of visiting Idleberg.’

By this time the crowd which was gathering around the literary trio reminded them of the propriety of adjourning to the next hotel; and having conducted their distinguished guest to his apartments in

the Indian Queen, Messrs. Diggs and Swell reappeared with smiling faces, passed up the street, and entered the sanctum of the Sentinel, where after blending their mighty intellects into one on so great an occasion, they succeeded in inditing the following note, to which they soon obtained the subjoined reply:

'MR. CHARLES DICKENS, *alias* Boz:

'Idleberg, — —, 1842.

'DEAR SIR: The undersigned, in behalf of the citizens of Idleberg, have pleasure in thanking you for the visit you have been pleased to pay them, unworthy as they are of your favorable notice; and of offering you the freedom of the town, in a snuff-box, which we hope may please; and take this occasion to request your acceptance of an entertainment to be provided at the Indian Queen, at such time as may suit your earliest convenience. Excuse mistakes. Yours in haste,

'PIERRE DIGGS,  
'IGNATIUS SWELL.'

'GENTLEMEN:

'Indian Queen Hotel.

'I WILL not attempt to express my hearty thanks for your polite note and the enclosed snuff-box. I am obliged to you for the entertainment you propose giving me; but as I am compelled to resume my journey to-morrow, I am almost induced to decline the favor. If, however, it should be entirely convenient for you to meet me this evening, I shall do myself the honor to accept of your polite invitation.

'Yours, etc.,

'Boz.'

And now what a wild commotion bestirred the once quiet streets of Idleberg! The words passed from lip to lip with electric velocity: 'Boz has come! Boz has come!' The fair Parminta rushed from her classic abode and sped along the street like a light-winged Mercury, her ringlets all streaming in the wind, and her eyes beaming with rapture. She entered every door without the usual etiquette of knocking, rushed in to tell the news, then out again, sending from every house a deputy messenger to repeat the story of Boz's arrival, until all Idleberg was in a perfect ferment.

Ere long announcements were issued from the presses of the respective editors, stating in staring capitals that Boz had accepted an invitation to an entertainment that evening at the Indian Queen Hotel, at precisely half-past seven o'clock, to which the citizens of Idleberg and all the world beside were invited, and all patriots, whether whigs or democrats, were expected to contribute. New duties now devolved on Messrs. Diggs and Swell, and also on Miss Parminta Rainbow, who solicited the honor of carrying around subscription-papers, which resulted in the collection of *twenty-three dollars thirty-seven and a half cents*; out of which munificent fund the committee of arrangements for the 'Boz supper' proposed furnishing supplies for that distinguished entertainment.

In the mean time the great author was regaling himself with all the delights of elegant leisure. His apartments on the second floor of the Indian Queen were adorned with a pair of magnificent calico curtains, a sufficient allowance of cane-bottom chairs, and a Turkey carpet, somewhat soiled by the frequent tread of individuals distinguished like himself, for whom number five was kept in special repair. For a time the present occupant diverted his mind by occupying a seat near one of the pair of windows, from which he was enabled to review the panorama before him, consisting for the most part of a long row of irregular houses of all shapes and dimensions;

a few scores of boys in the street, who signally failed in trying to stare him out of countenance; and a huge sign creaking in the wind, and bearing on its surface a remote resemblance to an aboriginal squaw, sitting on a very cold-looking rock, and habited *à la dishabille*, in a green velvet robe, with bow and quiver to complete her equipments. But his attention was soon diverted from the contemplation of these inanimate and unsociable objects, to the entertainment of numerous visitors from the *élite* of the town, who had come to welcome him to Idleberg. They found him sitting in an attitude of mingled grace and dignity, ornamented with an endless variety of watch-chains, finger-rings and breast-pins, together with a gold-rimmed ogling-glass, dangling in relief against his red waistcoat, until he almost realized the hero of the nursery tale, with

‘Rings on his fingers and bells on his toes.’

Among the first of his visitors was the fair Parminta, conducted to his presence by her friends, Messrs. Diggs and Swell. After a short though highly interesting colloquy, during which Miss Rainbow failed to regain her accustomed composure, they were interrupted by the arrival of sundry justices and trustees, representing in their persons the august corporation of Idleberg. Then followed the entire corps of the literati, pedagogues and pupils, school-mistresses with their several retinues flaming in ribands of pink and blue, together with several members of the Board of Internal Improvement. Thus they continued to come and depart for several hours, until the audience-chamber was vacated, with the exception of three individuals — Boz and a single gentleman and lady. Seeing themselves thus alone, the single gentleman, not particularly handsome, began bestowing glances of marked regard on the single lady, particularly beautiful, who leaned on his arm as lovers only lean, until the great observer of human nature, who witnessed these tokens of affection, evinced by his significant smiles a strong suspicion of the true state of the case. After a confusing silence of some minutes, the lady whispered the gentleman with an appealing look:

‘Tell him now, Thomas.’

‘I can’t, Kitty.’

‘But you must, Thomas,’ said she, nudging him with her left elbow. But Thomas continued refractory, leaving the important communication to the tact of his fair companion.

‘Well, Mr. Boz,’ said Miss Kitty at length, growing still more beautiful through the blushes which crimsoned her brow; ‘well, Mr. Boz — I believe that’s your name, is n’t it?’

‘Oh yes; that will do,’ said Boz, twirling his watch-key very nimbly.

‘Thomas and I ——’ said Miss Kitty.

‘Yes, Sir,’ said Thomas, ‘Kitty and I ——’

‘Ah, yes! I understand,’ said Boz. ‘I will not embarrass you longer by my silence. You too are on the point of getting married, and ——’

'That's it!' exclaimed the young couple simultaneously, while Miss Kitty proceeded: 'It will be to-morrow evening, and we have been waiting for you a good while, and we concluded to come and invite you in person; and Mr. Diggs and Mr. Swell will be there, and we ——'

'Come, that will do, Kitty,' interposed Thomas. 'Let's not interrupt the gentleman any longer; so good evening, Sir.' And they departed in high glee, leaving their invited guest in a state of great apparent happiness.

And now the setting sun ran tumbling down the western sky, over pillows of clouds arrayed in hues of gold and purple, like an old king playing at leap-frog with the glittering insignia of his royalty. 'How fair an eve!' soliloquized the fair Parminta, gazing out on the sky, through jars and jugs of rare exotics blocking up the window. 'How fair an eve to usher such a night! Yes, I *will* be little Nell to-night! But first those 'Stanzas to Boz' that are destined to link the undistinguished name of Parminta R. through all coming time with his! My old nurse used to tell me something would happen to me some day, but I never dreamed of this — no, never!' And leaving her to compress, as far as might be practicable, her buxom proportions into a resemblance to the delicate figure of little Nell, and to indite on a sheet of rose-scented paper those 'Stanzas to Boz,' we will approach the more immediate centre of action, the dining apartments of the Indian Queen.

Now the sum of twenty-three dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents, though affording sufficient evidence of the liberality of the good citizens of Idleberg to their distinguished guest, is not by any means the most extensive allowance that might be imagined for an entertainment to which the whole world was invited, and designed to comprise every variety of pastry, viands, candies, wines and comfits; not forgetting, as Mr. Pierre Diggs happily suggested, the propriety of reminding Boz of his fare at home, by a large modicum of roast beef and plum-pudding. 'A great cry and little wool' had been produced by the immolation of pigs and poultry in honor of Boz; and a dozen altars had smoked with the sacrifices of as many dusky cooks, giving out delectable odors as foretastes of the coming feast. The tables were spread in the long hall of the Indian Queen, sometimes devoted to saltations on the light fantastic toes of the dancing members of the community, and sometimes, as at present, to the reception and entertainment of distinguished strangers. Lamps of glass and chandeliers of tin shed their brilliant lustre throughout the hall; while 'Boz' was suspended in transparencies and portraits at regular intervals along the walls. Such august preparations had never before been witnessed in that hall; and mine host bestirred himself with a degree of activity due to the occasion, though he seemed lost occasionally in abstruse calculations of the net profits likely to accrue from the above-named sum of twenty-three dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents, already secured in his trousers-pocket.

And now the hands of the hall-clock pointed to the magical num-

ber seven. In one corner of the hall, on a temporary rostrum, were seated the gentlemen of the Idleberg Amateur Band, admitted in advance of the hour, and entertaining themselves by watching with evident interest the rapid accumulations on the tables, and performing the preludatory operation of tuning their pipes and fiddles, thereby executing that most monotonous of all tunes which a famous king of the French once declared was his favorite above all the operas of Beethoven and Rossini. At this juncture the door was again opened by special permission, and through it entered the fair Parminta, habited as little Nell, leaning gracefully on the arms of Messrs. Diggs and Swell, representing respectively the illustrious personages of Augustus Snodgrass and Richard Swiveller, Esq., and forming altogether a group worthy to be lithographed or executed in statuary. After swaying themselves gracefully down the hall, the fair Parminta was left in the charge of two maiden aunts, while the editors walked out arm in arm, and proceeded to the private apartments of their guest, in a style which the bystanders considered rather familiar for a couple of political caterers, whose every recent editorial had smelt of gunpowder and hinted at 'coffee and pistols for two.'

And now the hands of the hall-clock, unconsciously impelled by the irresistible contrivances of sundry weights, wheels and pulleys, verged on the half-past seven. Crowds had already gathered in the street and in every accessible room of the Indian Queen; and a confused murmur pervaded the atmosphere, now like the buzz of swarming bees, and now displaying itself in shouts from some fervent admirer of Boz. All Idleberg was there. Every dwelling was deserted by its inmates, who crowded around the scene of action, in flaunting ribands and Sunday finery, as if it had suddenly become an epidemic for people to wear their finest, and look their best. And when the sealed door was opened, then came the rush; for as Mr. Swell afterward forcibly remarked, it reminded him of the sudden overflowing of the waters of the Red Sea on the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh. The cry is still they come! until every niche and corner of the hall is crowded, leaving still behind groups of anxious faces peering from the door and windows on the interior. In another moment Messrs. Diggs and Swell appeared through the yielding crowd, accompanied by the lion of the party, while the band struck up 'See, the conquering hero comes!' 'Three *chairs* for Pickwick!' exclaimed a dozen voices, while the distinguished occasion of all this ado marched to his seat, and bowing gracefully to the assembled multitude, was greeted by a limited sea of waving fans and rustling handkerchiefs, until the heated air of the hall was as cool as a zephyr or a cucumber.

Now came the din of battle. The fortunate few who had succeeded in obtaining seats at the tables, fell to work with as much assiduity and as little false modesty as if Boz had been a thousand miles away. How rapidly beneath the coöperation of the rival editors, rivals even at table, disappeared whole bottles of wine, and loaves of bread, and legs of turkey! The fair Parminta, between



the effort to resemble little Nell and of staring at Boz with the eager look of a young angler with his first fish dangling from his line, seemed disposed to do but slight justice to the entertainment, if we except the rapid consumption, in which she was chiefly instrumental, of sundry glasses of jelly and various comfits, administered by her considerate aunts under a vague fear that the dear girl would lose her spirits or be famished but for their timely interference. And as for Boz, that interesting individual — interesting at all times and under all circumstances — evinced a decided disposition to do justice to the preparations of his kind entertainers; clearly showing that authors, at least in these degenerate days, so far from eschewing the manifold good gifts of Providence, and living on bread and water, as some have vainly imagined, are quite as much devoted to the enjoyment of the bread that perishes as the rest of the species. So that if the reader consider the equal activity of the remaining partakers of the ‘Boz supper,’ amounting to several scores, he may be prepared to learn that in something less than an hour after the first onset the entire series of articles then and there displayed had mysteriously disappeared, ‘without leaving a wreck behind,’ or even so much as a bone to be picked by the supperless scores who constituted the back-ground of the picture.

‘Clear the tables!’ And while the order was being enforced, the members of the Idleberg Amateur Band, greatly edified by their repast, resumed their elevated seats, and with sundry squeakings and scratchings performed a variety of successive notes, intended for the royal old tune of ‘Rule Britannia!’ They were soon interrupted by a stentorian voice proceeding from the other end of the hall, the proprietor of which proposed Mr. Ignatius Swell for chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Pierre Diggs for secretary. These nominations were received with immense cheers and considerable waving of fans and handkerchiefs; and the elected officers having taken their allotted seats, Mr. Swell in the centre, with Mr. Diggs on the right and Boz on the left, the chairman arose and addressed the assembled multitude nearly as follows:

‘Ladies and gentlemen! — Need I repeat the object of this large and enthusiastic meeting? (Cries of ‘No, no! Go on!’) Need I repeat the gratifying assurance that here, at last, sitting not on my right but on my left and next my heart, (striking his breast with great emphasis,) is the great, the celebrated, the illustrious Boz! (Cheers, and cries of ‘Go it, Swell!’) Never within the memory of man, *never* has Idleberg been so honored as to-night; and all the entertainments she has hitherto extended to distinguished men, all combined, I may say, would n’t hold a candle to —’ The speaker’s voice was here lost in thunders of applause. ‘He has come nearly four thousand miles to see us, and we have met him with liberal hands and open hearts. (Hear! hear!) Does our honored guest lack any thing to heighten the enthusiasm of this moment? Has he ever met with fairer men or braver women than here? (Cries of ‘No! no!’) Sir — ladies and gentlemen, I mean — let any one read his works as *I* have read them, with the spirit and the

understanding, and I may flatter myself, with some little of the — the genius that inspires *his* bosom, (A voice: 'Certainly, that's it, Swell!') and he will soon discover that in such out-of-the-way places as Idleberg it is, that he delights to linger and consecrate them to eternal remembrance. (Great applause.) Who does not remember how in the *Pickwick Papers* he delights to visit the old rural mansions of England, to play at cricket with Ingle, to go a-rook-shooting with Winkle, and a skeäting with Pickwick? And then look at little Nell and her grand-father: but this reminds me of the presence of a lady here to-night, who has consented to represent this same little Nell. (At this point, if the lady alluded to had never been suspected of the similitude, her blushing efforts to conceal her embarrassment would have placed the matter beyond all doubt.) But I will not shock the timidity of this most sensitive and gifted lady, but would ask all those who may be familiar with the history of that exquisite little creature, to follow her

'In maiden meditation, fancy free,'

stealing out with her grand-father from the midnight shades of London, and going out into the groves and fields; now following the adverse fortunes of Mr. Codlin and Mr. Short; and now the most attractive feature in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works; until the author seems to linger with delight in the green fields and cottage homes of merrie England. (Immense applause.) No, gentlemen and ladies, here of all other places, our guest has assured me privately, and is prepared to assure you publicly, that the enthusiasm which has marked his reception is most gratifying. I propose therefore a toast which — But here I am reminded by my esteemed friend (a voice: 'Ah! indeed!') of the Mercury, that he desires to say a few words; after which I shall repeat a sentiment which I propose to your calm, dignified, and enlightened consideration.'

During the loud and long bursts of applause which succeeded this masterly effort of Mr. Swell, Mr. Pierre Diggs arose and announced that 'he would only detain the company a few minutes, to read a couple of manuscripts in his possession. The one is nothing less than an original letter from Boz: (Cries of 'Read it!' 'Go it, Diggs!') Yes, I will read it; and will merely remark that it was written in answer to a letter which I had the honor to address him. It is as follows:

'Carlton-House, New-York, —, '42.

'MY DEAR SIR:

'I am proud and glad to have received your letter. I thank you for it heartily; and will put it by, among other memorials of a like nature, to which I never fail to turn with the truest pleasure.

'It is not improbable that in the month of — we may be nearer to each other than you expect. I do not despair of our meeting yet.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully your friend,

'PIERRE DIGGS, Esquire.'

'C — D —.'

This rare curiosity excited great interest throughout the assembly, and especially in the breast of the fair Parminta, who gazed at the precious relic until her eyes glowed with rapture. 'The other paper,' resumed the speaker, 'was delivered to me by a young lady

with the request that I should read it here to-night, as an unworthy though heart-felt tribute to the genius of our guest. In a word, the authoress is no other than the lady who sits before you in the amiable character of little Nell.' The fair authoress came near going into convulsions in the arms of her maiden aunts, but was soon restored by the application of hartshorn, and the flattering applause which echoed every sentiment of her 'Stanzas to Boz,' from which we are only permitted to make the following elegant extract:

'To go with him to Britain's isle,  
To share at morn and eve his smile,  
To mend his trousers too, the while,  
And raise his hens and chickens—  
How many a maiden all forlorn,  
If Mrs. D. from him were torn,  
Would hail with joy the bridal morn  
That made *her* Mrs. DICKENS!'

When the astounding applause which succeeded the graceful enunciation of this gem of poesy had abated, the president arose and announced a toast, praying for the health, long life, and prosperity of their distinguished guest, whom he characterized as 'the world-known author of various Miscellaneous Sketches, the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress, the Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, and Master Humphrey's Clock, comprising, chiefly, the Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge.'

Thus appealed to, the guest arose with the true modesty of genius beaming from his countenance, while his enviable locks seemed to grow longer, and his red waistcoat redder than ever. Bowing gracefully on every side, in acknowledgment of the loud greetings that resounded throughout the hall, his deep and eloquent voice trembled while he exclaimed: 'I thank you, gentlemen and ladies, from the deepest depths of this heart of hearts, for the kind and I may add enthusiastic reception you have this night extended to me. (Tremendous cheering.) This indeed is fame! to be known by crowds thousands of miles from home; to be welcomed to your hospitality and kindness; and to find even here in Idleberg—quiet, obscure, and yet beautiful as I have found it—to find even *here* the warmest place by your fire-sides and in your hearts—ay, this indeed is fame! (Great applause.) I congratulate you as a community on the good fortune which has allotted to you, as criterions in all literary matters, the gentlemen who sit beside me, and who were mainly instrumental in getting up for your and my entertainment 'this feast of reason and this flow of soul.' Let me not forget to allude in terms of the highest commendation to that portion of to-night's entertainment contributed by the gentlemen of the musical fraternity of Idleberg, (bowing to the gentlemen of the band,) to whom I cannot better do justice than by reminding you of an exquisite passage from the celebrated ballad of 'Old King Cole:'

'There 's none so rare  
As can compare  
With the sons of harmony!'

(Deafening cheers followed this appropriate quotation, during which were heard the entire band sounding the note A in unison, and the voice of Miss Rainbow chiming in by way of chorus.) 'There is still another circumstance,' resumed the speaker, 'which, if I may be permitted to make a distinction where all is far more than I deserve, (A voice: 'No, never!') I would beg leave to consider the most agreeable compliment I have received. I allude to the verses of a gifted one, who I perceive is at once the pride and ornament of this town; the verses which I hold in my hand, entitled 'Stanzas to Boz.' (Great applause.) I will place them here, next my heart. I will carry them home with me to England; and although it is a delicate subject for *me* to allude to, should I have the misfortune to be deprived of my companion, (here the speaker was so overcome by the intensity of his feelings as to be forced to apply the corner of his white cambric handkerchief to his eyes, while he sobbed audibly,) I shall nevertheless, after the lapse of the customary period, immediately take passage in the first steam-ship, make my way to this garden-spot of North America, and gratify your unrivalled poetess with an opportunity of being called 'Mrs. Dickens,' and of 'feeding my hens and chickens!'

The applause which welcomed this declaration has rarely been equalled in the history of popular assemblies; and none were more boisterous in their plaudits than the maiden aunts of Miss Rainbow, and the fair Parminta herself, who recovered from a swoon just in time to hear the close of the declaration. Nor did the happy effect cease here, for the general hilarity affected even the speaker, until his recent tears were dried, and his countenance was suffused with smiles.

The speaker had just opened his eloquent lips to resume his discourse, when a new sensation was created at the extreme end of the hall by the appearance of the gentleman heretofore alluded to, who had travelled with Boz, and who had been prevented until now from attending the scene of the 'Boz supper.' Now the Major, being a man of rather respectable dimensions, found it difficult in the first place to effect an entrance into that crowded assembly; and in the second place, being somewhat near-sighted, as single gentlemen at his time of life are often apt to be, was unable at the first glance to distinguish the features of the speaker; and after reviewing the appearance of the man, and indulging a variety of other considerations which flashed through his mind, he came to the conclusion that this was not Boz at all, but some miserable impostor. The commotion just mentioned was occasioned by his distinct enunciation to several by-standers: 'Why, *that* is n't Boz!'

'*That* is n't Boz?' repeated a by-stander, who had been most violent in his applause.

From lip to lip and ear to ear the words passed on: 'The Major says that is n't Boz;' until a loud murmur pervaded the hall, while the *ci-devant* orator trembled in every joint, and looked the very image of blankness and despair.

'Who says I ain't Boz?' he demanded.

'*You Boz! the d—l you are!*' exclaimed a stentorian voice from the door; and the crowd retired before the rapid strides of a stout, burly gentleman, who was a stranger to Idleberg. 'I command you, one and all, to arrest the scoundrel!' At one bound the chop-fallen hero leaped from his chair, and had well nigh gained an adjacent window, but was detained by his friends, Messrs. Diggs and Swell, who clutched him by his skirts and threw him to the floor, where they held him in durance vile, until the strange officer confronted him with a brace of pistols, exclaiming: 'Stop! you villain, or I'll shoot you through!'

No language can depict the wild disorder which pervaded that hall, so recently devoted to music and the muses. The crash of glasses, chairs, and tables; the sounds of hurried and retreating footsteps; the noise of the band playing the *Rogue's March*; the wild screams of women and children at the sight of pistols; and the loud invectives of the sterner sex at the successful imposition; these formed the chief characteristics of that turbulent scene. While the rival editors were exercising a generous emulation in pomelling their miserable victim fore and aft, on his head, breast and shoulders, the fair but unhappy Parminta swooned away and was carried out in the arms of her maiden aunts. During all this ado, the strange officer, after producing his credentials, entertained a select company, among whom were Messrs. Diggs and Swell, with an interesting and detailed account of the various crimes and misdemeanors of the culprit under arrest, among which he enumerated forgery and grand larceny; and concluded by presenting to his curious audience a printed document offering a reward of several hundred dollars for his arrest and delivery to the constituted authorities. The fair Parminta had in the meantime been deposited on her virgin couch, where she lingered without showing any signs of animation, except the occasional utterance of the most unearthly sighs and sobs, until she was assured that the pseudo-Boz had been convicted, in a distant portion of the country, of various felonious offences, and sentenced to a permanent asylum in a rocky abode, far too narrow for the due exhibition of his powers of oratory, and the display of his long locks and red waistcoat.

Boz never came to Idleberg; but the generous admiration long since excited here by his genius was not suffered to abate in consequence of this successful imposition, which may rather be attributed to the blind zeal of the multitude than to the skill of the impostor. Thomas and Kitty were married at the appointed time, notwithstanding his absence. Too soon, alas! too soon for the peace of Idleberg, the wars of the '*Mercury*' and the '*Sentinel*' were resumed. The occurrences of the night of the '*Boz supper*,' so illustrious in the annals of the town, only served to add new fuel to their fires, fresh daggers to their editorials. Their mutual sparring has however at length resolved itself into a similitude to the interlocutory disputes now and then entertained between man and wife, which serve to diversify the monotony of the married life, and

to amuse the children and servants. The fair Parminta, the reader may be pleased to learn, has once more recovered the healthful flow of her spirits and the fluent exercise of her tongue; and as all Idleberg is proud to know, her pen is still the fountain whence flow silver streams of poesy, addressed to the moon, the stars, the birds, and the flowers; though she has signed a written pledge, at the request of her discreet aunts, never again to be found inditing stanzas to a fictitious Boz.

'I H A D A L I T T L E B R O T H E R O N C E.'

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I.

I HAD a little brother once,  
Whose dark and shining hair  
Hung low, in graceful curls, upon  
His forehead, young and fair;  
While 'neath their long and silken fringe  
His merry eyes would gleam,  
Reflecting all the radiant light  
Of summer's sunniest beam.

II.

I saw my little brother first  
A cradled infant lie;  
And then I knew him as a youth,  
With spirits wild and high;  
How often would he steal to me,  
With bud or floweret rare,  
And place them in my willing hand,  
Or bind them in my hair!

III.

I watched his youthful mind expand,  
And to each little plan  
Gave ready ear, and in them saw  
A promise of the man.  
I loved him with that fervent love  
Which only sisters know,  
And thanked the God who made his blood  
So healthfully to flow.

IV.

I saw the bright and sparkling tears,  
And marked his bosom swell,  
As, with his young and faltering voice  
He said to me, 'Farewell!'

Not many months had flown, since last  
I parted from his side,  
When, on one gloomy winter day,  
That little brother died !

## v.

They laid him in the barren earth,  
Beneath a cold, clear sky ;  
It was a mournful thing for him  
In loneliness to lie :  
I saw him not ! I saw him not  
Within his snowy shroud,  
But in the dark and solemn night  
My spirit wept aloud.

## vi.

It was not that I wished to look  
Upon his lifeless form,  
Or press the lip, so soon to feed  
The cold and creeping worm !  
But ever in my midnight dreams  
I saw his shadow rise,  
And oh ! what sad, reproachful looks  
Shone in his gentle eyes !

## vii.

And once I thought he beckoned me,  
Then we together came  
Within a strange and lonely place,  
And there I read his name :  
'T was written on a cold gray stone  
That watched above a mound,  
While, as I looked, on every hand  
These watchers claimed the ground !

## viii.

I wakened — but I rested not,  
Till, kneeling by that grave,  
I saw the thin, transparent grass  
Above it gently wave :  
Ah ! weary hours have passed since then !  
I've seen two summers pale,  
And twice the downy thistle-seeds  
Have flown before the gale !

## ix.

And twice the woods, that hover near  
That well-remembered spot,  
Have shed their many-colored leaves  
Above its grassy plot :  
Yet still my grief is fresh, as when  
We were so sorely tried ;  
For still it seems but yesterday  
My little brother died !

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

*The Young Englishman.*

## CHAPTER THIRD.

MARINERS. 'All lost! To prayers! to prayers! All lost!'  
 MAN ALOFT. 'Sail Ho!'  
 MASTER. 'Where away!'

PERHAPS it has fallen to the lot of the reader, among the events common to poor humanity, to be placed in a position of extreme peril, while the dangers which surround him gradually thicken until his situation becomes one of the last extremity, and hope is just ready to desert his bosom. At such a crisis, let some prospect of relief, however faint and uncertain, be presented; let the slightest chance of escape appear, and how his breast becomes agitated with conflicting emotions! How on a sudden does the pulse quicken, the heart throb, and the whole frame tremble with excitement! Then a reaction takes place; the pulse falters; the heart sinks within him; and despondency once more shrouds his spirit in gloom. And thus he continues, while the issue is uncertain; at one moment the creature of ecstatic hope, the next overwhelmed by the bitterest despair.

Why is it that man is subject to such contending passions? why does he cling to life with such unyielding tenacity, terrified and disheartened at the approach of death? Do not tell me that this is the work of that instinct which Providence has bestowed upon all the animal creation; upon man perhaps the least of all. Instinct may cause the unconscious struggle in the last moment of extremity, may tighten the muscles of the drowning man as he grasps in his last agony some fancied object of relief, and teach the wretch expiring under the knife of the assassin to clutch with convulsive energy the sharp steel as it pierces his bosom. But what has instinct to do with the feelings which agitate him who has the opportunity of contemplating death as it approaches with a sure and determined step, and of reflecting upon the issue of his course? Nothing — positively nothing. The terrors which distract him are of another kind, and the fears which oppress him of a different class. It is of these I speak: And why should there be fears? What terrors should a change of existence produce? Man is fond of change; why then should he shrink at the last great one? Certain wise philosophers of the present age (who, by the way, have gleaned what little of sense appears in their theories from the dusky folios of antiquity) have a ready way to account for this, by making *ignorance* the source of all apprehension of evil; and *knowledge* the sure and certain remedy for all human ills. 'Man,' say they, 'dreads



death because all is unknown and mysterious beyond it; and he clings to life not because it is sweet but because the future is veiled in dark uncertainty. Let the view once be made clear, and the prospect plain, so that the way appear *familiar*; then every anxiety will cease, and every fear be removed.' Of a part with this reasoning is the modern theory that all the works of God, I had almost said the very character of the Almighty, are only sublime because they are mysterious; and that when Science unfolds her lights more fully, and we come to *understand* how minute particles make up the great whole, we shall cease to admire; we shall no longer reverence; and veneration will find no place in our bosoms. Poor, weak, blind fools! to adore the instrument, as the independent cause; to worship the secondary light and forget the sun!

It is because man is a sinful being, that he is unhappy at the thought of dissolution. It is because his heart is darkened by error and his soul tainted by depravity, that he dreads futurity; for in that future something whispers to him that all may not be well! He fears the change, because that change may bring with it retribution; and let his belief be what it may, nay I care not whether he have any belief at all, he cannot at the last hour force such convictions from his mind, nor stifle the 'still small voice' that utters, with alarming distinctness, 'Beware! beware!'

The situation of the passengers and crew of the 'Christoval Colon,' as already narrated, had become desperate indeed: and at the close of the last chapter, it seemed from the alarm given by the Scotchman, that the ship must go down, and all on board perish. His fears, to be sure, were far from idle; for the water rushed down the companion-way into the cabin like a great cataract. The vessel staggered under the tremendous sea that broke on board, and her stern sunk lower and lower, until even the captain thought she was sinking. But we were not thus to perish. The ship slowly righted; and though weakened by the impetus, still kept head to wind. I had forced through every obstacle and gained the deck on the first alarm, and now looked around and examined narrowly the appearance of things. Daylight just began to glimmer across the heavens, and the clouds had assumed a less dark and threatening aspect. The wind too did not, as I thought, drive with the same fury as before; and on the whole, I felt safe in anticipating a favorable change. But to us what did this avail? For the water gained so rapidly upon the wearied mariners, that it was evident we could hold out but little longer; and we seemed doomed to sink beneath the billows, after the storm had passed away, and the tempest had spent its violence. There remained but one chance of escape. Possibly a sail might come in sight and pass near enough to discover our condition and take us off. As day dawned, every eye was strained with feverish anxiety to discover if possible the wished-for object. The least spot that darkened the horizon in the distance became to the eager gaze a vessel bearing directly toward us; and when the vapor dissolved, for it was only vapor, and the illusion

was entirely dispelled, then despondency took possession of every breast, until a new object presented itself, once more to raise their hopes, only to sink them in despair.

The weary hours passed away, but they brought no consolation. The sun, which during the day occasionally shone out upon our ship-wrecked company, for so we were now to be regarded, threw its declining beams across the western sky, which were reflected upon the restless surface of the ocean; clear indeed, but 'cold as they were clear;' and night was soon to cast her shadows over the deep.

'A sail! a sail!—thank God!' shouted one or two forward. The sound thrilled every soul, and in an instant all exclaimed together: 'Where!—tell us where?'

'There! *there!* don't you see it?' shouted the Scotchman, pointing to windward. It is a ship, I know.'

The captain, who all along had continued motionless and silent, took his glass, directed it toward the supposed vessel, and after a long and deliberate look, calmly assented to the general exclamation.

'Which way is she going, Captain?' 'Will she soon be up with us?' 'Are you sure she is coming toward us?' 'How long before we can tell?' were but a few of the multitude of questions proposed by the excited company, while none waited for an answer, but hurried away, bewildered, to something else.

It was a curious sight, that anxious, eager, half-distracted group; and I leaned quietly against the main-mast and observed with deep interest all that passed. Every passenger was on deck except the invalid. Entirely exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the preceding night, he had thrown himself into his berth, and there he *slept!* His mother and sister had left him for a few moments to watch the approach of the vessel, to which all looked as the only source of deliverance.

We were soon able to discern with distinctness the brig, for such it proved to be, which was approaching. She was bound to the eastward, and her course, as it bore by compass, would bring her directly down upon us. As she came nearer, the excitement on board the 'Christoval Colon' became intense. Now the crew of the stranger could be plainly seen, as they passed from one part of the vessel to another, and every movement on board was watched in almost breathless anxiety. Signals of distress were made and repeated again and again. It was evident that they were seen by the brig's company; for after running on till nearly abreast of the 'Colon' they tacked ship and bore directly toward us, passed close under our stern, so close that we might have thrown a rope on board; and then, standing away again, continued on their course. We had not cherished a thought other than that of immediate relief and safety from our perilous situation. We did not suppose it possible that a vessel could pass us by without coming to our assistance, after our condition had been made known. What then was the horror of all on board on perceiving the brig continue her way,

regardless of the shouts, the supplications, and the cries from our sinking ship! She had subjected us to the closest scrutiny, and from some reason or other, determined to leave us to our fate.

'Cold, unfeeling, brutal wretches!' murmured Mrs. —. Not a word more could she utter. Her heart was too full. Her darling boy lay expiring below, and the expected succor was no longer at hand. The conduct of the unknown vessel excited various manifestations of feeling from the passengers of the 'Colon.' Some were so astounded at the unexpected occurrence, that they sank into a senseless stupor, from which nothing seemed to rouse them. Others gave way for the moment to a violent out-break of passion against the brig, her captain, and crew. A few, a very few were calm and collected; but all despaired of help. I still maintained my position near the captain, who had scarcely moved during the whole scene. He now turned to me and said:

'I am not much surprised at what you have just seen. I thought that fellow was one of those cursed sea-rovers who care for nothing but money. They have hardly enough depravity, or perhaps too little courage, to rob and murder, and quite too little humanity to rescue a fellow creature in distress.'

'Do you know his nation?' inquired I.

'No, I do not; the brig itself is English, but she probably belongs to some company of adventurers, either in London or Antwerp, composed of Scotch and Dutchmen, and has no doubt half a dozen flags on board, to serve at a venture. These times afford such advantages for free-traders that the honest merchantman stands but a poor chance with them. The crew are generally interested in the profits of the voyage, and thus every noble feeling is smothered by the desire of gain. They saw from our appearance that nothing was to be made out of us, and they have gone their way.'

The earnest and fixed attention which the brig attracted, and the intense interest which her approach and subsequent disappearance excited, so engrossed all on board that they did not perceive a large sail which had hove in sight on our larboard quarter, and which from all appearances would probably pass us before it was dark. Once more the hearts of the unfortunate passengers beat quick with mingled feelings of hope and fear. Their late disappointment forbade any sanguine expectations; still they could not quite repress them. The captain again took his glass, and reconnoitered this second visiter. 'T is a ship,' said he, suspending his observation for a moment, 'though she is not standing on a tack that will bring her very near us; but even at this distance, her captain, if he takes a close look, will see that there is something wrong about us; beside, he can't mistake our signals; and if he is half the true-hearted British sailor I hope he will prove, he will run down to us at once.' Still the stranger kept her course: she was now quite up with us, and distant some two or three miles. A few moments and she had passed, but showed no signs of recognition.

Again all was given up for lost. The captain still continued eye-

ing her through his glass, which he had resumed, while the passengers waited in painful suspense the result of his observations, maintaining throughout a breathless silence. At length I perceived the glass tremble in the captain's hands: for the first time he appeared strongly agitated; then taking it from his eye, he said to me in a low but positive tone: 'She sees our condition, and is preparing to stand this way.' He was right: in a few moments the course of the stranger was altered, she bore directly toward us, and once more hope was in the ascendant. It was indeed full time, for the hold of the 'Colon' was filling with water, and we should have gone down long before, had the storm continued.

The new-comer soon became more distinctly visible; and as she drew nearer she showed evident signs of having also been a sufferer from the late gale. Her jib-boom was carried away and some of her lighter spars, yet she looked in snug condition, and sea-worthy. There was something about her build which struck me with admiration, even at this distance; and the gallant manner with which she met the billows, proved that I was not at fault.

'A real Briton! my good Sir,' exclaimed the captain, addressing me for the first time in a cheerful tone; 'I wonder she did not see us sooner; but the waves run high yet, and we are low in the water; so we will not quarrel with him for that.'

'Are you sure she is English?' I inquired.

'Not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it!' was the reply; 'what else can she be? Nothing French, nor Dutch, nor any thing that's foreign, about her.'

'You may be right,' I added, 'but she does not look like an Englishman to me. She is longer from keel to bowsprit, and has not the breadth of beam forward, of an English ship; yet I confess I know of no nation that might claim her.'

'We shall soon see,' said the captain, 'for she will answer if we show our signal, and she is almost down upon us. Mr. Marlin, run up full colors aft, and let them unfurl handsomely.'

In two minutes the ensign of England was unfurled, and floated proudly over the waters that were just ready to engulf the sinking ship. A slight bustle could be observed on board the stranger-vessel: a moment's delay occurred, and then a bright flag, glittering with stars and lined with stripes, fluttered gaily in the wind; a beautiful emblem of the new-born free republic of the United States of North America!

'It is a rebel ship!' said the captain, sternly; 'we need not expect relief there.'

'It belongs to a nation of FREEMEN!' retorted I, with animation, 'and we shall be saved!'

An angry frown passed over the brow of the captain, but his countenance soon changed, and he said in a milder tone: 'Perhaps you are right; at any rate, it is no time now to indulge in bitter feelings;' and he left me, to give the necessary orders to his mates.

It was with indescribable emotion that I beheld for the first time

the standard of the American States. A few years before their struggle with England, I had visited the 'Colonies,' and witnessed the grievances which they suffered; and I then saw signs of discontent and disaffection, which I was convinced would end in revolution. Through the whole of the eight years' war they had received my warmest sympathy, to which would have been added my personal service, had not circumstances too imperative to be disregarded carried me to another quarter of the globe. But when England was forced to acknowledge the independence of America, and withdraw her armies from the shores of the New World, I felt like holding a jubilee with the victorious country; for it seemed that Liberty was at length to triumph, and man be freed from thralldom.

The ship, as she approached, answered in every way the favorable character which I had at first given her. She was apparently about four hundred tons' burden, and though a little crippled by the storm, the perfect symmetry of her proportions; the beautiful appearance of her spars, as they tapered upward to an extraordinary height; the graceful rounding of her bow, and the apparent ease with which she rode over the waves; made her seem like some living, breathing creature, and the water her proper element. As she was now steering, she would run directly foul of us; and as she made no preparation for lying-to, many on board the 'Colon' began to fear a collision. But the captain of the American was too good a seaman to make such a mistake. By running close under us, and still keeping control of his helm, and then steering a point free as he came along-side, he avoided the necessity of backing his main-top-sail and lying-to in a heavy sea so near another ship, which would have been a dangerous experiment. The vessel passed so near to us that we could occasionally hear the orders given by the master to the helmsman, as he cried in a quick, decided tone: 'No nigher! do n't fall off! Mind your helm, and keep her steady!'

At the moment of passing our quarter, without using his trumpet, or going through the usual interrogations, he applied both hands to his mouth, and exclaimed in a strong, stirring voice: 'What ship's that?'

'The British ship Christoval Colon, from Liverpool to Jamaica; sprung a-leak, and in a sinking condition!' echoed back our captain.

'The sea runs too high to lower a boat to-night,' returned the master of the American; 'but keep up your courage; the heavy weather is over. We'll lay close to windward of you till morning, and then take you off.'

'For God's sake don't desert us!' exclaimed the captain of the 'Colon,' in a tone of intense feeling.

'Not if I have to stay by you a week!' replied the other, as his ship passed out of speaking distance. Soon he tacked and stood toward us again, and when sufficiently near to be heard, he shouted: 'Show three lights aloft to-night, and let them be distinct. If you are in extremity, take in two of them, and I will answer the signal.'

'Ay, ay!' was our response; and then the captain of the 'Colon' hailed the other ship in form. The answers were prompt and clear; and we learned that our deliverer was the 'Samuel Adams,' of Boston, last from Antwerp on a trading voyage round the Cape. The American ship kept on for about a quarter of a mile. She then laid her head to wind and displayed her lights, for it was now evening, as if to assure us of her kind intentions.

What various emotions did the prospect of escape produce among the passengers of the 'Colon!' None dared to indulge in any boisterous manifestations of joy, for the danger was still too pressing to admit of them. A few were still desponding, unable to recover from the agony of their late disappointment. To most, the new ship appeared, as she lay near us, with her bright lights gleaming aloft, like some messenger of mercy sent on a special errand for our relief. Others however were not satisfied with the conduct of the stranger. The young Jamaica merchant and the Scotchman thought 'he should not have delayed a moment in relieving us, and that his declining to send a boat off at once was a very suspicious circumstance.' I was about to reply to this ungracious charge, when the captain promptly responded to it, and assured them positively that the boat could not live a minute in the sea that was then running; adding, 'that the master who did not hesitate to detain his ship a night for their sakes ought not to be accused of want of humanity, because he did not throw away the lives of his mate and boat's crew in a useless attempt to bring us off.'

I thanked the captain with a look for his manly defence of this unhandsome attack, and then asked him the condition of our ship.

'Worse,' he replied, 'than I could wish; our cargo is a heavy one; we can keep part of the deck above water, if we are only waterlogged; but I fear, with this sea, as soon as the pumps are conquered we shall go down.' I proposed that the passengers should take their turns, and relieve the crew for a part of the night at least. A muster was had; all expressed their willingness to do duty, and we were detailed accordingly.

How heavily passed the long, long hours! At times the water would gain fast upon us, and then by almost superhuman efforts we would recover part of what we lost. Cheered by the lights which shone brightly from the stranger-ship, the thought of speedy deliverance nerved our arms and sustained our failing strength. As night advanced the weather moderated, the wind hauled to the southward, and it began to rain. Nothing could be more favorable, for nothing has so great an influence in allaying the restlessness of the ocean, as the small rain-drops falling upon its surface. The morning dawned at last; the 'Christoval Colon' floated still, but float she could not much longer. The cabin was nearly filled with water, and the females and the invalid were obliged to seek safety on deck. The latter was now unable to stand, but he still maintained his composure, and kept up the courage of the rest by his calm, collected manner.

Before it was quite light, the danger became so imminent that the



appointed signal of distress was given to the other vessel. True to his pledge, the master answered it promptly. He ran down as near as safety would permit, backed his main-top-sail, lowered away the small-boat, and immediately it was manned by the mate and four sailors. What a cheering, gladdening sight was that! to see the frail, slight thing mounting upon the highest wave, then sinking completely out of view, apparently swallowed up, and once more rising to the top, as it was dexterously guided by the experienced hand of the mate! A few strokes more, and she was along-side. As she touched the 'Colon,' there was an attempt made on the part of some of the passengers to rush into the boat, although it had been strictly forbidden by our captain. The officer of the small-boat perceived the movement, and shouting 'avast!' pushed from our vessel as quick as thought. Then directing his men to lie on their oars, he exclaimed in a firm, decided tone: 'My orders are, if there is the least rush made to board me as I lay along-side, to return to my ship without taking off a soul; and in saving those on board this ship, I am first to take females; next, any who may be sick or disabled; and last, hale men.' The effect of this announcement was electrical; for it presented the only inducement, to those who required the threat, for a compliance with the terms proposed. 'He is a noble fellow!' exclaimed the captain of the 'Colon;' 'I am glad those creatures have got a rebuke at last, for at a time like this control over such beings is impossible.'

Assurances were immediately given of our acquiescence in the terms proposed, and the boat was again along-side. The souls on board the 'Colon' numbered in all thirty-five. The sea, although much calmer than the night previous, still ran high, and rendered it unsafe to take but few at one time. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. — could be prevailed upon to precede her son. Not until he had peremptorily refused to leave, and as urgently entreated her to go, would she consent to be separated from him. On the return of the boat, the young man would not enter it until the poor seamen who had met with accidents during the storm were first in safety, and even then he declined availing himself of his privilege, insisting that all should take preference of him, as his life was the least valuable of any on board. This was no time for argument. So the captain and myself gently raised him up, lifted him over the side of the vessel, and he was soon in the arms of his mother and sister, on board the American ship. The boat returned for the last time. The captain, his two mates and myself were all that remained in the 'Christoval Colon.' That gallant ship presented a melancholy spectacle: even the pumps were deserted: they had done their work; they had answered their end. The captain was the last to leave his ship. He gave a sad look around him; 'I would willingly stay,' said he, 'and sink with the 'Colon,' for I have nothing else to love in this world; but that would not be acting the part of a man nor a Christian. Farewell, my stanch, my noble ship!' he added, with increased emotion; 'for stanch and true you have ever proved to me, ay, even in this last sad trial.' He stepped hastily over the side and jumped into the boat.

The 'Colon' now filled rapidly : her deck was entirely submerged ; and directly a large sea broke over her ; she turned partly over, made a violent plunge forward, and — sunk ! A bubbling eddy for the moment occupied the place of the unfortunate vessel ; but the succeeding waves swept away every trace of what *once* was there. The captain, unable to witness the destruction of his ship, had turned resolutely away ; and continued looking in the opposite direction till all was over.

A few strong pulls of the oar brought us to the side of the *other* ship ; and the next moment we stood in safety on the deck of the 'Samuel Adams.'

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THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

DELIA.

LONG flaxen tresses, and a mild blue eye,  
 Into which one might ever gaze and find  
 The same serenity that fills the sky,  
 (Faithful reflection of her peaceful mind !)  
 A cheek the ripening peach might envy, while  
 It hangs all luscious in the August sun ;  
 A lip beyond comparison ; whereon a smile,  
 Sweet as the rosy dawn when night is done,  
 Rests always, save when Pity bids the tear  
 Hang glittering on her eye-lash ; slight, yet round,  
 Her peerless form ; light as the graceful deer,  
 Whose chary tread seems jealous of the ground,  
 She moves ; and when she speaks, methinks I hear  
 A lute ; low, soft, and tremulously clear.

---

MARY.

ALONE and pensive, she doth tire the night  
 With sleepless musings : from her window gazing  
 She marketh star and constellation bright,  
 Or shrinketh, when, its giant arms upraising  
 Over the North, Aurora Borealis dims  
 The glory of the Bear. Yet hath the day,  
 At sunrise or at noon, a thousand hymns  
 She listeneth to ; and when the slanting ray  
 Of evening gilds the clouds, she gazeth still.  
 She is a strange creature, loving solitude  
 Better than friends ; the plaintive whip-poor-will  
 Better than all the warblers of the wood.  
 Pale is her cheek, though bright her full, dark eye ;  
 She smileth not, yet uttereth no sigh.



## THE KISS AND THE TEAR.

## I.

WHEN I first saw the tear in thy soul-telling eye,  
 I'd have kissed it away had not others been by;  
 But the happy and heartless were laughing around,  
 And the gem of pure feeling fell cold to the ground.

## II.

As we lingered to part where the pale moon-beam shone,  
 With a heart-thrilling rapture to love only known,  
 I deemed that naught earthly could add to my bliss,  
 Till thy tear's soft enchantment was lost in thy kiss.

## III.

With blessings alike so transcendently dear,  
 Could I tell if I loved best the kiss or the tear?  
 Did I swear for the one, I'd be false to my oath;  
 Be it thus, then, mine own one! oh give, give me both!

## THE FORTRESS OF SAINT MARK.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CLERGYMAN.

THE rivers in the South seem to feel the influence of the climate: they have a sluggish motion and a sleepy look; and are as much unlike the brisk and sparkling streams which flow over granite beds, and have to struggle with the chains of frost and ice, as the planter, who has to keep quiet that he may keep cool, is unlike the manufacturer who has to 'keep a-moving' if he would not freeze. The southern river is apt to be very deep, and though inactive to all appearance, somewhat dangerous to meddle with. Death is often lurking under these sedgy banks; while the northern — but comparisons are not the thing for a MAGA such as ours, whose circulation, like Webster's patriotism, 'is not bounded by State lines,' and whose merits are equally appreciated in the cool hammock which swings in some breezy verandah, and in the comfortable chair which spreads its arms before some blazing fire of Lehigh or Pine Orchard.

But the Wakullah is so much like the people on its banks, that one is forced into comparisons. It starts into life with an upward bound of at least a hundred feet, as the reader will perhaps remember we described a year or two ago; and after running a while to show its speed, it seems contented with its display of power, sinks into a state of quiet, and calmly pursues its way, for fifteen miles or so, to the Apalache Bay.

About the place where its current flows most slowly, it joins company with the St. Marks, a river of much higher pretensions, and to which we must some day devote a separate chapter. Perhaps you have heard of the Natural Bridge, or possibly its fame has yet to grow, so overshadowed has it been by the superior glory of the Virginia curiosity. Well, let me be the first to tell you that it is over the St. Marks that nature has thrown this useful structure. So far, it has been a safer place for Seminoles than for people of paler faces: and many a savage yell has been heard from its tangled thickets, and many a worthy citizen has watered it with his blood; but one of these days the great highway between the capital and South Florida will lead across it, where now there is but little more than an Indian trail.

Perhaps too, if you are a merchant, you have seen in the morning papers that certain vessels 'will have despatch' for *Magnolia*. When I saw it first, I wondered where Magnolia was. Let me tell you once for all, it is upon the banks of this same St. Marks. Once a steam-boat visited its wharf, and a collector of the port resided there; and to crown its glories, it had a bank. But alas! the pressure of the times and the effects of the war have brought it to a sudden end, and its name must return to the glorious tree from which its founders borrowed it. *Illium fuit!* The St. Marks and the Wakullah approach each other through a low and marshy plain; but where they meet, the action of their waters in their flow and reflux has piled up the sand a little, and made it firm. This is the point which the Spaniards fixed upon, and early one spring morning, more than a hundred years ago, laid the foundation of the fort and the town which they dedicated to St. Mark. Abundant materials were near at hand; for although the land lies low, and looks swampy, a few feet beneath the surface, and entangled among the roots of the saw-palmetto, there is the greatest quantity of rotten limestone. It is called 'rotten;' and when first exposed to the air, it is quite soft, and is easily cut with an axe; but time hardens it to such a degree as to render it nearly as serviceable as granite. The quarter-master found this out a few years ago, when he attempted to fit up an apartment in the Bomb-proof for his horses: they of course needed a little more light and air than could be had through the door and a slim window six inches high and two wide; and it was only by great labor and considerable expense that they were enabled to obtain it.

When first constructed, the fortress occupied a good deal of ground, and must have presented a formidable appearance to the Indians, against whom it was principally intended. Time and neglect have much impaired its pristine glories, but still it produces a thrill of pleasure in the beholder, the first time he sees its gray and 'towers head' lifting itself above the plain. The best view of it is from the land, and from the north, as on the side next the water the wall has either been broken down or was not built at all. It is more probable that there was no wall on the south side; for they were too far from Apalache Bay to fear the privateers, and their own



waiting nearly an hour for the surly and unwilling jailer; but by degrees I made out the proportions of the large and vaulted apartment, and was able to make my way to the miserable man, who was lying in the midst of his chains and rags, in the most distant corner.

'Christ told me you would come, Sir,' he said, as I sat down by him; and as well as he could he lifted his hands, heavy with links of iron, and blessed me.

'Christ came to me last night,' he continued; 'down through that vaulted roof he rode in a flaming chariot.' But I need not relate all this: his eyes rolled in rapture, he laughed with wild delight; he would hear nothing of his crime, nothing of repentance, and would talk of nothing but the glory of his coming death.

After a long interview, chilled with the cold, I came out into the hot summer air, satisfied that his reason was for the present gone, and that it would be cruel to hang a madman. I represented the case to the governor on my return to Tallahassee, who with his usual benevolence postponed the sentence. But the people were not to be robbed of their victim: they rose in mass upon the day at first appointed, got possession of the prison, and hung the poor maniac, in defiance of the laws, or rather before its guardians had time to prevent it.

D is a comfortable little cottage, with which I have pleasant associations; the bishop of — and myself having been most hospitably entertained there by —, whose name would raise a host of agreeable reminiscences in the minds of all our military readers. If I were to tell all his stories, there would be room for nothing else in this number; but I must insist upon recalling this, which he introduced to us under the name of '*The Baulked Lawyer*.' This was a very polite man, who was called upon by one of his female clients, and requested to take her son, who was notorious as the worst boy in the village, and teach him the whole science and mystery of his honorable profession. The lawyer was of course not ambitious of such a student, and made many excuses, and stated many reasons why he would prefer not. But the mother insisted. At last he thought of alarming her maternal fears, and said to her:

'Madam, the law is a tricky trade, and your boy is really too honest to succeed in it.'

'Well now,' was the reply of the anxious mother, 'never do you mind that, at all. He *will* lie, and between you and me, he has been known to *take* a few things.'

I wish we could print the narrator's manner; but that is not possible; so I will continue my description.

After dinner, we walked around the walls, climbed up the stone steps at B, and admired the extensive prospect which is visible from the top of the Bomb-proof. The ceilings of the three apartments, which I have already described, are arched, in order to support a heavy stone roof, which is perfectly level, and in the old time was mounted with several guns. This performed the double

purpose of a look-out, being much more elevated than the remaining part of the structure, and of a place where the garrison might take air and exercise without the fear of savages before their eyes. Many a dark-eyed señora has reclined against that rough parapet, and thought of Andalusia; and many a dashing caballero has wooed her thoughts to pleasant subjects on this side the Atlantic, and made her listen delightedly to her country's songs in a far-off land. My own musings were very sad the first time I stood upon that time-worn roof. I had just stepped ashore from the boat of the *Timoleon*, which lay on an oyster-bank a mile or two below; and without an acquaintance save the captain, who was busy with his freight, and my fellow passengers, some mechanics who were looking for employment, I had clambered up to the top of this old ruin, that I might see as much as possible of the land which for a while at least was to be my home. I had been three weeks at sea; was not in good health; and was in the midst of people who knew nothing of me, and cared nothing for me. The solitude of the voyage had been great, but it was nothing to the solitude which I then endured.

While I was leaning over the parapet in this mood, I recollect that a neatly-dressed and good-looking woman passed beneath the walls; and I remember that I felt as if I would have given the world if I had been privileged to walk by her side. No one can understand this, unless he has been far away from home, and in the midst of utter strangers. It needs the intercourse of virtuous women to make a man at home. It is so in Africa; at least we have the opinion of Mungo Park, that it was only the women who made that country tolerable for him: their acquaintance was easily secured, and they were fast friends when made. They did not need a regular introduction, and they asked no questions. There is no accounting for tastes; but in my opinion the value of many things is enhanced by the difficulty with which they are obtained.

But in the mean-while, our anxious readers are wondering what E is. E is quite a large building, partly of stone and partly of wood, which now serves the ignoble purposes of a kitchen. C is by tradition considered as the magazine, but is probably a modern structure, as its position would interfere with the proper defence of the walls. The whole area within the walls is much more elevated than the surrounding country, and is so arranged that it slopes upward on all sides to the walls, forming near them a broad platform, from which the embrasures are all easily approached. The entire interior has undergone a great many changes from time to time; and within the island formed by the fosse and the rivers, are several other houses, which being modern structures I have not thought worth while to mention.

Before these changes, it must have been a beautiful as well as an important post. Some idea of its cost may be gathered from the traditionary anecdotes which are told sometimes of the other forts in Florida, but in general are appropriated to this. Tradition tells us that the king of Spain grew weary of the petitions for money to

finish this fort, and on one occasion asked the question whether gold was the *only* material they intended to use in its construction. On another occasion we are told that the king took the petitioner with him into a lofty turret in his palace, and desired to be shown the point of the horizon in which Florida lay. When asked the object of his question, the angry king replied: 'Why, Sir, if you are not building that fort very broad, it is surely high enough for me to see it by this time.' His Catholic Majesty ought to have recollected that the land there lies very low.

The town of St. Marks has been nearly broken up by a rival town, three miles nearer the gulf, to which the Tallahassee railroad runs exclusively, and by the circumstance that the land on which the town is built is in dispute. The government claims it as a part included in their purchase of the surrounding country. All the land lying within the range of their guns is claimed by the government, on the strength of the Spanish treaty; and it is not unlikely that having the might on the side of those same guns, the right will prove to be on that side too.

If this article were not too long already, I would enter upon the rich matter afforded by the traditions current of the times when OLD HICKORY 'took the responsibility' in that ancient fort, and of a time still later, when an old acquaintance of our readers, RALPH RINGWOOD, commanded there: but enough is said.

L.

*Camden, S. C.*


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T H E   G O L D F I N C H .

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FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTOLA.

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A GOLDFINCH of her darling young  
 To all her mates the praises sung.  
 'My fledgling is the loveliest thing  
 That e'er adorned the flowery spring:  
 A downy vesture soft and warm  
 Enrobes his slight and graceful form;  
 He chirps and hops from spray to spray  
 Through all the clear and sunny day;  
 Come all, and see my lovely young!'  
 'T was thus the simple goldfinch sung,  
 Repeating fondly all the while  
 His praises to the good and vile.  
 But ah! one luckless morning hour  
 From culling of her favorite flower,  
 Affection thrilling in her breast,  
 The mother sought her forest nest:  
 Its downy walls were stained with gore,  
 She never saw her fledgling more.

Ye, who would keep the thing ye prize,  
 Oh! guard it from all stranger eyes.

W. H. H.

## SELF-COMMUNING.

WRITTEN ON MY THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

THOUGH with thee, as few of men,  
 Time late dalliance hold,  
 Half thy three-score years and ten  
 Are already told :  
 Like a meteor's transient gleam,  
 Like a swift bird's lay,  
 Like the phantoms of a dream,  
 They have passed away !

Would'st recall the vanished hours  
 Of thy morning prime ?  
 Call as soon for vernal flowers  
 In the autumn time ;  
 Hope as soon to breathe their sweet  
 On the shivering gale,  
 When the winter's winding sheet  
 Shroudeth hill and vale !

Seems it but a moment's space  
 Since life's orient sun  
 Started on its joyous race,  
 Yet its noon is won !  
 Briefer yet shall seem its flight  
 Eveward to the close,  
 Where its orb shall sink in night,  
 As from night it rose.

What the record time has traced  
 Of thy course till now ?  
 Many a bright hour run to waste,  
 Many a broken vow ;  
 Many an idle thought and word,  
 Wayward will unchecked ;  
 Many a conscience-call unheard,  
 Or if heard, unrecked.

Few thy footsteps to the door  
 Where the captive grieved ;  
 Few the blessings of the poor  
 By thy cares relieved ;  
 Few the orphan's streaming woes  
 By thy kindness dried ;  
 Few the prayers for thee that rose  
 Where the stranger died.

Need is, then, that thou improve  
 Life's declining day,  
 And the seeds of joy and love  
 Scatter while you may :  
 Seek to swell the crop of good,  
 Crush the tares of ill,  
 And with precious after-food  
 Memory's garner fill !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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POEMS: BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON AND THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D. With an Appendix containing the Eulogy on Dr. CUMMING, and an Historical Lecture on SERGEANT JASPER. By ROBERT M. CHARLTON. In one volume. pp. 236. Boston: OTIS, BROADBEN AND COMPANY.

PREMISING that the merits of the very handsome volume before us really require at the hands of the writer and compiler no apology for being made known, we shall permit him to explain in his own ingenuous and graceful manner the causes which have impelled him to its publication. 'If,' he remarks in his preface, 'I had only published in this volume my own effusions, I should have been content to have let them go for what they were worth, with no other excuse than that which I have adopted for my motto: '*Semel insanivimus omnes*.' I am quite sure that I might have relied on the silence or charity of the critics, who would scarcely have gone out of their way to assail one who makes but little claim to the title of a poet, and who has collected hastily, and published rashly, a few random memorials of his poetical frenzy. But as I have added some specimens of my brother's poetry, it would be doing his memory and talents an injustice were I to preserve a total silence. He possessed a mind and a genius that would have done credit to any profession; and in a few more years he would have won for himself a name, both as a physician and a poet, that would have descended as a lasting inheritance to his children. This may be strong language, coming from one connected with him so closely; but alas! when those we love are taken from us; when death has destroyed the hopes and affections and happiness of years; we may be pardoned for transgressing the cold and formal rules of conventional life, and speaking of those who are lost to us for ever with the feelings which the heart must dictate. Doctor CHARLTON died in September, 1835, a victim to his professional zeal, at the age of twenty-nine. I have not been able to procure the poems which his friends believed to be his best efforts. They were published in some of the journals of the day, and no record of them was preserved by himself. I have been obliged therefore to take the few I could obtain, and to publish them under all the disadvantages attendant on such a course, as specimens of his poetical talent. I do so with the hope that their merit will be appreciated by his kindred spirits; and I submit them, and my own, with these explanations.'

It may not be known to many of our readers that the author of this volume, a gentleman of sound learning and varied accomplishments, has arisen to the highest distinction, legal, political, and social, in the state of Georgia; and that he is no less 'honorable' for the assiduity with which he ministers at the high altar of



Justice, than for the steady perseverance with which he seeks, in the pauses of his professional labors, the refined pursuits of literature, and especially the society of the Muses. It is pleasant to find among the public men of the South that devotion to letters which is already an earnest of her future distinction; and whatever difficulties her literature may struggle under, it is not too much to believe, that with such men as LEGARE and CHARLTON in her front rank, she will ere long make her literary name and fame widely 'known among the nations' of this great republic. But we pass to a consideration of the volume under notice, into which we plunge *in medias res*; 'coming up,' as divers say, with the following stanzas from a poem delivered before the South Carolina Academy of Arts and Design, which strike us as having an 'awful squint' toward phrenology, a science in which the lamented SPURZHEIM held us bound to place implicit faith:

'Good deeds are nothing to good bumps,  
But Satyr to Hyperion;  
The deed was accidental quite,  
The bump is the criterion.  
Should Sorrow e'er o'ertake our path,  
Alas! who now will harbor us!  
This holding up to mortal wrath  
I think is truly barbarous.

'Thin, bony mirror of the mind!  
Its virtues and its vices,  
I own, in thy reflective power,  
There's something that entices;  
The world may now no longer dread  
Each knave that strives to trick it,  
Since we may read on every head  
Dame Nature's moral ticket.'

The entire poem from which these lines are taken bears evidence of having been struck off on the spur of the moment; and although we are not prepared to say that as a whole it might not be improved by careful revision, yet it embodies passages of great beauty, which to segregate would be to spoil. One only extract we annex:

'CAN we be strangers? — shall Savannah's tide  
As well our feelings as our lands divide?  
Have we no ties as strong as those of blood,  
That scorn the boundaries of that narrow flood?  
Ay, but we have; and if the storm that lowers  
Shall burst around us in ensanguined showers;  
If the fair temple that our fathers reared  
By fierce fanatic shall be spoiled and seared;  
Still, like the far-famed Nazarite of old,  
We to the pillars of the fane will hold;  
And the same crash that ruin round us throws  
Shall deal destruction to our common foes.  
Shall this e'er be? Arise ye mighty dead!  
Tell of the battles where your blood was shed;  
Point to the wounds that made your country free,  
Then ask your children, 'Shall this ever be?'

While we deem it needless for an American to forestall any such condition of the State, (a subject by the way too frequently hinted at by southern writers,) we recognize in the inculcations of the above passage the spirit of a staunch and unwavering patriot. Nor in this instance alone does the impulse of the warrior shine through the vagaries of the bard. Observe the vigor with which, in the short space of a single stanza, he draws the picture of a 'Revolution battle-fray':

'See, how they mingle in the fight  
With furious zeal, yet feeble power!  
God of our fathers! shield the right,

And keep them in this awful hour!  
They strike that they may worship Thee  
With hearts unbound and spirits free!

We select the subjoined from the 'minor effusions' of Judge CHARLTON. It needs no praise of ours to secure the attention and admiration of the reader:

TO THE RIVER OGEECHEE.

O WAVE that glidest swiftly  
On thy bright and happy way,  
From the morning until evening,  
And from twilight until day;  
Why leapest thou so joyously,  
While coldly on thy shore  
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart  
For aye and evermore?

Or dost thou weep, O river!  
And is thy bounding wave  
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth,  
As a tribute o'er his grave?  
And when, in midnight darkness,  
The winds above thee moan,  
Are they mourning for our sorrows,  
Do they sigh for him that's gone?

Keep back thy tears, then, river!  
Or, if they must be shed,  
Let them flow but for the living —  
They are needless for the dead!  
His soul shall dwell in glory,  
Where bounds a brighter wave,  
But our pleasures with his troubles  
Are buried in the grave.'

Poetry like this does not go into Time's wallet for oblivion. He who cannot appreciate its beauty is poorly fitted for that unobtrusive pleasure of which Poetry is the best and the sweetest almoner; and we may add, that no one can give to thought such faultless harmony, without being worthy of officiating at her altars. When so many ridiculous notions are entertained relative to the true office and utility of poetry; notions which are grounded upon the absurd assumption that every poet must be unfit for any important trust in society; that the pursuit of this branch of literature incapacitates the mind for every thing else, by weakening its reasoning powers, and giving thereby an undue influence to the imagination; it is a consolation to see the libel rebutted occasionally by the living example of a man like Judge CHARLTON. Among the remaining poems from his pen, the reader's attention will be arrested by 'Do n't give up the Ship,' 'The Death of Jasper,' 'Let the Banner-men Advance,' and 'The Murderer's Death-bed;' productions which reflect high praise upon their accomplished author. Were it not that we aim to stimulate the reader's desire to *possess* the volume before us, we should devote a page or two to comments upon and extracts from the poems of the late THOMAS J. CHARLTON; several of which (among them the manly and indignant rebuke of 'The Sycophant,' and the lines imbued with a touching pathos, 'It is Decreed,' 'The Dying Child to its Mother,' and 'All must Change,') we had marked and despatched for insertion. It was our purpose also to have made a few remarks in relation to the rich vein of humor which pervades the prose and much of the poetry of Judge CHARLTON. It must suffice to add, however, in conclusion of this notice, that we have read and enjoyed what we desire our readers to peruse and enjoy, in the contents of this work; and to this end we warmly commend it to public acceptance.

THE BURNING OF SCHENECTADY, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED B. STREET. In one volume. pp. 111. Albany: WEARE C. LITTLE.

WE have on two or three occasions lately expressed our high admiration of the descriptive poetry of Mr. STREET, and have presented exquisite passages from his writings, which, far more than any thing we could have said in his behalf, have commended him to the cordial regards of our readers, and made the peculiar characteristics of his style widely familiar to the public. The poem which gives the title to the present volume is 'principally descriptive, with a slight thread of narrative, and a few incidents interwoven, illustrating the rude period of the event depicted.' Mr. STREET has drawn the scenes in keeping with the characters and customs of frontier life. Based upon a well-known occurrence, the poem does not aim at the continuous interest of a tale, but consists merely of a collection of felicitous sketches drawn around, but generally connected with, the principal event. In segregating one or two brief descriptive passages from the main poem, it is our purpose only to indicate the faithfulness with which its external scenes are depicted: the performance itself we leave to the enjoyment of the additional readers which we hope our cordial commendation will secure for it. The following has the effect of a painting:

WILD is their walk; the stream beyond  
Spreads to a broad and mirrored pond;  
The muskrat, at the coming foe,  
His burrow seeks with splashing leap,  
His pathway, through the ooze below,  
Shown by a line upon the deep:  
The otter darts, in backward slide,  
Down the steep gravelly water side:  
From yon deep nook, where boughs o'erlean,  
And melts the light in golden green,  
The duck her yellow brood leads out,  
Dipping their tiny bills about,  
At the quick water-spider's bound,  
And the gray gnat swarms dancing round.

The river then, through pine trees tall,  
Leads to a wide spread placid sheet

Dome sprinkled, with a low broad fall,  
The timid beaver's wild retreat.  
Here, on the banks, the sapling gnawing,  
There, for the dam the branches drawing,  
Now peering from their huts of clay,  
Now sporting on their liquid way,  
The tenants of the little lake,  
Each in its sphere of bustling strife,  
This lonely spot of Nature make  
A mimic scene of human life:  
But as strange footsteps press the brink,  
Dark heads within each hovel shrink,  
Shapes swiftly glide from tree and bough,  
Quick plunges ring the basin's brow,  
And o'er the water and the wood,  
Silence sleeps deep with solitude.

Here is another and a very different scene; but it is as faithful in all its accessories, although many of our readers may not know it, belike, as the admirable lines above quoted:

WITHIN a hut of logs, around  
Its hearth, the hunters group together:  
They hear the maddened tempest's sound,  
They mark the frost the casement feather;  
The crackling fire casts glances red  
Upon the rafters crossed o'erhead;  
On huge moose-antlers ruddy shines,  
Checkers the garments from their tines,  
Bathes paw of bear, and panther's tusk,  
Otter's and beaver's glossy hides,  
And water-rat's brown skin of musk,  
Hang round the cabin's bulging sides,  
While in the corners of each wall  
Are grouped the rifles slim and tall:  
The hounds are crouching by the blaze,  
Slow winking in their dozing gaze,  
Hearing the drops of sap exude  
In shrill hiss from the steaming wood.  
Within, the rich warm ruby light,  
Without, the black cold stormy night,

Contrasting, kindle in the breast,  
Feelings of comfort and of rest.

In slumber wrapped, the trader lies;  
The wind-steed's trample through the skies  
And other noises of the night  
People his dreams with visions dread:  
That awful rush! is that the flight  
Of the Hartz-demon, vengeance-led,  
From his black haunt, his wrath to wreak?  
Is that the flying victim's shriek?  
Are those wild sounds his mournful cries  
As, talon-grasped, it slowly dies?

The slumberer wakes; the sweeping blast  
Bears on the panther's thrilling scream,  
The wolf's sad howl is lengthening past,  
The mystic voices of his dream;  
And as the visions leave his brain,  
Into deep rest he glides again.

Of the 'other poems' mentioned in the title-page of this very beautiful volume

we have neither present leisure nor space adequately to speak. Some of them first appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and one or two of the others have been already before the public. 'The Forsaken Road' is a most original and life-like sketch; but the stanzas entitled 'Faith' remind us too forcibly of some lines on a kindred theme by *BOWRING*.

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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Number CXVIII. pp. 256. Boston: DAVID H. WILLIAMS. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WITHOUT possessing any one article of *very* striking interest, the papers in the 'North-American' for the January quarter are all entertaining, and some of them have unusual interest for that work. 'The English Abroad' is a cutting exposé of the character and manners of the English travellers and residents on the Continent; especially the *ci-devant* and *soi-disant* men of property, who sustain the principal characters in the vast strolling company of the English abroad. The whole article is written in a free flowing style, and the castigation which it administers is certainly well-deserved. A paper precedes this, upon the 'Landscape Gardening' and 'Cottage Architecture' of Mr. A. J. DOWNING, of Newburgh, which are highly and justly commended. This gentleman, by his fine establishment, his individual influence, and his pen, is doing more to infuse among our people a regard for tasteful gardens and grounds, and beautiful cottage residences, than any ten other persons with whom we are acquainted in the United States. The long review of HALLAM's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, we have not found leisure to encounter, but have reserved it for future perusal. Having recently read the volume, we are not attracted by the notice of WARD's *Memoirs of SAMUEL CURWEN*. If justice is done to the work, as may be inferred from the liberal extracts made from it, this paper must needs prove to be one of much interest. The 'Works of ALEXANDER DUMAS' are treated in the next article with great discrimination as well as appreciation; the style of the review moreover is particularly lively and spirited. And this leads us to remark, that a great and favorable change has come over our reviewers in this respect. It is no longer considered essential to be very dull in order to be deemed deep; nor is the work itself so frequently as formerly lost sight of in long dissertations, calculated rather to exhibit the writer than the author whose merits or defects he discusses. The review of Madame CALDERON's 'Life in Mexico,' a work to which we hope soon to invite the attention of our readers, beside affording a fair insight into the volume, has some incidental remarks upon English travellers in America, which but for imperative reasons we should have quoted in this notice, but which we can only commend to the reader's attention. 'Insanity in Massachusetts' is the theme of the next paper. Many incidents are given of the culpable indifference with which the condition of the poor maniac is too apt to be regarded by the unthinking or inhuman among the mass. Some account of the improvements which have been made in institutions for the insane is given, and the increase of them in Massachusetts is strenuously urged. The entire article is interesting, and replete with humane and valuable suggestions. The remaining papers of the Review are upon DICKENS's writings, (including his 'American Notes,') which are warmly commended; a review of GRAY's 'Botanical Text-Book,' and 'ECKFELDT and DUBOIS on Coins.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A NEW-YEAR EPISTLE.—While our excellent correspondent the '*Country Doctor*' was inditing the following familiar letter to the Editor, we were standing 'between the meeting years, the coming and the past,' in our quiet sanctum, oppressed like our friend with a vague aspiration to pierce through the Time-element, and glance into the Eternal; a vain longing to

'Lift the Future's solemn veil!  
The reaching of a trembling hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land!'

The distant past drew near; the scenes of innocent boyhood came thronging back; the Departed stood by our side! But it was all a dream—a bright fabric of the 'silent ARACHNES that weave unresistingly in our imaginations.' Yet when the vision had passed utterly away, we drew from it a lesson, not of sadness, but of a subdued cheerfulness; for it is *well* at such a time to remember that we have here 'no continuing city;' and that in a better land we shall meet the loved and lost who have gone before us. 'There is nothing formidable about death,' (says an eloquent writer, long since gone down to darkness and the worm,) 'but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.' Let therefore the solemn monitions of such seasons only the more forcibly remind us of the warning of the poet:

'Threefold the stride of TIME, from first to last!  
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth,  
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth,  
And motionless forever stands the Past!'

'For a pleasing variety, (being rarely addicted to letter-writing,) what if I take advantage of a clean hearth, a bright light, and a quiet room, to present you my respectful compliments for the new year? 'Clear the table, Betty; put out of my sight those ungrateful volumes of LEIGH HUNT; tell Patrick he may go to the cathedral; tell Madagascar not to make so much noise in the kitchen, the black rascal——!'' What a magnificent imagination I have got! With what a natural grace I could order about a dozen menials—if I had them! C—, I do amuse myself in solemn sermon-time, nay even when my knees are getting black-and-blue with kneeling at prayers, and thus unfitting myself for the world's cruel reality, by letting my thoughts run about like a chased goose, and imagining delightful things which can never come to pass. And so of other distractions. This morning, while I was entering into a discriminating criticism about the Christmas greens, I came near being made to laugh out during the first lesson, by an old gentleman who sat behind me placing a false reliance on the pew-door, and tumbling out into the aisle. The violent effort which he made to recover him-

self 'resulted in a total failure.' His prayer-book flew off like a peach-pit out of a choked man, when he is slapped on the back. I wish I could command my risible muscles, which sometimes laugh when I am not willing to come into the measure; as men sometimes stagger when they are not drunk. How is a man to set up a despotism over his own thoughts, when they have been accustomed to a republican government, and disdain to be ruled? This is a great bar to my being devout, which I am sure it is a happiness to be, if we have a rational, pure devotion. Neither you nor I can help *feeling*, and intensely too, at this season, when we are smiling, and smiling, and wishing so many people happy. Do you never wake up in the middle of the night, and think of being locked up in the grave — which we all *must* be — and then rejoice to hear the cocks crowing for the morning? Oh! it is horrible, this DEATH! It is more than flesh and blood can endure, unless we take the Christian religion as we find it, and dismiss all ungodly cavilling. We cannot understand all things; and so I send them back to the devil whence they came, the wretched doubts which sometimes *will* obtrude, concerning the *immortality of the soul*; that these spirits of ours are the mere result of the organization of matter, instead of being breathed in us by the Almighty, and being about to return to the God that gave them! I should be sorry to entertain such thoughts with reference to the friends whom I have lost during the past year; and you, of your poet-brother. I trust that he is *still* a poet; that he is rambling among sceneries unspeakably glorious, and has a full knowledge of the stars; he who in this world felt the Beautiful to his heart's core, and knew how to appreciate the faintest breeze which fanned his brow in summer.

'One of my haunts in this place is to a high hill, not the one where I walked with you once, but a more elevated peak in the same chain. The prospect is very fine, and overlooks the ocean. There lives a German whom I go occasionally to see; and the other day I went up to his Apennine residence in the midst of a snow-storm. He treats me to delightful Rhenish wines, which come from his own grapes, for he has wealth. Without exception he exceeds any thing I have ever seen in the form of humanity; his bulk being about five hundred pounds, as nearly as I can judge by the eye — perhaps a little more. If he were not so very *large*, he is conscious he would be a great man. He has a fine intellect, and how learned he is! Hebrew, and Arabic, and many oriental languages, are familiar to him; and all literature, but particularly the Bible. He is not a Jew nor yet exactly a Christian, as we understand it. I should say he was a rationalist, or something of that stamp. He does nothing but devour books day and night, which he makes way with just as the zoological beasts make way with the raw meat. I advised him not to confine himself so much, and to take horse-back exercise! — at which he laughed; for he has biliary calculi. He pointed out of the window to a small donkey engaged in turning a windlass to draw water out of a deep well, and shook his head. I listened to that man four hours, and to his inexhaustible knowledge. We talked of the immortality of the soul; and when he told me that he was certain of it, and his face beamed, and his own soul seemed to speak out of his eyes, he was really eloquent; and although my own faith was of course already fixed, I was interested. I listened to him with heart-felt pleasure; and when I came away the shades of night and the drifting snow made it hard for me to get home. Among other things, he said that perhaps we might see a spirit leaving the body, if our optics were more keen than they are. This put me in mind of an expression which struck me very much when I heard it, from an old soldier, who told me that he stood by one General Ferguson, as he breathed out his last, when wounded in the battle. 'I saw,' said he, 'the last breath of his body, as it curled upward from his mouth, on a fine frosty morning!' You see what queer reflections I am getting into; but it is nearly midnight, and the beginning of a new year. 'Happy new year! happy new year! and many of them, my masters!'

'Really, there is a strange variety of characters in this nook, consisting of poets, parsons, play-actors, gentlemen of leisure, blue-stockings, and a sprinkling of 'uncommon queer-ones' scattered about the country; such as misers, octogenarians, half-blooded Indians, antique negroes, (nobody knows how old they are,) eccentric persons, old witches, men seven feet high, men that squeak like eunuchs, others that believe in witches, revolutionary soldiers, fox-hunters, distinguished black-legs, inn-keepers — (Did I ever tell you that HARRY COTT was dead? The last time I saw him he was sipping a sherry-cobbler on his piazza, and said he should 'get along well enough if it was n't for the d — d gravel;') but he is gone, and another tavern-keeper, with a red nose, remarked at his grave that he is 'better off.') To get on with the list: cretans, loco-focos, idiots, metaphysicians, and incendiaries! Let me tell you of a little adventure which befell me last night. You must know that some two or three weeks ago some vicious person set fire to one of Dr. —'s buildings, about three o'clock on a freezing, windy night. Some young men of the Dutch, who had been a-courting, coming home by a by-road at that late hour, discovered the flame, about as large as your hat, insinuating itself into the shingles, upon which they ran home, changed their new coats,



and gave the alarm, which if they had n't done half the village would have been burned down. Upon this some of the principal men got together and hired five watchmen to guard the town, in company with a volunteer patrol. In less than a week they detected a miserable devil striking a light by a barn-door. He ran; the watch fired and missed; but the next day the right villain was brought before a justice of the peace and examined in presence of an excited community. He looked like a ROBESPIERRE in rags, and kept chewing, chewing, chewing, all the time, while his sandy elf-locks were sprawling all over his face. At first he said he did n't do it. Afterward he said he did, but was extremely in liquor. Suffice it to say, he was sent off to jail, and the whole Tinnecum population accompanied him to the toll-gate, with the exception of some sick and one or two who were dying. Last night, when it was my turn to be on the patrol, out I started at about twelve o'clock, wandering rather reluctantly past the grave-yard, like an *ignis-fatuus*. Just at this unseasonable hour a black gentleman named Rumpus, who was coming home from the sea-shore, where he had been a-crabbing, meeting with the first watch, got scared and ran, but came upon the second, who hailed him. By dint of dexterously using his long shanks he got by the third in an agony of fear, when I saw him coming. 'Holla, there! halt! you black devil!' roared I. 'Lordy Goddy!' exclaimed he, 'I'm gone!' Upon this I sprung my rattle, and the other Dogberries came up, who carried Rumpus to the watch-house, which was a tailor's-shop, of which the tailor had been dead a week. Rumpus's senses were almost gone; he fell upon his knees, and might have been white ever after, had it been possible to hit upon something to fix the color. Afterward he was pacified, toasted his feet, and took some liquor. But I got dreadfully bit with one of his infernal crabs. After this, came home with a friend at three o'clock; discoursed an hour or so on the immortality of the soul; ate an oliköek, drank a little cider, and to bed. Such is life at Tinnecum!

EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS.—It was our good fortune lately to make the acquaintance of one of the most intimate friends of the late gifted and lamented ROBERT C. SANDS; a gentleman who, with some two or three others, was almost always in his company of an evening when leisure permitted, and who wrote in conjunction with him portions of many of those humorous sketches which first attracted the attention of the town, in the 'St. Tammany's Magazine,' and we believe other publications of the day, some twenty-three or four years ago. We have been delighted in the examination of several humorous *ms.* sketches, in the possession of the gentleman to whom we have alluded; and to parts of which we hope our readers will ere long be permitted access. We make the following selection from a capital imitation of a species of 'infernal' novel-writing, quite common at the period when it was penned. A certain count, who in order to 'raise the wind' has made a league with the Old Gentleman, has violated his engagement, and is suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who with a grin on his face, cries out to his victim: 'Come, we must be off!' The count appeared much terrified. In a soothing voice of expostulation he said: 'Our agreement was for forty years; but twenty have elapsed; must I go?' 'Yes,' said the guest, in a determined but dogged sort of a tone. 'Grant me but a year!' 'No!' 'A month!' 'No!' 'A week!' 'No!' 'A day!' 'No!' 'Then,' said the count, 'you see this candle; it is but an inch long. While it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you spare me till this candle is burnt out?' 'Yes,' said the guest. 'Very well,' said the count, blowing out the candle and putting it in his pocket; 'then I am snug enough!' So saying, he left the apartment by another door. The person in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with lurid corruscations of wrath. He looked withal remarkably sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder. One of the most amusing things in the 'St. Tammany's,' however, is an imitation of 'The Broken Heart,' by WASHINGTON IRVING. It is entitled '*The Tweaked Nose*;' and

save that the style is in the richest vein of burlesque, the resemblance to the original is admirably preserved. Omitting the prefatory reflections, we must ask the reader's attention to the following affecting narrative:

'It is about two years since I first began to notice, in my walks through the city, the figure of a man which forcibly attracted my attention. He was clad in a shabby suit of black; and his pale, emaciated appearance indicated a state of ill health, or at least a confined and sedentary life and spare habit of body. His countenance was softly expressive; and his features might have been deemed effeminate had it not been for his nose, which was of unusual length. I frequently met him in by-paths and blind alleys; and it seemed as if he shunned general observation. I also remarked that when he blew his nose, or happened to touch that feature, his face was overspread with deeper gloom, and profound sighs escaped from his bosom. Curiosity prompted me to seek his acquaintance; but it was not till after many fruitless expedients for that purpose, that accident favored my design.

'On a fine summer evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the shores of Jersey, I was sitting on the corner of a bench on the Battery, when the object of my curiosity placed himself quietly beside me, apparently unheeding of the presence of human beings. He seemed to feel the influence of the scene and of the hour; and a pensive and pleasing sadness, according with the tone of his feelings, illuminated his features with a melancholy smile. The light of his eye was like the subdued brightness of the twilight beam; and the fading roseate hue which glimmered in the western heaven, and was reflected, tint for tint, in the broad bosom of the noble bay, seemed also reflected from the tip of his nose. Seeing that his reserved and sulky disposition was somewhat relaxed by the beauty of the scene, I ventured to accost him, and observed, in as polite and affable tone as I could, that it was a fine evening. 'Yes,' answered he; 'Nature still glows in primeval freshness, though her sons are overwhelmed by grief, by disappointment, and by shame. Her tints are still as bright, her verdure still as green, her air as balmy, and her odors as delicate, as in the days of Methuselah; but the jaundice which tinges man's eye-balls reduces every thing to the same dull and monotonous complexion. To me, all scenes, all seasons, and all situations, are alike. Man delights not me, nor woman either.' Here he used his pocket-handkerchief, and sighed deeply and repeatedly. The courtesy with which he answered me, induced me to address him again, and inquire into the cause of such great chagrin. He answered me as follows:

'I did not think to have pronounced to a human soul the story of my disgrace; or that the recital of that which preys upon my heart would ever have blistered my tongue. My life is hurrying to its close; to the bourne of hope and fear; the common goal, where Ambition and Despair lay down their heads on the same pillow, and slumber in the same shroud of oblivion. I will confide my sorrows to you; for there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in your physiognomy which rescues me from contempt at least, if it does not promise commiseration and sympathy. Sir, I was the fifth son of an eminent soap-boiler in Wapping. My name is PETER WILK. I was tenderly educated by a doating father and mother, who are now, alas! both dead. They are both buried in the church-yard belonging to one of Mr. HUNTINGDON'S chapels; and a neat tomb-stone was erected over their graves, at my expense. I also had a white railing placed round their narrow homes; and left directions that it should be new whitewashed every year by the sexton, out of a small fund which I appropriated for that purpose. My father left me fifteen hundred pounds as my share of his property. I had been taught no trade, after leaving school, as my mother thought my frame too delicate for constant exercise. I had heard that in America it was easy to make a fortune with a little money, without any particular business. Accordingly I crossed the great Atlantic. I shall not tire you with an account of my passage. I saw a great many porpoises, and several whales sporting in the immensity of the water. I thought it was pretty to have nothing else to do; and wished I was a porpoise or a noddie, that I might play all day in the water, and not be troubled with my fifteen hundred pounds, and with thinking how I should dispose of it. I saw an iceberg, illuminated by the setting sun; and dreamed that it was a fairy castle. I wished that I could live there all my life, with Miss Letitia Bailey, who jilted me and married Bob Curry the tanner. I saw a mast floating at a distance, with a white rag tied to it; and was glad that I had not been on board of the ship it had belonged to, or I might have perished unknown, without any kind friend to have erected a tomb-stone to my memory. But why do I dwell on these trifling particulars, since I cannot long protract my sad history? Sir, it was in sight of Sandy Hook, that, on my reproving the captain for a very improper expression he made use of to the cook, he fell into a violent passion. He put my nose in a parenthesis, and lunged me all round the deck, in the presence of all the passengers. I was overpowered by his unparalleled rudeness; I could not articulate; I gave vent to my feelings; I burst into tears.'

'A paroxysm of feeling followed this disclosure. My new acquaintance covered his



face with his handkerchief; and rising, suddenly left me, before I could offer him consolation. It was not many weeks afterward, when I heard that a person of his name was in the lunatic asylum. I went to see him. I learned from the attendants that he was in an incurable frenzy, raving in a whining voice about his nose. He was reduced to skin and bone by a violent diarrhœa. When I saw the poor fellow he was hiccupping, with the death-rattle in his throat, and soon gasped out his last. He was decently interred at my request; as in his life-time he had seemed anxious about his sepulchral accommodations.

'It was on him that MACDONALD CLARK, the celebrated crazy poet, composed the following lines :

## I.

'Og ! calm let him slumber in soft repose !  
The troubles are over which grieved him ;  
He has past from the earth with his injured nose,  
And the grave's gaping gates have received him.

## II.

'Oh carry him out, and bury him deep,  
In the church-yard's lonely corner ;  
And over him let the fond willow weep,  
A sad and a sorrowful mourner.

## III.

'And let the sweet moon, as she travels alone  
Through the sky, ere the clouds shall o'ercast her,  
Shed a twinkle of pity upon his tomb-stone,  
And sympathize in his disaster.

## IV.

'And when the last trump shall awaken the dead,  
And rob the poor worms which they nourish,  
Along with the rest may he raise up his head,  
And blow on his nose a loud flourish.'

We have good reason to suspect that this poetical effusion could be traced to the friend of Mr. SANDS to whom we have referred, if a rigid examination were to be instituted. We make for the present but one more extract. It is placed under the appropriate head of '*Balaam*,' a term indicating the '*dernier resort*' in filling out a page of a periodical or a newspaper column. It is a fragment from an extended and close imitation of the style of Mr. JOHN NEAL, whom SANDS held in due estimation. It is entitled '*An Ocean of Nonsense*,' and is intended to represent the '*Vision of a Jackass*,' in the progress of which an eagle also appears to the eye of the dreamer. We give merely the opening and close :

'A MISTY dream, and a flashy maze  
Of a sunshiny flush and a moonshiny haze !  
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,  
When a donkey came to my bed-side,  
And bade me forth to take a ride.  
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,  
But a cloudy vision, a night-mare steed !  
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume ;  
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom  
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair ;  
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were !  
Like the fields of heaven where none can see  
The depths of their blue eternity !  
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod  
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,  
Was the long, long tail that glorified  
That glorious donkey's hinder side !  
And his gait description's power surpasses,  
'T was the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

'I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind,  
And he pranced before and he kicked behind,

And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll  
 Abroad from pole to answering pole,  
 While the Storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,  
 And amuses himself with the thunder-crack !  
 Then off he went, like a bird with red wings  
 That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs,  
 Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,  
 When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune :  
 And away I went, while my garment flew  
 Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue,  
 Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.  
 Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,  
 Like a bayonet grove, at a shoulder-hoo !

' But I saw as he sailed mid the dusky air,  
 A bird that I thought I knew every where ;  
 A fierce gray bird, with a terrible beak,  
 With a glittering eye and peculiar shriek !  
 ' Proud Bird of the Cliff ! ' I addressed him then,  
 ' How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again !  
 Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid  
 On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made !  
 With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise  
 Who in ecstasy soarest in the red-hot blaze !  
 Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,  
 To the life's acclaim and base-drum thump !  
 Whence com'st thou, ' I cried, ' and goest whither ? '   
 As I gently detained him by his tail-feather :  
 He replied, ' Mr. NEAL ! Mr. NEAL ! let me loose !  
 I am not an eagle, but only a goose !  
 Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy,  
 And, excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy. ' '

We shall take an early occasion to open our budget again, and to accompany a selection from its contents with such extracts from the unique and pleasant personal correspondence of SANDS, as may without impropriety be given to the public.

DICKINSON'S BOSTON ALMANAC : EMBOSSED CARDS, ETC.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. THOMAS GROOM AND COMPANY, State-street, Boston, a copy of this very neat, comprehensive, and useful little volume for 1843 ; in which it seems to us more interesting and valuable information is condensed than would at first appear possible to crowd into so narrow a compass. Beside the usual astronomical matter of an almanac, there are facing each month blank memoranda-sheets, ruled to each day ; a complete table of the government of the United States, with a corrected list of all the members of Congress ; all the offices and officers of the state and city governments of Massachusetts and Boston ; with records of the fire-department, water-reservoirs, public and private schools, and public institutions at South Boston ; rail-roads in Massachusetts and adjacent States ; a table of streets, with a list of all the olergymen, (and churches, with an accurate engraving of each, and also its history and present condition,) physicians, constables, nurses, and public houses ; together with a very valuable record of important events in Boston during the year 1842, and general events for the same year ; with other valuable matters, which even a cursory examination of the miniature-book will reveal.

We shall mention a word or two in this place in regard to the higher orders of printing executed at the Boston establishment of Mr. DICKINSON, by far the most extensive of its kind in the United States. Without alluding to the ordinary styles of plain printing, for the execution of which, upon types of his own casting, constantly renewed, Mr. DICKINSON'S reputation is widely established, we pass to his *Embossed Cards*, a large and various specimen-book of which now lies before us. Without exaggeration, we have never seen any thing in the shape of cards half so beautiful. Every species of visiting, invitation, and business-cards, plain white and delicately-tinted, from the largest to

THE BURNING OF SCHENECTADY, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED B. STREET. In one volume. pp. 111. Albany: WEARE C. LITTLE.

WE have on two or three occasions lately expressed our high admiration of the descriptive poetry of Mr. STREET, and have presented exquisite passages from his writings, which, far more than any thing we could have said in his behalf, have commended him to the cordial regards of our readers, and made the peculiar characteristics of his style widely familiar to the public. The poem which gives the title to the present volume is 'principally descriptive, with a slight thread of narrative, and a few incidents interwoven, illustrating the rude period of the event depicted.' Mr. STREET has drawn the scenes in keeping with the characters and customs of frontier life. Based upon a well-known occurrence, the poem does not aim at the continuous interest of a tale, but consists merely of a collection of felicitous sketches drawn around, but generally connected with, the principal event. In segregating one or two brief descriptive passages from the main poem, it is our purpose only to indicate the faithfulness with which its external scenes are depicted: the performance itself we leave to the enjoyment of the additional readers which we hope our cordial commendation will secure for it. The following has the effect of a painting:

WILD is their walk; the stream beyond  
Spreads to a broad and mirrored pond;  
The muskrat, at the coming foe,  
His burrow seeks with splashing leap,  
His pathway, through the ooze below,  
Shown by a line upon the deep:  
The otter darts, in backward slide,  
Down the steep gravelly water side:  
From yon deep nook, where boughs o'erlean,  
And melts the light in golden green,  
The duck her yellow brood leads out,  
Dipping their tiny bills about,  
At the quick water-spider's bound,  
And the gray gnat swarms dancing round.

The river then, through pine trees tall,  
Leads to a wide spread placid sheet

Dome sprinkled, with a low broad fall,  
The timid beaver's wild retreat.  
Here, on the banks, the sapling gnawing,  
There, for the dam the branches drawing,  
Now peering from their huts of clay,  
Now sporting on their liquid way,  
The tenants of the little lake,  
Each in its sphere of bustling strife,  
This lonely spot of Nature make  
A mimic scene of human life;  
But as strange footsteps press the brink,  
Dark heads within each hovel shrink,  
Shapes swiftly glide from tree and bough,  
Quick plunges ring the basin's brow,  
And o'er the water and the wood,  
Silence sleeps deep with solitude.

Here is another and a very different scene; but it is as faithful in all its accessories, although many of our readers may not know it, belike, as the admirable lines above quoted:

WITHIN a hut of logs, around  
Its hearth, the hunters group together:  
They hear the maddened tempest's sound,  
They mark the frost the casement feather;  
The crackling fire casts glances red  
Upon the rafters crossed o'erhead;  
On huge moose-antlers ruddy shines,  
Checkers the garments from their lines,  
Bathes paw of bear, and panther's tusk,  
Otter's and beaver's glossy hides,  
And water-rat's brown skin of musk,  
Hung round the cabin's bulging sides,  
While in the corners of each wall  
Are grouped the rifles slim and tall:  
The hounds are crouching by the blaze,  
Slow winking in their dozing gaze,  
Hearing the drops of sap exude  
In shrill hiss from the steaming wood.  
Within, the rich warm ruby light,  
Without, the black cold stormy night,

Contrasting, kindle in the breast,  
Feelings of comfort and of rest.

In slumber wrapped, the trader lies;  
The wind-steed's trample through the skies  
And other noises of the night  
People his dreams with visions dread:  
That awful rush! is that the flight  
Of the Hariz-demon, vengeance-led,  
From his black haunt, his wrath to wreak?  
Is that the flying victim's shriek?  
Are those wild sounds its mournful cries  
As, talon-grasped, it slowly dies?

The slumberer wakes; the sweeping blast  
Bears on the panther's thrilling scream,  
The wolf's sad howl is lengthening past,  
The mystic voices of his dream;  
And as the visions leave his brain,  
Into deep rest he glides again.

Of the 'other poems' mentioned in the title-page of this very beautiful volume

we have neither present leisure nor space adequately to speak. Some of them first appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and one or two of the others have been already before the public. 'The Forsaken Road' is a most original and life-like sketch; but the stanzas entitled 'Faith' remind us too forcibly of some lines on a kindred theme by *BOWRING*.

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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Number CXVIII. pp. 256. Boston: DAVID H. WILLIAMS. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WITHOUT possessing any one article of *very* striking interest, the papers in the 'North-American' for the January quarter are all entertaining, and some of them have unusual interest for that work. 'The English Abroad' is a cutting exposé of the character and manners of the English travellers and residents on the Continent; especially the *ci-devant* and *soi-disant* men of property, who sustain the principal characters in the vast strolling company of the English abroad. The whole article is written in a free flowing style, and the castigation which it administers is certainly well-deserved. A paper precedes this, upon the 'Landscape Gardening' and 'Cottage Architecture' of Mr. A. J. DOWNING, of Newburgh, which are highly and justly commended. This gentleman, by his fine establishment, his individual influence, and his pen, is doing more to infuse among our people a regard for tasteful gardens and grounds, and beautiful cottage residences, than any ten other persons with whom we are acquainted in the United States. The long review of HALLAM'S 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, we have not found leisure to encounter, but have reserved it for future perusal. Having recently read the volume, we are not attracted by the notice of WARD'S *Memoirs of SAMUEL CURWEN*. If justice is done to the work, as may be inferred from the liberal extracts made from it, this paper must needs prove to be one of much interest. The 'Works of ALEXANDER DUMAS' are treated in the next article with great discrimination as well as appreciation; the style of the review moreover is particularly lively and spirited. And this leads us to remark, that a great and favorable change has come over our reviewers in this respect. It is no longer considered essential to be very dull in order to be deemed deep; nor is the work itself so frequently as formerly lost sight of in long dissertations, calculated rather to exhibit the writer than the author whose merits or defects he discusses. The review of Madame CALDERON'S 'Life in Mexico,' a work to which we hope soon to invite the attention of our readers, beside affording a fair insight into the volume, has some incidental remarks upon English travellers in America, which but for imperative reasons we should have quoted in this notice, but which we can only commend to the reader's attention. 'Insanity in Massachusetts' is the theme of the next paper. Many incidents are given of the culpable indifference with which the condition of the poor maniac is too apt to be regarded by the unthinking or inhuman among the mass. Some account of the improvements which have been made in institutions for the insane is given, and the increase of them in Massachusetts is strenuously urged. The entire article is interesting, and replete with humane and valuable suggestions. The remaining papers of the Review are upon DICKENS'S writings, (including his 'American Notes,') which are warmly commended; a review of GRAY'S 'Botanical Text-Book,' and 'ECKFELDT and DUBOIS on Coins.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A NEW-YEAR EPISTLE.—While our excellent correspondent the '*Country Doctor*' was inditing the following familiar letter to the Editor, we were standing 'between the meeting years, the coming and the past,' in our quiet sanctum, oppressed like our friend with a vague aspiration to pierce through the Time-element, and glance into the Eternal; a vain longing to

'Lift the Future's solemn veil!  
The reaching of a trembling hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land!'

The distant past drew near; the scenes of innocent boyhood came thronging back; the Departed stood by our side! But it was all a dream—a bright fabric of the 'silent ARACHNES that weave unresistingly in our imaginations.' Yet when the vision had passed utterly away, we drew from it a lesson, not of sadness, but of a subdued cheerfulness; for it is *well* at such a time to remember that we have here 'no continuing city;' and that in a better land we shall meet the loved and lost who have gone before us. 'There is nothing formidable about death,' (says an eloquent writer, long since gone down to darkness and the worm,) 'but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.' Let therefore the solemn monitions of such seasons only the more forcibly remind us of the warning of the poet:

'Threefold the stride of TIME, from first to last!  
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth,  
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth,  
And motionless forever stands the Past!'

'For a pleasing variety, (being rarely addicted to letter-writing,) what if I take advantage of a clean hearth, a bright light, and a quiet room, to present you my respectful compliments for the new year? 'Clear the table, Betty; put out of my sight those ungrateful volumes of LEIGH HUNT; tell Patrick he may go to the cathedral; tell Madagascar not to make so much noise in the kitchen, the black rascal——!'' What a magnificent imagination I have got! With what a natural grace I could order about a dozen menials—if I had them! C——, I do amuse myself in solemn sermon-time, nay even when my knees are getting black-and-blue with kneeling at prayers, and thus unfitting myself for the world's cruel reality, by letting my thoughts run about like a chased goose, and imagining delightful things which can never come to pass. And so of other distractions. This morning, while I was entering into a discriminating criticism about the Christmas greens, I came near being made to laugh out during the first lesson, by an old gentleman who sat behind me placing a false reliance on the pew-door, and tumbling out into the aisle. The violent effort which he made to recover him-

self 'resulted in a total failure.' His prayer-book flew off like a peach-pit out of a choked man, when he is slapped on the back. I wish I could command my risible muscles, which sometimes laugh when I am not willing to come into the measure; as men sometimes stagger when they are not drunk. How is a man to set up a despotism over his own thoughts, when they have been accustomed to a republican government, and disdain to be ruled? This is a great bar to my being devout, which I am sure it is a happiness to be, if we have a rational, pure devotion. Neither you nor I can help *feeling*, and intensely too, at this season, when we are smiling, and smiling, and wishing so many people happy. Do you never wake up in the middle of the night, and think of being locked up in the grave—which we all *must* be—and then rejoice to hear the cocks crowing for the morning? Oh! it is horrible, this DEATH! It is more than flesh and blood can endure, unless we take the Christian religion as we find it, and dismiss all ungodly cavilling. We cannot understand all things; and so I send them back to the devil whence they came, the wretched doubts which sometimes *will* obtrude, concerning the *immortality of the soul*; that these spirits of ours are the mere result of the organization of matter, instead of being breathed in us by the Almighty, and being about to return to the God that gave them! I should be sorry to entertain such thoughts with reference to the friends whom I have lost during the past year; and you, of you! poet-brother. I trust that he is *still* a poet; that he is rambling among sceneries unspeakably glorious, and has a full knowledge of the stars; he who in this world felt the Beautiful to his heart's core, and knew how to appreciate the faintest breeze which fanned his brow in summer.

'One of my haunts in this place is to a high hill, not the one where I walked with you once, but a more elevated peak in the same chain. The prospect is very fine, and overlooks the ocean. There lives a German whom I go occasionally to see; and the other day I went up to his Apennine residence in the midst of a snow-storm. He treats me to delightful Rhenish wines, which come from his own grapes, for he has wealth. Without exception he exceeds any thing I have ever seen in the form of humanity; his bulk being about five hundred pounds, as nearly as I can judge by the eye—perhaps a little more. If he were not so very *large*, he is conscious he would be a great man. He has a fine intellect, and how learned he is! Hebrew, and Arabic, and many oriental languages, are familiar to him; and all literature, but particularly the Bible. He is not a Jew nor yet exactly a Christian, as we understand it. I should say he was a rationalist, or something of that stamp. He does nothing but devour books day and night, which he makes way with just as the zoological beasts make way with the raw meat. I advised him not to confine himself so much, and to take horse-back exercise!—at which he laughed; for he has biliary calculi. He pointed out of the window to a small donkey engaged in turning a windlass to draw water out of a deep well, and shook his head. I listened to that man four hours, and to his inexhaustible knowledge. We talked of the immortality of the soul; and when he told me that he was certain of it, and his face beamed, and his own soul seemed to speak out of his eyes, he was really eloquent; and although my own faith was of course already fixed, I was interested. I listened to him with heart-felt pleasure; and when I came away the shades of night and the drifting snow made it hard for me to get home. Among other things, he said that perhaps we might see a spirit leaving the body, if our optics were more keen than they are. This put me in mind of an expression which struck me very much when I heard it, from an old soldier, who told me that he stood by one General Ferguson, as he breathed out his last, when wounded in the battle. 'I saw,' said he, 'the last breath of his body, as it curled upward from his mouth, on a fine frosty morning!' You see what queer reflections I am getting into; but it is nearly midnight, and the beginning of a new year. 'Happy new year! happy new year! and many of them, my masters!'

'Really, there is a strange variety of characters in this nook, consisting of poets, parsons, play-actors, gentlemen of leisure, blue-stockings, and a sprinkling of 'uncommon queer-ones' scattered about the country; such as misers, octogenarians, half-blooded Indians, antique negroes, (nobody knows how old they are,) eccentric persons, old witches, men seven feet high, men that squeak like eunuchs, others that believe in witches, revolutionary soldiers, fox-hunters, distinguished black-legs, inn-keepers — (Did I ever tell you that HARRY COTT was dead? The last time I saw him he was sipping a sherry-cobbler on his piazza, and said he should 'get along well enough if it was n't for the d—d gravel;') but he is gone, and another tavern-keeper, with a red nose, remarked at his grave that he is 'better off.') To get on with the list: cretans, loco-focos, idiots, metaphysicians, and incendiaries! Let me tell you of a little adventure which befell me last night. You must know that some two or three weeks ago some vicious person set fire to one of Dr. —'s buildings, about three o'clock on a freezing, windy night. Some young men of the Dutch, who had been a-courting, coming home by a by-road at that late hour, discovered the flame, about as large as your hat, insinuating itself into the shingles, upon which they ran home, changed their new coats,



and gave the alarm, which if they had n't done half the village would have been burned down. Upon this some of the principal men got together and hired five watchmen to guard the town, in company with a volunteer patrol. In less than a week they detected a miserable devil striking a light by a barn-door. He ran; the watch fired and missed; but the next day the right villain was brought before a justice of the peace and examined in presence of an excited community. He looked like a ROBESPIERRE in rags, and kept chewing, chewing, chewing, all the time, while his sandy elf-locks were sprawling all over his face. At first he said he did n't do it. Afterward he said he did, but was extremely in liquor. Suffice it to say, he was sent off to jail, and the whole Tinnecum population accompanied him to the toll-gate, with the exception of some sick and one or two who were dying. Last night, when it was my turn to be on the patrol, out I started at about twelve o'clock, wandering rather reluctantly past the grave-yard, like an *ignis-fatuus*. Just at this unseasonable hour a black gentleman named Rumpus, who was coming home from the sea-shore, where he had been a-crabbing, meeting with the first watch, got scared and ran, but came upon the second, who hailed him. By dint of dexterously using his long shanks he got by the third in an agony of fear, when I saw him coming. 'Holla, there! halt! you black devil!' roared I. 'Lordy Goddy!' exclaimed he, 'I'm gone!' Upon this I sprung my rattle, and the other Dogberries came up, who carried Rumpus to the watch-house, which was a tailor's-shop, of which the tailor had been dead a week. Rumpus's senses were almost gone; he fell upon his knees, and might have been white ever after, had it been possible to hit upon something to fix the color. Afterward he was pacified, toasted his feet, and took some liquor. But I got dreadfully bit with one of his infernal crabs. After this, came home with a friend at three o'clock; discoursed an hour or so on the immortality of the soul; ate an oliköek, drank a little cider, and to bed. Such is life at Tinnecum!

EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS.—It was our good fortune lately to make the acquaintance of one of the most intimate friends of the late gifted and lamented ROBERT C. SANDS; a gentleman who, with some two or three others, was almost always in his company of an evening when leisure permitted, and who wrote in conjunction with him portions of many of those humorous sketches which first attracted the attention of the town, in the 'St. Tammany's Magazine,' and we believe other publications of the day, some twenty-three or four years ago. We have been delighted in the examination of several humorous mss. sketches, in the possession of the gentleman to whom we have alluded; and to parts of which we hope our readers will ere long be permitted access. We make the following selection from a capital imitation of a species of 'infernal' novel-writing, quite common at the period when it was penned. A certain count, who in order to 'raise the wind' has made a league with the Old Gentleman, has violated his engagement, and is suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who with a grin on his face, cries out to his victim: 'Come, we must be off!' The count appeared much terrified. In a soothing voice of expostulation he said: 'Our agreement was for forty years; but twenty have elapsed; must I go?' 'Yes,' said the guest, in a determined but dogged sort of a tone. 'Grant me but a year!' 'No!' 'A month!' 'No!' 'A week!' 'No!' 'A day!' 'No!' 'Then,' said the count, 'you see this candle; it is but an inch long. While it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you spare me till this candle is burnt out?' 'Yes,' said the guest. 'Very well,' said the count, blowing out the candle and putting it in his pocket; 'then I am snug enough!' So saying, he left the apartment by another door. The person in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with lurid corruscations of wrath. He looked withal remarkably sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder. One of the most amusing things in the 'St. Tammany's,' however, is an imitation of 'The Broken Heart,' by WASHINGTON IRVING. It is entitled '*The Tweaked Nose*;' and

save that the style is in the richest vein of burlesque, the resemblance to the original is admirably preserved. Omitting the prefatory reflections, we must ask the reader's attention to the following affecting narrative :

'It is about two years since I first began to notice, in my walks through the city, the figure of a man which forcibly attracted my attention. He was clad in a shabby suit of black ; and his pale, emaciated appearance indicated a state of ill health, or at least a confined and sedentary life and spare habit of body. His countenance was softly expressive ; and his features might have been deemed effeminate had it not been for his nose, which was of unusual length. I frequently met him in by-paths and blind alleys ; and it seemed as if he shunned general observation. I also remarked that when he blew his nose, or happened to touch that feature, his face was overspread with deeper gloom, and profound sighs escaped from his bosom. Curiosity prompted me to seek his acquaintance ; but it was not till after many fruitless expedients for that purpose, that accident favored my design.

'On a fine summer evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the shores of Jersey, I was sitting on the corner of a bench on the Battery, when the object of my curiosity placed himself quietly beside me, apparently unheeding of the presence of human beings. He seemed to feel the influence of the scene and of the hour ; and a pensive and pleasing sadness, according with the tone of his feelings, illuminated his features with a melancholy smile. The light of his eye was like the subdued brightness of the twilight beam ; and the fading roseate hue which glimmered in the western heaven, and was reflected, tint for tint, in the broad bosom of the noble bay, seemed also reflected from the tip of his nose. Seeing that his reserved and sulky disposition was somewhat relaxed by the beauty of the scene, I ventured to accost him, and observed, in as polite and affable tone as I could, that it was a fine evening. 'Yes,' answered he ; 'Nature still glows in primeval freshness, though her sons are overwhelmed by grief, by disappointment, and by shame. Her tints are still as bright, her verdure still as green, her air as balmy, and her odors as delicate, as in the days of Methuselah ; but the jaundice which tinges man's eye-balls reduces every thing to the same dull and monotonous complexion. To me, all scenes, all seasons, and all situations, are alike. Man delights not me, nor woman either.' Here he used his pocket-handkerchief, and sighed deeply and repeatedly. The courtesy with which he answered me, induced me to address him again, and inquire into the cause of such great chagrin. He answered me as follows :

'I did not think to have pronounced to a human soul the story of my disgrace ; or that the recital of that which preys upon my heart would ever have blistered my tongue. My life is hurrying to its close ; to the bourne of hope and fear ; the common goal, where Ambition and Despair lay down their heads on the same pillow, and slumber in the same shroud of oblivion. I will confide my sorrows to you ; for there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in your physiognomy which rescues me from contempt at least, if it does not promise commiseration and sympathy. Sir, I was the fifth son of an eminent soap-boiler in Wapping. My name is PETER WILK. I was tenderly educated by a doating father and mother, who are now, alas ! both dead. They are both buried in the church-yard belonging to one of Mr. HUNTINGDON'S chapels ; and a neat tomb-stone was erected over their graves, at my expense. I also had a white railing placed round their narrow homes ; and left directions that it should be new whitewashed every year by the sexton, out of a small fund which I appropriated for that purpose. My father left me fifteen hundred pounds as my share of his property. I had been taught no trade, after leaving school, as my mother thought my frame too delicate for constant exercise. I had heard that in America it was easy to make a fortune with a little money, without any particular business. Accordingly I crossed the great Atlantic. I shall not tire you with an account of my passage. I saw a great many porpoises, and several whales sporting in the immensity of the water. I thought it was pretty to have nothing else to do ; and wished I was a porpoise or a noddly, that I might play all day in the water, and not be troubled with my fifteen hundred pounds, and with thinking how I should dispose of it. I saw an iceberg, illuminated by the setting sun ; and dreamed that it was a fairy castle. I wished that I could live there all my life, with Miss Letitia Bailey, who jilted me and married Bob Cuny the tanner. I saw a mast floating at a distance, with a white rag tied to it ; and was glad that I had not been on board of the ship it had belonged to, or I might have perished unknown, without any kind friend to have erected a tomb-stone to my memory. But why do I dwell on these trifling particulars, since I cannot long protract my sad history ? Sir, it was in sight of Sandy Hook, that, on my reproving the captain for a very improper expression he made use of to the cook, he fell into a violent passion. He put my nose in a parenthesis, and lunged me all round the deck, in the presence of all the passengers. I was overpowered by his unparalleled rudeness ; I could not articulate ; I gave vent to my feelings ; I burst into tears.'

'A paroxysm of feeling followed this disclosure. My new acquaintance covered his



the smallest sizes, in every variety of beautiful type and colored inks, is here contained. The devices for the embossed ornaments are so numerous and so graceful, and are combined and arranged with such exquisite skill by Mr. F. N. MITCHELL, of Boston, and Mr. RICHARD PAINE, of Springfield, Mass., both celebrated die-sinkers, seal-engravers, and medallion-cutters, that his or her taste must needs be very fastidious who could not choose but select admirable embossed cards or note-papers from the collection to which we refer, and to which, by the way, constant additions are being made. We perceive that there is scarcely a fashionable party or ball within a hundred miles of Boston that does not put Mr. DICKINSON's presses in requisition; to say nothing of business-cards, circulars, etc., in the sea-board towns from Maine to New-Orleans, and landward to St. Louis. In fact, he seems likely to establish for his press an American repute like that which the 'Border Press' of BALLANTYNE enjoyed in Great Britain. He did not need the certificates of Hons. SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, HARRISON GRAY OTIS, SAMUEL ELIOT, and JUDGE THACHER, of Boston, to assist in establishing the character and popularity of his embossed cards and note-papers. Beauty like that by which they are distinguished *compels* and need never *seek* fashionable distinction; nor can the cheapness with which they are furnished lessen their attractions; for these are times when this feature is a desideratum, even with the highest classes.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We can scarcely conceive a more humiliating position, to a right-thinking mind, than that of a weak, proud man, reduced from a sphere of wealth which he never lifted a finger to *earn*, to become a mere *narrator* of its influence, while he possessed and abused it. Such men too have we known; men who once held their noses lest the wind should come between an honest mechanic and their nobility, while their own character stank in the public nostrils; and who, in speaking of the masses, were wont to dwell upon the hardships they entailed on society, and the impropriety of their ever having been born. While we can feel for and deeply sympathise with a truly unfortunate man in the loss of property honestly acquired, we yet regard it as an instructive moral spectacle, when a man of the class we have indicated is seen pointing out with retrospective vanity the splendid palace in which he flourished, and dwelling upon the luxurious condition which (through accident or something worse) was his, before he was reduced in funds and fashion, and compelled to occupy an humbler station and a less ambitious mansion. How different is his position, who in walking through a metropolis where he has acquired wealth and honorable distinction, can point to a rickety work-shop or lowly dwelling in an obscure street or alley, and say: 'There, by the labor of these hands, and by honest dealings with my fellow men, I laid the sure foundation of that fortune which I now enjoy!' Such are some of the thoughts which passed through our mind, in reading in the last number of HUNT's 'Merchant's Magazine' an article upon the '*Life and Character of the late Gideon Lee*,' with whose honorable and upward career, to its final close, few of our metropolitan readers are not familiar. He rose by dint of labor, disciplined intellect, correct habits, and honest aims, to become a man of wealth, mayor of our city, and a national legislator; in all which stations he was alike respected and honored; and although, in the language of his biographer, he 'left behind him no blazing reputation to dazzle or astonish, yet its warming and invigorating influences will be felt wherever virtue has a friend or philanthropy an advocate.' Mr. LEE looked back upon his early struggles and straitened circumstances with no feeling of false shame. 'I remember,' said he, in after-life, that 'when I was a lad, living with my uncle, it was my business to feed and milk the cows. And many a time, long before light in the morning, I have started off, in the cold and snow, without shoes, to my work, and used to think it a *luxury* to warm my frozen feet on the spot just before occupied by the animal I had roused.' The self-reliance and sturdy independence of his character were strikingly exhibited on other occasions. He had been shipwrecked on the North-Carolina coast, and was wandering northward (in company with the desponding Yankee who longed so to hear 'God's voice' in the thunder, that he might know he was 'on God's aith,') when he found himself sorely in want of shelter and a night's lodging, and without a cent of money to pay for them. 'He knocked at the door of a farmer, and after explaining his circumstances, proposed to chop enough wood to pay for his meal and lodging; which being assented to by the farmer, he went to work and earned what his pride forbade him to

And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll  
 Abroad from pole to answering pole,  
 While the Storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,  
 And amuses himself with the thunder-crack!  
 Then off he went, like a bird with red wings  
 That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs,  
 Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,  
 When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune:  
 And away I went, while my garment flew  
 Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue,  
 Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.  
 Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,  
 Like a bayonet grove, at a shoulder-hoo!

' But I saw as he sailed mid the dusky air,  
 A bird that I thought I knew every where;  
 A fierce gray bird, with a terrible beak,  
 With a glittering eye and peculiar shriek!  
 ' Proud Bird of the Cliff!' I addressed him then,  
 ' How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!  
 Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid  
 On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!  
 With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise  
 Who in ecstasy soarest in the red-hot blaze!  
 Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,  
 To the life's acclaim and base-drum thump!  
 Whence com'st thou? I cried, 'and goest whither?'  
 As I gently detained him by his tail-feather:  
 He replied, ' Mr. NEAL! Mr. NEAL! let me loose!  
 I am not an eagle, but only a goose!  
 Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy,  
 And, excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy.'

We shall take an early occasion to open our budget again, and to accompany a selection from its contents with such extracts from the unique and pleasant personal correspondence of SANDS, as may without impropriety be given to the public.

DICKINSON'S BOSTON ALMANAC: EMBOSSED CARDS, ETC.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. THOMAS GROOM AND COMPANY, State-street, Boston, a copy of this very neat, comprehensive, and useful little volume for 1843; in which it seems to us more interesting and valuable information is condensed than would at first appear possible to crowd into so narrow a compass. Beside the usual astronomical matter of an almanac, there are facing each month blank memoranda-sheets, ruled to each day; a complete table of the government of the United States, with a corrected list of all the members of Congress; all the offices and officers of the state and city governments of Massachusetts and Boston; with records of the fire-department, water-reservoirs, public and private schools, and public institutions at South Boston; rail-roads in Massachusetts and adjacent States; a table of streets, with a list of all the clergymen, (and *churches*, with an accurate engraving of each, and also its history and present condition,) physicians, constables, nurses, and public houses; together with a very valuable record of important events in Boston during the year 1842, and general events for the same year; with other valuable matters, which even a cursory examination of the miniature-book will reveal.

We shall mention a word or two in this place in regard to the higher orders of printing executed at the Boston establishment of Mr. DICKINSON, by far the most extensive of its kind in the United States. Without alluding to the ordinary styles of plain printing, for the execution of which, upon types of his own casting, constantly renewed, Mr. DICKINSON'S reputation is widely established, we pass to his *Embossed Cards*, a large and various specimen-book of which now lies before us. Without exaggeration, we have never seen any thing in the shape of cards half so beautiful. Every species of visiting, invitation, and business-cards, plain white and delicately-tinted, from the largest to

the smallest sizes, in every variety of beautiful type and colored inks, is here contained. The devices for the embossed ornaments are so numerous and so graceful, and are combined and arranged with such exquisite skill by Mr. F. N. MITCHELL, of Boston, and Mr. RICHARD PAINE, of Springfield, Mass., both celebrated die-sinkers, seal-engravers, and medallion-cutters, that his or her taste must needs be very fastidious who could not choose but select admirable embossed cards or note-papers from the collection to which we refer, and to which, by the way, constant additions are being made. We perceive that there is scarcely a fashionable party or ball within a hundred miles of Boston that does not put Mr. DICKINSON's presses in requisition; to say nothing of business-cards, circulars, etc., in the sea-board towns from Maine to New-Orleans, and landward to St. Louis. In fact, he seems likely to establish for his press an American repute like that which the 'Border Press' of BALLANTYNE enjoyed in Great Britain. He did not need the certificates of HON. SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, HARRISON GRAY OTIS, SAMUEL ELIOT, and JUDGE THACHER, of Boston, to assist in establishing the character and popularity of his embossed cards and note-papers. Beauty like that by which they are distinguished *compels* and need never *seek* fashionable distinction; nor can the cheapness with which they are furnished lessen their attractions; for these are times when this feature is a desideratum, even with the highest classes.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We can scarcely conceive a more humiliating position, to a right-thinking mind, than that of a weak, proud man, reduced from a sphere of wealth which he never lifted a finger to *earn*, to become a mere *narrator* of its influence, while he possessed and abused it. Such men too have we known; men who once held their noses lest the wind should come between an honest mechanic and their nobility, while their own character stank in the public nostrils; and who, in speaking of the masses, were wont to dwell upon the hardships they entailed on society, and the impropriety of their ever having been born. While we can feel for and deeply sympathise with a truly unfortunate man in the loss of property honestly acquired, we yet regard it as an instructive moral spectacle, when a man of the class we have indicated is seen pointing out with retrospective vanity the splendid palace in which he flourished, and dwelling upon the luxurious condition which (through accident or something worse) was his, before he was reduced in funds and fashion, and compelled to occupy an humbler station and a less ambitious mansion. How different is *his* position, who in walking through a metropolis where he has acquired wealth and honorable distinction, can point to a rickety work-shop or lowly dwelling in an obscure street or alley, and say: 'There, by the labor of these hands, and by honest dealings with my fellow men, I laid the sure foundation of that fortune which I now enjoy!' Such are some of the thoughts which passed through our mind, in reading in the last number of HUNT's 'Merchant's Magazine' an article upon the '*Life and Character of the late Gideon Lee*,' with whose honorable and upward career, to its final close, few of our metropolitan readers are not familiar. He rose by dint of labor, disciplined intellect, correct habits, and honest aims, to become a man of wealth, mayor of our city, and a national legislator; in all which stations he was alike respected and honored; and although, in the language of his biographer, he 'left behind him no blazing reputation to dazzle or astonish, yet its warming and invigorating influences will be felt wherever virtue has a friend or philanthropy an advocate.' Mr. LEE looked back upon his early struggles and straitened circumstances with no feeling of false shame. 'I remember,' said he, in after-life, that 'when I was a lad, living with my uncle, it was my business to feed and milk the cows: And many a time, long before light in the morning, I have started off, in the cold and snow, without shoes, to my work, and used to think it a *luxury* to warm my frozen feet on the spot just before occupied by the animal I had roused.' The self-reliance and sturdy independence of his character were strikingly exhibited on other occasions. He had been shipwrecked on the North-Carolina coast, and was wandering northward (in company with the desponding Yankee who longed so to hear 'God's voice' in the thunder, that he might know he was 'on God's aith,') when he found himself sorely in want of supper and a night's lodging, and without a cent of money to pay for them. 'He knocked at the door of a farmer, and after explaining his circumstances, proposed to chop enough wood to pay for his meal and lodging; which being assented to by the farmer, he went to work and earned what his pride forbade him to

accept as a charity.' Equally forcible and characteristic is this anecdote: 'In 1834, the memorable panic year, a report was put in circulation that his house had failed. In allusion to the report, he remarked: 'I commenced business when poor, on credit. I thrived by credit; and I hold it to be my duty to sacrifice my property down to twenty shillings in the pound, before that credit shall be dishonored. *I have carried the lap-stones, and I can do it again*; but I will never suffer a promise of mine to be broken while I have a shilling left that I can call my own.' Though already widely before the public, we cannot resist the inclination to quote one more anecdote from the instructive and able biography to which we have alluded:

'No man more thoroughly despised trickery in trade; and he used to remark: 'No trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth; but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks.' A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion over another neighbor; and to-day,' said he, 'I have obtained one over you.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lee, 'that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat-skins.' The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterward he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant of seeing him, he exclaimed: 'You have violated your word; pay me for the goat-skins!' 'Oh!' said the man, 'I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lee, 'and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for overreaching others must ever keep you so.'

UNDER the head of '*Cracknels for Christmas*,' a late English periodical has clustered together several burlesque imitations of the different styles of poetry and poets of the present era. Some of them are very amusing. The lines '*To Isaac Tompkins's Child*,' from which the annexed stanzas are taken, introduce us to that nice dandy-poet, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON; a little man, who writes with little thought in a little room on a little piece of paper:

'LOVELY, airy, fairy creature,  
Life is in thy every feature;  
To and fro for ever flitting,  
Never standing, never sitting  
Three whole minutes in a place,  
Keeping up an idle chase,  
Jumping, stumping, thumping, squealing,  
Over chairs and sofas sprawling,  
Making such a din and pother,  
Lobbies, rooms, and garrets through;  
Sweetest, dearest, has your mother,  
Tell me, any more of you?

'Wisdom's type, my little dove,  
Come, live with me, and be my love!  
Come, close my lips up with thy kisses!  
See, what a pretty orange this is!  
And you shall have it, if to me  
You come, and sit upon my knee.  
There! that's a dear! But where, my sweet,  
Have you been dirtying your feet?  
You little filthy monkey! look,  
The mess that you have made my breeches!  
If you were mine, I'd make the cook  
Whip you to death, like pigs, with switches!

There is a capital imitation of some English lady-poet, in the pathetic domestic ballad of '*The Biter Bit*,' and also a poetical tale of the Middle Ages, a story of 'love, and chivalry, and high emprise.' It is simply an incident in the history of a famous knight who owes his tailor; and fearful of being 'nabbed,' pawns his armor, spear, etc., and mounts his creditor's shop-board to 'work out' his debt! The poem is highly Troubadourish in its orthography, being entitled '*The Knyghte and the Taylzeour's Daughter*.' To explain the hiatus between the two columns annexed, it must be premised that fear of the 'bayliffe sneaking near' has driven the knyghte to work, and that while he 'drives the glancing needle,' the 'taylzeour's daughter' looks down upon him from her lattice, and straightway finds that her heart is not her own. She is a generous lover, and assists him to get his knightly appointments out of pawn:

'TAYLZEOUR! Not one single shilling  
Does my breeches pocket hold,  
I to pay am really willing;  
If I truly had the gold;  
Farmers none can I encounter,  
Grassers there are none to kill;  
Therefore, pry thee, gentle taylzeour,  
Bother not about thy bill!

'Good Sir Knyghte, just once too often  
Have you tried that slippery trick;  
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,  
Vainly do you ask for tick.  
Christmas and its bills are coming,  
Soon will they be showering in,  
Therefore, once for all, my rum'un,  
I expect you 'll tork the tin!

'Mark, Sir Knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,  
In the palmer's amice brown;  
He shall lend you unto jail, if  
You do n't instantly stump down!  
Deeply swore the young crusader,  
But the taylzeour would not hear,  
And the gloomy, bearded bayliffe  
Evermore kept sneaking near.'

'Canst thou love me, gentle stranger?'  
Blushing like a rose she stood:  
And the knyghte at once admitted,  
That he rather thought he could.  
'He who weds me shall have riches,  
Gold, and lands, and houses free.'  
'For a single pair of — small-clothes,  
I would roam the world with thee.'

Then she flung him down the tickets —  
Well the knyghte tried their import knew:  
'Take this gold and win thy armor  
From the unbelieving Jew.  
Though in garments mean and lowly  
Thou wouldst at roam the world with me,  
Only as a belted warrior,  
Stranger, will I wed with thee!

At the feast of good Saint Alban,  
In the middle of the Spring,  
There was some superior jousting  
By the order of the king.  
'Valiant knights!' exclaimed the monarch,  
'You will please to understand,  
He who bears himself most bravely,  
Shall obtain my daughter's hand.'

A tournament of course ensues; when a gallant and mysterious knight, with a 'goose regardant proper' on his azure shield, who proves to be the involuntary journeyman Schneider, gains the

laurel, and lays the chaplet 'at the taylzeour's daughter's feet!' . . . It will be remembered that a discussion arose in many of the public journals in relation to an article which appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for August, 1841, charging General PUTNAM with neglect of duty at the battle of Bunker Hill, of which he had erroneously been held up as the hero. Mr. BANCROFT, the distinguished American historian, stated in a lecture delivered not long since at Boston, that 'after much research, he had arrived at the conclusion that Colonel PRESCOTT, not General PUTNAM, was the commander; that PUTNAM left the lines early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring reinforcements, and did not return until late in the day, when he came without them; and that nothing then saved him from a reprimand from General WASHINGTON but the fact that he was not in command during the day.' This seems to fortify the proofs to the same effect which were adduced by our correspondent. Speaking of General PUTNAM: we have before us an unmistakable autograph-letter of his, which, both for its hand-writing and its orthography, is a decided curiosity. It runs as follows:

'DEAR GINROZ

'After mr. Tolor cum to me with your order I immediady went on bord all the roo galles and told them it was your Plactive orders that they proceed up the revor with 2 fier ships the 2 Rodialand galles and thos 2 bit beer — immediady waied ancor and Proceed up the revor: the oather 8 have not moved but now aply for 36 men, which were paraded by thy quarters for 2 or 3 hours and then went there way — but I belev they never intend to go and I never intend to Flag my self any more about them. I am Dear Sir, Your most obedat bumbel Sarvant,

'ISRAEL PUTNAM.'

'Tuesday Evening, 8 a clock.'

On the twenty-ninth of March, 1776, General WASHINGTON gave General PUTNAM the following orders: 'You will assume the command of the troops in New-York, and immediately proceed in continuing to execute the plan proposed by Major-General LEE for fortifying the city, and securing the passes of the East and North Rivers,' etc. The faithful execution of these orders was publicly acknowledged by the Commander-in-chief after his arrival in New-York; and the above letter must have been written to General WASHINGTON some time between the twenty-ninth of March and the first of September 1776; probably before the battle of Long-Island, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of August. The subjoined letter is equally authentic and characteristic:

'head quarters, y 14 of December, 1776.

'ALL ofsers and soiders both thos that are Newly inlisted into the contonontel sarvie thos of the flicng Camp the mellshey and all the Inhablance of this City are requested to parad to morrow morning at 9 o'clock at the Markit to go on flig to fortify this City and so on Every morning tel farther orders.

'ISRAEL PUTNAM.'

Although 'Old Put.'s service at Bunker-Hill has been exaggerated, and although he spelled fatigue '*flig*,' he yet *did* render the one and endure the other in behalf of a country with whose early struggles his name will ever be identified. . . . Once in a while we encounter a correspondent who has a pleasant manner of illustrating the records of a familiar epistle by an apposite anecdote or a happy turn of expression, which is particularly agreeable. Here is an example in this kind, in a note to the Editor from a favorite contributor: 'And this reminds me, though I can scarcely tell you *how*, of an old farmer, a crabbed sort of a fellow, who used to give my father, who was his minister, a load of hay every summer, as his yearly present. Whenever he came with his load, the hay somehow or other used to be very low on the scaffold, and it gave him a good opportunity to scold: 'How you do waste your hay, Parson D —! You have too much company: you shouldn't ask every body that comes along to stay all night. Do as *I* do: when it comes dark, lock your door and go to bed!'. 'But,' replied my father, 'you would not turn a stranger away, would you, Mr. B —? The Bible recommends hospitality; and you know it says, that in entertaining strangers, some have entertained *angels* unawares!'. 'Ay! ay!' returned the old gentleman; '*but angels do n't ride on horses!*'. The old man had a fund of shrewd sense, and was quite a prominent person in town affairs. Being one year a 'Select Man,' he had to preside over the annual meeting of the citizens; and after he had read, among other things, the names which had been put into the jury-box, a man got up and asked why his son's name had not been put in as a candidate for juror. Mr. B — immediately replied: 'The Select Men considered the office of juror as requiring great prudence, discretion, and intelligence. It was a situation demanding judgment, caution, clear sense, integrity, firmness, and a just regard for the rights of others:'. then turning to the inquirer, he added; '*in all of which we considered your son deficient.*'. Turning to the people with an impudent coolness, which I cannot describe, he inquired: 'Is there *any other person* who wishes to know why his name was not put into the box?' . . . How many a bereaved father, as he nightly gathers about him his little flock, can respond to the touching pathos of the following lines! One we know, an afflicted contemporary, who sees little in this world beyond his motherless babes

to win his affections from another and a better, to which his beloved partner has lately gone before him, who, as he peruses this sad picture of domestic sorrow, will feel it in his heart of hearts :

You 're weary, precious ones ! your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide ;  
Think ye of her, who knew so well  
Your tender thought to guide ;  
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim ?  
Ah ! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name !

'T is time to sing your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove !  
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn the lay of love ;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng !  
Cling, as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds ! the accustomed strale,  
Come, warble loud and clear ;  
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,  
You're soding in my ear !  
Good night ! — go say the prayer she taught  
Beside your little bed ;  
The lips that used to bless you there  
Are silent with the dead !

A father's hand your course may guide,  
Amid the thorns of life ;  
His care protect those shrinking plants,  
That dread the storms of strife ;  
But who upon your infant hearts  
Shall like that mother write ?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?  
Dear, smitten flock ! — Good night !

ONE of the most admirable and graphic sketches that we have lately encountered is that of the career of the tyrant ROBESPIERRE, as depicted by ALISON in the third part of his 'History of Europe,' recently put forth by the BROTHERS HARPER. We cannot but think, however, that the eloquence of the blood-thirsty tyrant is somewhat underrated by our author ; for it should be considered what personal defects he had to contend against. He was of small stature, possessed mean features and a discordant voice, which was now shrill and grating, now indistinct ; yet no man, says an English reviewer, had so complete a command over an assembly, from the mere force of mind and thought. We have before us, clipped from an American journal printed sixty years ago, ROBESPIERRE's remarks upon establishing the 'Institution of National Morality and Festivals in France ;' and to read them one is indeed reminded of 'a butcher arrogating the theologian, a Nero assuming the Numa, or Richard the Third issuing his proclamation against vice after the murder of his nephews.' Imagine for example the following, fresh from the lips of the master-spirit of that 'Reign of Terror' which wrought the destruction of more than one million and twenty-two thousand souls :

'ALL the virtues will dispute for the right of presiding at our festivals. Let us institute the festival of *Glory* ; not of that which ravages and oppresses the world, but of that which less it, which enlightens and consoles it ; of that which, next to our country, is the first lot of generous minds. Let us institute a more affecting festival, the festival of *Misfortune* ; slaves adore fortune and power, we will honor misfortune ; the misfortune that humanity cannot entirely banish from the earth, but which it consoles and relieves with respect. Thou wilt also obtain this homage, O ! thou who once united heroes and sages ; thou who multipliest the strength of the friends of their country, and of whom wicked men, attached to vice, were only acquainted with a despicable likeness, divine FORTUNE ! thou wilt recover in Republican Frenchmen thy power and thine altars. Why should we not render the same honor to chaste and generous love, to conjugal affection, to paternal tenderness, to filial piety ? Our festivals doubtless will be neither uninteresting nor inelegant. You will be present, brave defenders of your country ! who are decorated with glorious scars ; you will be present, venerable old men ! whom the happiness prepared for your poverty ought to console for a long life passed under despotism ; you will be present, tender children of the nation, who are rising to extend its glory and to gather the harvest of our toils ; you will be present, young female citizens, you to whom victory must soon restore brothers and lovers worthy of you ; you will be present, mothers of families, whose husbands and sons have raised trophies to the republic upon the wrecks of thrones. O, Frenchwomen ! cherish liberty, purchased at the price of their blood ; make use of your empire to extend that of republican virtue !'

One might be tempted, on reading this 'Moral Report,' to exclaim as an eminent Christian writer once did of SOCRATES : 'Oh ! *Sancta Robespierre ! ora pro nobis !*' Brief and eventful, however, was ROBESPIERRE's subsequent career. But a little while, and he stood upon the scaffold of his victims, amidst the imprecations of 'a great multitude which no man could number ;' the blood bursting through the bandages which bound his foaming mouth, and his lower jaw lying broken on his breast ; uttering yells of agony and terror that filled every heart with horror : and thus he stood, till the fatal axe ended his misery, and closed his ears to the exulting shouts which were prolonged for some minutes after his death. Awful retribution ! . . . 'The two John Smiths' is a common theme, very well handled, by 'D. G. R.' Nevertheless, it would be *triste*. The incident at the theatre is not unlike that of 'Mr. JOHN BROWN and his Double,' who was deprived of a seat for which he had booked himself in a London omnibus : 'Up clattered the vehicle ; on it rolled, giving no indications of an intention to stop ; but by directing sundry excited gestures toward the conductor, I at length succeeded in getting him to pull up. 'Quite full, Sir, out and in,' said the cad, in a commiserating tone. 'Full ! the deuce you are ! Did n't I book myself for a place ?' 'Can't say, really ; praps you did, praps not. We've got our complement, any way.' 'Is n't the name of Brown on your list ?' 'Brown ?' 'Yes, Mr. Brown — Mr. John Brown ?' 'Vell, vot ow it ? We've got two Browns in the 'bus ; von on 'em Mr. John Brown ; took him at Vellington-street, Strand. Drive on, Bill ; time 's up !' . . . We are indebted to the correspondent from whom we received the touching lines in our last issue, 'upon finding unexpectedly in a pocket-book a lock of his departed mother's hair,' for the following spirited sonnet. 'By a combination of unforeseen circum-



and gave the alarm, which if they had n't done half the village would have been burned down. Upon this some of the principal men got together and hired five watchmen to guard the town, in company with a volunteer patrol. In less than a week they detected a miserable devil striking a light by a barn-door. He ran; the watch fired and missed; but the next day the right villain was brought before a justice of the peace and examined in presence of an excited community. He looked like a ROBESPIERRE in rags, and kept chewing, chewing, chewing, all the time, while his sandy elf-locks were sprawling all over his face. At first he said he did n't do it. Afterward he said he did, but was extremely in liquor. Suffice it to say, he was sent off to jail, and the whole Tinnecum population accompanied him to the toll-gate, with the exception of some sick and one or two who were dying. Last night, when it was my turn to be on the patrol, out I started at about twelve o'clock, wandering rather reluctantly past the grave-yard, like an *ignis-fatuus*. Just at this unseasonable hour a black gentleman named Rumpus, who was coming home from the sea-shore, where he had been a-crabbing, meeting with the first watch, got scared and ran, but came upon the second, who hailed him. By dint of dexterously using his long shanks he got by the third in an agony of fear, when I saw him coming. 'Holla, there! halt! you black devil!' roared I. 'Lordy Goddy!' exclaimed he, 'I'm gone!' Upon this I sprung my rattle, and the other Dogberries came up, who carried Rumpus to the watch-house, which was a tailor's-shop, of which the tailor had been dead a week. Rumpus's senses were almost gone; he fell upon his knees, and might have been white ever after, had it been possible to hit upon something to fix the color. Afterward he was pacified, toasted his feet, and took some liquor. But I got dreadfully bit with one of his infernal crabs. After this, came home with a friend at three o'clock; discoursed an hour or so on the immortality of the soul; ate an oliköek, drank a little cider, and to bed. Such is life at Tinnecum!

EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS.—It was our good fortune lately to make the acquaintance of one of the most intimate friends of the late gifted and lamented ROBERT C. SANDS; a gentleman who, with some two or three others, was almost always in his company of an evening when leisure permitted, and who wrote in conjunction with him portions of many of those humorous sketches which first attracted the attention of the town, in the 'St. Tammany's Magazine,' and we believe other publications of the day, some twenty-three or four years ago. We have been delighted in the examination of several humorous MS. sketches, in the possession of the gentleman to whom we have alluded; and to parts of which we hope our readers will ere long be permitted access. We make the following selection from a capital imitation of a species of 'infernal' novel-writing, quite common at the period when it was penned. A certain count, who in order to 'raise the wind' has made a league with the Old Gentleman, has violated his engagement, and is suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who with a grin on his face, cries out to his victim: 'Come, we must be off!' The count appeared much terrified. In a soothing voice of expostulation he said: 'Our agreement was for forty years; but twenty have elapsed; must I go?' 'Yes,' said the guest, in a determined but dogged sort of a tone. 'Grant me but a year!' 'No!' 'A month!' 'No!' 'A week!' 'No!' 'A day!' 'No!' 'Then,' said the count, 'you see this candle; it is but an inch long. While it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you spare me till this candle is burnt out?' 'Yes,' said the guest. 'Very well,' said the count, blowing out the candle and putting it in his pocket; 'then I am snug enough!' So saying, he left the apartment by another door. The person in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with lurid corruscations of wrath. He looked withal remarkably sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder. One of the most amusing things in the 'St. Tammany's,' however, is an imitation of 'The Broken Heart,' by WASHINGTON IRVING. It is entitled 'The Tweaked Nose;' and

save that the style is in the richest vein of burlesque, the resemblance to the original is admirably preserved. Omitting the prefatory reflections, we must ask the reader's attention to the following affecting narrative:

'It is about two years since I first began to notice, in my walks through the city, the figure of a man which forcibly attracted my attention. He was clad in a shabby suit of black; and his pale, emaciated appearance indicated a state of ill health, or at least a confined and sedentary life and spare habit of body. His countenance was softly expressive; and his features might have been deemed effeminate had it not been for his nose, which was of unusual length. I frequently met him in by-paths and blind alleys; and it seemed as if he shunned general observation. I also remarked that when he blew his nose, or happened to touch that feature, his face was overspread with deeper gloom, and profound sighs escaped from his bosom. Curiosity prompted me to seek his acquaintance; but it was not till after many fruitless expedients for that purpose, that accident favored my design.

'On a fine summer evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the shores of Jersey, I was sitting on the corner of a bench on the Battery, when the object of my curiosity placed himself quietly beside me, apparently unheeding of the presence of human beings. He seemed to feel the influence of the scene and of the hour; and a pensive and pleasing sadness, according with the tone of his feelings, illuminated his features with a melancholy smile. The light of his eye was like the subdued brightness of the twilight beam; and the fading roseate hue which glimmered in the western heaven, and was reflected, tint for tint, in the broad bosom of the noble bay, seemed also reflected from the tip of his nose. Seeing that his reserved and sulky disposition was somewhat relaxed by the beauty of the scene, I ventured to accost him, and observed, in as polite and affable tone as I could, that it was a fine evening. 'Yes,' answered he; 'Nature still glows in primeval freshness, though her sons are overwhelmed by grief, by disappointment, and by shame. Her tints are still as bright, her verdure still as green, her air as balmy, and her odors as delicate, as in the days of Methuselah; but the jaundice which tinges man's eye-balls reduces every thing to the same dull and monotonous complexion. To me, all scenes, all seasons, and all situations, are alike. Man delights not me, nor woman either.' Here he used his pocket-handkerchief, and sighed deeply and repeatedly. The courtesy with which he answered me, induced me to address him again, and inquire into the cause of such great chagrin. He answered me as follows:

'I did not think to have pronounced to a human soul the story of my disgrace; or that the recital of that which preys upon my heart would ever have blistered my tongue. My life is hurrying to its close; to the bourne of hope and fear; the common goal, where Ambition and Despair lay down their heads on the same pillow, and slumber in the same shroud of oblivion. I will confide my sorrows to you; for there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in your physiognomy which rescues me from contempt at least, if it does not promise commiseration and sympathy. Sir, I was the fifth son of an eminent soap-boiler in Wapping. My name is PETER WILK. I was tenderly educated by a doating father and mother, who are now, alas! both dead. They are both buried in the church-yard belonging to one of Mr. HUNTINGDON'S chapels; and a neat tomb-stone was erected over their graves, at my expense. I also had a white railing placed round their narrow homes; and left directions that it should be new whitewashed every year by the sexton, out of a small fund which I appropriated for that purpose. My father left me fifteen hundred pounds as my share of his property. I had been taught no trade, after leaving school, as my mother thought my frame too delicate for constant exercise. I had heard that in America it was easy to make a fortune with a little money, without any particular business. Accordingly I crossed the great Atlantic. I shall not tire you with an account of my passage. I saw a great many porpoises, and several whales sporting in the immensity of the water. I thought it was pretty to have nothing else to do; and wished I was a porpoise or a noddie, that I might play all day in the water, and not be troubled with my fifteen hundred pounds, and with thinking how I should dispose of it. I saw an iceberg, illuminated by the setting sun; and dreamed that it was a fairy castle. I wished that I could live there all my life, with Miss Letitia Bailey, who jilted me and married Bob Curry the tanner. I saw a mast floating at a distance, with a white rag tied to it; and was glad that I had not been on board of the ship it had belonged to, or I might have perished unknown, without any kind friend to have erected a tomb-stone to my memory. But why do I dwell on these trifling particulars, since I cannot long protract my sad history? Sir, it was in sight of Sandy Hook, that, on my reproving the captain for a very improper expression he made use of to the cook, he fell into a violent passion. He put my nose in a parenthesis, and lugged me all round the deck, in the presence of all the passengers. I was overpowered by his unparalleled rudeness; I could not articulate; I gave vent to my feelings; I burst into tears.'

'A paroxysm of feeling followed this disclosure. My new acquaintance covered his



face with his handkerchief; and rising, suddenly left me, before I could offer him consolation. It was not many weeks afterward, when I heard that a person of his name was in the lunatic asylum. I went to see him. I learned from the attendants that he was in an incurable frenzy, raving in a whining voice about his nose. He was reduced to skin and bone by a violent diarrhoea. When I saw the poor fellow he was hiccupping, with the death-rattle in his throat, and soon gasped out his last. He was decently interred at my request; as in his life-time he had seemed anxious about his sepulchral accommodations.

'It was on him that MACDONALD CLARK, the celebrated crazy poet, composed the following lines :

## I.

' Oh ! calm let him slumber in soft repose !  
The troubles are over which grieved him ;  
He has past from the earth with his injured nose,  
And the grave's gaping gates have received him.

## II.

' Oh carry him out, and bury him deep,  
In the church-yard's lonely corner ;  
And over him let the fond willow weep,  
A sad and a sorrowful mourner.

## III.

' And let the sweet moon, as she travels alone  
Through the sky, ere the clouds shall o'ercast her,  
Shed a twinkle of pity upon his tomb-stone,  
And sympathize in his disaster.

## IV.

' And when the last trump shall awaken the dead,  
And rob the poor worms which they nourish,  
Along with the rest may he raise up his head,  
And blow on his nose a loud flourish.'

We have good reason to suspect that this poetical effusion could be traced to the friend of Mr. SANDS to whom we have referred, if a rigid examination were to be instituted. We make for the present but one more extract. It is placed under the appropriate head of '*Balaam*,' a term indicating the '*dernier resort*' in filling out a page of a periodical or a newspaper column. It is a fragment from an extended and close imitation of the style of Mr. JOHN NEAL, whom SANDS held in due estimation. It is entitled '*An Ocean of Nonsense*,' and is intended to represent the '*Vision of a Jackass*,' in the progress of which an eagle also appears to the eye of the dreamer. We give merely the opening and close :

' A MISTY dream, and a flashy maze  
Of a sunshiny flush and a moonshiny haze !  
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,  
When a donkey came to my bed-side,  
And bade me forth to take a ride.  
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,  
But a cloudy vision, a night-mare steed !  
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume ;  
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom  
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair ;  
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were !  
Like the fields of heaven where none can see  
The depths of their blue eternity !  
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod  
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,  
Was the long, long tail that glorified  
That glorious donkey's hinder side !  
And his gait description's power surpasses,  
'T was the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

' I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind,  
And he pranced before and he kicked behind,

totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations!' . . . The editor of the '*Easton Notion*' has been deceived by the correspondent who sent him as original the '*Sabbath of the Year*.' That poem was published many years ago. It was quoted by 'OLLAPOD' in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for November, 1837. These impositions upon the editors of public journals and periodicals are not unfrequent. We had the pleasure of sending away a plagiarist lately (he offered us a poem which he and THOMAS MOORE wrote!) with a flea in his ear about the size of an elephant. He was 'in want of a little money,' he said; in fact he intimated, as some palliation of his plagiarism, that 'Job's turkey' was a *Croesus* in comparison with him; but such attempts are contemptible, be the 'moving why' what it may. . . . Some extremely intelligent compositor changed the date of Sir WALTER SCOTT's letter, in our last number, from 1813 to 1842, six or seven years after his death! A 'small minimum' of intellect will suffice to correct, as it did to make, such a transparent blunder. . . . 'T. A.'s '*Lines to an American Artist*' are respectfully declined. As our 'frank opinion of their merits is solicited,' we must say, that in our judgment they only border on an agreeable mediocrity. They would 'come out very wishy-washy from the press.' The Muse's palfrey is a 'prancing hippogriff' in the case of our correspondent. . . . '*Thoughts on a Bed of Sickness*' do not do justice to their fruitful theme. The writer should read CHARLES LAMB's pregnant chapter on this subject, or the pensive musings of DE MAISTRE: 'Delicious place of repose! There we forget, during half of our lives, the troubles and cares of the other half; there the fantastic pleasures or terrors of Dream-land visit us. A bed looks upon our birth — it sees us die! It is the changeful theatre whereon the human race play by turns interesting dramas, laughable farces, and frightful tragedies; a cradle, adorned with flowers; the throne of love; a sepulchre!' . . . Our readers will remember the several beautiful '*Psalms of Life*' written by Professor LONGFELLOW for the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We remark a pleasant anecdote going the rounds of the journals, to the effect, that on going with Mr. DICKENS into one of the London churches, during his recent tour abroad, the first singing-exercise to which Mr. LONGFELLOW listened was in the words of one of his own '*Psalms of Life*.' A gratifying incident, and an honorable tribute to genius. . . . We have 'nothing particular' to say of the *DRAMA* this month. 'The horse and his rider' reign triumphant at the 'Old Drury' of America. We stopped in at a rehearsal the other morning. The 'cattle' were all in the Green-Room. A gorgeously-caparisoned animal, which we presume was one of the 'stars,' was reading the order of performance for the next evening. He was evidently dissatisfied with his part; for we heard him 'with protrusive upper lip, snort dubious,' signifying that his rôle had not been assigned him. Another noble creature was practicing his steps:

'He champed the bit, he reared on high;  
Light like a soul looked from his eye!'

while a third, which being spotted we took for the clown, was sitting on his haunches, taking a social pail of brandy-and-water and a measure of oats with a cream-colored friend, and uttering a horse-laugh now and then, which was most cheering to hear. Seriously, however, there is a noble company of well-educated horses and daring riders at the *PARK*, that are better worth seeing than many a boisterous actor, 'strutting about the stage with a tin-pot on his head for so much a night.' At the *OLYMPIC*, the reigning attraction has been '*Fra Diavolo*,' in which Miss TAYLOR, Mr. RAYMOND, Mr. WALCOTT, and Mrs. TIMMS acquitted themselves with great credit. We saw nothing amiss in the performance of either of these artists, save perhaps a lack of volume, as compared with the execution of those whom we have been accustomed to see in those parts. We hope every theatre-going reader of the *KNICKERBOCKER* in town will make it a point to see MITCHELL's '*Grandfather Whitehead*,' one of the most affecting and truthful personations of a delightful character that we have ever seen upon any stage. Our old favorite PLACIDE has been drawing crowded houses at the *CHATHAM*, and Mrs. SHAW has been through her rounds of character at the *BOWERY*, with a similar result, as we observe by the journals. . . . We do not know what to make of 'P. S. T.'s '*Sketch*.' Both the hand-writing, which seems to stagger, and the ideas, appear to indicate that the writer must have penned it after experiencing imbibition. Indeed he hints as much himself. As far as we are enabled to judge, 'P. S. T.' is very fond of compounds, those book-and-eye appellatives, is greatly addicted to repetition, and holds to the belief that the self-evident truth of a proposition is no reason why it should either be suppressed or assumed; but that on the contrary it should on this precise ground be often reiterated, supported by numberless arguments, and enforced by much declamation. This is worse than his bastard sentimentality; which is only exceeded by the '*Night Adventure*' of 'L. S.,' a small *rechauffé* of 'agonizing' police-reports; which has been printed, by the by, in one of the less creditable weekly journals since it was sent to us. . . . The

following articles are either filed for present insertion, or undergoing 'examination for admission': 'Stray Leaves from the Port-folio of a Georgia Lawyer'; 'Sketches of South Carolina,' Number Three; 'Fancy's Vision,' by 'W.'; 'Stanzas,' by 'J. O. W.'; 'Lines addressed to the late WILLIAM H. SIMMONS,' by Mrs. J. WEBB; 'The Pine Tree,' by ALFRED B. STREET; 'The Wind,' by GEORGE LUNT; 'To a Young Girl'; 'Quod Correspondence,' new series; 'Tom Van Diddlemas,' Part Two; 'Neck-Nothing Hall,' a Hunting Sketch; 'Ut Pictura Poësis'; 'A Visit to Florence'; 'The Girl of the Azores'; 'The Vale of Glencoe,' a Tale of Scotland; 'The Character of BYRON,' by THOMAS CARLYLE; 'Polygon Papers,' Number Eight; 'The Young Englishman,' Part Three; 'A Scripture Sketch,' by a 'Recluse'; 'Lines on the Death of a Christian Brother'; 'Sketch of LUIS DE CAMBÈNS'; 'Lines to the Memory of an Unfortunate Youth'; 'Portraits'; 'Meadow Farm,' a Tale of Association; by the author of 'Edward Alford and his Play-fellow'; 'Flattery' and 'Night-Musings,' by 'E. E. D.'; 'Gothic Architecture in Germany,' etc.; 'My Leg,' by 'J. K.'; 'Sketches of Character,' Number Two, etc., etc. Is our friend the author of 'The Forest Walk' aware that Mr. STREET wrote for our pages an admirable poem upon the same general theme, and under the same title? He did. . . . We have received several publications at too late an hour for notice in the present issue; among them 'Greenwood Cemetery, and other Poems,' by J. L. CHESTER; 'Good Things in a Cheap Shape,' and 'The Rainbow, or Odd-Fellows' Magazine,' an excellent semi-monthly periodical, both from the enterprising press of ADEE AND ESTABROOK; 'Smith's History of Education'; 'The Lover's Fortune, or the Beggars of the Pont des Arts'; 'Circular of the Rutgers Female Institute'; 'Report of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane'; etc., etc.

#### LITERARY RECORD.

'THE PROFESSIONS.'—The oration upon this theme delivered by Mr. GEORGE W. BURNAP before the literary societies of Marshall College, Mercersburg, (Penn.), deserves something more than the passing notice which we are only enabled at this moment to give it. We deem its arguments in favor of more *practical* education in our collegiate institutions sound and cogent. Our literary institutions, it is well contended, are the 'native offspring of the soil, and not off-shoots from the antiquated stocks of European establishments.' Having grown out of the wants of the people, they should be calculated to *meet* those wants. The study of the ancient languages should be pursued as a means and not an end; metaphysics, as a passion or an accomplishment; as turning the intellectual eye to the inward to the neglect of the outward, and thus tending rather to dwarf the mind than to expand its powers, should not be encouraged, in preference to studies of a more strictly useful character. We like our author's defence of the profession of the law, when rightfully followed—a profession which has its origin in the necessities of man in society; and we like too his high estimate of the duties and influence, professional, moral, and social, of the physician. From the remarks upon our national literature, we take the following passage:

'AMERICA by her prodigious increase on every side, and England by her colonies, her commerce, and her conquests, are spreading the English language and literature in every part of the world. The successful English authors of the present age address an audience of which it never entered into the imagination of *to* conceive. SCOTT, and BYRON, and MOORE, and DICKENS, are simultaneously read on the banks of the Thames, in the valley of the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Oregon, and on the shores of the Ganges; and scarcely an island in the ocean that has not been visited and illuminated by the emanations of British learning and genius. America is following in the same bright path. Already the voice of her statesmen is heard in other lands. The names of her INVISOR, her CHANNINGS, her BRANTYS, and her COOPERS, are becoming familiar as household words in the mother country. Their thoughts too are flying with the wings of wind and fire to visit every shore, and are every where treasured up to minister wisdom and delight to generations yet unborn.'

ADDRESS OF MR. T. J. BRIGHAM.—This performance, delivered before the Pittsburgh Philological Institute in December last, is scarcely to be classed with the generality of orations, lectures, etc., on kindred occasions. We are made certain, at the outset, that the writer is a man of feeling, and that he writes, not to fill a certain space of time or number of pages, but to give vent to the earnest emotions and honest convictions of his heart. His theme is, the character of the Pioneers in the Valley of the Ohio; and it is no more than justice to say, that he has treated it in a manner worthy of the subject. The opening glance at the cabinet of LOUIS the Fifteenth, deliberating over a

accept as a charity.' Equally forcible and characteristic is this anecdote: 'In 1834, the memorable panic year, a report was put in circulation that his house had failed. In allusion to the report, he remarked: 'I commenced business when poor, on credit. I thrived by credit; and I hold it to be my duty to sacrifice my property down to twenty shillings in the pound, before that credit shall be dishonored. *I have carried the lap-stone, and I can do it again*; but I will never suffer a promise of mine to be broken while I have a shilling left that I can call my own.' Though already widely before the public, we cannot resist the inclination to quote one more anecdote from the instructive and able biography to which we have alluded:

'No man more thoroughly despised trickery in trade; and he used to remark: 'No trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth; but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks.' A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion over another neighbor; and to-day,' said he, 'I have obtained one over you.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lee, 'that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat-skins.' The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterward he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant of seeing him, he exclaimed: 'You have violated your word; pay me for the goat-skins!' 'Oh!' said the man, 'I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lee, 'and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for overreaching others must ever keep you so.'

UNDER the head of '*Cracknels for Christmas*,' a late English periodical has clustered together several burlesque imitations of the different styles of poetry and poets of the present era. Some of them are very amusing. The lines '*To Isaac Tompkins's Child*,' from which the annexed stanzas are taken, introduce us to that nice dandy-poet, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON; a little man, who writes with little thought in a little room on a little piece of paper:

'LOVELY, airy, fairy creature,  
Life is in thy every feature;  
To and fro for ever fitting,  
Never standing, never sitting  
Three whole minutes in a place,  
Keeping up an idle chase,  
Jumping, stumping, thumping, squalling,  
Over chairs and sofas sprawling,  
Making such a din and pother,  
Lobbing, rooms, and garrets through;  
Sweetest, fleetest, has your mother,  
Tell me, any more of you?

'Wisdom's type, my little dove,  
Come, live with me, and be my love!  
Come, close my lips up with thy kisses!  
See, what a pretty orange this is!  
And you shall have it, if to me  
You come, and sit upon my knee.  
There! that's a dear! But where, my sweet,  
Have you been dirtying your feet?  
You little filthy monkey! look,  
The mess that you have made my breeches!  
If you were mine, I'd make the cook  
Whip you to death, like pigs, with switches!

There is a capital imitation of some English lady-poet, in the pathetic domestic ballad of '*The Biter Bit*;' and also a poetical tale of the Middle Ages, a story of 'love, and chivalry, and high emprise.' It is simply an incident in the history of a famous knight who owes his tailor; and fearful of being 'nabbed,' pawns his armor, spear, etc., and mounts his creditor's shop-board to 'work out' his debt! The poem is highly Troubadourish in its orthography, being entitled '*The Knyghte and the Taylzeour's Daughter*.' To explain the hiatus between the two columns annexed, it must be premised that fear of the 'bayliffe sneaking near' has driven the knyghte to work, and that while he 'drives the glancing needle,' the 'taylzeour's daughter' looks down upon him from her lattice, and straightway finds that her heart is not her own. She is a generous lover, and assists him to get his knightly appointments out of pawn:

'TAYLZEOUR! Not one single shilling  
Does my breeches pocket hold,  
I to pay am really willing,  
If I truly had the gold:  
Farmers none can I encounter,  
Grassers there are none to kill;  
Therefore, pry thee, gentle taylzeour,  
Bother not about thy bill!

'Good Sir Knyghte, just once too often  
Have you tried that slippery trick;  
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,  
Vainly do you ask for tick.  
Christmas and its bills are coming,  
Soon will they be showering in,  
Therefore, once for all, my run 'un,  
I expect you 'll tork the tin!

'Mark, Sir Knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,  
In the palmer's amice brown;  
He shall lead you unto jail, if  
You do n't instantly stump down!  
Deeply swore the young crusader,  
But the taylzeour would not hear,  
And the gloomy, bearded bayliffe  
Evermore kept sneaking near.'

'Canst thou love me, gentle stranger?'  
Blushing like a rose she stood:  
And the knyghte at once admitted,  
That he rather thought he could.  
'He who weds me shall have riches,  
Gold, and lands, and houses free.'  
'For a single pair of— *small-clothes*,  
I would roam the world with thee.'

Then she flung him down the tickets—  
Well the knyghte their import knew:  
'Take this gold and win thy armor  
From the unbelieving Jew.  
Though in garments mean and lowly  
Thou wouldst at roam the world with me,  
Only as a belted warrior,  
Stranger, will I wed with thee!

At the feast of good Saint Alban,  
In the middle of the Spring,  
There was some superior jousting  
By the order of the king.  
'Valiant knights!' exclaimed the monarch,  
'You will please to understand,  
He who bears himself most bravely,  
Shall obtain my daughter's hand.'

A tournament of course ensues; when a gallant and mysterious knight, with a 'goose regardant proper' on his azure shield, who proves to be the involuntary journeyman Schneider, gains the



laurel, and lays the chaplet 'at the taylzeour's daughter's feet!' . . . It will be remembered that a discussion arose in many of the public journals in relation to an article which appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for August, 1841, charging General PUTNAM with neglect of duty at the battle of Bunker Hill, of which he had erroneously been held up as the hero. Mr. BANCROFT, the distinguished American historian, stated in a lecture delivered not long since at Boston, that 'after much research, he had arrived at the conclusion that Colonel PRESCOTT, not General PUTNAM, was the commander; that PUTNAM left the lines early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring reinforcements, and did not return until late in the day, when he came without them; and that nothing then saved him from a reprimand from General WASHINGTON but the fact that he was not in command during the day.' This seems to fortify the proofs to the same effect which were adduced by our correspondent. Speaking of General PUTNAM: we have before us an unmistakable autograph-letter of his, which, both for its hand-writing and its orthography, is a decided curiosity. It runs as follows:

'DEAR GINROE

'After mr. Tator cum to me with your order I immedatly went on bord all the roo galles and told them it was your Pisetive orders that they proceed up the revor with 2 fier ships the 2 Rodisland galles and thos 2 bilt heer—immedatly waied ancor and Proceed up the revor: the oather 3 have not moved but now aply for 36 men, which were paraded by my qvartors for 2 or 3 hours and then went there way—but I belieav thay never intend to go and I never intend to Plag my self any more about them. I am Dear Sir, Your most obediant humble Sarvant,

'ISRAEL PUTNAM.'

'Tuesday Evening, 8 o'clock.'

On the twenty-ninth of March, 1776, General WASHINGTON gave General PUTNAM the following orders: 'You will assume the command of the troops in New-York, and immediately proceed in continuing to execute the plan proposed by Major-General LEE for fortifying the city, and securing the passes of the East and North Rivers,' etc. The faithful execution of these orders was publicly acknowledged by the Commander-in-chief after his arrival in New-York; and the above letter must have been written to General WASHINGTON some time between the twenty-ninth of March and the first of September 1776; probably before the battle of Long-Island, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of August. The subjoined letter is equally authentic and characteristic:

'head quarters, 9 14 of December, 1775.

'ALL oficers and soulders booth thos that are Newly inlisted into the contentontel sarvis thos of the fleing Camp the mell-ahay and all the Inhabitence of this City are requested to parat to morrow morning at 9 o'clock at the Markit to go on ftdg to fortify this City and so on Every morning tel farther orders.

'ISRAEL PUTNAM.'

Although 'Old PUT.'s service at Bunker-Hill has been exaggerated, and although he spelled fatigue 'fitig,' he yet *did* render the one and endure the other in behalf of a country with whose early struggles his name will ever be identified. . . . Once in a while we encounter a correspondent who has a pleasant manner of illustrating the records of a familiar epistle by an apposite anecdote or a happy turn of expression, which is particularly agreeable. Here is an example in this kind, in a note to the Editor from a favorite contributor: 'And this reminds me, though I can scarcely tell you *how*, of an old farmer, a crabbed sort of a fellow, who used to give my father, who was his minister, a load of hay every summer, as his yearly present. Whenever he came with his load, the hay somehow or other used to be very low on the scaffold, and it gave him a good opportunity to scold: 'How you do waste your hay, Parson D——! You have too much company: you should n't ask every body that comes along to stay all night. Do as I do: when it comes dark, lock your door and go to bed!'. 'But,' replied my father, 'you would not turn a stranger away, would you, Mr. B——? The Bible recommends hospitality; and you know it says, that in entertaining strangers, some have entertained *angels* unawares!' 'Ay! ay!' returned the old gentleman; '*but angels do n't ride on horses!*' The old man had a fund of shrewd sense, and was quite a prominent person in town affairs. Being one year a 'Select Man,' he had to preside over the annual meeting of the citizens; and after he had read, among other things, the names which had been put into the jury-box, a man got up and asked why his son's name had not been put in as a candidate for juror. Mr. B—— immediately replied: 'The Select Men considered the office of juror as requiring great prudence, discretion, and intelligence. It was a situation demanding judgment, caution, clear sense, integrity, firmness, and a just regard for the rights of others.' then turning to the inquirer, he added: '*in all of which we considered your son deficient.*' Turning to the people with an impudent coolness, which I cannot describe, he inquired: 'Is there *any other person* who wishes to know why his name was not put into the box?' . . . How many a bereaved father, as he nightly gathers about him his little flock, can respond to the touching pathos of the following lines! One we know, an afflicted contemporary, who sees little in this world beyond his motherless babes

to win his affections from another and a better, to which his beloved partner has lately gone before him, who, as he peruses this and picture of domestic sorrow, will feel it in his heart of hearts :

You 'are weary, precious ones ! your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide ;  
Think ye of her, who knew so well  
Your tender thought to guide ;  
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim !  
Ah ! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name !

'T is time to sing your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove !  
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn the lay of love ;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng !  
Cling, as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds ! the accustomed strain,  
Come, warble loud and clear ;  
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,  
You're sobbing in my ear !  
Good night ! — go say the prayer she taught  
Beside your little bed ;  
The lips that used to bless you there  
Are silent with the dead !

A father's hand your course may guide,  
Amid the thorns of life ;  
His care protect those shrinking plants,  
That dread the storms of strife ;  
But who upon your infant hearts  
Shall like that mother write ?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?  
Dear, smitten flock ! — Good night !

ONE of the most admirable and graphic sketches that we have lately encountered is that of the career of the tyrant ROBESPIERRE, as depicted by ALISON in the third part of his 'History of Europe,' recently put forth by the BROTHERS HARPER. We cannot but think, however, that the eloquence of the blood-thirsty tyrant is somewhat underrated by our author ; for it should be considered what personal defects he had to contend against. He was of small stature, possessed mean features and a discordant voice, which was now shrill and grating, now indistinct ; yet no man, says an English reviewer, had so complete a command over an assembly, from the mere force of mind and thought. We have before us, clipped from an American journal printed sixty years ago, ROBESPIERRE's remarks upon establishing the 'Institution of National Morality and Festivals in France ;' and to read them one is indeed reminded of 'a butcher arrogating the theologian, a Nero assuming the Numa, or Richard the Third issuing his proclamation against vice after the murder of his nephews.' Imagine for example the following, fresh from the lips of the master-spirit of that 'Reign of Terror' which wrought the destruction of more than one million and twenty-two thousand souls :

'ALL the virtues will dispute for the right of presiding at our festivals. Let us institute the festival of *Glory* ; not of that which ravages and oppresses the world, but of that which frees it, which enlightens and consoles it ; of that which, next to our country, is the first idol of generous minds. Let us institute a more affecting festival, the festival of *Misfortune* ; slaves adore fortune and power, we will honor misfortune ; the misfortune that humanity cannot entirely banish from the earth, but which it consoles and relieves with respect. Thou wilt also obtain this homage, O ! thou who once united heroes and sages ; thou who multipliest the strength of the friends of their country, and of whom wicked men, attached to vice, were only acquainted with a desolating likeness, divine *Faustus* ! thou wilt recover in Republican Frenchmen thy power and thine altars. Why should we not render the same honor to chaste and generous love, to conjugal affection, to paternal tenderness, to filial piety ? Our festivals doubtless will be neither uninteresting nor inelegant. You will be present, brave defenders of your country ! who are decorated with glorious scars ; you will be present, venerable old men ! whom the happiness prepared for your poverty ought to console for a long life passed under despotism ; you will be present, tender children of the nation, who are rising to extend its glory and to gather the harvest of our toils ; you will be present, young female citizens, you to whom victory must soon restore brothers and lovers worthy of you ; you will be present, mothers of families, whose husbands and sons have raised trophies to the republic upon the wrecks of thrones. O, Frenchwomen ! cherish liberty, purchased at the price of their blood ; make use of your empire to extend that of republican virtue !'

One might be tempted, on reading this 'Moral Report,' to exclaim as an eminent Christian writer once did of SOCRATES : 'Oh ! *Sancta Robespierre ! ora pro nobis*.' Brief and eventful, however, was ROBESPIERRE's subsequent career. But a little while, and he stood upon the scaffold of his victims, amidst the imprecations of 'a great multitude which no man could number ;' the blood bursting through the bandages which bound his foaming mouth, and his lower jaw lying broken on his breast ; uttering yells of agony and terror that filled every heart with horror : and thus he stood, till the fatal axe ended his misery, and closed his ears to the exulting shouts which were prolonged for some minutes after his death. Awful retribution ! . . . 'The two John Smiths' is a common theme, very well handled, by 'D. G. R.' Nevertheless, it would be *triste*. The incident at the theatre is not unlike that of 'Mr. JOHN BROWN and his Double,' who was deprived of a seat for which he had booked himself in a London omnibus : 'Up clattered the vehicle ; on it rolled, giving no indications of an intention to stop ; but by directing sundry excited gestures toward the conductor, I at length succeeded in getting him to pull up. 'Quite full, Sir, out and in,' said the cad, in a commiserating tone. 'Full ! the deuce you are ! Did n't I book myself for a place ?' 'Can't say, really ; praps you did, praps not. We've got our complement, any way.' 'Is n't the name of Brown on your list ?' 'Brown ?' 'Yes, Mr. Brown — Mr. John Brown ?' 'Vell, vot ow it ? We've got two Browns in the 'bus ; von on 'em a Mr. John Brown ; took him at Vellington-street, Strand. Drive on, Bill ; time 's up !' . . . We are indebted to the correspondent from whom we received the touching lines in our last issue, 'upon finding unexpectedly in a pocket-book a lock of his departed mother's hair,' for the following spirited sonnet. 'By a combination of unforeseen circum-

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A NEW-YEAR EPISTLE.—While our excellent correspondent the '*Country Doctor*' was inditing the following familiar letter to the Editor, we were standing 'between the meeting years, the coming and the past,' in our quiet sanctum, oppressed like our friend with a vague aspiration to pierce through the Time-element, and glance into the Eternal; a vain longing to

'Lift the Future's solemn veil!  
The reaching of a trembling hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land!'

The distant past drew near; the scenes of innocent boyhood came thronging back; the Departed stood by our side! But it was all a dream—a bright fabric of the 'silent ARACHNES that weave unresistingly in our imaginations.' Yet when the vision had passed utterly away, we drew from it a lesson, not of sadness, but of a subdued cheerfulness; for it is *well* at such a time to remember that we have here 'no continuing city;' and that in a better land we shall meet the loved and lost who have gone before us. 'There is nothing formidable about death,' (says an eloquent writer, long since gone down to darkness and the worm,) 'but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.' Let therefore the solemn monitions of such seasons only the more forcibly remind us of the warning of the poet:

'Threefold the stride of TIME, from first to last!  
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth,  
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth,  
And motionless forever stands the Past!'

'For a pleasing variety, (being rarely addicted to letter-writing,) what if I take advantage of a clean hearth, a bright light, and a quiet room, to present you my respectful compliments for the new year? 'Clear the table, Betty; put out of my sight those ungrateful volumes of LEIGH HUNT; tell Patrick he may go to the cathedral; tell Madagascar not to make so much noise in the kitchen, the black rascal——!'' What a magnificent imagination I have got! With what a natural grace I could order about a dozen menials—if I had them! C——, I do amuse myself in solemn sermon-time, nay even when my knees are getting black-and-blue with kneeling at prayers, and thus unfitting myself for the world's cruel reality, by letting my thoughts run about like a chased goose, and imagining delightful things which can never come to pass. And so of other distractions. This morning, while I was entering into a discriminating criticism about the Christmas greens, I came near being made to laugh out during the first lesson, by an old gentleman who sat behind me placing a false reliance on the pew-door, and tumbling out into the aisle. The violent effort which he made to recover him-

self 'resulted in a total failure.' His prayer-book flew off like a peach-pit out of a choked man, when he is slapped on the back. I wish I could command my risible muscles, which sometimes laugh when I am not willing to come into the measure; as men sometimes stagger when they are not drunk. How is a man to set up a despotism over his own thoughts, when they have been accustomed to a republican government, and disdain to be ruled? This is a great bar to my being devout, which I am sure it is a happiness to be, if we have a rational, pure devotion. Neither you nor I can help *feeling*, and intensely too, at this season, when we are smiling, and smiling, and wishing so many people happy. Do you never wake up in the middle of the night, and think of being locked up in the grave—which we all *must* be—and then rejoice to hear the cocks crowing for the morning? Oh! it is horrible, this DEATH! It is more than flesh and blood can endure, unless we take the Christian religion as we find it, and dismiss all ungodly cavilling. We cannot understand all things; and so I send them back to the devil whence they came, the wretched doubts which sometimes *will* obtrude, concerning the *immortality of the soul*; that these spirits of ours are the mere result of the organization of matter, instead of being breathed in us by the Almighty, and being about to return to the God that gave them! I should be sorry to entertain such thoughts with reference to the friends whom I have lost during the past year; and you, of your poet-brother. I trust that he is *still* a poet; that he is rambling among sceneries unspeakably glorious, and has a full knowledge of the stars; he who in this world felt the Beautiful to his heart's core, and knew how to appreciate the faintest breeze which fanned his brow in summer.

'One of my haunts in this place is to a high hill, not the one where I walked with you once, but a more elevated peak in the same chain. The prospect is very fine, and overlooks the ocean. There lives a German whom I go occasionally to see; and the other day I went up to his Apennine residence in the midst of a snow-storm. He treats me to delightful Rhenish wines, which come from his own grapes, for he has wealth. Without exception he exceeds any thing I have ever seen in the form of humanity; his bulk being about five hundred pounds, as nearly as I can judge by the eye—perhaps a little more. If he were not so very *large*, he is conscious he would be a great man. He has a fine intellect, and how learned he is! Hebrew, and Arabic, and many oriental languages, are familiar to him; and all literature, but particularly the Bible. He is not a Jew nor yet exactly a Christian, as we understand it. I should say he was a rationalist, or something of that stamp. He does nothing but devour books day and night, which he makes way with just as the zoological beasts make way with the raw meat. I advised him not to confine himself so much, and to take horse-back exercise!—at which he laughed; for he has biliary calculi. He pointed out of the window to a small donkey engaged in turning a windlass to draw water out of a deep well, and shook his head. I listened to that man four hours, and to his inexhaustible knowledge. We talked of the immortality of the soul; and when he told me that he was certain of it, and his face beamed, and his own soul seemed to speak out of his eyes, he was really eloquent; and although my own faith was of course already fixed, I was interested. I listened to him with heart-felt pleasure; and when I came away the shades of night and the drifting snow made it hard for me to get home. Among other things, he said that perhaps we might see a spirit leaving the body, if our optics were more keen than they are. This put me in mind of an expression which struck me very much when I heard it, from an old soldier, who told me that he stood by one General Ferguson, as he breathed out his last, when wounded in the battle. 'I saw,' said he, 'the last breath of his body, as it curled upward from his mouth, on a fine frosty morning!' You see what queer reflections I am getting into; but it is nearly midnight, and the beginning of a new year. 'Happy new year! happy new year! and many of them, my masters!'

'Really, there is a strange variety of characters in this nook, consisting of poets, parsons, play-actors, gentlemen of leisure, blue-stockings, and a sprinkling of 'uncommon queer-ones' scattered about the country; such as misers, octogenarians, half-blooded Indians, antique negroes, (nobody knows how old they are,) eccentric persons, old witches, men seven feet high, men that squeak like eunuchs, others that believe in witches, revolutionary soldiers, fox-hunters, distinguished black-legs, inn-keepers — (Did I ever tell you that HARRY COTT was dead? The last time I saw him he was sipping a sherry-cobbler on his piazza, and said he should 'get along well enough if it was n't for the d—d gravel;') but he is gone, and another tavern-keeper, with a red nose, remarked at his grave that he is 'better off.') To get on with the list: cretans, loco-focos, idiots, metaphysicians, and incendiaries! Let me tell you of a little adventure which befell me last night. You must know that some two or three weeks ago some vicious person set fire to one of Dr. —'s buildings, about three o'clock on a freezing, windy night. Some young men of the Dutch, who had been a-courting, coming home by a by-road at that late hour, discovered the flame, about as large as your hat, insinuating itself into the shingles, upon which they ran home, changed their new coats,



and gave the alarm, which if they had n't done half the village would have been burned down. Upon this some of the principal men got together and hired five watchmen to guard the town, in company with a volunteer patrol. In less than a week they detected a miserable devil striking a light by a barn-door. He ran; the watch fired and missed; but the next day the right villain was brought before a justice of the peace and examined in presence of an excited community. He looked like a ROBESPIERRE in rags, and kept chewing, chewing, chewing, all the time, while his sandy elf-locks were sprawling all over his face. At first he said he did n't do it. Afterward he said he did, but was extremely in liquor. Suffice it to say, he was sent off to jail, and the whole Tinnecum population accompanied him to the toll-gate, with the exception of some sick and one or two who were dying. Last night, when it was my turn to be on the patrol, out I started at about twelve o'clock, wandering rather reluctantly past the grave-yard, like an *ignis-fatuus*. Just at this unseasonable hour a black gentleman named Rumpus, who was coming home from the sea-shore, where he had been a-crabbing, meeting with the first watch, got scared and ran, but came upon the second, who hailed him. By dint of dexterously using his long shanks he got by the third in an agony of fear, when I saw him coming. 'Holla, there! halt! you black devil!' roared I. 'Lordy Goddy!' exclaimed he, 'I'm gone!' Upon this I sprung my rattle, and the other Dogberries came up, who carried Rumpus to the watch-house, which was a tailor's-shop, of which the tailor had been dead a week. Rumpus's senses were almost gone; he fell upon his knees, and might have been white ever after, had it been possible to hit upon something to fix the color. Afterward he was pacified, toasted his feet, and took some liquor. But I got dreadfully bit with one of his infernal crabs. After this, came home with a friend at three o'clock; discoursed an hour or so on the immortality of the soul; ate an oliköck, drank a little cider, and to bed. Such is life at Tinnecum!

EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS.—It was our good fortune lately to make the acquaintance of one of the most intimate friends of the late gifted and lamented ROBERT C. SANDS; a gentleman who, with some two or three others, was almost always in his company of an evening when leisure permitted, and who wrote in conjunction with him portions of many of those humorous sketches which first attracted the attention of the town, in the 'St. Tammany's Magazine,' and we believe other publications of the day, some twenty-three or four years ago. We have been delighted in the examination of several humorous ms. sketches, in the possession of the gentleman to whom we have alluded; and to parts of which we hope our readers will ere long be permitted access. We make the following selection from a capital imitation of a species of 'infernal' novel-writing, quite common at the period when it was penned. A certain count, who in order to 'raise the wind' has made a league with the Old Gentleman, has violated his engagement, and is suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who with a grin on his face, cries out to his victim: 'Come, we must be off!' The count appeared much terrified. In a soothing voice of expostulation he said: 'Our agreement was for forty years; but twenty have elapsed; must I go?' 'Yes,' said the guest, in a determined but dogged sort of a tone. 'Grant me but a year!' 'No!' 'A month!' 'No!' 'A week!' 'No!' 'A day!' 'No!' 'Then,' said the count, 'you see this candle; it is but an inch long. While it is burning, here is another bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you spare me till this candle is burnt out?' 'Yes,' said the guest. 'Very well,' said the count, blowing out the candle and putting it in his pocket; 'then I am snug enough!' So saying, he left the apartment by another door. The person in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with lurid corruscations of wrath. He looked withal remarkably sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder. One of the most amusing things in the 'St. Tammany's,' however, is an imitation of 'The Broken Heart,' by WASHINGTON IRVING. It is entitled 'The Tweaked Nose,' and

save that the style is in the richest vein of burlesque, the resemblance to the original is admirably preserved. Omitting the prefatory reflections, we must ask the reader's attention to the following affecting narrative :

'It is about two years since I first began to notice, in my walks through the city, the figure of a man which forcibly attracted my attention. He was clad in a shabby suit of black ; and his pale, emaciated appearance indicated a state of ill health, or at least a confined and sedentary life and spare habit of body. His countenance was softly expressive ; and his features might have been deemed effeminate had it not been for his nose, which was of unusual length. I frequently met him in by-paths and blind alleys ; and it seemed as if he shunned general observation. I also remarked that when he blew his nose, or happened to touch that feature, his face was overspread with deeper gloom, and profound sighs escaped from his bosom. Curiosity prompted me to seek his acquaintance ; but it was not till after many fruitless expedients for that purpose, that accident favored my design.

'On a fine summer evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the shores of Jersey, I was sitting on the corner of a bench on the Battery, when the object of my curiosity placed himself quietly beside me, apparently unheeding of the presence of human beings. He seemed to feel the influence of the scene and of the hour ; and a pensive and pleasing sadness, according with the tone of his feelings, illuminated his features with a melancholy smile. The light of his eye was like the subdued brightness of the twilight beam ; and the fading roseate hue which glimmered in the western heaven, and was reflected, tint for tint, in the broad bosom of the noble bay, seemed also reflected from the tip of his nose. Seeing that his reserved and sulky disposition was somewhat relaxed by the beauty of the scene, I ventured to accost him, and observed, in as polite and affable tone as I could, that it was a fine evening. 'Yes,' answered he ; 'Nature still glows in primeval freshness, though her sons are overwhelmed by grief, by disappointment, and by shame. Her tints are still as bright, her verdure still as green, her air as balmy, and her odors as delicate, as in the days of Methuselah ; but the jaundice which tinges man's eye-balls reduces every thing to the same dull and monotonous complexion. To me, all scenes, all seasons, and all situations, are alike. Man delights not me, nor woman either.' Here he used his pocket-handkerchief, and sighed deeply and repeatedly. The courtesy with which he answered me, induced me to address him again, and inquire into the cause of such great chagrin. He answered me as follows :

'I did not think to have pronounced to a human soul the story of my disgrace ; or that the recital of that which preys upon my heart would ever have blistered my tongue. My life is hurrying to its close ; to the bourne of hope and fear ; the common goal, where Ambition and Despair lay down their heads on the same pillow, and slumber in the same shroud of oblivion. I will confide my sorrows to you ; for there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in your physiognomy which rescues me from contempt at least, if it does not promise commiseration and sympathy. Sir, I was the fifth son of an eminent soap-boiler in Wapping. My name is PETER WILK. I was tenderly educated by a doating father and mother, who are now, alas ! both dead. They are both buried in the church-yard belonging to one of Mr. HUNTINGDON'S chapels ; and a neat tomb-stone was erected over their graves, at my expense. I also had a white railing placed round their narrow homes ; and left directions that it should be new whitewashed every year by the sexton, out of a small fund which I appropriated for that purpose. My father left me fifteen hundred pounds as my share of his property. I had been taught no trade, after leaving school, as my mother thought my frame too delicate for constant exercise. I had heard that in America it was easy to make a fortune with a little money, without any particular business. Accordingly I crossed the great Atlantic. I shall not tire you with an account of my passage. I saw a great many porpoises, and several whales sporting in the immensity of the water. I thought it was pretty to have nothing else to do ; and wished I was a porpoise or a noddie, that I might play all day in the water, and not be troubled with my fifteen hundred pounds, and with thinking how I should dispose of it. I saw an iceberg, illuminated by the setting sun ; and dreamed that it was a fairy castle. I wished that I could live there all my life, with Miss Letitia Bailey, who jilted me and married Bob Curry the tanner. I saw a mast floating at a distance, with a white rag tied to it ; and was glad that I had not been on board of the ship it had belonged to, or I might have perished unknown, without any kind friend to have erected a tomb-stone to my memory. But why do I dwell on these trifling particulars, since I cannot long protract my sad history ? Sir, it was in sight of Sandy Hook, that, on my reproving the captain for a very improper expression he made use of to the cook, he fell into a violent passion. He put my nose in a parenthesis, and lugged me all round the deck, in the presence of all the passengers. I was overpowered by his unparalleled rudeness ; I could not articulate ; I gave vent to my feelings ; I burst into tears.'

'A paroxysm of feeling followed this disclosure. My new acquaintance covered his

but only of the second nobler class; who also have dared to say no, and cannot yet say yea; but feel that in the *no* they dwell as in a Golgotha, where life enters not, where peace is not appointed them. Hard for most part is the fate of such men; the harder the nobler they are. In dim forecastings, wrestles within them the 'divine idea of the world,' yet will nowhere visibly reveal itself. They have to realize a worship for themselves, or live unworshipping. The godlike has vanished from the world, and they, by the strong cry of their soul's agony, like true wonder-workers, must again evoke its presence. This miracle is their appointed task, which they must accomplish or die wretchedly; this miracle has been accomplished by such, but not in our land; our land yet knows not of it. Behold a Byron, in melodious tones, 'cursing his day.' He mistakes earth-born passionate desire for heaven-inspired free-will; without heavenly load-star rushes madly into the dance of meteoric lights that hover on the mad maelstrom, and goes down among its eddies. Hear a Shelley filling the earth with inarticulate wail, like the infinite, inarticulate grief and weeping of forsaken infants. A noble Freidrich Schlegel, stupified in that fearful loneliness, as of a silenced battle-field, flies back to Catholicism, as a child might to its mother's bosom and cling there. In lower regions, how many a poor Hazlitt must wander on God's verdant earth, like the unblest or burning deserts; passionately dig wells, and draw up only the dry quick-sand; believe that he is seeking truth, yet only wrestle among endless sophisms, doing desperate battle as with spectre hosts, and die and make no sign! To what extent also theological unbelief, we mean intellectual dissent from the church, in its view of holy writ, prevails at this day, would be a highly important were it not under any circumstances an almost impossible inquiry. But the unbelief which is of a still more fundamental character, every man may see prevailing with scarcely any but the faintest contradiction all around him; even in the pulpit itself. Religion in most countries, more or less in every country, is no longer what it was, and should be; a thousand-voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all goodness, beauty and truth, and revealed in every revelation of these; but for the most part, a wise, prudential feeling grounded on mere calculation; a matter as all others now are, of expediency and utility, whereby some smaller quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger quantum of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion too is profit; a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear. Many we know, very many we hope, are still religious in a far different sense; were it not so, our case were too desperate; but to witness that such is the temper of the times, we take any calm, observant man who agrees or disagrees in our feeling on the matter, and ask him whether our view of it is not in general well founded.

Literature too, if we consider it, gives similar testimony. At no former era has literature, the fruitful communication of thought, been of such importance as it is now. We often hear that the church is in danger; and truly so it is, in a danger it seems not to

And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll  
Abroad from pole to answering pole,  
While the Storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,  
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack !  
Then off he went, like a bird with red wings  
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs,  
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,  
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune :  
And away I went, while my garment flew  
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue,  
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.  
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,  
Like a bayonet grove, at a shoulder-hoe !

But I saw as he sailed mid the dusky air,  
A bird that I thought I knew every where;  
A fierce gray bird, with a terrible beak,  
With a glittering eye and peculiar shriek!  
'Proud Bird of the Cliff?' I addressed him then,  
'How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!  
Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid  
On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!  
With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise  
Who in ecstasy soarest in the red-hot blaze!  
Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,  
To the life's acclaim and base-drum thump!  
Whence com'st thou,' I cried, 'and goest whither?'  
As I gently detained him by his tail-feather:  
He replied, 'MR. NEAL! MR. NEAL! let me loose:  
I am not an eagle, but only a goose!  
Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy,  
And, excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy.'

We shall take an early occasion to open our budget again, and to accompany a selection from its contents with such extracts from the unique and pleasant personal correspondence of SANDS, as may without impropriety be given to the public.

DICKINSON'S BOSTON ALMANAC: EMBOSSED CARDS, ETC.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. THOMAS GROOM AND COMPANY, State-street, Boston, a copy of this very neat, comprehensive, and useful little volume for 1843; in which it seems to us more interesting and valuable information is condensed than would at first appear possible to crowd into so narrow a compass. Beside the usual astronomical matter of an almanac, there are facing each month blank memoranda-sheets, ruled to each day; a complete table of the government of the United States, with a corrected list of all the members of Congress; all the offices and officers of the state and city governments of Massachusetts and Boston; with records of the fire-department, water-reservoirs, public and private schools, and public institutions at South Boston; rail-roads in Massachusetts and adjacent States; a table of streets, with a list of all the clergymen, (and churches, with an accurate engraving of each, and also its history and present condition,) physicians, constables, nurses, and public houses; together with a very valuable record of important events in Boston during the year 1842, and general events for the same year; with other valuable matters, which even a cursory examination of the miniature-book will reveal.

We shall mention a word or two in this place in regard to the higher orders of printing executed at the Boston establishment of Mr. DICKINSON, by far the most extensive of its kind in the United States. Without alluding to the ordinary styles of plain printing, for the execution of which, upon types of his own casting, constantly renewed, Mr. DICKINSON's reputation is widely established, we pass to his *Embossed Cards*, a large and various specimen-book of which now lies before us. Without exaggeration, we have never seen any thing in the shape of cards half so beautiful. Every species of visiting, invitation, and business-cards, plain white and delicately-tinted, from the largest to

little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough; but the practical application is not easy, is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false, a heart too dull to love the one at all risks, and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or as more commonly happens, with both of these deficiencies combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original, which is seldom wanting, and we have Affectation, the bane of literature, as Cant, its elder brother, is of morals. How often does the one and the other front us in poetry as in life! Great poets themselves are not always free of this vice; nay it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly grafted. A strong effort after greatness will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success, and he who has much to unfold will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron was no common man; yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far enough from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Gaiours, we would ask, real men, we mean poetically conceivable and consistent men? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion; no natural or possible mode of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature? Surely all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt, and moody desperation, with so much scowling and teeth-gnashing and other sulphurous humors, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life which is to last three score and ten years. To our minds there is a taint of this sort, something which we should call theatrical, false and affected, in every one of these otherwise powerful pieces. Perhaps Don Juan, especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a sincere work he ever wrote; the only work in which he showed himself in any measure as he was, and seemed so intent on his subject as for moments to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice; we believe, heartily detested it; nay, he had declared formal war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all, to read its own consciousness without mistakes, without errors, involuntary or wilful!

At no period of the world's history can a gifted man be born when he will not find enough to do; in no circumstances come into life but there will be contradictions for him to reconcile, difficulties which it will task his whole strength to surmount, if his whole strength will suffice. Every where the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, Necessity and Free-will. A pious adage

accept as a charity.' Equally forcible and characteristic is this anecdote: 'In 1834, the memorable panic year, a report was put in circulation that his house had failed. In allusion to the report, he remarked: 'I commenced business when poor, on credit. I thrived by credit; and I hold it to be my duty to sacrifice my property down to twenty shillings in the pound, before that credit shall be dishonored. *I have carried the lap-stone, and I can do it again*; but I will never suffer a promise of mine to be broken while I have a shilling left that I can call my own.' Though already widely before the public, we cannot resist the inclination to quote one more anecdote from the instructive and able biography to which we have alluded:

'No man more thoroughly despised trickery in trade; and he used to remark: "No trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth; but the very effect of such operations must react on him, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks." A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion over another neighbor; and to-day,' said he, 'I have obtained one over you.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lee, 'that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat-skins.' The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterward he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant of seeing him, he exclaimed: "You have violated your word; pay me for the goat-skins!" "Oh!" said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," said Mr. Lee, "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for overreaching others must ever keep you so."

UNDER the head of '*Cracknels for Christmas*,' a late English periodical has clustered together several burlesque imitations of the different styles of poetry and poets of the present era. Some of them are very amusing. The lines '*To Isaac Tompkins's Child*,' from which the annexed stanzas are taken, introduce us to that nice dandy-poet, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON; a little man, who writes with little thought in a little room on a little piece of paper:

'LOVELY, airy, fairy creature,  
Life is in thy every feature;  
To and fro for ever fitting,  
Never standing, never sitting  
Three whole minutes in a place,  
Keeping up an idle chase,  
Jumping, skipping, thumping, squalling,  
Over chairs and sofas sprawling,  
Making such a din and pother,  
Lobbies, rooms, and garrets through;  
Sweetest, fleetest, has your mother,  
Tell me, any more of you?

'Wisdom's type, my little dove,  
Come, live with me, and be my love!  
Come, close my lips up with thy kisses!  
See, what a pretty orange this is!  
And you shall have it, if to me  
You come, and sit upon my knee.  
There! that's a dear! But where, my sweet,  
Have you been dirtying your feet?  
You little filthy monkey! look,  
The mess that you have made my breeches!  
If you were mine, I'd make the cook  
Whip you to death, like pigs, with switches!

There is a capital imitation of some English lady-poet, in the pathetic domestic ballad of '*The Biter Bit*;' and also a poetical tale of the Middle Ages, a story of 'love, and chivalry, and high emprise.' It is simply an incident in the history of a famous knight who owes his tailor; and fearful of being 'nabbed,' pawns his armor, spear, etc., and mounts his creditor's shop-board to 'work out' his debt! The poem is highly Troubadour-ish in its orthography, being entitled '*The Knyghte and the Taylzeour's Daughter*.' To explain the hiatus between the two columns annexed, it must be premised that fear of the 'bayliffe sneaking near' has driven the knyghte to work, and that while he 'drives the glancing needle,' the 'taylzeour's daughter' looks down upon him from her lattice, and straightway finds that her heart is not her own. She is a generous lover, and assists him to get his knightly appointments out of pawn:

'TAYLZEOUR! Not one single shilling  
Does my breeches pocket hold,  
I to pay am really willing;  
If I truly had the gold:  
Farmers none can I encounter,  
Grassers there are none to kill;  
Therefore, pry thee, gentle taylzeour,  
Bother not about thy bill!

'Good Sir Knyghte, just once too often  
Have you tried that slippery trick;  
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,  
Vainly do you ask for tick.  
Christmas and its bills are coming,  
Soon will they be showing in,  
Therefore, once for all, my run 'un,  
I expect you 'll tork the tin!

'Mark, Sir Knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,  
In the palmer's amice brown;  
He shall lend you unto jail, if  
You do n't instantly slump down!  
Deeply swore the young crusader,  
But the taylzeour would not hear,  
And the gloomy, bearded bayliffe  
Evermore kept sneaking near.'

'Canst thou love me, gentle stranger?'  
Blushing like a rose she stood:  
And the knyghte at once admitted,  
That he rather thought he could.  
'He who weds me shall have riches,  
Gold, and lands, and houses free.'  
'For a single pair of—small-clothes,  
I would roam the world with thee.'

Then she flung him down the tickets—  
Well the knyghte their import knew:  
'Take this gold and win thy armor  
From the unbelieving Jew.  
Though in garments mean and lowly  
Thou wouldst at roam the world with me,  
Only as a belted warrior,  
Stranger, will I wed with thee!

At the feast of good Saint Alban,  
In the middle of the Spring,  
There was some superior jousting  
By the order of the king.  
'Valiant knights!' exclaimed the monarch,  
'You will please to understand,  
He who bears himself most bravely,  
Shall obtain my daughter's hand.'

A tournament of course ensues; when a gallant and mysterious knight, with a 'goose regardant proper' on his azure shield, who proves to be the involuntary journeyman Schneider, gains the

beautiful and speculative heights; and do in fact become a *throne*, where happily they have not become a *tomb*.

Of all literary phenomena, that of a literary man daring to believe that he is *poor*, may be regarded as the rarest. Can a man without capital actually open his lips and speak to mankind? Had he no landed property then? no connection with the higher classes? did he not even keep a gig? On the whole, what a wondrous spirit of gentility does animate our British literature at this era! We have no men of letters now, but only literary gentlemen. Samuel Johnson was the last that ventured to appear in that former character, and support himself on his own legs, without any crutches, purchased or stolen! Rough old Samuel, the last of all the Romans! Time was, when in English literature, as in English life, the comedy of 'Every man in his Humor' was daily enacted among us; but now the poor French word, French in every sense, 'Quon dira-t-on?' spell-binds us all, and we have nothing for it but to drill and cane each other into one uniform, regimental 'nation of gentlemen.' 'Let him who would write heroic poems,' said Milton, 'make his life a heroic poem.' Let him who would write heroic poems, say we, put money in his purse; or if he have no gold money, let him put in copper money or pebbles, and chink with it, as with true metal, in the ears of mankind, that they may listen to him. Herein does the secret of good writing now consist, as that of good living has always done. When we first visited Grub-street, and with bared head did reverence to the genius of the place, with a '*Salve, magna parens!*' we were astonished to learn on inquiry that the authors did not dwell there now, but had all removed years ago to a sort of 'high life below stairs,' far in the west. For why, what remedy was there? did not the wants of the age require it? How can men write without high life? and how, except below stairs, as shoulder-knot or as talking katerfelts, or by second-hand communication with these two, can the great body of men acquire any knowledge thereof? Nay, has not the Atlantis, or true blissful island of poetry, been in all times understood to lie westward, though never rightly discovered till now? Our great fault with writers used to be, not that they were intrinsically more or less completed dolts, with no eye or ear for the 'open secret' of the world, or for any thing save the 'open display' of the world; for its gilt ceilings, marketable pleasures, war-chariots, and all manner, to the highest manner of lord-mayor-shows and Guildhall-dinners, and their own small part and lot therein; but the head and front of their offence lay in this, that they had not 'frequented the society of the upper classes.' And now, with an improved age, and this so universal extension of 'high life below stairs,' what a change has been introduced, what benign consequences will follow! One consequence has already been a degree of dapperism, and dilettnism, and rickety debility, unexampled in the history of literature, and enough of itself to 'make us the envy of surrounding nations,' for hereby the literary man, once so dangerous to the quiescence of society, has now

become perfectly innoxious, so that a look will quail him; and he can be tied hand and foot with a spinster's thread. Hope there is, that neither church nor state henceforth will be put in jeopardy by literature. The old literary man, as we have said, stood on his own legs; had a whole heart within him, and might be provoked into many things. But the new literary man, on the other hand, cannot stand at all, save in stays; he must first gird up his weak sides with a certain fashionable, knowing, half-squirearchal air; be it inherited, bought, or as it is more likely, borrowed or stolen whalebone; and herewith he stands a little without collapsing. If the man now twang his jews-harp to please the children, what is to be feared from him? what more is to be required of him? Seriously speaking, we must hold it a remarkable thing that every Englishman should be a 'gentleman;' that in so democratic a country our common title of honor, which all men assert for themselves, should be one which professedly depends on station or accidents rather than on qualities; or at best, as COLERIDGE interprets it, 'on a certain indifference to money matters,' which certain indifference again must be wise or mad, you would think, exactly as one possesses much money or possesses little! We suppose it must be the commercial genius of the nation counteracting and suppressing its political genius; for the Americans are said to be still more notable in this respect than we. Now what a hollow, windy vacuity of internal character this indicates; how in place of a rightly ordered heart we strive only to exhibit a full purse; and all pushing, rushing, elbowing on toward a false aim, the courtier's kibes are more and more galled by the toe of the peasant; and on every side, instead of faith, hope, and charity, we have neediness, greediness, and vain glory: all this is palpable enough. Fools that we are! Why should we wear our knees to horn, and sorrowfully beat our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, if he would ever hear us, has almost nothing to give! For grant that the deaf brute-god were to relent for our sacrificings; to change our gilt brass into solid gold, and instead of hungry actors of rich gentility, make us in very deed Rothschild Howards to-morrow, what good were it? Are we not already denizens of this wondrous England, with its high SHAKSPERES and HAMPDENS; nay, of this wondrous universe, with its galaxies and eternities and unspeakable splendors, that we should so worry and scramble, and tear one another in pieces, for some acres, (nay, still oftener for the show of some acres,) more or less, of clay property, the largest of which properties, the Sutherland itself, is invisible from the moon? Fools that we are! To dig and bore like ground-worms in those acres of ours, even if we have acres; and far from beholding and enjoying the heavenly sights, not to know of them except by unheeded and unbelieved report! Shall certain pounds sterling that we have in the Bank of England, or the ghosts of certain pounds we would fain seem to have, hide from us the treasures we are all born to in this 'city of God?'

My inheritance how wide and fair,  
TIME is my estate, to TIME I'm heir!



But leaving the money-changers and honor-hunters, and gignen of every degree, to their own wise ways, which they will not alter, we must again remark, as a singular circumstance, that the same spirit should to such an extent have taken possession of literature also. This is the eye of the world, enlightening all, and instead of the shows of things unfolding us things themselves; has the eye too gone blind? Has the poet and thinker adopted the philosophy of the grocer and valet in livery? Nay, let us hear Lord BYRON himself on this subject. Some years ago there appeared in the magazines, and to the admiration of most editorial gentlemen, certain extracts from letters of Lord BYRON's, which carried this philosophy to rather a high pitch. His lordship we recollect mentioned that 'all rules for poetry were not worth a d—n!' after which aphorism his lordship proceeds to state that the great ruin of all British poets sprung from a simple source; their exclusion from high life in London, excepting only some shape of that high life below stairs; which, however, was in no wise sufficient; 'he himself and THOMAS MOORE were perfectly familiar in such upper life; he by birth and Moore by happy accident, and so they could write poetry; the others were not familiar and so could not write it.' Surely it is fast growing time that all this should be drummed out of our planet and forbidden to return.

BURNS was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavor to be otherwise. LOCKE was banished as a traitor, and wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was MILTON rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost*? Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with danger compassed round, he sung his immortal song and found fit audience, though few. Did not CERVANTES finish his work a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the Arancana, which Spain acknowledges as its epic, written without even the aid of paper, on scraps of leather, as the stout voyager and fighter snatched any moment from that wild warfare? Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. We hope we have now heard enough about the efficiency of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, is not this an instance before us? BYRON, a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of BURNS, is born in the rank not of a Scottish ploughman, but of an English peer; the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas! he has a poet's soul, and strives toward the infinite and eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the house-top to reach the stars! Like BURNS he is only a proud man; might like him have 'purchased a pocket copy of Milton to study the character of Satan;' for Satan is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case too, the celestial element will not min-

gle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar ambition will not live kindly with poetic adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged; the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano, and now we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!

Byron was sent forth as missionary to his generation to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth; he had a message to deliver, which left him no rest until it was accomplished: in dim throes of pain this divine behest lay smouldering within him; for he knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and he had to die without articulately uttering it. He is in the camp of the unconverted. Yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers and in pleasant fellowship will he and Burns live there; he is first adulated, then persecuted; he accomplishes but little for others; he finds no peace for himself, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess that it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of this noble soul, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all its gifts. It seems to us there is stern moral taught in this piece of history. Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the poet of his age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: 'He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life a heroic poem.' If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad-monger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him, if indeed he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron could not live as idol-priest but the fire of his own heart consumed him; and better it was for him he could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the impregnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with the furtherance of literature; like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he cannot be the menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door? Again with regard to education; for all men doubtless obstructions abound; spiritual

growth must be hampered and stunted, and has to struggle through with difficulty, if it do not wholly stop. We may grant too that for a mediocre character, the continual training and tutoring from language-masters, dancing-masters, posture-masters of all sorts, hired and volunteer, which a high rank in any time and country assures, there will be produced a certain superiority, or at most an air of superiority, over the corresponding mediocre character of low rank: thus we perceive the vulgar do-nothing, as contrasted with the vulgar drudge, is in general a much prettier man, with a wider, perhaps clearer outlook into the distance; in innumerable superficial matters, however it may be when we go deeper, he has a manifest advantage. But with the man of uncommon character, again, in whom a germ of irrepressible force has been implanted, and *will* unfold itself into some sort of freedom, altogether the reverse may hold. For such germs too there is undoubtedly enough proper soil where they will grow best, and an improper one where they will grow worst. True also, where there is a will there is a way; where a genius has been given, a possibility, a certainty of its growing is also given. Yet often it seems as if the injudicious gardening and manuring were worse than none at all; and killed what the inclemencies of blind chance would have spared. We find accordingly that few Frederics or Napoleons, indeed none since the great Alexander, who unfortunately drank himself to death too soon for proving what lay in him, were nursed up with an eye to their vocation; mostly with an eye quite another way, in the midst of isolation and pain, destitution and contradiction. Nay, in our own time have we not seen two men of genius, a Byron and a Burns; they both by mandate of Nature struggle and must struggle toward clear manhood, stormfully enough for the space of six-and-thirty years; yet only the gifted ploughman can partially prevail therein; the gifted peer must toil and strive, and shoot out in wild efforts, yet die at last in boyhood, with the promise of his manhood still but announcing itself in the distance. Truly, as was once written, 'it is only the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens; the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet on the wild soil it nourishes itself and rises to be an oak.' All woodmen, moreover, will tell you that fat manure is the ruin of your oak; likewise that the thinner and wilder your soil, the tougher, more iron-textured is your timber; though unhappily also, the smaller. So too with the spirits of men; they become pure from their errors by suffering from them; he who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger, more expert, than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even not unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.' In which sense an observer, not without experience of our time, has said: 'Had I a man of clearly developed character, (clear sincere within its limits,) of insight, courage, and real applicable force of head and of heart to search for; and not a man of luxuriously distorted character, with haughtiness for courage, and for insight and applicable force, speculation and plausible show of force; it were rather among the lower than the higher classes that I should look

for him.' A hard saying indeed seems this same; that he whose other wants were all beforehand supplied; to whose capabilities no problem was presented save this; how to cultivate them to the best advantage, should attain less real culture than he whose first grand problem and obligation was nowise spiritual culture, but hard labor for his daily bread! Sad enough must the perversion be where preparations of such magnitude issue in abortion; and a so sumptuous art with all its appliances can accomplish nothing, not so much as necessitous Nature would of herself have supplied! Nevertheless, so pregnant is life, with evil as with good; to such a height in an age rich, plethorically overgrown with means, can means be accumulated in the wrong place, and immeasurably aggravate wrong tendencies, instead of righting them, this sad and strange result may actually turn out to have been realized.

But what after all is meant by *uneducated*, in a time when books have come into the world; come to be household furniture of every habitation in the civilized world? In the poorest cottage are books; is one book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him; wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well, the mystery of existence reflects itself. If not resolved, yet revealed, and prophetically emblemed; if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. 'In books lie the creative phoenix ashes of the whole past.' All that men have devised, discovered, done, felt, or imagined, lies recorded in books; wherein whoso has learned the mystery of spelling printed letters, may find it and appropriate it. For all men who live, we may conclude, this life of man is a school, wherein the naturally foolish will continue foolish though you bray him in a mortar, but the naturally wise will gather wisdom under every disadvantage. What meanwhile must be the condition of an era when the highest advantages there become perverted into draw-backs; when, if you take two men of genius, and put the one between the handles of a plough and mount the other between the painted coronets of a coach-and-four, and bid them both move along, the former shall arrive a Burns, the latter a Byron. In good truth, if many a sickly and sulky Byron or Byronlet, glooming over the woes of existence, and how unworthy God's universe is to have so distinguished a resident, could transport himself into the patched coat and sooty apron of a Sheffield blacksmith, made with as strange faculties and feelings as he, made by God Almighty as he was, it would throw a light on much for him.

We will here take leave of BYRON. From every moral death there is a new birth; in this wondrous course of his, man may indeed linger, but cannot retrograde or stand still. In the middle of the last century, from among Parisian erotics, rickety sentimentalism, court aperies and hollow dullness, striving in all hopeless courses, we beheld the giant spirit of Germany awaken as from long slumber. Here too it may be, as in other cases, the want of the age has first taken voice and shape in Germany; that change from negative to affirmative, from destruction to reconstruction, for which all think-

ers in every country are now prepared, is perhaps already in action there. In the nobler literature of the Germans, say some, lie the rudiments of a new spiritual era, which it is for this and for succeeding generations to work out and realize. The ancient inspiration, it would seem, is still possible in these ages; at a time when skepticism, frivolity, sensuality had withered life into a sand-desert, and our gayest prospect was the *false mirage*, and even our Byrons could utter but a death-song, or despairing howl, the Moses' rod has again smote from that Horeb refreshing streams, toward which the better spirits of all nations are hastening, if not to drink, yet wistfully and hopefully to examine. 'We are near awakening when we dream that we dream.' He that has an eye and a heart can even now say, why should I falter? Light has come into the world; to such as love light, so as light must be loved, with a boundless all-doing, all-enduring love. For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which through all ages we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Good, is God? Here on earth we are as soldiers, fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it, seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with an heroic joy. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest; but before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial guiding-stars.

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S I M I L I T U D E S   O F   L O V E .

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FROM THE GERMAN OF J. E. SCHLEGEL.

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Love — my love is like the swallow  
 Who her dwelling flies, 'tis true;  
 But for lost scenes fondly yearning,  
 To her unchanged nest returning,  
 Haunts its paradise anew.

Love — my love is like the forest,  
 With its waving green upheaved;  
 Though the frost its bravery quelleteth,  
 When sweet May the ice dispelleth,  
 Stands it forth again be-leaved.

Love — my love is like the shadow  
 Pictured on the sunny plain;  
 Fades it as the twilight neareth,  
 But with morning reappeareth,  
 When her splendor beams again.

W. P. P.

## S U N S E T   T H O U G H T .

SUGGESTED TO AN AGED HERMIT LOOKING UPON NATURE FROM THE DOOR OF HIS CELL.

UNTIRING orb! thou goest to rise afar  
 In distant climes; and this thy bright decline  
 O'er the blue hills beneath Night's earliest star,  
 Brings day to other eyes, which fades from mine;  
 Thus pass the hours; and why should I repine  
 That life, with Nature's changes, glides away,  
 Since morn, and noon, and dewy eve entwine  
 Their teachings in my soul, as day by day  
 Age mars some youthful grace, or turns some lock to gray.

Gone, gone! bright sun! — so would my soul depart  
 Like summer sunset. Happy they who die  
 Ere doubt and sorrow settle on the heart;  
 Ere Hope decays, and Night's cold shades draw nigh;  
 Lo! like the boreal light athwart yon sky  
 Bland twilight glows in tints of living fire;  
 Streams, forests, mountains fade, while piled on high,  
 Long glittering clouds to brighter skies aspire,  
 When sunlight plays no more on hill and village spire.

It is that solemn, silent hour when all  
 That meets the eye or falls upon the ear  
 Brings music and delight; wind, water-fall,  
 Wood, mountain; each and all, distinct and clear.  
 Send up their matin hymn; while startling near,  
 Some wild-bird carols forth the song of even;  
 Stars in their watch-towers one by one appear,  
 And all to silence now, and sleep is given;  
 Come Meditation, then, thou meek-eyed child of Heaven!

Oh! happiest moment in the good man's fate!  
 When, from the thrall of worldly passions free,  
 He turns with soul more firm, though less elate,  
 To muse in sadness o'er the past with thee,  
 And scan the progress of his destiny.  
 Or in the busy mart, upon the brow  
 Of the high cliff, or on the heaving sea,  
 Where'er that moment finds him, gladly now  
 He turns aside like me, and makes to thee his vow.

With thee, blest Nature! shall my days be passed,  
 Few, dark and chilling, since they now must be;  
 And when that hour most solemn, and the last,  
 Comes o'er my spirit, I will turn to thee,  
 And to thine *АУТНОК*, gladly, joyfully,  
 That now my race is o'er, my goal is won;  
 That, though mine eyes must close on all I see,  
 I have not lived in vain, nor let the sun  
 Set on my soul as dark as when the dawn begun.

## NECK-NOTHING HALL: A HUNTING SKETCH.

BY CHRISTOPHER CASTOFF.

'Twas chough and crow to roost are gone,  
The owl sits on the tree.'

SOME.

'Bismor, my friend, the rosy-fingered Morn,  
With blushes on her face,  
Peeps o'er yon azure bill;  
Rich gems the dews enchain,  
Pearls from each bush distil:  
Arise, arise, and hail the bright new-born!

'Hark! hark! the merry horn calls 'Come away!'  
Quit, quit the downy bed;  
Break from Amynta's arms;  
Oh! let it ne'er be said  
That all that all her charms,  
Though she's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay.'

SOMERVILLE.

'YOIK FOR'ARD! tally-ho!' burst from beneath my chamber windows in the jovial tones of the Squire of Neck-Nothing, cutting the fog from before my eye-lids, and fetching me bolt upright from my pillow.

The previous night had brought me at a late hour to Neck-Nothing Hall, the appointed meet this morning for the Atherton hounds. After a late dinner, my servant with led Hunter being sent before, I had crossed my covert hack and cantered over about thirty miles of intersecting lanes and by-roads, the pale December moon silvering the frosted leaves, and lighting up each crystalized rivulet to illumine my path. The mane of my hack was hoary with the frost, and the breath burst from his nostrils in streams of pale fire; my great-coat, hat, hair and over-alls were touched by the same artist; and the dreary owls, sole witness of my flight, mistook me, both by time and circumstance, for some disimbodied spirit of the night, and hooted shrill salutations of good fellowship as I swept by their haunted habitations of gnarled old oak, ruinous tower, or tapering, ivy-mantled spire, pointing from moon-lit church-yard.

The keen-edged air cut not my cheek, that glowed with exercise, and a jolly heart, beneath a shaggy benjamin, bade defiance alike to cold, church-yard, and bogle; yet was it with a willing pull that I accosted the porter's bell at the lodge, and a nimble pace that I cut up the turf of the park in a direct line for the Hall.

I had a cordial reception by the old Squire, who drew me toward the ample hearth, with kindly reproaches for my delay, and repeated orders to the servants to bring in supper. I had been in foreign lands since we separated, and he had desired a long evening to listen to my youthful adventures, and enlarge on his own triumphs and accidents by flood and field, in pursuit of his ruling passion for the chase. In the latter purpose, however, unless the old Squire had marvellously altered, he was not like to disappoint me; for since

advancing age and increased bulk of body had reduced his actual performances after hounds, it had become more and more his custom, surrounded by some superannuated members of the pack, to hunt from his elbow-chair a sturdy, capacious quadruped, on which he would establish himself with an air of *non-chalance*, and giving loose reins to his imagination, sally forth to the field and ride such desperate and hair-brained leaps, in mad career across the country, that the guests around his hearth, matter-of-fact and broad-seated country gentlemen though they were, would lose alike self-consciousness and equilibrium, and cling to their chair-bottoms at each new feat of the narrator, as though they dreaded, at every leap, to be ousted from their saddles.

Each of us, after supper was despatched, being thus established by the genial hearth, the Squire expanded his ample person to the warm, inspiring blaze, and after a few minor anecdotes, as if to re-instate him in his saddle, his imagination presently took wing, and soaring in the sport, he prolonged his adventures, that grew in desperation as in length, until the genuine sack with which we moistened our clay had so mellowed my senses that they became fused one into the other, and finally trickled off into an utter chaos of dreams, in which the figures of his sporting fancies, still blending, got into all kinds of perplexing difficulties; now man and horse threw somersets over hedge and ditch, now hung in trees, or floundered perchance in roaring waters, until falling myself, from head-long career at a *rasper*, I was received, not in contact with the rude face of the fallow, but into the milky arms of a delicious housemaid, the very girl who had poured for me my last flagon of sack. My eyes were opened, and behold! the pretty maiden of my dream waited, with candlestick in hand, to show me to my chamber. The burly body of the old Squire rocking to and fro, his nose in high chorus, seemed still possessed of the impetus of the hunt, as I followed the retiring damsel; whither, sweet reader, I prithee not intrude upon me, or in fair courtesy, come not before the matin-call that uproused me in this chapter.

Alert to the stentorian summons, I quickly broke to view, and throwing up a window, returned the salutation in a clear and wakeful cadence, as if neither moist sack nor dreams of bewitching maiden had robbed me of my rest. A gallant and heart-stirring prospect, that would have inspired the drowsy god old Morpheus, was spread beneath my vision. Hard by, in the noble park, beneath a canopy of venerable oaks, the cleanly and beautifully dappled pack were grouped around the keen-visaged, scarlet-clad huntsman, and the liveried whippers-in, all mounted for the chase. How much character had the pack in the eye of a fox-hunter! In this was marked the eagerness and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~experience~~ <sup>inexperience</sup> of the young hound, zealous but head-long, prone to give tongue and even to diverge on a false scent, a spendthrift of his strength in the superabundance of youthful vigor; but there the old campaigner, the well-known veteran and leader of the chase, stoical in countenance, gaunt but sinuous



of form, his deep-mouthed, emphatic bay, the sure signal for the general burst, and welcome to the huntsman :

' There 's MUSIC, whose melodious tone  
Was to each pathless covert known ;  
And CAPTAIN, who was never wrong  
Whenever heard to give his tongue ;  
There 's PARAGON, whose nose could boast  
To gain the trail whenever lost ;  
And DARLING in the scented track  
Would often lead the clam'rous pack,  
While Reynard chill despair would feel  
When FAVORITE was at his heel.'

Neck-Nothing Hall, remote from the capital, in one of the mid-land and most rural counties of England, has been from time immemorial the seat of a baronial family, whose successive generations have still preserved the simple rural tastes and love of native sports that characterized their ancestors ; with the original of whom the passion for fox-hunting prevailed so predominantly as to procure for the Hall the significant and most unquestionable name by which it continues to be distinguished. It is a stately and somewhat solemn structure, of fawn-colored stone, rising from a deep moat, with turrets and loop-holes and strong buttresses, grown green from the exhalations of the moat and with the moss and dank of ages. It was formerly protected by draw-bridges, but these, saving at the rear entrance, have been replaced by massive bridges of sculptured stone, one opening on a formal paved court, another debouching on the velvet park, where a stately carriage-road departs through a triple avenue of hereditary elms, diminishing in far perspective, while a third conducts you to a variegated flower-garden, laid out beneath the drawing-room windows, in the formal taste of Queen Elizabeth ; but beyond, the carefully-kept gravel walks meander beneath a variety of choice shrubs and ever-greens, and here and there lofty, wide-spreading forest trees, springing from a mossy lawn, which, gently swelling in the centre, and tufted with fair flowers, rounds off to the margin of a transparent lake. Here, in an early morning walk, do gaudy pheasants whir from beneath your very feet ; or in meridian day, under the cool shade by the water's edge, may you behold schools of sportive perch, or the lean, hungry pike, prowling beneath a floating canopy of broad-leaved water-lilies. Often while balancing in a light skiff on the limpid bosom of the lake, surveying those enchanting pleasure-grounds, that vie in softness and in brilliancy of tint with the most vivid colors of fancy, have they appeared to me blessed with the tranquillity and blissful hues of Eden ; while the expansive park with its deep sylvan solitudes, where troops of dappled deer browse on the tender herbage, or roam in fleet but fearless herds over the verdant glades, seemed, in its deathlike stillness, under the influence of some wizard spell. But on special occasions, when the hounds by previous appointment are assembled at the Hall, starting from its magic slumber, the sylvan and venerable abode becomes, as it appeared this morning, the centre of a most lively system, exer-

cising an irresistible attraction on continuous bodies of horsemen, gallantly clad in scarlet and buck-skin, and spurring to the rendezvous.

Far through vistas of forest-trees, where the soft undulations of the park met the descending sky, was the wavy line of the horizon continually broken by such undis severable groups, growing fast upon the eye in clearer delineation, until distinguished as they advanced by the complete appointments of the hunting garb, the manly and sportsmanlike demeanor of the riders, and the sinuous, high-bred movement of their steeds. Thus from various directions, growing into unison as they approached the Hall, the cheerful greeting rang from group to group, with the sportive jest, or sly hint at accidents and disasters of the previous run, reflecting ridicule or disgrace on horse and rider; repelled with a laugh or retorted with a sarcasm, and challenge for preëminence in the approaching chase.

Such were the captivating scenes that greeted my chamber windows. The halls and corridors now echoed with the tramp of boots and jingling of spurs; and descending the old oak stair-way I entered with exultation the jovial breakfast-hall. A goodly array of British modern chivalry, her dauntless, clear-visaged, vigorous fox-hunters, was already assembled, appeasing sharp appetites with coffee, cold viands and game, and other substantial delicacies, while maids and lackeys officiated with silver tankards of humming home-brewed ale, that trusty and right stalworth beverage, adapted to Englishmen. A glow of fervor pervaded each breast and animated every countenance, not extinct even in the retrospect, which summons before me still those gallant forms, in the bloom of youthful manhood, and the firm lineaments of maturer age, ennobled by the dangers of the chase, and invigorated by its healthful exercise.

'Horse and away!' dispersed the breakfast-room, and steeds that vied with the winged Pegasus received their favored riders. In proud array the full assembled hunt now made progress toward the adjacent covert, the huntsmen and whips leading the way on an easy trot, the hounds trooping behind and around them, admonished, if attempting too wide a range, by a clang of the whip, and with a yelp returning to their proper limits. Then followed the graceful hunters, proudly bearing their triumphant riders, scarcely suppressing their own eager ambition, or calming with practiced hand the almost angry fire of their coursers, whose subdued ardor found partial vent in champing of the bit, and blazed like fire of *Ætna* in the enkindled eye.

The huntsman now, with a judicious regard to the wind, entered the wood against it, and the thicket was penetrated with horses and hounds. Then followed the calculations of the sportsmen from which side of the wood bold *Reynard* would break covert, and according to their various judgment or caprice, some rode around to the other side, others penetrated it after the huntsman and hounds, and others, myself among them, rode slowly up the side on which we were, occasionally halting, not to head the fox. Here, listening

intently to the sounds from the wood, we remained in our saddles, our horses' heads cast high in the air, catching every signal, and a tremulous thrill passing occasionally through them from the momentous suspense. A long, loud musical cry burst from the deep gorge of a hound; the note of the horn quickly prolonged the echo, and hound after hound attested, with mirthful throat, the trueness of the scent; until the loud melody of the full pack uprose above the wood, and poured onward to its extremity. 'Hold hard!' was exchanged between the sportsmen, to let the pack get well before on the trace of bold Reynard, who had sought the open country, and as the hounds leaped the hedge and ditch that confined the wood, our impatient steeds reared pawing in the air against the strongly-drawn rein.

But now the huntsman, flying the fence, waving his hat with mouth expanded to an O to hark forward the pack, was signal for the *scarry*, and the turf fairly bent beneath the feet of horses straining limb and loin to be foremost in the start. With strong contention, in an ardent mass, we strove where a high thick hedge bounded the pent prospect. I steered for the weaker point in it, and had charged it full tilt, when a clownish fellow on my right, diverging from his line, made a slant to head me; it was too late to restrain, and clearing the leap simultaneously, my horse descended with his breast on the quarters of the clown's, and sent him staggering and rolling, horse and man, on the newly-ploughed fallow, where I beheld him faithfully perform the vulgar destiny prescribing a peck of dirt to each mortal sinner; nor did he meet with any sympathy, to render it more palatable.

All our best properties of eye and ear were now bent on the chase, as the hounds flew before us on a scent breast-high, and across such formidable barriers of hedges, gates and streams as tried the courage of the stoutest steeds and holdest riders. Over hill and dale, by cottage, hall, and tower of feudal times, on sped the eager pack, and, Mazeppa-like, but upright in our saddles, our judgment and decision ever strained to take or keep the vantage ground, we sped hotly in pursuit.

Reduced in numbers (by accidents or exhaustion that had overtaken the major part of the followers of the hunt) to an ambitious few, we now descended into a low valley, divided by a sluggish brook, wide beneath treacherous banks. The approach proved soft and boggy, and as I *crammed* my horse hock-deep in mud upon it, I dreaded baptism by the head and ears; but lifting him with the rein, and with a timely stroke of the *persuaders*, he cleared it by a mighty effort, while a knot of others, charging it 'en masse,' broke down the bank and floundered in the midst.

With one other sportsman, who had cleared the brook above me, I now climbed the opposite hill and then sped over the surface of a firm meadow, not far behind the hounds, when suddenly they disappeared over a low staked hedge, nor were seen beyond it. Following with laborious speed, my horse held well in hand, I

charged upon the leap, but had just power to stop him as I beheld on reaching it a fall of about twenty feet beyond it into a deep rutty lane. Not so fortunate was my companion, who discerning too late the nature of the ground, made a fruitless effort to arrest his steed, only serving to embarrass him, so that catching the hedge in his leap he turned a complete somerset over it and fell struggling into the lane. The fall was terrific: striking first on his back, the horse turned with a heavy groan on his side, the blood gushing from his nostrils, and I beheld the body but not the countenance of his rider, for though turned upward the hat was driven to his chin. He lay like a dead trunk, without breath or motion. Several servants from a neighboring country-seat, out to view the passing hunt, hurried to his assistance, raised him lifeless from the ground, removed his hat and neckcloth, and with the first symptoms of returning breath, placed him on a hurdle and carried him to the house.

At this moment a handful of gentlemen, some of them evidently explorers of the brook I had crossed, galloped to the spot: one of them was fortunately a physician, and remained with our wounded friend, while the rest of us, now apparently the only survivors in the chase, causing the stakes to be drawn and hedge removed, slid down the embankment into the lane, and clapping spurs to our horses galloped at full speed along it, our horses' heels striking lightning from the stones, and scattering a hail-storm of pebbles against the breasts of the hindmost. The hounds were for some minutes lost to view; but urging along the lane, we presently beheld them straining across an adjacent meadow, while a few laggards were pitching themselves at a high fence flanked by a ditch on the road-side, to get after the others. This it was necessary to ride over; and wheeling our horses across the lane, we charged it with spurs rowel deep, to nerve them for the perilous effort. One refused the leap; a second, partially clearing it, hung on by his hind legs, his rider dangling head downward and clinging to the mane: two or three only cleared it, and pressed after the pack.

After a prolonged chase, we drew upon brave Reynard, and with panting lungs screamed the 'view-halloo!' as he strained before our sight. The gaunt pack hung close upon his traces, and with hungry cry and blood-thirsty fangs poured in upon him, as overrun and surrounded, he turned to snatch at this and that, and died like a bold knave, only with his last breath surrendering the victory.

The head, paws, and brush were severed from the carcass, and became the trophies of the foremost; and after a pause for respiration, and the coming in of stragglers, we formed a jaded and bespattered procession along the most direct though winding route for Neck-Nothing Hall.

The Squire and many members of the hunt had reached home before us, and hailed our return; tidy grooms, in neat smalls and gaiters, led our weary steeds to the substantial stables; and having

refreshed ourselves by a brief toilette, still retaining the scarlet, we assembled to the number of twenty at the Squire's hospitable board. It was spread in an ancient Gothic hall, of dark cedar wainscoting, ornamented with 'many a deer's wide-branching horn,' spears, cross-bows, and other old-time emblems and implements of the chase. The table, placed centrally in the apartment, concentrated in resplendent plate the dazzling light of chandeliers, while their more distant rays swallowed up the sombre shadows of the paneling, but partially illuminated a continued chain of portraits of the heads of the family, from its original down to the last predecessor, who, successively translated from the scene below to mural immortality, looked I thought ominously down on the present incumbent and his guests, as if to admonish us that we held our festivity in the very grave of departed mirth. The admonition, however, if such was its purpose, had not the effect to temper the hilarity of our host. He prided himself on the example of his ancestors, and held it his duty to walk beneath their vigil in the old established custom of their line; maintaining in his day their boast,

'To ride the best and drink the most;  
To guide the hounds with matchless grace,  
To be the leader of the chase;  
And when 't was over, to be able  
To lay his guests beneath the table.'

In these strong lineaments of his race the Squire had been legitimately and vigorously begotten; and even now, when Time, that had made prey of his ancestors, was, like some arrant spider, weaving his web, thread upon thread, about him, prior to lineal translation to the sepulchral wall, his generous heart still revolved in its full though declining orbit, and cast back a rich sunset glow over the hills and valleys of his youth:

'But as a poet doth relate,  
When the world's victor feasting sat,  
And trumpets gave the martial strain,  
He fought his battles o'er again;  
Thus can I from my window see  
Scenes of the Nimrod chivalry.  
And when in fancy's dream I hear  
The tumults break upon my ear;  
The shouting cry, the joyous sounds  
Of huntsman and the deep-mouthed hounds;  
My old age ceases to lament  
My crippled limbs and vigor spent;  
I for those moments lose my pain,  
And halloo as if young again!'

Each one, as the feast went on, catching the Squire's hilarity, magnified his own performances and laughed at his friend's mishap; head and heart warmed with the sharp conflict between wit and repartee, keen hunting appetites and legion of good dishes; and the red juice of the grape circulated, until the lustrous eyes of the guests, multiplied in reflectors of silver, beamed from their very drinking-cups in animal and immortal life, quickening and growing still more lustrous with every repeated deluge.

## T H E P I N E T R E E .

STERN dweller of the mountain! with thy feet  
 Grasping the crag, and lifting to the sky  
 Thy haughty crest! Stern warrior-king! thy form  
 Scarce deigns to shake, when e'en the mighty blast  
 Which the strong eagle fears to stem, swoops down  
 And breaks upon thee. O'er the glimmering chasm  
 As lean'st thou, with one giant limb outspread,  
 Thy sceptre, and seamed armor on thy breast,  
 What is more grand, more glorious than thee!  
 The headlong torrent pitching at thy base  
 Sends forth but vassal rumblings, when the storm  
 Awakes thy thunder, and the puny woods  
 Seem like bent saplings when thy towering shape  
 Swings in its majesty. The lightning's dart  
 Hath streaked, but not consumed thee: upward still  
 As the black chariot of the fiend o'er rolls,  
 Upward still, warrior-king, thy crest doth point,  
 And in sublime defiance dost thou fling  
 Thy emerald robe from off thy wounded breast,  
 For other blows to fall, fierce hissing forth  
 Thy scorn as flies the tempest. On thy rock,  
 Thy throne impregnable, thou hast not reigned  
 During the lapse of ages, for a blast  
 To break thee, or a lightning shaft to cleave  
 Thy plumed head to the earth. The hurricane  
 And showers of blazing levin-bolts alone  
 Can hurl thee from thy post of centuries.

Yet art thou gentle, monarch of the crag!  
 When all is gentle round thee: when the sky  
 Is soft with summer, and the sunshine basks  
 In love upon thy branches; bright-winged birds  
 Flutter within thy plumes, and make thee gay  
 With their sweet songs: the downy-pinioned breeze  
 Soothes thee, until thou murmurest in a voice  
 Of blindest music, that upon the ear  
 Steals sad, but oh! how winning!

As thy head  
 Bears the wild tempest when its rains are launched  
 In slanted phalanx, so when from the west  
 The wind fans lightly, and the parted clouds  
 Let the fresh sunshine leap, thy branches drop  
 Their sprinklings on the blossom hung beneath,  
 Till its blue eye is deeper in its blue,  
 And floats its sweet breath sweeter, while the moss  
 That plump and green o'erspreads thy iron roots,  
 Fringed delicate sandals, seems some trysting-place,  
 Where fairy shapes of gold and ebony  
 Glance o'er in mazy dances. Winter stern,  
 Howling through forests changed to skeletons  
 At the first mimicking breath of Autumn, sent  
 As the mere courier of his dread approach,  
 Though hurling all his blasts, from thee recoils,  
 His fury spent in vain: not one slight plume,  
 No, not the tiniest fibre of thy sprays  
 Branches or falls; but as thou stood'st when earth

Leaped living at the blue-bird call of spring,  
 Unchanged wilt thou again her carol hail,  
 And tell where passed her timid steps from prints  
 Of violets and of cowslips.

Let us mark,  
 Proud pine! thou one of myriad instruments  
 Through which mysterious solemn Nature breathes  
 The music of her wisdom in our souls;  
 Oh let us mark thy likeness in the world,  
 The wondrous world of man. True Greatness towers,  
 A glorious monarch throned on craggy thought,  
 Decked in its proud regalia. When the blast  
 Of Fortune bursts, it bends not: o'er the herd  
 It spreads its sceptred arm, and weaker souls  
 Bow, when occasion wakes its energies  
 In all their native glory. Earth's wild storms  
 May sweep across it, and their lightnings touch  
 Its lifted crest, but haughtily it dares  
 The scathing wrath, and casts its deepest scorn  
 At the endeavor baffled. Glorious gifts  
 Are not bestowed for every passing cloud  
 Of life to lay them darkened in the dust.

And it is gentle too, when gentle hearts  
 Are round it; love for love it freely gives,  
 And while it bears the storm upon its head,  
 It yields a cherishing care to those that cling  
 Unto it for protection. In life's change  
 It changes not, but as it smiled in joy,  
 So in the bleak waste of adversity,  
 It wears its 'customed look, and welcomes back  
 The sunshine of renewed prosperity.

ALFRED B. STANLEY.

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## SKETCHES OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

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### NUMBER THREE.

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#### 'MERRY CHRISTMAS.'

THE merry days of good old Christmas are still observed in the Palmetto State. While the rest of the world are whirled onward from generation to generation, leaving the times and customs of antiquity far in the distance, and almost forgotten, the loyal landholders of the South remain quietly at home, rejoicing in the undisturbed possession of the heritage of their fathers. It matters not to them that the spirit of improvement holds the reins of the age, and is driving on over the manners and mysteries of our worthy sires; they gaze and admire, perchance, but are still untempted to try its speed or to trust themselves to its destiny.

Even in the far upland country, among those who have wandered from the ancient homesteads into the deep pine forests, is the keep-

ing of fasts and holydays religiously observed. There, in the long solitude which no season breaks; where winter succeeds to summer with hardly a change upon the surrounding landscape; where neighbors intrude not, nor thoroughfares, with their rumbling coaches and loaded wains, and bustling market-men, ever come; and where even the factor's visit, to bargain for the yearly crop, is almost doubtful; there the annual return of days of leisure and merriment is never disregarded. Easter, Lent, Candlemas, Shrovetide come and go, each recognized by these honest descendants of the High Church cavaliers, and each respected as its merits claim. They are the land-marks of the year, these red-letter days of the calendar; the way-stones, without which old Time would lose the reckoning of his circuit, and be plunged into the thickets and quagmires which beset his journeyings. Long before they come in sight are they thought of and looked after by the heedful housewives, who guide the households; and to pass them without the proper ceremonies which custom and church have prescribed from immemorial antiquity, would be little better than high treason to the government of Heaven.

It is not here, however, that one can expect to find Christmas holydays in all their glory. The upland planters, in these days of diminished profits upon their staple product, are too poor to make a show, even upon their festivals. The currency, on which their's more than any other calling of our people is dependent, has made sad havoc, in its changes, with their wealth and income; and like the subjects of a vacillating tyrant, they have suffered more from the whims and caprices of power, than they would have done from the equitable enforcement of the most rigid laws. All over the State the upland cotton-growers are poor; their debts are unpaid; their crops unsold, their labor unproductive; and if a change come not soon, they must without exception be reduced to abject penury.

On the rice plantations however it is not so. Like the soil of the Sea Islands, these rich river bottoms yield a product which competition can never force below its real value. The landholders of the low country are affluent, living in all the luxury which taste and refinement can bestow; and though composing but a small proportion of the great mass of the population of the State, they are its representatives abroad, and its excellence and glory at home. It is here that Christmas days come arrayed in their holly-green of the olden time. The ancient mansions ring with the joyousness of light-hearted youngsters, from the merry greetings of its first day-break to the magic ceremonies around the cake which crowns its twelfth night. All business and care are banished from the household; the plans and calculations of other days are religiously laid aside; the work of the field is suspended; the routine of duties which move the numerous operatives of the plantation from day to day is broken up; the plough, and spade, and delver lie in the long sheds in unmolested repose; and every movement in master and man indicates the return of the planters' jubilee.

The preparations for Christmas are noticeable long before its



coming. The first frosts of November, banishing all fear of the malarious atmosphere, give the signal for return from the summer's wanderings; and carriage after carriage, with distended boots and cumbrous luggage, may be seen winding along the heavy road, or turning into the narrow pathway which leads to the secluded plantation. Then come the arrangements for the season; and while the ladies of the manor direct the changes in the mansion, the master investigates the doings of men and overseers abroad. The check-book is hastily looked over and laid aside for a more thorough examination; the store-houses are visited, and their contents measured with a careful eye; the old and sick are greeted within their cabins, and tokens of remembrance bestowed on the deserving; and praise or blame, reward or punishment, is meted out to the anxious people of the field, as each has done his duty. Within doors all is bustle and confusion. Carpets are to be laid, curtains hung, tables waxed, beds corded, and the paraphernalia of household preparations hastened forward to completion. Days, and sometimes even weeks, hardly bring about the contemplated changes; and while the planter rides about his grounds, or saunters with dog and gun into the neighboring woods, the busy housewife luxuriates in her undisturbed control over the metamorphoses in the domicil.

As the festival approaches, visitors from the city begin to make their appearance. The advocate, who claims an acquaintance with his host in college days: the factor, whose mill has husked the rice and whose ware-houses have stored it for many years; the superannuated beau of the maiden-aunt, whose yearly visits have almost encouraged her to deem him an accepted suitor; the parish member, the chance acquaintance at the Springs, the distant cousin; all find a reason to spend the Christmas holidays at the plantation, and all are welcomed and cared for with unstinted hospitality. My invitation had come from a son of one of the Georgetown planters; and though I resolutely declined to accept it, on the ground of important business which could not be postponed, it would not avail, and on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December we started for the country.

It was as bright a day as the most fastidious wooer of nature could ask. Our horses had been sent to the other side of the river the previous evening, and at the first sound of the ferryman's horn we were at the landing and on board. In a moment the boat was pushed off from her moorings, the mules began to pull, the driver to halloo, the chains to creak, and the wheels to dash; and the old hulk, heading hard up the stream, moved slowly and heavily into the sluggish current. I confess to no romance on board a horse-boat, though in more senses than any other sea-craft, she may be said to 'walk the waters like a thing of life;' yet there was something that morning in the beauty of the scenery around the Ashley, which I can never forget. The frost of the night had covered the thick surge-grass, which extends for miles along the banks, with myriads of icicles, whose tiny points glowed and sparkled in the

dawning, making the marshes seem like fairy pearl forests. The city, stretching from river to river, without a single elevation, lay in her repose graceful as a swan upon the waters. The dense woods of James's Island in the far distance, apparently unlighted by a single ray of morning, and the bleak sides and mounted ordnance of Castle Pinckney, frowning just before us; the crowded shipping around the wharves, and the solitary brigs in the offing; the tall spire of old St. Michael's, catching the first rays of sunlight; the streaks in the east, brightening as morning advanced and mirrored in the waters; the smoke curling upward from the chimneys; and high above all, the buzzards wheeling their lazy flight through the air; all made up a picture not brighter or fairer, but beautiful as the Morning ever shows to him who loves to meet her in the glen or on the waters, and to greet her, the rosy-fingered, like an old school-boy friend.

The ride for the most part was through a dull and unbroken forest; and had it not been for the merry, joyous mood of my companion I should have wished myself, a hundred times back, in my quiet little dormitory in the city. His spirits were buoyant in the prospect of passing another merry Christmas at the old plantation; and while my thoughts were now and then returning unbidden to my own home far away in the North, where the din of creatures happier a thousand times than the birds, was ringing like a grove in the spring-time, his were painting to me the games and frolics and quaint conceits of his boyhood. I found at last that it was vain to indulge the sombre mood; and so falling in with the humor of my companion, we made the woods echo with our unrestrained merriment.

The sun had set, and it was full night; the stars winking and glimmering above us, serving us with light sufficient only to see the road, and to make the long moss from the oaks seem like sheeted ghosts as we rode rapidly on, when we came to the gate of the wild-orange hedge which enclosed the plantation. Alighting from his horse, my companion wound a stirring note from the conch-shell which hung by the post, when presently the old portress, with lantern and keys, issued from her lodge in the grove, to give us admittance. 'Is this Deacon Cooper's plantation, Mammy?' inquired my merry companion, in a tone of mock gravity, as the old servant swung open the gate; 'does Deacon Charles Cooper live here?'

'Why! Massa Charles! Massa Charles!' exclaimed the old woman, as the voice struck her ear; and then throwing the light of the lantern into his face, she cried out in assurance, 'It is Massa Charles heself! How do, Massa Charles? How do? Me so glad to see you, Massa Charles! Me know you come hom' Christmas to see old Dinah! Old Massa be 'lighted to see you, Massa Charles! He been talking 'bout you a' day long!'

'And how are they all at the house, Mammy?'

'Well, Massa, bery well! Dey all spending Christmas eve in de old hall. Massa got gemmen, an' ladies, an' minister, an' doctor, an' eber so many buckratos, an' having a great time dis eve! Won't Massa Charles com' in and see old Dinah?'

'Not now, Mammy! I'll come and see you to-morrow! We will leave the horses here for Chestnut to take care of, and will walk up to the house:' and so, fastening our horses to the gate, while old Dinah went on talking, we proceeded up the avenue.

The plantation of Major Cooper was situated upon the rich peninsula, which the Pedee rivers form above the point of their junction. The rice-fields, diked into regular plots of twenty acres, lay contiguous to each other on the banks of the stream, where they could be alternately flowed and drained as the crops might require. On a gentle elevation, some half a mile back, commanding an extensive view of woodland and water, with its broad esplanade of massive oaks in front, and its terrace of evergreen and shrubbery sloping from the rear toward the streamlet that bounded it in the distance, stood the irregular pile of buildings which composed the manor-house. Courts, piazzas, wings with their gable ends and quaint turrets, kitchens, cottages, sleeping apartments disconnected from the main buildings, and quiet little domicils under the trees, were mingled together in so strange a confusion, that, but for the guiding of my companion I should have sought in vain the entrance to such a labyrinth. As we approached the central mansion, and the largest of the group, bright lights appeared gleaming from the windows, and uproarious shouts of laughter fell upon our ears.

Excited by expectation, my friend suddenly opened the door, near which we had stood for a minute, and the scene that burst at once upon us was beautiful as a vision of angels. In the midst of a group of uncles, aunts, cousins, and neighbors, all seated in a circle around a large room, were half a dozen girls, the oldest of whom might have been twelve years, playing blind-man's buff. The grandfather of them all, a placid, gentlemanly man, whose head was white with the touch of time, but whose heart was young as in the days of childhood, presided over the game, and was the arbiter in all cases of dispute. The others sat quietly by, aiding the petted youngster in her efforts to escape, and watching the groping of the blinded one, as she carefully followed the footsteps of the timid hiders, or darted suddenly upon some more daring one at her side. Clustered in the corners and behind the chairs and tables, were the colored boys and girls, evincing in their laughing eyes and merry shouts the interest they took in the sport, and ever and anon darting across the floor in the increasing spirit of the game. Our entrance suspended but for a moment the mirthfulness of the party, and after the cordial greeting and hearty welcome had been given, the merriment went on. Game succeeded game; 'hunt the slipper,' 'hot cockles,' 'puss in the corner,' 'who has the bird,' treading on the heels of one another, until a late hour of the night. It was a family picture, beautiful as earth can produce; the mingling of old hearts and young, bound by the ties of affinity through three generations. It was beautiful; and my recollection is now hallowed by the thought, that one, the oldest and gentlest of that fairy group, who, when the play was finished, so sweetly and mournfully sang the Christmas ballad that tears fell from many eyes, is now, on this next returning anniversary of the Saviour's

birth, doomed to be mute on earth, but hymning his praise in heaven. As we separated for the night, my hostess, whose stately figure, then somewhat bent beneath an easy weight of most venerable years, must once have been queenliest among even the beautiful forms of the South, came and bade me anew a hearty welcome to the Christmas gathering. My quarters were in a neat little cottage, some distance from the suite of rooms occupied by the family, and the servant who accompanied me thither, and who, according to a custom seldom dispensed with in the old mansions of the South, slept in the room on his blanket beside my bed, was unusually intelligent and communicative. I was not a little interested in his account of himself and his fellow-servants, and with the devotion he manifested to the family of his master. 'But do you not want your freedom, John?' I asked, in reply to one of his expressions of love to his master and home. 'Would you not like to be your own man?'

'An' what me do den, you tink, s'pose me had me freedom? Who tak' care of me when me sick? Who provide for me when me old? No! no! Me no want me freedom. Massa tell me an' Ben we might hab our freedom spose we go North and live wid him every summer when he com'; but me tink it a' over, and me say, No, massa; Ben an' me stay here wid you.' And I afterward learned that such had been the case. After the protective laws were passed in South Carolina, forbidding slaves to be brought into the state, Major Cooper offered to two of his slaves their freedom and money to commence business, on condition that, for the same wages they could get elsewhere, their services should be rendered to his family every summer during their northern visit. They asked two days to reflect upon the proposal, which were granted. On the third morning, presenting themselves before the Major, he asked: 'Well boys, what do you say? Ben, will you go north?'

'No, t'ank you, Sir! d'rather not.'

'John, will *you* go?'

'Yes Sir, me go north when *you* say so; on 'spress condition, that me come back when *me* say so!'

'Ah, John, that will never do; I want you to go north and stay. Eh?'

'Den me say,' was the quick reply; 'den me say, like Ben, *No Sir!*'

I was awakened the next morning before sunrise by the chanting of a Christmas hymn beneath my window. Perceiving that John had left the room, I arose, and looking cautiously from a corner of the lattice, that I might not be discovered, found that a group of little negro girls, dressed in their favorite colors of green and white, were rendering their morning salutations to the various members of the family. The words of the hymn ran nearly thus:

'Brightly does the morning break  
In the eastern sky; awake!  
Cradled on his bed of hay,  
JESUS CHRIST was born to-day.  
Let a merry Christmas be,  
Massa, both to me and thee!'

This was sung, with a slight variation, two or three times ; and then, whispering together for a moment, the blithe party scampered off to another chamber to repeat the same ceremony. I learned afterward from John that this was an old custom on the plantation, which the master, who was a great stickler for the merits of all ancient manners, would never allow to be dispensed with ; and that, beginning beneath his own window, it was repeated until all had been awakened by the Christmas welcome.

I was pleased with this little relic of good old English days, among a people separated from the mother country in political connection for more than half a century, and in custom and habit a far longer time. But I was still more pleased to find another custom was in favor, and that even in this land, far away from the young vrouws and mynheers who are his special favorites, Santa Claus makes his annual round. Spirit of Peter Stuyvesant ! Bless thee for the mantle of protection thou didst throw over thy guardian saint ! Shade of Oloffe Van Kortland ! rest thou in paradise, for wooing to this distant land the household divinity of thy ancestors ! Manes of the burghers of New-Amsterdam ! Thrice honored be your memories, that the idol of your worship, supplanting every saint of latter days, outliving every saint of olden time, from year to year increasing in his sway, is now the spirit of our land, bringing pleasant gifts to the children of bondmen and free, and making joyful hearts in the house of master and of slave !

After breakfast, the whole family attended public worship. I never saw a more perfect picture of beautiful repose than that small church and burial-ground and rectory (all combined and embowered within a space that the eye could take in at a single glance) presented to the beholder. The church was constructed of a rough gray stone, which gave it the antique appearance one likes to see about places of worship in the country. The sunlight, streaming upon the long east window, lighted it up with a glowing refulgence, while the strongly-defined shadows marked out the rude tracery of the low tower, and the heavy work of the massy buttresses, patched with green and yellow moss, which glowed bright as emerald. Within, all was simple and purely classic in its style and order ; and the worshippers assembled were representatives of some of the oldest families of the state. Remote from kindred, and from all the friendships that were the growth of the fair fields and green hill-sides where my boyhood and youth had roamed, and from the sacred places where I had meditated and learned God's praise, I had never found so much satisfaction in the worship. How sank the Christmas service of the beautiful litany that day in all our hearts ! How rose the feelings of gratitude, when the deep organ began to breathe forth its solemn sounds, and the youthful voices to join the diapason ! And as the eyes were fixed on the picture over the altar, of our Saviour

‘ Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary ;’

what deep emotions filled every bosom !

But we have already transcended our limits, and that too without

touching scarcely upon Christmas gayeties. For the evening parties and the morning rides; for the Christmas dinner, in cookery and manner bearing the impress of old English days; for the games and frolics and olden customs, religiously observed; for the hearty cheer of the table, and the strange antics of the fireside; for the visit to sylvan haunt and humble threshold; for the peals of laughter at jest and song, at sally and repartee, making the old roof ring with merriment; for the evening walk far into the forest, and the fair girls who shared it, witching the very woods with songs and dances and showering smiles; and, last of all, for the Christmas tale of our pleasant host, making young mothers smile, and maidens grave; for all these and more, we wait another day.

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V I S I O N   O F   M O U N T   P E O R .

HIGH on Mount Peor stood the priest of God;  
 Behind him were the altars, whence the smoke  
 Of Moab's mighty sacrifice arose;  
 Ascending, clouds on clouds through the pure air,  
 Tinged with the sun's bright rays, until they seemed  
 Like white-robed souls, escaped from sinful earth,  
 And soaring homeward to their native skies,  
 Bathed in the hues of heaven.

Before him lay  
 The glistening tents of Israel's mighty host,  
 Whitening the rippling streamlet's banks far down,  
 And then away across the level plain,  
 High up the distant hill-side. Here and there,  
 Through the deep forest, gleamed the whitened tents  
 Of those who sought its stillness and its shade,  
 Like pale stars lustreless. Now and anon  
 Arose the busy hum of that vast multitude,  
 Like the low drone of insects in the fields  
 New-mown, when summer suns are high.  
 Still stands the man of God, his face low bent  
 Upon his breast, and folded in his robe.  
 Before his sharpened mental vision, parts  
 The veil of dim futurity, and through  
 The mists of coming years he sees extend  
 The conquering line of Jacob.

By the shrine  
 Stood the proud king and his attendant train;  
 Fear marks his brow, and wrath and anxious care;  
 Fierce spake he then: 'What means the man of God?  
 Why doth he not with swift avenging curse  
 Bring down God's lightnings on this upstart race?  
 Why tarries he? Lo! here the altar's raised,  
 And lo! the costly victims smoke thereon.  
 Go bid him hence!'

Before him BALAAM stood,  
 His dark eyes flashing with prophetic fire,  
 The light wind playing with his hoary locks:  
 'Thus saith the son of Beor, he whose eyes

Have seen the vision of Almighty God :  
 How goodly are thy tents, O Israel !  
 Thy well-beloved tabernacles, Jacob !  
 As a young cedar by the water-brooks,  
 As a lithe aloe planted by the Lord,  
 As a young lion roaring for his prey,  
 So art thou, Jacob, chosen of our God !  
 I, even I, shall see him, but not now ;  
 Yea I shall behold him, but not nigh ;  
 For out of Jacob there shall come a Star :  
 Bright STAR ! earth's wisest shall bow down to thee,  
 And nations who in midnight darkness grope  
 Shall hail the rising of that glorious orb.  
 And out of Israel shall a sceptre rise,  
 A rod, O Moab ! it shall prove to thee ;  
 For it shall lay thy gorgeous temples low,  
 And prostrate all thy idols and their shrines.  
 Ye, Sier and Edom, shall your foes possess,  
 For chosen Israel shall do valiantly.  
 He spake, and girding up his loins then turned,  
 And fled before the anger of the king.

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THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

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NEW SERIES.

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MR. EDITOR: I must beg leave again to occupy a corner of your periodical with the following tale, the result of the indefatigable research of my friend MR. STITES, (the police officer, with thin legs and green spectacles,) whom perhaps the few who care about me or my concerns may recollect. Within the last few months, I observed that he passed much of his time in deep abstraction; sometimes pacing the room, and muttering to himself; at others, sitting by the half hour, looking intently at a cracked tea-pot which stands on my mantel-piece. He grew irritable when interrupted; kicked my dog upon very slight provocation; and once even turned with great fury upon Mr. Snagg, who by way of recalling him to himself, had pleasantly taken his nose between his thumb and fore-finger, and swayed his head backward and forward. High words ensued; and I was in momentary dread that matters might proceed to extremity; but Mr. Snagg, seeing that his action had not been taken in good part, concluded the difficulty by offering, in the most handsome manner, an apology to my friend, at the same time borrowing a dollar of him to show that on his part there was no vestige of ill feeling left.

From that time they became inseparable. Mr. Snagg spent whole hours in the company of the thin gentleman. They walked together, talked together, and I am strongly inclined to think not unfrequently slept together. At times I observed Mr. Stites apparently reciting long passages from some work to Mr. Snagg, who would reply in the most emphatic manner: 'Damme, that's fine!'

Matters went on in this way for several weeks; when suddenly I observed manifestations of a coolness between them. Mr. Snagg became morose, and frequently interrupted Mr. Stites in his most enthusiastic moments, with the somewhat discouraging exclamation, of 'Pish!' whereupon Mr. Stites observed that Mr. Snagg was a judge of nothing except bull-dogs. This continued for some days. At the expiration of that time, I observed indications of a better feeling. The thin gentleman began to make friendly overtures; and Mr. Snagg intimated to me in the presence of the other, and in a whisper sufficiently loud to be overheard, that Mr. Stites was 'a good fellow in the marrow, and knew a thing or two; but would n't stomach advice, even from those who had nothing but his interest at heart.'

This remark was overheard, and evidently produced an impression; for I noticed that Mr. Stites cleared his throat, as if it were somewhat husky, and moved uneasily in his chair; but nothing was said by him at the time; and shortly afterward they both quitted my room.

In about an hour Mr. Snagg returned in high glee, to mention that all differences between him and the thin gentleman were amicably adjusted. To show the friendly footing on which they then stood, he mentioned that he had offered to borrow five dollars of Mr. Stites, in addition to the one which he already owed him, but that that gentleman had expressed himself fully satisfied of his good-will, without this farther demonstration of it. He said he was now at liberty to inform me that I would soon hear something that would astonish me, but which he had hitherto been prohibited from communicating, by a promise of secrecy. He concluded the conversation by a loud laugh; and starting up, pirouetted round the room, and terminated his performances by an imaginary set-to with a reflection of himself in a small looking-glass.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Stites, their mysterious conduct for the last few months was explained. Mr. Stites had been gleaning at the police-office, and now offered to my inspection the result of his labors, in the form of a ms., which he said had met with Mr. Snagg's entire approbation, and he hoped would meet with mine.

Mr. Snagg here interrupted him, to recall to his memory the cause of their former difference. Upon which Mr. Stites corrected himself, and said that there were some parts of the manuscript respecting which he and Mr. Snagg had differed. Mr. Snagg had objected to the admission of a dog in the story.

'Not of a *dog*, Sir,' interrupted Mr. Snagg, rather warmly, 'but of a *pug-dog*; an infernal sneaking, yelping —'

The thin gentleman drew himself up with dignity, and reminded Mr. Snagg of the terms of their compromise. Mr. Snagg thereupon instantly apologized for his warmth, and stated to me that they had formerly quarrelled about the introduction of this very animal in the story, Mr. Snagg strongly objecting on account of his breed; but it had finally been agreed between them that he should be admitted,



subject to all exceptions on the part of Mr. Snagg, or those who might incline to his views.

This matter having been thus adjusted, and the manuscript placed in my hands, I spent many a long hour in poring over its blotted pages. I could sympathize with the nervous, anxious eye of the author, as he continued to drop in my room oftener than he was wont to do, and spoke on indifferent topics, while his heart was among the musty old papers which lay on the table at my side.

What I said to him, or what advice I gave, or what his feelings were, I shall not repeat; for he confided in me as in one who would not betray the trust reposed; and I present his story below, hoping that it may excite in others but a slight portion of the interest which it did in me.

JOHN QUOD.

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## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

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**Harry Harson.**

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### CHAPTER ONE.

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THERE is a portion of this great city known to many who move in the upper walks of life only by name; a region rife with crime and suffering and violence. Surrounded by broad thoroughfares, with wide streets crossing within a few hundred yards of it, and with all the life and bustle of a mighty metropolis humming within its very skirts, it stands, a doomed spot; the haunt of the felon and the thief. Few visit it from choice. Those who casually stray within its precincts hasten on with quickened step and anxious eye, glad to get beyond it, and out of the reach of those who prowl through its narrow streets. Houses, ruined and toppling down; doors unhung, or swinging open for any to enter who may choose; roofs sagging down, or crushed in by falling chimneys; shutterless and unglazed windows; deep dark areas, half filled with rubbish; basements, with dripping and mildewed walls, yet inhabited; buildings crowded together, falling and tumbling one on the other, and yet supported, one can scarcely tell how, meet the eye in every direction. And yet every thing is swarming with life. Human beings, savage, reckless, dissolute, mad with drink, bloated, with blood-shot eyes and shaggy hair, next kin to beasts, herd here in droves; festering, and dying by scores, and yet never thinning their countless multitudes. Every house is a hive; every house is a lazar house; every house a brothel; and every house a den, where theft and violence and murder find fit harborage. Could those dark walls be removed, how many a decaying skeleton would be found whose history is unknown; how many a miserable wretch entombed there, whose end is a mystery!

Yet upon this spot, on the morning in which it is presented to the reader, rose as glorious a sun as ever shone; and along those narrow, pent-up streets, through those crumbling dwellings, floated as cool and fresh an atmosphere, contaminated indeed by the stews around it, as ever was breathed. In a dark cellar, reeking with noisome exhalations, and stagnant vapors; through a small shattered window, begrimed with dirt and filth, broke the glad light of that morning sun; giving something like cheerfulness to the murkiest and most dreary den that ever human being tenanted. It might have been a deserted wine-vault; for there were empty casks piled away in dim corners of it; or it might have been a long unused place for the storage of merchandise; for broken boxes, on which were scrawled the names of firms long since bankrupt, covered with dirt and mildew, were heaped up in other parts of it; or it might have been the haunt of some grubbing, accumulating pawn-broker; for old clothes, chairs, pans, and kettles, tables, and every thing which either man could dream of or thief steal, were gathered there, tossed recklessly about, and all rotting and falling to pieces from dampness.

In this fated place, in front of a dull, smouldering fire, which she from time to time furnished with fuel, sat a woman of sixty. Her features were wan and haggard; her blue eye so pale and lustreless that it might have stared from the livid lid of a corpse; and her gray hair, long and tangled, escaping from beneath a crumpled hat of faded black velvet, hung over her shoulders. A tattered cloak was drawn tightly about her, partly to keep out the cold, and partly to hide the rags beneath.

Near her, shivering with cold and terror, were two children, a boy and girl, watching her looks, and shrinking back whenever she moved, as if in momentary dread of violence. Strange tenants they were, of such a place; for they were singularly beautiful; exotics, which could never have been the growth of such a soil. The boy might have been seven years old, the girl younger; but suffering had crushed them down; and beautiful though they were, they bore a blight that God never shed on childhood. The sight of these children seemed to be a source of high gratification to the old lady just mentioned; for as often as she turned to look at them, which was almost every moment, she gave vent to a low chuckling laugh, and shook her head at the fire, grinning and rubbing her hands together; or hugging her knees, with an appearance of great satisfaction.

How long she might have indulged in her pleasant mood, is a matter of some uncertainty; for suddenly a long stream of sunlight floated into the room, like a messenger of joy, and falling upon her shrunken face, seemed to recall her from her day-dream. 'There comes the sun!' muttered she, starting to her feet; 'there he comes! there he comes! Work, work, work! Up with ye! Bundle up! Up with ye!'

In obedience to this summons, from every part of the room; from behind casks, from beneath boxes, and piles of rags and rubbish and filth, where they had lain unobserved before, there swarmed a crowd

of human beings; children, kennelled there like beasts, gathered about Mrs. Blossom; wan, miserable little wretches, with bleary eyes, thin, pale faces, crippled, deformed, blighted; and even in the days of infancy with the decrepitude and infirmity of years upon them. There was a merry hum among them; for they were to exchange the pent-up, stagnant air of their home for the light of day, the blue sky, and the gay sunshine.

'Are ye all here?' said Mrs. Blossom, running her eye over them to see that none had eloped during the night. 'All right—eleven. Come here, Squink;' said she to a sickly-looking boy; 'where was you yesterday?'

'In Broadway,' replied the boy.

'So you was; and the day afore, and the day afore that. You're gettin' common in Broadway; you must take Hudson-street. Go it strong in the Square; there's ladies there, and they'm uncommon tender about the bosom. Stop!' said she, as the boy was going off; 'who had the orphan sister yesterday?'

'I brothered her yesterday; and blow me if it's my turn to do it ag'in to-day,' replied a small boy with a stout voice, and sufficiently ragged to have brothered all the orphan sisters in the world, without being much reduced in circumstances.

'Stop, Squink!' said the woman; 'take her along—here she is.' As she spoke she placed in his arms a child a few months old. 'My eyes! what a babby that is! She grows fat, even on the winegar I gives her to keep her flesh down. She'll have to take to vitrol, or there won't be a boy here what can carry her. Her eyes is a-gettin' well too. I must give 'em another taste of the caustic; that orphan child's eyes will ruin me in caustic, to keep up the inflammation in 'em; but then, sore eyes pays well—very well; at least five shillings a day,' continued she, lapsing into an abstruse mathematical calculation, and counting her fingers. 'Well, well; off with you, Squink! off with you!'

The boy, casting a rueful glance at the child, took her up in his arms, and staggered out of the cellar.

'Betty! here, Betty! you take the Bowery. Tell the old story; 'a mother; hard-working woman, with ten children,' and all that. Be off! And you,' said she, turning to a pale, unhealthy girl, who stood next her; 'you go about Washington-square, and Bond-street, and them 'ere parts; look melancholy at the ladies in the winders; drop down on the steps, completely did up. How's your stomach; couldn't you be a little sick? That always brings two shillings. And you,' said she, addressing the small boy with a stout voice, 'you must be among the merchants' clerks. Talk big; look sassy; ax 'em for a dollar; swear at 'em: they likes that. You take?'

'Do n't I? I'm up to trap!' said the boy, and out he darted.

Having at last sent her whole crew adrift, with the exception of the boy and girl first mentioned, the woman sat down. She had scarcely done so, when the cellar was darkened by the entrance of a man, who walked in as if perfectly at home; and drawing the end of a wooden box to the fire, and seating himself on it, took up

a bar of iron which lay there as a substitute for both shovel and tongs, and began to stir the fire.

'Bloody poor fires you keep, Mrs. Blossom; bloody poor!' said the man, still poking in the ashes.

'Times is hard, very hard, Mr. Snork,' replied Mrs. Blossom, shaking her head pathetically; 'and poor souls like me must suffer. Ah! if it was n't for the lambs under my charge, I really *do* think I'd have no fire at all.'

Mr. Snork laid down the iron bar, and placing a hand on each knee, stared at her in undisguised amazement. At last he said:

'Live in this 'ere place without a fire!'

Mrs. Blossom shook her head, as much as to say, that melancholy as the fact might be, nevertheless such had been the tenor of her observation.

'Then I'm blessed if you wouldn't be mouldy afore a week's out! Pah! I can feel it sticking to me now!' And to show that his remark was made in earnest, and that he was really sincere in his apprehensions, he shook himself violently, by way of dislodging all particles which might have adhered to his person. Mrs. Blossom made no reply for some time; but at length she inquired:

'How's *your* set, Mr. Snork?'

'Pretty well, pretty well. We've got the measles among 'em; but as it is among the healthy ones, it's all the better. It makes 'em look interesting. They take uncommon with women as has got babbies of their own; or as has lately lost a little 'un. Our sickliest child like to went off last week; the profitablest child we've got. Mrs. Snork took onbounded pains with that there child; fed her on chalk to clear her complexion, and mixed gamboge in her soup till she got to what she is. Mrs. Snork is a very valuable woman, for one of the profession. She turns out the successfulest beggars in the city. To turn out a well-broken one is not so easy a job. They're wonderful scarce; not one in ten succeeds; and we have to keep gettin' and gettin', to make up for the wear and tear of the police-office and house of refuge. It costs us at least one a month; and when they comes out of the house of refuge, they'm too big for the profession, and prefers stealin'. But what's them?' said Mr. Snork, taking off his hat and rubbing his forehead very hard with the cuff of his coat. 'What's them? I never seed them afore.' He looked very earnestly at the two children, who shrank from him, drawing together, and watching him with terrified eyes. 'My eyes! Mrs. Blossom, they'm great ones! Where did they come from?'

'Never mind,' said the woman; 'that's *my* affair.'

'Will you sell one?' inquired the man, still staring eagerly at them. 'I'll give a round price for the gal — I would indeed;' and by way of impressing his sincerity more strongly upon Mrs. Blossom, he dashed his hat to the floor, and blasted his eyes if he were not in earnest.

'It's no use, Mr. Snork,' said the woman; 'we knows her wally. We thinks,' said she, lowering her voice, of making a cripple of her. She'll look so wery nice on crotches; a dollar a day at least; and

we talked some of blindin' the boy; but it don't pay; it always takes another to lead the blind one, and they don't make as much as the two singly.'

'A wery delightful cripple she'd make,' said Mr. Snork, admiringly.

'But she's the perwersest thing!' continued Mrs. Blossom. 'She won't tumble over nothing. I kept her a week at the top of the house, with logs, and pails, and tubs, on every step of the stairs; and sent her up and down a dozen times a day, for the express purpose of falling; but will you believe it, she never fell once!'

'Horrid perwerse!' said Mr. Snork. 'If she had n't 'a been she'd 'a fell at fust, and broke her leg to once.'

'So she would, so she would!' said the woman eagerly; and continuing her story: 'At last I got a man-trap and sot it on the stairs; but she went clear of that; and Mrs. Hawkins, the garret lodger, trod in it and broke her leg, and I was obliged to come down royally, or I'd been in limbo.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted Mr. Snork, throwing himself back with such force that he was compelled to cut his merriment short in the middle, and make a desperate grapple at the corner of the chimney, to prevent his measuring his length on the floor.

'Well,' said he, after having recovered himself, and cast an eye behind to see where he would have found himself if he had not; 'Well, that's about the best thing I've heard for a month; but where's the old woman?'

'Gone to the hospital,' replied Mrs. Blossom. 'She would n't go as a pauper, and I'm forced to pay her keep there. Three dollars a week it is. It's ruinous! I shall bu'st if she an't well soon. There's some great moral wrong in that hospital. It ought to be looked into; and if I was a man I'd do it.'

Mr. Snork looked very earnestly in the fire, and then he said: 'I spose you're right; but it's no affair of mine. When I break a man's leg in a man-trap, and have to pay his score at that there place, then I'll look to it, but not afore.'

Saying this, Mr. Snork rose and went to the door. Before he had ascended the steps, Mrs. Blossom got up, and taking him by the arm led him to a far corner of the cellar, where she stood for some time whispering in his ear, and pointing to the children. Mr. Snork seemed to differ from her; for at every pause he shook his head, and when he had heard her out, confirmed all his previous marks of disapprobation by striking his fist against an empty box, and declaring that if he did he 'hoped he might be d—d!'

After this free and earnest expression of his sentiments, he walked out, without farther remark.

On the departure of her guest, Mrs. Blossom again seated herself at the fire, and resting her chin on her hand, seemed buried in deep thought. The faint chimes of a distant clock, striking the hour, reached her ear. Springing up, she turned to the children and said; 'It's time you were at work. You've lived here long enough without earning your wittals. You stay here,' said she to the boy, 'and *you*,' she added, addressing the girl, 'come along.'

As she spoke, she took up a small ragged bonnet, threw it to her, and without waiting till she had put it on, led her into the street.

Through several narrow alleys, dark and dingy even in the light of day, the old woman led the child, until they emerged into a broad thoroughfare. Then giving directions to her how to act, and what to say, and how to mislead those who questioned her; and cautioning her above all not to tell that the old woman who was dogging her footsteps was other than a stranger; she bade her commence her task. Walking off so far that none would suspect her of having any communication with the child, she watched her success with greedy eyes.

What a glorious launch in life was that! A child, as yet pure-hearted, young, helpless, cowed and broken-spirited, flung into the streets to commence a career, the whole course of which is suffering, and its end infamy and despair! From morning till night that feeble girl dragged her weary limbs through the street; begging, now of one person, now of another; and ever was the cold, calculating eye of that old woman upon her. Some gave her a few pence; some spoke harshly to her; and some passed on, without hearing the faint voice which sighed out its petition in their ears. One stout gentleman, with a mulberry nose, and a mahogany cane under his arm, asked her in a stern voice if she knew that there was a law against vagrants, and that there was a place called the 'House of Refuge.' If she didn't, he rather suspected that she *would* attain that knowledge shortly. Saying which he smiled to himself, as if pleased with his own remark, and looked complacently about him, as if in hopes that some one else had heard it too. But as none other had been so fortunate, he was forced to content himself with his own approbation, and walked off.

Still, on the child went. Once or twice she sat down on a stone step to rest, but the old woman came up and forced her on. Young as she was, a vague idea of flight passed through her mind; but she had no where to go; and miserable as it was, she had no other home than the wretched hole from which she had emerged that morning. Still again and again the idea of escape passed through her mind; but then she thought of her little brother, who was left behind in that dreary den, and that she might never see him again; and the tears came in her eyes, and her heart leaped into her throat, and she made up her mind that she would not attempt it. But then again came the thought of that dreaded woman. The very sight of her made her tremble. She looked back to see if she were still there; the velvet hat was not in sight; for the first time that day Mrs. Blossom's eye was off her. For one single moment she hesitated, and then, without thought, scarcely conscious of the impulse that urged her on, she sprang forward, and fled at full speed along the street. The next instant she heard the voice of the old woman calling her; then she lost it; and on she went. The darkness of the evening favored her; and after turning several corners, she saw the door of a house open; and darting across a small court-yard, which intervened between her and the house, she sprang in, and fell exhausted on the floor.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

In the upper part of the city, at the date of this narrative, there stood, and possibly still stands, a little back from the street, a wooden house, somewhat the worse for age, but still in good repair. It once had been yellow, but had faded off into a tawney brown; and here and there the old gray color of the wood showed through. It was two stories high, with tall arched windows, and a double-pitch to its roof: yet it was a snug-looking place, with a wide, comfortable entrance, and wooden seats in each side of the door, as if encouraging the weary to rest there. A wooden railing served to separate a door-yard from the street, and to enclose a huge willow-tree, some of whose limbs hung over the house, trailing upon its roof, and others, drooping almost to the ground, shaded the porch.

This house and its guardian tree had once been far out of town; and the time had been when all about it were green fields, here and there dotted with gardens. Trees were plenty then; and there were no neighbors within half a mile. The house had been a great affair in those days; a sort of second-rate villa, whose owner sat during the fine summer afternoons on the wide seat at the porch, with his pipe in his mouth and two or three cronies at his elbow, or dozed under the shade of the trees, lulled by the wind as it whispered through their branches. But one by one they died off; until of all the trees which had overshadowed that door-yard this single old willow was left; and this too was going fast; for here and there a long dry branch, stretching out like a palsied limb, showed that decay was at work within. Such the spot had been; but the city had had its eye upon it, and gradually stole around it, until the old house, awakening as it were from a dream of years, found itself quite an insignificant member of a long street, with a tall brick building opposite staring it full in the face, and one on each side, jammed close up against it, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon its rustic neighbor. And the tree too, which had flaunted its long limbs hither and thither, streaming them out in the wind with a most aristocratic indifference to the space it occupied, found itself cramped up between two high walls, and obliged, as the phrase goes, 'to haul in its horns.'

The entrance to the house was nearly on a level with the street; and the door opened immediately into a room, without the aid or intervention of passage or entry. A flagged pathway led from the gate to the door; but all the rest of the court-yard was sodded with turf; and from the midst of this shot up the old tree just mentioned. These, and many other peculiarities of the place, might have been observed in the day-time; though they possibly might have escaped the observation of even an accurate observer at the time when we introduce it to the reader, which was just as the last lingering rays of an afternoon's sun were deepening into twilight on the very day in which Mrs. Blossom had left her house, with the praiseworthy intention of initiating the child under her charge into all the little enjoyments incident to a life of beggary.

In this house, in a back room on the ground-floor, sat a man of about sixty, smoking a pipe in front of a cheery fire of wood, which burnt and crackled merrily, its blaze dancing high up the chimney, and flickering hither and thither, lighting up the room, and shining full on the quiet good-humored face of the old man, giving it such a comfortable, cozy, cheerful look, that one would have sworn to his honesty and warmth of heart, from that single sample of his person.

He was a sturdy, jolly old fellow, very broad in the skirt and shoulder, with a full, round face, and as glad an eye as ever danced in a man's head. It was a snug, comfortable room too, with plain but substantial furniture, and one or two wide chairs, either meant for the old man's peculiar use or for the accommodation of an equally broad-skirted friend or two. At his elbow stood a small wooden table, on which was a mug of hot toddy, from which he occasionally refreshed himself; and an old newspaper, intended to furnish the same entertainment for his mind that the mug did for his body. Ever and anon, as he took a sip from his mug or drew a whiff from his pipe, he cast a meditative glance at the fire, or looked up at a small clock which ticked loudly over the mantel-piece, wagging a short pendulum with unbounded activity, as if in a great hurry to get through the evening.

Opposite him, in a chair as capacious as his own, sat a small pug-dog, with a wrinkled nose, which feature he winked with great perseverance, as if he and the world at large had some private joke between them, which was well understood without mentioning it. The whole of his back and the upper part of his head were of a light brown, but toward the end of his nose his face gradually deepened into a jet black; giving him the appearance of a truth-seeking dog, who had lately been engaged in an abstruse investigation of the interior of an ink-bottle. Yet with all his disadvantages of complexion, he was a tidy, dignified animal; and as he sat opposite his master, displaying to all advantage a streak of white which ran down his breast between his fore-legs, he bore a strong resemblance to a respectable colored clergyman, clad in a snuff-colored suit, with an ample shirt-ruffle.

'You're a good dog, Spite, indeed you are!' said the old man, pausing in his smoking, and looking kindly at his companion. 'You're a little irritable and cross-grained; but you're growing old; we're both growing old, Spite; we're both growing old, and must humor each other. We know each other's whims, my poor dog, and must make allowance for them.' As he spoke, the old man, at some inconvenience to himself, reached forward and patted the dog gently on the head.

Spite acknowledged the courtesy by a short bark, expressive of high satisfaction. He would have wagged his tail, but that appendage being always kept in tight curl upon his back, it was an understood thing between him and his master that wagging it was out of the question.

Scarcely had HARRY HARSON (for that was the old man's name) resumed his pipe and paper, when Spite broke out into a sudden



and vociferous bark, looking sharply at the door. The cause of this outcry was explained by a heavy step in the ante-chamber, a fumbling at the knob of the door, a muttered exclamation of impatience at want of success in finding it, a violent flinging open of the door, and the abrupt entrance of a short, broad-shouldered man, with iron-gray hair, black glowing eyes, and a dark complexion, somewhat ruddy from exposure. Without speaking, he placed his hat on the table, went to the chair occupied by the dog, ejected him without the least regard to a remonstrance made by that worthy animal; took a seat, stretched his feet to the fire, and drove both hands to the very bottom of his breeches' pockets, where he clenched them with a kind of sullen ferocity, and looked very hard at the small clock over the fire-place. After maintaining this attitude for some moments, he turned to Harry Harson, who had kept on smoking without uttering a word: 'I wish I was dead!' said he.

Harson drew a few whiffs of his pipe, and took a drink of toddy; but made no reply.

'I say, I wish I was dead!' repeated his visiter more emphatically, drawing his hands out of his pockets and placing a palm on each knee, with his elbows a-kimbo. At the same time, he looked Harry Harson full in the face.

'Why, what's the matter, Frank?' said Harson, taking his pipe from his mouth, and placing it on the table. 'What troubles you?'

'Every thing troubles me!' replied the other, with increasing warmth. 'This world is n't worth living in; and I'm a nigger, Sir; positively a nigger. I've no time of my own, Sir; was up all night with a child in convulsions. At eight o'clock this morning was sent for to see a woman die of small-pox; was called from there to pump out the stomach of a drunken beast who had swallowed laudanum; had just got through, when I was called to a consultation, whether it was best to blister the head or seat of a gentleman with some other complaint. After that, found on my slate a memorandum from an old woman troubled with flatulency, who swore it was inflammation of the bowels. Left her to visit a child who had swallowed a cent, in play; and got home just in time to receive a polite note, informing me that a bill of ten dollars which I had sent to the Corporation for sewing up the throat of a man who had cut it in the Tombs, had been reduced by the committee on retrenchment, to five! I wish I was dead! If I do n't, damme!' And by way of verifying what he said, he slapped his hand violently on his own knee. 'Sir, I'm sick of being a doctor. I'm sick of being a man! I wish I was that infernal ugly, asthmatic, pop-eyed, black-nosed, cross-grained, pug-dog of yours! I'd sooner be *that*, than a man. I would, I swear!'

'Spite is a very good little dog,' said Harry, mildly, looking kindly at his favorite. 'He's very inoffensive.'

'Well, he may be,' said the Doctor; 'but he's cursed ugly; but he's better than a doctor. Sew up a man's throat for five dollars, Sir! Think of *that*! Only let me have the sewing up of the throat of one of that committee on retrenchment, that's all! I'll

stitch it straight through the neck, in one side and out the other. If I do n't, damme !'

'Come, come, my old fellow ; do n't be in a passion,' said Harson, going to the fire, and taking up a pitcher which stood there. 'Here's something to comfort you. I've kept it hot for you. You do n't see stuff like that every day.'

'I'm not in a passion,' replied his visiter, without attending to the latter part of his remark, 'I swear I'm not. Curse it, Sir, do n't say I'm in a passion ; I hate to be told I'm in a passion ; I never was cooler in all my life.' Which last assertion, if true, certainly showed that his ordinary degree of temperature was a high one.

'Well, well, drink your toddy,' said Harson, holding up the pitcher and pouring some of its contents in a mug similar to his own ; 'and do n't try to pick a quarrel with me.'

The Doctor looked at him without speaking. At first his eye glowed ; but as it rested on the mild face of the old man, who stood opposite to him filling his pipe, it encountered something there which could not be withstood. Its expression gradually softened ; and at length, when Harson looked up, and pushed the mug toward him, and handed him his pipe, and their eyes met, there was something very like a tear in the Doctor's, as he said :

'What, Harry ! my old boy, quarrel with you ! I'd tear my tongue out first. Friends are not scattered so plentifully along the road-side of life, that a man can fling them off like worn-out clothes. Some find that out young ; but all find it out before they go to their graves, if they live to grow old.'

'So they do, Frank ; so they do ! God help those who have none !'

The old man grasped the hand which was now stretched out to meet his, and their little difference was forgotten. For some moments both smoked their pipes in silence, as if engaged in moralizing over the last remark. Their silence, however, was of short duration ; for the dog suddenly started up ; uttered a short, sharp, yelping bark ; looked fiercely at the door, and then cast a suggestive glance at his master, as if to say : 'My old fellow, there's something there which had better be looked to.'

Harry Harson was too busy with his own thoughts to pay much attention to the dog ; nor was it until the outcry of that respectable animal, incensed at his suggestion being slighted, became exceedingly vehement, that he started up and said : 'Od rot it, pup ! what ails you.' The dog turned an indignant eye upon his master, and then looked at the door. At the same time a sound came from the outer room, not unlike a low, stifled cry.

'God bless me ! Frank,' exclaimed the old man starting forward, 'I do believe the dog's right. There must be some one there.' He paused and listened ; but the sound was not repeated. 'I certainly *did* hear something,' said he ; 'I'll see to it.' Saying this, he threw open the door so as to admit the light into the room which adjoined the street, and hurried out. In a few moments he returned, bearing in his arms something which looked like a bundle of rags.

Going to the light he sat down, and as he did so he raised his arm, and a long mass of bright golden hair fell back across it, revealing the pale, wasted face of a little girl, scarcely six years of age. How beautiful that face was! how sadly beautiful! for amid all the freshness of childhood there was a look of care, as if old age had prematurely crept into her bosom and placed its stamp upon her heart.

'A child! a mere child!' said the old man, as he passed his hand through her hair; 'a poor, half-starved, broken-down little child! Get some water, Frank,' said he to his crony, who stood twisting his fingers together, and thrusting his hands in his pockets and drawing them out again with great energy, as if infected with a strong inclination to perform some action, the nature of which he had not yet ascertained.

'Give her some wine!' exclaimed he, suddenly coming to himself. 'Where is it? The child's starved.'

'In the cupboard on the top shelf. Quick, Frank! Poor little thing! how thin she is!'

Frank rushed to the cupboard; seized the bottle with both hands and attempted to draw the cork with his teeth; failing in this, he snatched up a knife, and with the back of it struck off the neck of the bottle at a blow; and dashing part of its contents into a tumbler raced back with the speed of a fat locomotive.

Spite, equally excited, sprang upon a table, and with his legs wide apart, to give himself a firm footing, closed both eyes, and pointing his nose to the ceiling, barked vociferously.

Pausing every few moments to clear his throat, the Doctor, in good earnest, set about restoring his unexpected patient; and it was not long before her eyes opened, and she became aware of what had passed.

Harry Harson was not the man to leave his good work half completed; and telling his companion to bring the light, he took the child in his arms, carried her to his room, and placed her in his own bed; and ringing for a female servant, who had lived with him for many years, he left her to her care, first directing her to prepare a nutritious beverage, which the Doctor had prescribed; wisely judging that rest and food were what she most required.

'Frank,' said Harson, as he once more seated himself in his arm-chair, and applied his mug to his lips; 'that child has had hard usage.'

'*That* she has,' replied the other.

'There are great brutes in this world, Frank.'

'D—d ones!' answered the Doctor.

There was a pause, during which Harson looked in the fire, at the clock, and on the floor. At last, his eyes rested on the face of his companion. 'I hope she won't be sick; but you'll see to her, to-morrow, will you Frank?'

The Doctor nodded; and again Harson paused and seemed embarrassed. At last he said: 'You know, Frank, that I am well-to-do in the world; and that any expense——'

He paused abruptly; for the Doctor, who was in the act of raising

his mug to his lips, suddenly put it down, without tasting its contents, and laying his pipe beside it, looked him full in the face. 'Well, —?'

There was something in that single monosyllable so strongly indicative of hostility, that Harson waited until the Doctor repeated it 'Well? You said you were well-to-do in this world. What then?'

'Come, come, Frank, keep your temper!' said Harson, mildly. 'You know very well what I was going to say; and you must not get vexed at it.'

'Yes, I *do* know what you were going to say. You wanted to tell me that I had no right to help that child without your paying for it. I'm not vexed, Harry, not in the least: but that's all cursed nonsense. She's my patient.'

'But she's in my house.'

'I do n't care if she is,' replied the Doctor, rapidly increasing in warmth. 'I do n't care whose house she's in. Come here I *will*. Attend her I *will*, at all times, morning, noon and night, at all hours; and I'll blister, purge, leach, bleed, cup, vomit, ay, and I'll do a hundred other things if it's necessary. Let me tell you *that*; yes, and without a single cent, whether you like it or not. I'd like to see you prevent it! I'll come to-morrow, at daylight, Sir; and if you do n't open the door I'll break it down. *See* if I do n't!'

As he concluded this speech, he rose from his chair, and clapping his hat on his head, left the house. Harson followed him out, and called after him, but he made no reply; and the old man returned to the room, and stood in front of the fire, sad at heart, that any word of his, however kindly meant, should have sent an old friend from his roof with an unkind feeling. While he was standing there the door was opened a-jar and the head of the Doctor was thrust in.

'Harry, my old fellow,' he said, in very different tones from those which Harson had last heard, 'are you angry with me?'

'No, Frank, no.'

'Nor am I with you, God bless you, Harry! Good night!'

The door was shut with a slam; and the next moment, the sound of the gate swinging against the gate-post, showed that the Doctor was in the street.

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‘REMEMBER THE POOR!’

---

AN EXTRACT.

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O YE! who sunk in beds of down,  
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,  
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate,  
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!  
 Ill-satisfied, keen Nature's clamorous call,  
 Stretched on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,  
 While through the ragged roof and chinky wall  
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!

## T H E W I N D .

THE Wind has voices that defy  
The spirit's utmost scrutiny ;  
We shudder at its sobbing wail,  
And shrink when howls the rolling gale ;  
And even its softest breath is heard  
Like some half-muttered saddening word :  
Of all its strains there is no voice  
That bids the thrilling heart rejoice !

The sailor, on the silent seas,  
May long to hail the freshening breeze ;  
The blast that whirls the spattered foam  
Will waft him to his distant home ;  
Yet, while the loosened sail he flings,  
That gives his floating bird its wings,  
His manly heart will often feel  
Some strange dread fancy o'er it steal.

When crouched beside the wintry blaze,  
And midnight sings its wonted lays,  
The music of the mingling tune,  
Now rising high and falling soon,  
The wailing and complaining tone  
Might be a laugh, though more a moan ;  
But wild or sad, or high or low,  
It ever takes a tone of wo.

I've seen it stir the nested rills  
Amid the topmost crystal hills ;  
Have watched it drive the clashing clouds,  
And scream along the quivering shrouds ;  
Dread, strange, the same in every hour,  
Resistless, formless, unseen Power !  
A voice that gives us no reply ;  
A sound that shakes, we know not why !

I never hear it on the shore  
Concerted with the watery roar ;  
Or sweeping where the sullen breeze  
Glides like a spirit through the trees ;  
Nor listen to its mustering wail,  
When wintry tempests swell the gale,  
But haunting fancies, dark and wild,  
Brood like the dreams that daunt a child.

Yet not the less my battling soul  
Springs like a racer to its goal ;  
Can wring a joy that else were pain,  
When blasts howl o'er the crying main ;  
Hear music in the mournful tune  
That softens on the gales of June,  
And gather from the fireside tone  
A sad sweet language all its own.

## NOTES ON AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

OR NATIVE EYES WITH FOREIGN GLASSES.

JAKES. . . . O! that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious of a motley coat

DUX'S SON. Thou shalt have one.

JAKES. It is my only suit. . . .  
I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. 'As YOU LIKE IT.'

AN American, transplanted in infancy to England, where, with the exception of a short period devoted to education in France, I grew almost to manhood ere I revisited my native soil, I can better comprehend the mawkish prejudice with which honest John Bull is apt, on a brief sojourn in this country, to view and to condemn every thing, within the range of his limited experience, that goes to characterize and compose our individuality and nationality; our customs, conveniences and inconveniences; from a lack of towels on our steam-boats, or of chamber-maids and warming-pans at our inns, to the absence of those extreme luxuries and refinements in palaces, equipage, retinue and domain, which a privileged and wealthy aristocracy maintains in his own country; and of which, although he is at home only the distant and humble admirer, he feels himself in other lands to be the representative and, in a degree, the national proprietor and lord.

Hence, though nothing more than an honest plebeian in England, wonder-stricken and in awe when accidentally thrown into passing contact with the great, he no sooner shakes the dust of his own country off his feet, than acquiring on the Atlantic his patent of nobility, he alights, self-dubbed gentleman, fastidious observer, and erudite critic and censor, on our republican shores.

Here, elated by the advantages of incog., and carried away by the extravagances of his conceit, he proceeds to fulfil his self-ordained commission. But a sham thing at heart, and conscious of the hollowness of the imposture, he ahems! authoritatively yet distrustfully on landing, like the novitiate, crack-toned leader of some country choir, presumptuously pitching the key in which to bray forth a hackneyed psalm. First startled at the discordant sound of his own voice in such unwonted elevation, and next encouraged to find himself still on his pedestals, he assumes an erect attitude, runs his fingers through his periwig, readjusts his hat with a knowing cock on one side, and then with his coat thrown from his breast, a thumb thrust in his waistcoat-pocket, and bandanna streaming from his skirts, he struts up Broadway with the utmost self-sufficiency and inflation, magnifying himself above all he meets, as his standard of excellence in their line. St. James Park and Regent-street,

lord it in comparison with the Bowling Green and Broadway. He staggers, it is true, for a moment before the magnitude of the Astor House, but recovers himself as he compresses its dimensions within a supercilious quizzing-glass of cockney invention, while to some part of his person he applies a charmed bellows which he carries always abroad, and with which, and the accommodating nature of his hide, he can swell himself to a magnitude transcending every opponent. Here then he plants himself in rival opposition to the hotel, indignant at the imperturbable front of the granite, and growing by his regular process into a rival hotel of far more imposing grandeur, with a much greater capacity of dining room, and far more accommodation for guests in his vacant upper stories and peaked dormer roof. The bony carcass of a Yankee carman hurrying beneath a burden, comes at this instant in violent contact with him, and topples him from his foundation like a mere 'chateau en Espagne;' at which he notes down the treachery of American earthquakes, gathers up his fragments, and reduced for the time being to ordinary dimensions, finds admittance within the portals, and presents himself vamping at the bar-room of the house.

Entering his name with a flourish 'from England,' as if the proprietor of the realm, but whose estates, alas! are in 'Air-shire,' or 'in the Isle of Sky,' he vociferates for apartments, and ends, after a contest between his dignity and his pocket, (the latter of which is as arbitrary as himself,) by taking a chamber in the roof. To this he ascends with an eye averted from each handsomer apartment, determined to imbibe no favorable impressions, until reaching, at length, the unpropitious vista of the cock-loft, he finds immediate matter for the exercise of his pen. Here he surveys the narrow dimensions of his corner, scans the walls, the furniture, examines with irritation above the bed and under it, and forthwith proceeds to note down what he espies.

Thus much of his experience being entered in his log-book, he again makes sail in Broadway, but is led by instinct to cruise off Chatham-street, and presently finds himself anchored to his satisfaction amid the recesses and society of the Five-Points. Into the reeking atmosphere of this infected district the fairer portion of his convoy naturally refuse to follow him; and indeed I am moved by their yearnings for the purer regions from which they have treacherously been seduced. Suffering our hero, therefore, to advance alone in his researches, until wrapt from view in the shadows of coming night, I will even quietly slip our cables, and avail ourselves of the ebb-tide to drift out to sea.

And now, my fair and (already, permit me to say) dear mess-mates! having, though mere lieutenant at the outset, by the abdication or deposition of this grand captain and discoverer come to be the chiefest navigator of our canoe, let me in all sincerity make my obeisance to you; and while I candidly confess that I have but little knowledge of the compass, and small acquaintance with the coast, invite you to sustain me in my unpretending efforts to bring you off this lee-shore of forbidding aspect, and to steer our course where

we shall at least be secure from such repugnant scenes. Like honest John, (I beg pardon for recurring to him,) almost all my experience has been abroad, and I have come upon our coast as full of inquisitiveness, and if not imbued with all his prejudices, certainly subject to the standard of a foreign taste. Conscious of this, I entertain with distrust every unfavorable opinion of our government, customs, and manners, wherein they differ from those in which I have been educated; and if I ever shall consider myself entitled to pronounce upon their opposite advantages, it certainly will not be until time has removed the influence of primeval impressions, and opportunity and reflection have better fitted me for the task. For our better understanding, therefore, to resume a simile from which I have wandered, my cruise will be directed in search of amusement rather than information. I expect to compass no seas nor to penetrate any straits that shall widen the sphere of your knowledge, though I may strengthen by illustration that which you already possess; and it shall go hard but in hugging along shore I will now and then come to pleasant havens or run up creeks and rivers, which unfolding perchance some virgin charms, and revealing characteristic features of our country, shall in idle moments keep you indifferently entertained.

An American, as already stated, carried abroad in infancy, where I grew nevertheless beneath the paternal roof, it was a frequent custom with our family to pass our summers at the Isle of Wight, that charming resort for sea-breezes and bathing, famous in history for the captivity of Charles the First at Carisbrook Castle, and still more renowned for its rural beauty.

Most persons are familiar with the style in which visitors are accommodated there: families, instead of resorting to vast crowded hotels, being provided with completely furnished cottages, embowered in vines and foliage, and charmingly situated along the rocky or more cultivated coast. Here, walking at evening along the silvery margin of the ocean, wave upon wave rising seaward and rolling in rainbow succession from the declining sun, to expend themselves in liquid murmurs at my feet, did I first turn a prophetic ear to the breathings of my native land, which whispered to me, not untruly, that in spite of my early withdrawal I was still the child of its bosom, on whose shores were cast at once the happiest and the most trying incidents of my future lot; within whose confines lay, yet unrevealed, the strongest, the purest, the holiest influences that should bind me to existence.

My native land and my kindred became henceforward the prevailing subject of all my day-dreams, which were borne ever as by the trade-winds to waste themselves unsatisfied against its shores. Imagine then, dear reader, the thrill of joy and the intense interest with which, some months after my return from the Continent, I was destined to embark for this land of my dreams.

It was on a rosy evening in July that the carriage rolled away with me from my father's door, beneath the overhanging trees that



sheltered the carriage-road. Mingling over my head, and melodious with birds, they breathed on my heart Nature's touching farewell :

'Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast ?

'Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,  
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear ;  
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,  
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

'Under the arch by our mingling made,  
Thou and thy brother have gaily played ;  
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
But as ye have met there, oh ! never more !

'On rode the youth ; and the boughs among,  
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :  
'Wherefore so fast unto life away ?  
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in out lay !'

'And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed  
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade ;  
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,  
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke.'

A moment, and the carriage emerged on the turnpike. My heart ached with suppressed agony at this actual severance from home, and I cast back a yearning gaze at the fondly-treasured abode. At this moment, my younger sister, who had stolen after me to the gates, appeared beyond the foliage, her eyes lustrous through tears, and countenance beaming hope through bereavement. The vision fairly unmanned me ; my heart swelled and burst in my bosom, and my face was averted from the window in a suffusion of tears.

The carriage drew up before the Castle Inn, and my trunks were transferred to the 'Greyhound,' a new fast coach intended to maintain the ascendancy of post-coaches over rail-cars. Celerity and method, without noise or bustle, characterized its attendants. My luggage stowed in the boot, the coach carrying nothing on top, I sprang lightly to the box-seat. The coachman, gathering whip and reins, assumed his perch ; 'right !' was uttered in the sharp tone of the guard ; and a hand to each horse-blanket was left sustaining them in air, as leaders and wheelers, leaping and plunging in frenzied spirit, flew swiftly from under them. The merry bugle of the guard ; the inspiring clatter of hoofs and quick rumble of wheels, as we dashed through the streets, by gaudy shops, inns with quaint signs and corpulent windows ; with a half glimpse and lost at some quick-eyed, blooming countenance, darting to behold us ; churches with steeples fast traversing the sky ; carts, carriages, and chaises straitening our passage, and skilfully threaded by the dexterous hand of the masterly coachman, a character to behold, awakened pleasure and fancy : and so we broke from the town and suburb, and swept with an even and regular gallop along the Macadamized road. My heart was attuned to the harmony of the landscape, with its country-seats, cottages, occasional hamlets and rural spires, appearing and disappearing in rapid succession.

The Greyhound was true to her insignia; the dews of night were repelled by the steaming flanks and fiery nostrils of her thorough-breds; and the Moon, through her chaste reign, lent us charmed progress and illusory speed. We approached London ere the sun had risen, and bursting upon it with shining lamps and air-born coursers were mistaken by the uproused citizens for the car of day. The streets at this uncomfortable hour were rife with motion; some risen to commence their daily toil, clustered around blue-barrelled gin-shops seeking their morning dram; others, of more costly but not less ruffled exterior, appeared to be stealing from a night's debauch, horror-struck, like belated ghosts, at the hue and cry of cock-crow gathering after their retreat; and presently, with a dexterous touch of the ribands, a ten-fold clatter of hoofs and thunder of wheels, we dashed under a vaulted entrance, and made a dead halt at the wide glass door of an inn.

My destination was Portsmouth, for the packet ship Quebec, to sail on the tenth of July, and I had barely time to reach her. I called therefore for a post-chaise, and after a prompt breakfast, was soon emerging into the country from the southern suburb of London.

The morning glittered with sunshine, and the road evinced unusual animation. Carriages in quick succession hurried in the direction with myself; stage-coaches crowded with passengers, one decorated with streamers of orange, another red, strained in opposition, amid hurrah and defiance: now the red took the lead, and the guard standing erect, looking triumphantly back on the hindmost, raised his bugle to his lips and crowed like chanticleer; a trace parted in the moment of victory, compelling a sudden halt, while the yellow swept on with renewed spirit, its Punch-like little guard with serio-comic gestures flinging out upon the breeze, the air, 'Oh dear! what can the matter be!' — 'dear, dear, what can the matter be!' as the discomfited opponents pulled up to repair. I soon found there was an election: greetings were shouted from road-side inns as bodies of independent electors, or some aristocratic party or individual in travelling carriage or post-chaise, passed by at foaming speed; and approbation or disapprobation was offered with practical significance as the badge of the passers were recognized by friends or foes. I entered into the spirit of the occasion, and showing myself at the window of my chaise, responded with hearty cheers to the applause of a village group collected round one of the polls, with whom the orange jacket of my postillion appeared to find favor, as at double-quick speed I scampered through them. My glory was transient and soon tarnished. A turn of the road brought me suddenly on the enemy, who, prepared by the uproarious greeting, awaited my approach. I was fully committed, and though not knowing whom I supported, 'nailed my colors to the mast,' and crying aloud for 'the Orange,' was visited with a surfeit of that identical fruit, but rotten to corruption; against which missiles, with cabbage-stalks and whole platoons of addled eggs, I defended myself by a breast-work of carpet bags, and beheld my postillion, mad-

dened to frenzy, bending over his terrified horses, apply whip and spur to hurry them through the onslaught, while his yellow jacket became effectually dyed to a rainbow complexion, adapted to every party you please. I was satisfied with thus much devotion to a cause in which I was so entirely uninterested; and henceforth, under the cognizance of my motley livery, shouted for every party in turn, loudly exclaiming with the philosophic Jaques: 'Motley's the only wear.' 'Invest me with my motley!' 'I am ambitious of a motley coat!'

I was happy at length to get beyond the worry of the election, and devote my few remaining miles in England to the pleasurable influence of its richly-cultured scenery, its fair and tranquil abodes. What! thought I, am I on the eve of departing from the country in which I have been nurtured, and can I recklessly behold its sweetly familiar features, its sequestered villages, its busy but most ancient towns, its solemn cathedrals and noble baronial towers, which have from childhood ministered to my comfort and to my fancy, and fed me so abundantly with delight; can I behold them rising only to disappear, and not count them as they recede and cannot be recalled, as one who watches the ebbing sands of his existence? What were they but part of my existence! I had from infancy imbibed their spirit with my breath; and now with every revolution of the wheels, how swiftly were they fleeting! I gasped to recover them, but alas, for poor mortality! I was on the high road of my career, and that too on a Macadamized turnpike and in an English post-chaise! Farewell, ye objects of long-seated affection! Would that the lamp which softly kindles over your memory could lend but an imperfect ray to divine the ocean that is beyond! We dashed down the decline; the charioteer, like a devil incarnate, hailed the goal of our journey, and urged his fiery steeds, as, whirled in irresistible vortex, trees, houses, creation flew in disjointed atoms, and I was delivered with a jerk on the very confines of land. 'Annihilation!' thought I, 'and here comes the undertaker!' as I was dragged, Heaven knows whither, by the elbow, and not, as I expected, by the heels.

What followed immediately, I can no more than the departed reveal to you; but on returning consciousness, it seemed that I had 'passed the Rubicon,' and life was yet within me. I was borne of a surety on a buoyant element, and appeared to be voyaging on heaven-expanded wings.

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THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

Yez, yes! I'll lead a single life,  
For married men are lost;  
And the 'dearer' that a wife may be,  
The more that wife will cost!

Match-making meddlers! ye may try  
To wheedle me, 'tis true;  
But though I'll never match your choice,  
I'll be a match for you!

## A S K E T C H .

THE time was early Summer; and the hour  
 Was when the Sun the shadow westwardly  
 Doth cast along the sward, of the same length  
 As is the object's height. How bright that Sun!  
 And yet how still, and how reposeful, seem'd  
 His calm, his grand, his glorious majesty!  
 I wandered forth beneath the forest's shade;  
 There yet the dew, in solitary drops,  
 Where'er the day's approaching beam was seen,  
 Lingered like scatter'd diamonds on the green.  
 These are the Tears of Earth for mortal sin  
 Shed all the night, consol'd at morn's approach.

I chose the mountain path; no steep ascent,  
 But one of devious windings, rarely trod  
 But by the hunter, or the woodman's step.  
 The air was balm; the eye enraptured sought  
 To exercise a fresh-awakened sense,  
 As if it's own delights unknown had been  
 Until this beauteous, chosen, blissful day!  
 Elastic was my step, elate my heart;  
 Heaven was abroad, around, beside, within,  
 Beneath in flowers, and, oh how beautiful!  
 In fleecy clouds and azure vault above.

Upward I wound my way, upward my thoughts  
 Ascended, and every upward step grew  
 Nearer Heaven. The very leaves above my head  
 Whispered of THEE! in THEE, in THEE we live!  
 And, as I look'd adown the fertile plain  
 And peaceful hamlet, all it's sounds subdu'd  
 By distance, far below my present path  
 Amid the sunny quiet of mid air  
 A concourse of existent thoughts, it seem'd,  
 Rose, like a sentient atmosphere, to THEE!

Ascending clouds, that, as the day advanc'd,  
 Higher and higher rose into th' infinite space,  
 Renew'd, unto my meditative sight,  
 The fourth day's miracle, the firmament  
 Then decorated first with constellations  
 And made glad by starry gems, that speak  
 God's footsteps, and the passages whereo'er  
 His spirit paus'd to breathe some thought of Love!  
 Thought into instant action borne by thought.  
 Half of the effort of creative skill  
 Had exercis'd it's wonders 'ere that change —  
 So, in the moral miracle of Grace,  
 When God's own spirit o'er the chaos broods  
 That Sin's confusion and black guilt have caused  
 Throughout the soul of miserable man,  
 How oft the half of sublunary life  
 Hath pass'd away from darkness into death,  
 Ere yet the firmament of soul divides  
 From vapors of the Earth, the blessed clouds!  
 On these, in hues of Heaven, His promises are writ,  
 And parting day expires in radiant bliss!

On the broad breast of this expansive mount,  
 Trees of perennial verdure — the larch,  
 The fir, the cedar, and the varied pine,  
 The holly in its glossy livery  
 Of green, with scarlet berries and bright head,  
 Mingled with beech, and mountain-ash, and oak,  
 And birch, and chestnut with its armed fruit —  
 These all unite to shade a glen through which  
 I onward pass'd in deepest solitude  
 Treading my way on flowers. The purple heath,  
 The blue campanula, lobelia red,  
 Myrtles of emeraldic shade that creep  
 Along the sward embracing the kind Earth,  
 Whose bosom like a mother yet sustains  
 Their nestling vines, and the rich moss that vies  
 The silk-worm's product into velvet form'd  
 With rarest dyes of artificial green —  
 These all were there.

Slow up the glen, slow o'er the yielding moss  
 My gratified foot it's impress left ;  
 I walked through sweet sensations as through air ;  
 A hymn was in my heart, and numbers came  
 Without a wish, an effort, or a thought ;  
 Bright colours took possession of my words,  
 And made me sing the Rainbow as I walk'd —  
 It seemed a Zodiac of redeemed souls,  
 Borne in the lightning passage of a thought  
 From spheres beyond Uranus ; come to chaunt  
 Ere fades the sun, the providence of God !  
 And all those blest prismatic hues, on which  
 The eye reposes with such dear delight,  
 Glowing not dazzling, liquid yet sustain'd,  
 Quivering, settling, were the changeful hues  
 Upon the plummy pinions of bright spirits,  
 Arriving from the upper vaults of Heaven.

Such was my course ; I could have roam'd till now  
 Like an exhaustless River of Delight  
 And all unspent the current of my joy —  
 But that mine eye upon a distant mark  
 Had fix'd its gaze, and wonder hush'd my song,  
 And I became all sight as I approach'd.  
 It was a fountain issuing from a rock,  
 A hoar gray rock that bore time's earliest date,  
 And forward bent, in fond protecting care,  
 Sheltering this font that seem'd a diamond shield  
 So round it's margin, and so lustrous green,  
 Silvery, or roseate, was its surface ;  
 Reflecting clouds or trees in colour and in form ;  
 Each hue and leaf minutely pencill'd,  
 And all as still, as pure, refulgent, calm,  
 As Star of Eve or Messenger from Heaven !

Forth from the beautiful evolves the good !  
 I could not gaze untouch'd on scene so fair  
 But felt the strong necessity of prayer ;  
 And, kneeling down beside this diamond font,  
 Gave utterance to a heart o'ercharged with love,  
 With love toward 'HIM who first hath loved us,'  
 Who clothes the Earth with beauty for our joy,  
 And guides the broken heart to Heaven's bright gate  
 By the still waters, and the grateful shade.

Now bending o'er the mirror-wave, behold  
 The full interior of my desert mind  
 Sketch'd like a landscape and exposed to view.  
 The only promise of the wide wide waste  
 A small oasis on the wildering sands !  
 Transfix'd with grief I could have cried aloud,  
 But that a voice, whose silvery notes of cheer  
 Bring ever gladness to my inmost heart,  
 Consol'd my spirit with these sacred words :  
 ' Truth from forth the Earth shall spring, and  
 Righteousness look down from Heaven. Fear not,  
 Nor waste in idle grief the gift of life ;  
 The fountain this of Truth. Plunge boldly in  
 Thine arm, without delay or doubt or dread,  
 And draw from thence the pearl of price untold.'  
 I did as taught, and from the crystal depth  
 Drew forth the wondrous treasure of all good.  
 Joy, joy celestial gleam'd throughout my frame,  
 And peace surpassing joy ! I turn'd to share  
 Th' unutterable bliss ; and, turning, woke  
 And lo, it was a dream ! and morn had come :  
 Yet did mine Eye encompass her I sought,  
 For, at my side, my own Carita stood,  
 And in her hand she held, THE BOOK OF LIFE !

JOHN WATERS.

## T O M V A N D I D D L E M A S .

## A T A L E O F T I N N E C U M .

## PART TWO.

WHEN Tom's project of a lover's jaunt to the metropolis was ready to be put into execution, he left Tinnecum early one morning, sitting on the box of a small wagon, in company with Old Beehive, who was going to dispose of his patent in some of the river counties. He would fain have departed stealthily ; but Thimbles, who was looking over a patch of cauliflowers, saw him, and calling hastily to his journeyman Tirks, who was standing on the back steps in his stocking-feet, washing his face in a tin basin, he stood gazing at him with the same feelings as Praxiteles would have regarded the drapery of one of his own statues, or any work of his divine art.

Full of 'sweet thoughts and sugared suppositions,' that wholly beguiled the journey, Van Diddlemas arrived in town, and presently found himself going at a rapid rate up Broadway, and approaching his destination, perhaps I might as well call it his destiny. Mr. Hummins and he had been talking all the day about honey, until they got upon the pavements. Tom's particular attention was called to the fact that the first article essential to sustain life is milk ; after that, and mentioned with it in sweet conjunction in the

inspired volume, is honey. The most desirable of all lands was one 'flowing with milk and honey.' Hence it is as important to keep the bee-moth out of hives as the horn-distemper out of cattle. 'Who-a !' said Tom, seizing the reins violently, and almost bringing the horse down upon his haunches; 'here's the place. I'll take one of them hives with me to show the girls. I guess I'll put up here. Call for me day arter to-morrow, when you come down the river, will you? Won't you come in, Hummins? I know the folks.'

Mr. Hummins was 'afraid he should be too late for the North-river boat,' and 'guessed he'd be getting on.' The Tinnecum Beau Brummel took his 'things' out of the wagon, (a clean cravat, a patent bee-hive, and an umbrella,) and stood alone on the pavement, looking up; after which with a bold foot he ascended the steps. At this trying moment, finding in his pocket a leathern bottle which had been left behind by the sportsman, he tilted it to his lips, and exhausted the remaining drops; upon which, experiencing an encouraging glow through his system, he pulled the bell with such violence that it had nearly sundered the wires.

'That must be Manners,' thought Miss Trelawny, slightly lifting up her head; 'what a noise he makes !'

In a moment after, the name of Van Diddlemas was heard like a startling piece of news, and blank looks of surprise and displeasure exchanged. 'I'll walk in, Sir,' said Tom, pushing past the man, and depositing his bee-hive in the vestibule, 'and wait a bit till she ts hum. My name is Van Diddlemas, Sir; I know she'll be glad to see Mr. Van Diddlemas.' Hearing voices, and escaping the grasp which was laid on his arm, he passed on with great determination toward a half-opened door, and flinging it boldly back, ushered himself into a full drawing-room, about five minutes before the hour of dinner. The guests were numerous on that day, and consisted of an ex-president and some other persons of quality. Tom started at encountering his full-length picture in a mirror before he had advanced many steps, and between that and the company came to a stand in an attitude of perplexity and astonishment, while the perspiration started out all over his nose. There he stood, button for button, just as he had come out of Tinnecum, in all the charms of his full-blown assurance, a perfect flower. He held in his hand an antediluvian umbrella; so it might be called, speaking a little extravagantly, for it had been in the Diddlemas family many generations, and had never been decoyed away, but remained in its own place, outliving the whole of its vagrant class. It had served the purposes of the members of the homestead through the storms of life, and went with them to their funerals; many times dragging them madly after it in the hurricane; sometimes in its old age turning wrong side out, but always brought back again, and cured of its queer capers; thus ever remaining in a state of preservation, and looked at by the antiquary with delight. The storms which for the last fifty years had beat on it would form a deluge. Many a time had Tom's grand-parents walked under it

in their early youth, and many a time been caught under it in an April shower. The ferule, if it ever had one, was entirely gone, but in its place a brass ring; while the handle proper did not appear beyond the whale-bone ends, having 'suffered some.' While the distinguished company were endeavoring to make out the meaning of this new arrival, the gently-stealing perfume of tobacco began to pervade the place, and it was evident that it was not of that dead kind which is absorbed and carried about in the clothes, but that it was incense proceeding from a live coal. The cause of this appeared to be an American segar of great pungency, of which the end was just visible between Tom's fingers, while the lighted part warmed the palm of his hand which concealed it. This he had been loath to throw away, but now walked up to the grate and cast it in; for the Tinnecum young men never think of relinquishing their segars when they pay visits, but merely abstain from puffing them, and let them smoulder in their hands until they go away.

Miss Trelawny had looked very grave and retreating on the intrusion of the new comer, regarding it as something very *mal à propos*; but presently, from some motive, she rose and smiled vaguely. Tom was reassured in an instant. Tinnecum recollections crowded fast upon him; he advanced and stretched forth his heroic hand, and letting his visage relax into a glaring smile, which screwed up his eyes into a small, burning focus, and turned his mouth into one long streak from ear to ear: 'Cousin,' said he, 'I'm mighty glad to see you. I been wantin' to see you ever since you left. Mrs. Rollocks sent her love to you. Our cow . . . Oh! aunt Hetty wants to know why you aint written.'

Miss Trelawny laughed, and immediately carried into execution the happy, sarcastic idea of formally presenting Tom to one of his own species, a Broadway exquisite of superfluous elegance. So fetching up the latter by a signal, 'Mr. Quincummins,' said she, 'Mr. Diddlemas!'

'Ah!—aw!' uttered Mr. Quincummins, bowing very stiffly; 'happy—h-m-m!'

Tom stretched out his hand. 'Do you enjoy good health, Sir?' said he, looking interrogatively in the face of the other.

Quincummins seemed to doubt the evidence of his senses. He screwed a glass in his eye, and surveyed Tom with the greatest leisure. Tom returned the gaze admirably. It was pleasing to see those two absorbed in the mutual study, representatives as they were of the same class, but imagining themselves to be immensely different, as a cat sees its own face in a glass, and is persuaded it's two cats. Slinking at last into a seat, Tom began to snatch timid glances at surrounding objects, and an embarrassing silence ensued. 'Pears to me,' said he at length, ingeniously endeavoring to distract the attention which was riveted on him, and casting his eyes toward the ceiling; 'pears to me these rooms is very high betwixt the j'int's?'

In the midst of this, dinner was announced, and the whole com-



pany swept out in grand procession, Tom Van Diddlemas being carried along by the tide. 'I don't much care if I *do* take a cup with you,' said he, looking at his watch. He got a seat near the head of the table, next to the ex-president, with whom he soon entered into friendly intercourse on the subject of *cedar rails*. Upon this he enlarged understandingly, and with a degree of enthusiasm, bringing together much collateral knowledge on all sorts of timber, its adaptation to fences, its liability to worms, its strength and durability; and finally bringing the subject home by asking his Excellency what was the state of rails in his place. 'We'm gettin' to give up chestnut altogether in Tinnecum,' said he, 'and take cedar: if there's any dumplins in that soup, I'll take a dumplin; I thank you; I'm very hard on dumplins.'

Tinnecum assurance by degrees became established. He discoursed fluently and ate heartily, his appetite having been sharpened to a keen edge by the ride with Hummins; at least he acknowledged to the ex-president that he felt wonderful sharp. The peculiarities however which he exhibited in eating and drinking, it is hardly worth while to recount, since they are nothing more than would have been noticed in the case of any young man so situated, and it might be considered a mark of meanness to hold forth and to glory in so cheap a triumph. Conventional laws should not be always binding, and it is easy to forgive the breach if it is done out of regard for the beautiful.

As the entertainment advanced, having drank some wine, Tom became more talkative; and at last, by his very peculiar turn of thought, managed to enlist the attention of the whole table. He had now got upon the subject of rats, whom he praised for their great natural endowments. 'They're high-learned,' said he; 'there's no gettin' a-head of 'em. Them that says that they can't eat through a hemlock plank, says what isn't true. *I knows they can*. They eat through a bin in our barn. I see the corn a-sinkin' and a-sinkin', and could n't tell what made it until I come to look at the bottom, and by jings! there was no less than two bushels of cobs! Mr. What's-your-name, here's wishing you good health; Molly, here's your'n; and here's a blessin' on all gals. Wal, I tried to catch them rats, but could n't seem to make it out. They was too knowin'. Old rats won't give up to die, if they can help it. All the traps that was ever sot won't catch 'em. One day I come in on 'em sudden, arter I'd stopped the holes, and shut the barn-door. There was six on 'em on a pile of corn shellin' it out like sixty. When they found they was choked off, and could n't squeedge through the holes, they sot to and squealed, and run up my legs, and attacked me like so many sogers. I began to be a-feered, but fell to and fit as well as I could; and some I kicked the life out of them, and some I forked. But I did say that if ever I got out of that scrape I never would get into another. Haw! haw! haw! h — aw!'

Mr. Diddlemas here related some amusing anecdotes of rats, and

their eccentric devices, by which they 'got a-head of him' in his own barn. From rats he naturally slid upon coon-hunting, from coons to foxes, from foxes back to corn, geese, chickens, roosters, and Muscovy ducks; so on to ponds, swamps, turtles, newts, lizards, black-snakes, briars, cranberries, pond-lilies and wild grape-vines; persimmons, maple-sugar and spruce-beer, ploughing, harrowing, 'corn-shucking,' straw, hay, oats, and — rats.' By the time of dessert, Van Diddlemas was in a high state of excitement, talking and laughing boisterously, and encouraged to a degree of familiarity which seemed to wax more and more unrestrained. In the simplicity of his heart he had already done some things hardly tolerable, but he now felt as free and gay-hearted as among his boon companions; and it seemed to him as if he had emerged into a higher and more congenial life, and as if he never could be 'scared' again during all his days. He presently began to recount the chronicles of Tinnecum, setting down Squire Sharkey as the great oracle, and pronouncing a warm eulogium on his character. Somebody asked him who was the next greatest. 'Wal, I don' know,' said he; 'I guess Weatherby; they're all on 'em putty nigh even. I say,' said he, giving the ex-president a nudge, 'why can't you go out to Tinnecum with me next day arter to-morrow? That's our trainin' day. Can't you, Mister? I wisht you would.'

His Excellency smiled. The rest of the company laughed, and he was encouraged by their good humor to extend the invitation to all. 'I know *one*,' proceeded he 'that *shall* go,' looking through his wine-glass at Miss Trelawny. 'You needn't say, No: you aint a-goin' to get off, no how you can fix it.'

'Manners,' exclaimed Quincummins, with an air of great arrogance and intense inquisitiveness, when the sensation had a little subsided, 'aw! where is Tinnecum?'

Tom opened his eyes, and stared as if he were endeavoring to sound the depth of such profound ignorance. 'Is it possible,' thought he, 'that any gentleman could have studied jography and never heered of Tinnecum? By jings! I thought every body knowed it. It's a good deal bigger than Ketchebonnuck, and as large again as Cat's-Larder. Where in the world was you fetched up?'

'Who's the belle of the place?' said Mr. Manners.

'What say?' replied Tom.

'Who's the belle of the place? Who's the greatest belle?'

'How?'

'Are there no belles in Tinnecum, Mr. Diddlemas?'

'Well I swon —' said Tom, smiling and staring hard.

Mr. Manners and Quincummins exchanged looks, which said: 'He does n't understand the meaning of the word belle.'

Tom indeed appeared to be getting in a fog. He swallowed the wine in his glass greedily, and then thrust his arm up to the elbow in his coat pocket. What could he be fumbling after? First he hauled out an ear of red corn, then a check-handkerchief, then a

small parcel wrapped in brown paper, which he clapped upon the table. 'That's a shirt,' said he. After this he brought out a steel tobacco-box, and said he believed he'd take a chaw. Presently Mr. Manners renewed his question. 'Who,' said he, 'is the most distinguished lady in Tinnecum?'

'Mary Ann is very pretty,' said Miss Trelawny.

'Yes,' replied Tom, gazing over the table, and putting on at the same time one of his most charming smiles; 'she's *putty*, but you'm *puttier*.'

The approbation of this little *jeu d'esprit* was so great, that had Tom chosen to rest upon it, he would have come off with flying colors, and gone away with a laurel on his brow which would have remained fresh until he reached his home, and been as green as any cedar in Tinnecum. But he now thought he might venture a little farther. 'After all,' thought he, 'what did I come here for? Not to eat or to drink, or to see Mr. Quincummins, or other great folks, or to show off my buttons, or my manners, that I learned to dancing-school. It warn't for nary one o' them things.' Here he thrust an enormous quid of tobacco into his cheek, being unable to eat more, and taking up the thread of his discourse where the éclat of his late speech had interrupted it: 'Mary Ann's a *fast* rate gal,' said he, 'and no mistake! I like her putty well; I always said I did; and she'd make a good wife. But as to courtin' her, Coz., that's a different matter; I hope you didn't think I was a-courtin' her, Coz? Me and Mary Ann us'd always to talk and laugh a good deal; we was friendly then; and so we be now. The last time,' said Tom, putting his tobacco-box in his pocket, rising from his seat, and approaching the lady whom he addressed; 'the last time I went over there to borrow their rat-trap, I was in a tolerabl' good sort of humor, kind of; the old man and the old woman had gone a visitin' to the Hollow, and Tight warn't to tell that I went from hum; (but he did though, and I kicked him for it.) Wal, I says to Mary Ann — Oh, psha! it's immater'el; but when I was a-goin' away I comes up to her, and I puts my arm round her neck, and I kisses her, jist so —!'

Luckless Tom Van Diddlemas!

Quincummins looked revolving pistols; started aghast all the brave gentlemen of the company; but a whole army of cavaliers could not recall a kiss when it has passed the rubicon of the lips. Tom stood back as if electrically repelled, and contemplated the mischief which he had done. He would have implored pardon immediately, but he knew not how; and struck dumb with a sense of his own impudence, he stood there petrified in all his beautiful proportions. Had he stolen a sheep with all its fleece about it instead of a mere spiritual kiss, could he have looked more guilty? The saluted lady rose with a calm but flushed indignation, hurled a glance at the offender, then merely turning her head over her shoulder: 'John,' said she, 'show that man the door.'

By some mysterious agency, certainly with very little assistance,

Tom found himself suddenly transported into the hall, and while fumbling for his hat, felt a sense of being instantly cast down from the highest pitch of elevation. When he had got his hat, he found himself gently assisted, and then positively pushed by the shoulders, and the door closed after him. This was rather too much; his hot blood boiled up, and his well-known pluck revived. Unable to get the door open by reason of its being well bolted as soon as shut, he stood upon the sill, and began to kick it violently with the toes of his cow-hide boots. Finding that it could not be carried by storm, he went down upon the side-walk, and making gestures at the windows, began to threaten the whole house. His noisy fury attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of every one in that neighborhood; and his fragmentary threats and maledictions sounded upon their ears, interrupted only by the cries of charcoal and the rumbling of omnibus-wheels.

'Any on you, come out if you—darr. Darr you to—I'm the fleower of Jasper Cëounty—Gi' me my shirt—Gi' me my bee-hive!' A severer loss recurring at this moment to the mind of Tom, he got upon a block of marble before the door, and cried out, raising his voice almost to a screech: 'Gi' me my umberell!—umberell!—umberell!'

The opposite windows were filled with laughing faces, and the sportsman contemplated the scene with a satisfaction which could be hardly justified. Tom found that he gained nothing, and his rage subsiding, allowed him to see that he was making himself a laughing-stock: nevertheless, as he beat a retreat, he turned once upon his heel and shouted with a mingled feeling of despair and revenge: 'Gi' me my shirt!—gi' me my bee-hive!—gi' me my umberell! umberell! UMBER-ELL!'

The probability that this affair would be published in the penny papers on the next day, did not afford the other party much delight. Tom at last hurried away from the spot, reeling wofully, but had not gone two squares before he was apprehended on a charge of horse-stealing! The occasion of this was his resemblance to a noted horse-thief, for whom the police had been for some days on the look-out; and it was not until his uncle and other friends were sent for, and Tom's character established, that he was released from limbo, and permitted once more to go upon his ways. He directed his steps to the old Bull's Head; and notwithstanding the evening was somewhat advanced, engaged a passage in the wagon of a friend, who was going out to Tinnecum with a load of sheep.

It was a moonless night, but the stars shone brilliantly in the sky, when Tom Van Diddlemas went out of 'York,' after his bootless errand, accusing himself of having spoilt all by his own rashness. 'You've done for yourself, my boy!' said he, stretching himself at full length on the bottom of the wagon, and burying his head among the fleeces of an old wether whose legs were tied together painfully tight. Here he sighed and sighed, and was borne out in his dejected

tion by the pathetic bleating and blaätting of the sheep. 'Good night, Mr. Toddiwiddles,' said he; 'I'm goin' to sleep. I've had a high time of it to-day. I feel a little sort of tired out, kind of.'

Mr. Toddiwiddles said he would do the driving with pleasure; so Tom cast aside his griefs, and abandoned himself to that blessed, blessed forgetfulness, which steals over the miserable like a welcome death, wherein the weary are at rest. He lay like a heavy log on the poor old wether, whose discomfort was already great. Onward, onward they went, through all the livelong night, driven by the careful hand of Mr. Toddiwiddles; until just as the gray light of morning began to 'streak it' in the eastern sky, they arrived at Tinneccum. Tom went home, sought his own apartment in silence, put off his new suit, cursed Thimbles, arrayed himself in his every-day attire, and went and worked in the fields. When the horn blew at noon, and pork-and-beans were placed as usual on the humble board, he presented himself as large as life. He could not be made to render the least account of himself. He came back so soon 'because he did n't choose to stay any longer.' Judging by his silence, he had seen nothing and nobody. The old people were vexed, and said that thereafter he might better remain at home. From that time he was observed to be less social, chewing tobacco continually, and with dogged industry persisting in his work. He never went a-visiting, he never displayed his buttons, he vaunted not his usual influence with the fair. As the winter was coming on, he formed no schemes of pleasure. He went to no balls, nor merry-makings, but sat in the chimney-corner with Tight, listening to the crickets, or shelling corn, sometimes giving an ear to Tight's account of the Hessians, and of the Revolutionary war.

About a week after the dinner-party already mentioned, which Tom had by no means recovered from, one Saturday afternoon the old people wished to go to preparation-sermon, notwithstanding it rained violently. They had dressed themselves with their usual neatness, and were ready to set off for the church, which was at no great distance.

'My dear,' said the old lady, calling to the old gentleman as she lifted her eyes to a peg on the wall, 'where is the umberell?'

'How should I know?' replied Mr. Diddlemas senior. 'I s'pose it's in its place, in course.'

'Come and look with your own eyes, then,' said the spouse; 'it aint here, that's sure and certain; and it aint no where else, as I see.'

'That's very queer indeed. My dear, has n't Tom had it?'

'When he went to York?'

'Yes, yes; that must be it. It can't be gone. That's a very careless young man. Tom! I say, Tom!'

'What do you want, Pop?'

'Have you seen any thing of the umberell?'

'Hey?'

'Where's the umberell?'

'What umberell?'

'Why, the umberell — *the* umberell!'

'Ho! you need n't never ax for that agin. I left it to York.'

'Oh! my sakes!' 'Oh! my soul!' ejaculated both the old people in a breath, clasping their hands together; 'the umberell! Oh, dear! oh, dear! the umberell!'

On the very day of the preparation-sermon at Tinnecum, a number of young persons were assembled at the house where Tom had made his *début* in the city, making themselves merry with this identical 'umberell,' passing it from hand to hand, examining it in all its parts, opening and shutting and walking under it, with much laughing, while they imagined the rain to be pouring down heavily. Poor old thing! it had been too much in the chorus of the wild winds to be ruffled with the ungracious breath of slander, or to be torn by the ingratitude which ridicules the kindly agent which for fifty years has never stretched forth its arms but to shelter the defenceless from the torrent and the storm. But there were those who would lament over it, and place it on the catalogue of things irretrievably lost. Shadows from their very nature are transitory, else would they cease to be an emblem of the illusions of the world; as witness the ever-shifting clouds. Nor is an exception made of those which are comparatively fixed or somewhat tardily swallowed up in darkness, as of sun-dials, church-steeple, pyramids, and others; but if the poet's solemn meaning can be enhanced, and there is any thing more evanescent than *umbra*, we would say: '*Pulvis, et umbrellâ sumus!*'

There is a fearful, critical turning-point in a man's life, when he begins to think that he shall be an old bachelor. Nay, he has arrived at that obduracy and stiffness of neck, that he praises the comforts of his present mode; makes unjust comparisons; speaks sarcastically of the young women of the present day; and avers that they are not fitted to make excellent wives. Tom passed a gloomy winter of vicissitudes; that is, of changing feelings, unmitigated until the spring was fairly opened, and he was once more in the furrow, directing the course of the plough. In that season of returning life, the face of Nature endeavors to reflect her own cheerful smiles into the troubled heart, and to awaken it to sympathy; nor is it natural to the elastic spirits of the young to remain long depressed. The month of May came in with an unusual pomp and beauty; the universal dormant life revealed itself in myriad forms, and the earth, revolving in the transparent light, seemed but a transcript of the higher heavens. The woods were green again, the orchestra of birds full; the undulating fields were glorious in the animation of their first verdure; the little knolls or bosoms of the soil upheaving as with a joyful pulse, rejoiced on every side; and every where, in gardens or wild meads, the buds unclasping their embrace gave up their imprisoned shapes of beauty; the lily with its unblemished purity, the inimitable rose. Ah! who would not admire with the birds, seeming to expire in giving birth to their too

full transports of delight? Tom Van Diddlemas had a relapse into his former passion, which compelled him with tears and smiles to think again of Mary-Ann. It came upon him as quickly as the flash of his sharp sythe which he was whetting in the field, and which he immediately threw down to retire into the apple-orchard, to reflect what was best to be done. He sat down under a tree, and remembering his school-boy disquisitions, took out his tablets, and wished to indite something 'ON LOVE.' 'Love,' wrote he, dipping his blunt pencil into his mouth, 'is, is, is — nothing uncommon. There is probably no young man in Tinnecum, or any wheres else, who will not some day be in love — kind of. It is beautiful as mornin'-glories, but as queer as cactuses. When I sot near my mistress, and heered her talk and see her smile, I can't describe my sentiments. I could n't speak — nothing but a sort of a buzzing. My eyes was dim; I was sort of faint; I was pretty nigh gone, kind of.' 'Oh psha!' said Tom, tearing up the composition, and getting upon his feet, 'it's nonsense.'

At that moment his eyes were dazzled by a flash of light, being a reflection from two polished milk-pails; and with a beating heart he saw at a distance the erect form of Mary-Ann. He stood like a painter or poet gazing afar at some vision of poetic beauty; then he put his sythe on his shoulder, walked down to the brook, washed his hands and face very clean, put on his coat, (not the *chef d'œuvre* of 'Thimbles', but one of plain brown, with buttons far from elegant,) and having arranged all his dress with much propriety, set off with a fixed resolution toward the cottage which he had once entered, how familiarly! It might not yet be too late to repair the evil resulting from his great folly. With feelings of a very mixed character, he found himself standing before the door. Tremblingly he placed his hand upon the latch. Ah! how altered from that Tom Van Diddlemas whose undoubted sway once extended over the fair! At last he opened the door, and entered with his troubled visage. 'Mary-Ann?' said he, in a voice suspended betwixt hope and fear.

The maiden turned round. His presence startled her. For some months he had been an absent one; never crossing the threshold; keeping himself aloof, not from her only, but from the world — the world of Tinnecum! When silence has been long kept, it is a very delicate, difficult matter to break it, at least aright. The first words, which ought to have a musical, magical charm to scatter the brooding solemnity, shrink back from our dumb lips. We imagine that our own voice will sound strange to our own ears, and superstitiously fly from its uncouth echoes, as Chloe, fawn-like, escaped from the poet. Tom stood for a moment in great perplexity, his hands thrust into his pockets, and looking as if he wanted some body else to speak first; after which he stammered forth again, with a culprit's look: 'Mary-Ann — ?'

Mary-Ann, with calm self-possession, sat down to receive his message, if indeed he had any. Tom's lips remained sealed. His

eyes were cast upon the sanded floor. Two or three times he was going to speak, and then stopped short, and looked out of the window, of which the sash was raised. The honeysuckle which rambled over the house, creeping in at every chamber, blossoming over the eaves, binding together the falling shingles and the moss-grown roof, and clasping the whole cottage in its sweet embrace, strayed into the room, and filled it with its excessive perfume. Indeed, the window could not be closed but its branches must be thrust out with violence, always to steal back again, bringing the sweet-briar with it, whose leaves are tinct with so delicate a fragrance after vernal showers. Tom's every sense was enslaved; and listening to the song of the birds, he still continued to look out of the window of the cottage into the grove which embosomed it. For a cottage is nothing without the shade of some forest-trees, as trees are of less value without the music of birds. But a fair form and a kind heart is the charm which hallows and blesses and consecrates all — cottage, and birds, and trees! Who would not sigh to possess all, if it were possible? But sighing avails nothing; so Tom summoned all his boldness, and looking around him stealthily, while he prepared for a passionate burst of affection: 'Mary-Ann,' said he, 'I wish-t you'd marry me!'

He did not dare to look up and ante-date his doom. He listened. Did his ears deceive him, or was it those sweet lips which answered, '*Never!*'? He mistrusted that he was deluded by a false echo; so he put the question with a greater fervor, and hearkened with a more attentive ear. Then, with a quick petulance, like two claps of thunder coming one after another, he heard the dreary words: '*Never! — NEVER!*'

He was confounded. He was an outcast among the sweetest scenes of nature; compelled to hear the very pigeons cooing on the eaves, and, unpartaking, to witness the universal passion and acknowledgment of love. He struggled hard to say somewhat in self-extenuation, but the attention of his cruel fair one was attracted another way. Hark! from without, and beneath the windows, a confused murmuring, as of many small voices, accompanied with tinkling sounds, the beating of brazen kettles, the striking as of cymbals, and the *charivari* of rude instruments. Mary-Ann arose hastily, courtesied as she retired, and said with a pleasant smile:

'Excuse me, Mr. Diddlemas; my bees is swarming.'

Tom could not stand this. He was driven to desperation. He sprang before her, seized her hand, and protesting with immense energy, 'Mary-Ann,' exclaimed he, 'I had 'a big stone in my hat,' I swon I did!'

This figurative allusion to his conduct on a former occasion, intending to convey the idea that he had been in a state of disguise, if understood at all, was disregarded. His offended mistress drew herself away from him, went out, and left him clasping the iron handle of a gridiron in absolute despair. An old woman came in to cut a brown loaf. 'Oh! Mistress Tidygate,' said Tom, 'Mary-Ann don't treat me well!'



Without the cottage, the din waxes yet louder. Sauce-pans continually drummed upon, gong-like kettles, and the shrill dissonance of whistles, combine to please the queen-bee's ear. She has gone out of the hive with her whole suite. Her tumultuous people are excited in mid air; they range not in arrowy lines, as when they forage for flowers; but hither, thither, upward, ever returning, guided by her motions, attentive to her slightest will. They rally round her, they cling to her, they obediently follow, whether, unmindful of the mortal din, she flies away to the far-off forests, or to the clefts of the rock, or whether she leads them to the willow pastures, to the meadowy margins of streams, or to the apple-orchards, blossoming in the fulness of their vernal prime. *Vivat Regina!* When she has established her sceptre, and sends them forth to do her errands, they falter not on the wings of loyal love. They go forth to collect the richest treasures for their queen, toiling like laborers for the golden ore in the unfailing mines of sweetness. Theirs is a government monarchical in its features, but better than human in its well-adjusted parts and its exact economy; which vies with any on earth in loyalty to the sovereign; which imposes just burdens on the populace, and inflicts punishment on the drones; and although it sends its harmless banditti into all fields, (no by-paths so intricate as to escape detection, and no cells so deep-hidden as to protect their stores,) yet it lays its taxes so equitably on the wealth of flowers, that while it fills its treasuries to overflowing, it commits no robbery; it takes neither fragrance from the honeysuckle nor beauty from the rose.

Tom knew something from reading and experience of the habits of bees. He went out, and looked on sulkily at a distance, while the business of hiving them was going on. The swarm settled at last among the twisted boughs of an apple-tree, whence they could with difficulty be dislodged. Mary-Ann, who acted a fearless part, had thrown a white apron over her head to protect her face, and stood upon tip-toe, holding a hive to receive them as they should be shaken down. They are driven from the tree; few comparatively are lodged in the box; they swarm in the air, and cover the apron, crawling over it in all directions. It is removed, and ah! what a spectacle! A dark mass hangs upon the 'kerchief which enwraps the throat of Mary-Ann, and crowds are thronging the same way, continually increasing its bulk. Should a few only, by the slightest volition, dart out their venomous stings, she would cease to breathe. The spectators look on with blank dismay, where instant decision is required. Tom Van Diddlemas, with eager haste, comes up and commands them to keep at a distance with their hot breaths. 'Do n't move an inch, Mary-Ann!' said he, in a most peremptory voice; 'do n't you speak a word; do n't you stir from where you be, or you'm dead!' He then, with a very painful interest, commenced searching for the queen-bee, and in a little while discovered her, as she attempted to elude his observation and escape into the crowd. He immediately seized her, and a large portion of the common people with her, and conducted them into the hive.

Now the scene began to change for one of joy and gratitude. The loyal bees, missing their queen, rapidly detached themselves and left the spot; and in a few minutes not one remained behind. Tom Van Diddlemas seized the hand of Mary-Ann, and led her, pale and agitated, into the house. He himself showed signs of emotion; but as soon as he could speak, he cast himself passionately upon the place which the bees had left, and declared by all which was of good report that he never truly loved another; that the adventures in which he had indulged were but the unaccountable fancies of his youthful time, stimulated by intoxication, and repented of when over; and that he was fixed and unalterable in his first love. He looked up to read the influence of this soft persuasion. Serene forgiveness sat upon the brow of Mary-Ann. A few tears were in her eyes, which soon sparkled with smiles. Tom bent down and exacted a *millebasian* tribute, if I may be permitted to make use of such a word, inflicting kisses which were henceforth to be exclusively his own, imprinted like royal Bibles, *cum privilegio*. He went out and walked under the flowery hedge, or rather, as was usual with him when a walk could not keep pace with his too joyful, fluttering pulse, he ran. He wanted a friend into whose ears he might pour the tale of his success.

Just then a rumbling of wheels was heard; and turning an angle of the lane, a small wagon, piled high with square boxes, appeared in sight. 'Oh, Hummins!' exclaimed Tom, springing forward, and clasping the hand of that amiable gentleman with warmth; 'oh, Hummins! if it was n't for bees! ——'

He was unable to say more, for rapture; but what he meant to express was merely this, that were it not for those little laborers, he never should have tasted the sweet honey of domestic delight.

A few months passed happily away; but before the sickle was laid at the root of the yellow harvest, Tom Van Diddlemas was married to Mary-Ann. She was an orphan, living with an old aunt, and the cottage in which she dwelt, with the surrounding manor, were all her own. But although it had devolved upon her to overlook her heritage, and to assume the command which naturally belongs to men, she never suffered it to fall into 'the portion of weeds or outworn fences.' To her native energy were added the charms of beauty, and true goodness of heart; and with such, Tom was sure of a happiness outlasting a short honey-moon, and promising to endure for a long life. By virtue of his relationship, he took charge of the farm for Mary-Ann. If the crops before were regularly sown, the routine of labor was not now less punctually observed. The occasion of Tom's former idleness was a too great adoration of beauty, and the want of having his affections fixed. The first thing which he did was to buy a new yoke of oxen and to cut a stout ox-goad from the woods; and as the smooth-cut sod rolled from the sharp share of the plough, and his loud 'Ge-hoy!' was borne to the adjacent homestead on the breeze, the old people regarded its echoes as an earnest of his prosperity in the world.

His wife took charge of the dairy, as before, and the churn already spoken of was brought to that perfection of machinery, that the former result was now accomplished by the astonishingly small power of one eighth of a dog.

Perhaps nothing more remains to us now, than to paint the usual picture of rustic peace; in summer the abounding store, in winter the cheerful fire. But it little mattered if occasional disappointment was felt, from which no lot is exempt. Icicles may hang upon the same bough with the sweet May-blossoms; crops may disappoint the promise of the early spring; the tempest may prostrate the standing corn; the buds may never ripen into perfect fruit; clouds may lower and storms threaten; but the man who enters a home where affection with open arms receives him at the threshold, can fly to a refuge which is safe from petty griefs, and to a repose too deep and tranquil to be disturbed. Thomas Van Diddlemas never relaxed from an industry which was necessary to keep his possessions in order, or to increase his wealth, or to add to his stability of character; but advancing day by day in the respect of good citizens, remained true to his own home and fireside, blest with the unfailing love of MARY-ANN.

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T H E   G R A V E - Y A R D .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

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'T is a green spot fenced in by rustling trees,  
And pine-shrubs, in whose shade the wild-bird chirps  
Merrily in the noontide. Here the wild  
Luxuriant ivy lifts its javelin-leaf,  
And briars grow up amid th' embroidered brake,  
And the tall elder hangs its berries out  
To blacken in the sunshine. Flowers are here  
Among the sunny ridges; clover-blooms,  
And wild moss-roses reddening the young grass;  
And here the black-berry shows its purple fruit,  
When the light haze of August faintly veils  
The distant mountains.

When thy heart is vexed

With the confusion of the thoughtless world;  
When thou art sickened of humanity,  
Or burdened with the many ills of life,  
Here let thy footsteps tend; for thou shalt find  
Amid the quiet of this hallowed spot  
An eloquence, and sweet morality,  
Which shall beget within thee fresher thoughts  
And firmer fortitude. Come hither, when  
The misty noontide burns in the blue hills,  
And the flowers faint amid the grassy tombs,  
And by the road-side. Through this winding lane,

Whose dark and yielding soil is marked, mid way,  
 With ruts and hoof-prints, dandelions grow,  
 And gold-eyed daisies of the spring-tide crowd  
 Upon the beaten foot-path. Here the gray  
 And stately mullein shows its flannel-leaf,  
 And lifts its saffron blossoms. Butterflies,  
 Yellow as gold, are here amid the ooze,  
 Disporting in the sunshine ; and beyond,  
 Wide fields of corn are seen, and cottages  
 And meadows, over which the soft wind runs  
 With a faint, fitful murmur. 'T is a spot  
 Shut out from the great thoroughfares of men ;  
 The highway to the Country of the Dead,  
 Where one by one the lovely are brought in,  
 And laid in their last slumber !

As I tread

This barky path, white to the very edge  
 With nodding clover, I behold the graves  
 Of those who were borne hither long ago  
 To moulder in the charnel. Reverend men,  
 Whose lives were full of faith, and they whom Death  
 Smote in a greener age, while life was full  
 Of promise for the future ; dark-eyed youth,  
 And manhood in the glory of his prime,  
 All, all lie here in silence ! I behold  
 The long dark gate through which, with struggling steps,  
 The uncovered bearers of the dead bore in  
 The polished coffin. Is it here they lie,  
 And are none left save me to muse upon  
 Their many virtues ? Where are they who wept  
 Beside these heaped-up graves ? Who saw the rough  
 Pine box receive the rich mahogany,  
 And heard the last words spoken ? They are gone  
 To mingle in the vanities of life,  
 To follow mad ambition, and to seek  
 The customs and the pleasures of the world,  
 As if no warning from the spirit-land  
 Had e'er given note of *their* mortality !

And who shall say who next of all that move  
 In yonder thoroughfares, shall join that train  
 Which hath gone down to slumber ? Who may tell  
 The limits of his life's brief history,  
 Or say, ' I still am young, and therefore Death  
 Will find me not until a green old age  
 Hath touched my head with silver ? ' Come and read  
 The homilies which Love hath chiselled here  
 Upon the gleaming marble ! Let the dead  
 Make answer to thy boast ; for yet a few  
 Short years, and thou shall lie as low as they  
 Beneath the grass and sunshine ! Flowers shall bloom  
 Above thy head, the sweetest flowers of spring ;  
 And Winter here shall chide the hooded night  
 With the rough roar of tempests. Thou, meanwhile,  
 Shalt feed the long white coffin-worm, that crawls  
 Lazily o'er thy stone-cold skeleton,  
 By all but him uncared-for and forgotten !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM. *THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH.* By JOHN GALT. Edinburgh and London: WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

'WHEN the *'Annals of the Parish'* was published,' said a friend and correspondent in a recent letter to the Editor,\* 'I happened to be in Edinburgh, and procured one of the first copies from BLACKWOOD'S office, which, after reading, I lent out to my family. It was well said of these sketches, that no one among the living or dead could have written them, except the author himself. Mr. GALT'S intellect was at this time 'towering in its pride of place;' his health had experienced none of those shocks which toward the close of his life brought his manly frame to the lowest level of poor humanity, nor had the troubles of the world disturbed the brightness of his imagination.' Poor GALT! Many of our readers will remember the touching lines which he penned for the *KNICKERBOCKER* just before his death, and the last which he ever wrote for the press. The letter which accompanied them was written in staggering characters. He had already been stricken with paralysis, 'could only mutter when he tried to speak,' and was almost helpless. He could with truth adopt the language of his old parish clergyman: 'In writing this final record, the very sound of my pen admonishes me that my life is a burden on the back of flying Time, which he will soon be obliged to lay down in his great store-house, the grave. The darkened windows of my sight show that night is coming on, while deafness, like a door fast barred, has shut out all the pleasant sounds of this world, and enclosed me as it were in a prison, even from the voices of my friends.' It is not so much however of the author of the *'Annals of the Parish'* that we purpose now to speak, as of the work itself; a production which deserves to have a thousand readers where it has now one in America; and which, aside from the interest of its humble incidents, is characterized in its style by the quiet beauty and elegant simplicity of the *'Vicar of Wakefield.'* The title of the book sufficiently sets forth its character. It contains the simple annals of a small country parish, in one of the rural districts of Scotland, and its dramatis personæ are mainly the inhabitants of the 'clachan,' or village, in which the gentle historian's lot is cast. We proceed at once, and without regard to consecutive order, to present a few extracts. We have many a fair reader, we dare say, who will fully appreciate and heartily rejoice in the retribution which was visited upon the

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\* PHILIP HONE, Esquire. See *KNICKERBOCKER* for May, 1842.

'proud hussie' who would not lend her new mantle, lest others should copy after it, when it would soon cease to be an attraction :

'It happened that Miss Betty Wudrife, the daughter of an heritor, had been on a visit to some of her friends in Edinburgh; and being in at Edinburgh, she came out with a fine mantle, decked and adorned with many a riband-knot, such as had never been seen in the parish. The Lady Macadam, hearing of this grand mantle, sent to beg Miss Betty to lend it to her, to make a copy for young Mrs. Macadam. But Miss Betty was so vogue with her gray mantle, that she sent back word, it would be making it ower common; which so nettled the old courtly lady, that she vowed revenge, and said the mantle would not be long seen on Miss Betty. Nobody knew the meaning of her words; but she sent privately for Miss Sabrina, the schoolmistress, who was aye proud of being invited to my lady's, where she went on the Sabbath night to drink tea, and read Thomson's Seasons and Hervey's Meditations for her ladyship's recreation. Between the two, a secret plot was laid against Miss Betty and her Edinburgh mantle; and Miss Sabrina, in a very treacherous manner, for the which I afterward chided her severely, went to Miss Betty, and got a sight of the mantle, and how it was made, and all about it, until she was in a capacity to make another like it; by which my lady and her, from old silk and satin negligees which her ladyship had worn at the French court, made up two mantles of the self-same fashion as Miss Betty's, and, if possible, more sumptuously garnished, but in a flagrant fool way. On the Sunday morning after, her ladyship sent for Jenny Gaffaw, and her daft daughter Meg, and showed them the mantles, and said she would give them half-a-crown if they would go with them to the kirk, and take their place on the bench beside the elders, and, after worship, walk home before Miss Betty Wudrife. The two poor natural things were just transported with the sight of such bravery, and needed no other bribe; so, over their bits of ragged duds, they put on the pageantry, and walked away to the kirk like peacocks, and took their place on the bench, to the great diversion of the whole congregation.

'I had no suspicion of this, and had prepared an affecting discourse about the horrors of war, in which I touched, with a tender hand, on the troubles that threatened families and kindred in America; but all the time I was preaching, doing my best, and expatiating till the tears came into my eyes, I could not divine what was the cause of the inattention of my people. But the two vain havers were on the bench under me, and I could not see them; where they sat, spreading their feathers and picking their wings, stroking down and setting right their finery, with such an air as no living soul could see and withstand; while every eye in the kirk was now on them and now at Miss Betty Wudrife, who was in a worse situation than if she had been on the stool of repentance.

'Greatly grieved with the little heed that was paid to my discourse, I left the pulpit with a heavy heart; but when I came out into the kirk-yard, and saw the two antics linking like ladies, and aye keeping in the way before Miss Betty, and looking back and around in their pride and admiration, with high heads and a wonderful pomp, I was really overcome, and could not keep my gravity, but laughed loud out among the graves, and in the face of all my people; who, seeing how I was vanquished in that unguarded moment by my enemy, made a universal and most unreverent breach of all decorum, at which Miss Betty, who had been the cause of all, ran into the first open door, and almost fainted away with mortification.'

Is not the following imbued with the true spirit of a natural pathos? Taking his twilight walk through his little parish, the faithful shepherd hears the groaning of an aged member of his flock; 'the croon as it were of a laden soul busy with the LORD; and not to disturb the holy workings of grace,' he pauses and listens:

'It was old Mizy Mirkland herself, sitting at the gable of the house, looking at the sun setting in all his glory behind the Arran hills; but she was not praying; only moaning to herself — an oozing out, as it might be called, of the spirit from her heart, then grievously oppressed with sorrow, and heavy bodements of gray hairs and poverty. 'Yonder it slips awa', she was saying, 'and my poor bairn, that's o'er the seas in America, is maybe looking on its bright face, thinking of his hame, and aiblins of me, that did my best to breed him up in the fear of the LORD; but I couldna wrestle wi' what was ordained. Ay, Jock! as ye look at the sun gaun down, as many a time, when ye were a wee innocent laddie at my knee here, I hae bade ye look at him as a type of your Maker, ye will hae a sore heart; for ye hae left me in my need, when ye should hae been near at hand to help me, for the hard labor and industry with which I brought you up. But it's the Lord's will. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that makes us to shole the tribulations of this world, and will reward us, through the mediation of Jesus, hereafter.' She wept bitterly as she said this, for her heart was tried, but the blessing of a religious contentment was shed upon her.'

Of a like character with the above is the affecting 'picture in little' which ensues. The intelligence of 'a great victory' has reached the little 'clachan,' but it brings to poor widow Malcolm the painful news of the death of an only son in the triumphant battle:

'I WALKED out to conduct her to her own house; but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and kail-blades on sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of victory. But when they saw me and Mrs. Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy; and standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness, along the kirk-yard wall as we passed, showed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the

bairns into an audible weeping; and, taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door, like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbors came to look at it as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces; while the mothers pressed their babies fondlier to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.'

The character of Mr. CAYENNE, an English loyalist, who had fled from America and settled in the 'clachan,' is an exceedingly life-like portrait. He is a right-hearted, wrong-headed man, who will not only have his own way, but his own way of having it; generous, but plain-spoken and blunt; who liked the good dominie 'as an honest, conscientious man, though he does n't much affect his humdrum preaching.' At first he is very much disliked for his impetuous temper; but he soon ingratiates himself with the villagers by many acts of disinterested kindness, which evince the native quality of his heart, and finally becomes a justice of the peace; in which capacity some 'reform'-weavers are brought before him, charged with certain overt acts of radicalism. What ensued will afford an inkling of the character of the man:

'WHEN they were brought in, he began to ask them how they dared to think of dividing, with their liberty and equality of principles, his and every other man's property in the country. The men answered him in a calm manner, and told him they sought no man's property, but only their own natural rights; upon which he called them traitors and reformers. They denied they were traitors, but confessed they were reformers, and said they knew not how that should be imputed to them as a fault, for that the greatest men of all times had been reformers. 'Was not,' they said, 'our Lord JESUS CHRIST a reformer?' 'And what the devil did he make of it?' cried Mr. Cayenne, bursting with passion; 'was he not crucified?' I thought, when I heard these words, that the pillars of the earth sank beneath me, and that the roof of the house was carried away in a whirlwind. The drums of my ears crackled, blue stars danced before my sight, and I was fain to leave the house and hie me home to the manse, where I sat down in my study, like a stupefied creature, awaiting what would betide. Nothing, however, was found against the weaver lads; but I never from that day could look on Mr. Cayenne as a Christian, though surely he was a true government-man.'

That the reader may see how true a 'government-man' he was, and how strong his ruling passion was to the last, we annex the account of his last hours:

'MR. CAYENNE was sitting in his easy chair, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, and a pillow at his shoulders to keep him straight. But his head had fallen down on his breast, and he breathed like a panting baby. His legs were swelled, and his feet rested on a footstool. His face, which was wont to be the color of a peony rose, was of a yellow hue, with a patch of red on each cheek like a wafer; and his nose was shirpit and sharp, and of an unnatural purple. Death was evidently fighting with nature for the possession of the body. 'Heaven have mercy on his soul!' said I to myself, as I sat down beside him.

'When I had been seated some time, the power was given him to raise his head as it were a-gee; and he looked at me with the tail of his eye, which I saw was glittering and glassy. 'Doctor,' for he always called me doctor, though I am not of that degree, 'I am glad to see you,' were his words, uttered with some difficulty.

'How do you find yourself, Sir?' I replied, in a sympathizing manner.

'Damned bad,' said he, as if I had been the cause of his suffering. I was daunted to the very heart to hear him in such an unregenerate state; but after a short pause I addressed myself to him again, saying, that 'I hoped he would soon be more at ease; and he should bear in mind that the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth.'

'The devil take such love!' was his awful answer, which was to me as a blow on the forehead with a mallet. However, I was resolved to do my duty to the miserable sinner, let him say what he would. Accordingly I stooped toward him with my hands on my knees, and said in a compassionate voice: 'It's very true, Sir, that you are in great agony; but the goodness of God is without bound.'

'Curse me if I think so, doctor!' replied the dying uncircumcised Philistine. But he added at whiles, his breathlessness being grievous, and often broken by a sore hiccup, 'I am, however, no saint, as you know, doctor; so I wish you to put in a word for me, doctor; for you know that in these times, doctor, it is the duty of every good subject to die a Christian.'

'This was a poor account of the state of his soul; but it was plain I could make no better o't, by entering into any religious discourse or controversy with him, he being then in the last gasp; so I knelt down and prayed for him with great sincerity, imploring the LORD, as an awakening sense of grace to the dying man, that it would please him to lift up, though it were but for the season of a minute, the chastening hand which was laid so heavily upon his aged servant; at which Mr. CAYENNE, as if indeed the hand had been then lifted, cried out: 'None of that stuff, doctor; you know that I cannot call myself his servant!'

'Was ever a minister in his prayer so broken in upon by a perishing sinner? However, I had the weight of a duty upon me, and made no reply, but continued: 'Thou hearest, O LORD, how he

confesses his unworthiness! Let not thy compassion, therefore, be withheld, but verify to him the words that I have spoken in faith, of the boundlessness of thy goodness, and the infinite multitude of thy tender mercies.' I then calmly but sadly sat down, and presently, as if my prayer had been heard, relief was granted; for Mr. Cayenne raised his head, and giving me a queer look, said, 'That last clause of your petition, doctor, was well put, and I think too it has been granted, for I am easier;' adding, 'I have no doubt, doctor, given much offence in the world, and oftentimes when I meant to do good; but I have wilfully injured no man; and as God is my judge, and his goodness, you say, is so great, he may perhaps take my soul into his holy keeping.' In saying which words, Mr. Cayenne dropped his head upon his breast, his breathing ceased, and he was wafted away out of this world with as little trouble as a blameless baby.'

Although a man of a guileless heart, and a spiritual simplicity that would be ornamental in a child, 'a sound began to spread in the parish' at one period, that the good old dominie had unlawfully coveted his own maid-servant, long before the twelve months and a day had expired after the date of the second Mrs. BALWHIDDER's interment. 'Some there were, for backbiting appertaineth to all conditions, that jealous and wondered if *he* had not a finger in the pie;' but 'the hand of Providence was visible' in the triumphant result:

'We had the latheron summoned before the session, and was not long of making her confess that the father was Nichol Snipe, Lord Glencairn's gamekeeper; and both her and Nichol were obligated to stand in the kirk: but Nichol was a graceless reprobate, for he came with two coats, one buttoned behind him, and another buttoned before him, and two wigs of my lord's, lent him by the valet-de-chamber; the one over his face, and the other in the right way; and he stood with his face to the church-wall. When I saw him from the pulpit, I said to him: 'Nichol, you must turn your face toward me!' At the which he turned round to be sure, but there he presented the same show as his back. I was confounded, and did not know what to say, but cried out with a voice of anger: 'Nichol! Nichol! if ye had been a' back, ye wouldna hae been there this day;' which had such an effect on the whole congregation, that the poor fellow suffered afterward more derision than if I had rebuked him in the manner prescribed by the session.'

Remark how the rare presence of a Muscovy duck in the 'clachan' arrests the attention of the observant dominie, and with what quiet humor he tells the story of a sad mishap which befel it:

'It was a tractable and homely beast; the first of the kind we had ever seen, and many thought it was of the goose species, only with short, bowly legs. There happened to be a sack of beans in our stable, and Lady Macadam's hens and fowls, which were not overly fed at home, through the inattention of her servants, being great stravaigers for their meat, in passing the door went in to pick, and the Muscovy, seeing a hole in the bean-sack, dabbled out a crapful before she was disturbed. The beans swelled on the poor bird's stomach, and her crap belled out like the kyte of a Glasgow magistrate, until it was just a sight to be seen with its head back on its shoulders. The bairns of the clachan followed it up and down, crying, 'The lady's muckle jock's aye growing bigger,' till every heart was wae for the creature. Some thought it was afflicted with a tympany, and others that it was the natural way for such like ducks to cleck their young. In short, we were all concerned; and my lady, having a great opinion of Miss Sabrina's skill, had a consultation with her on the case, at which Miss Sabrina advised that what she called the Cæsarean operation should be tried, which she herself performed accordingly, by opening the creature's crap, and taking out as many beans as filled a mutchkin stoup, after which she sewed it up, and the Muscovy went its way to the water-side and began to swim, and was as jocund as ever; insomuch that in three days after it was quite cured of all the consequences of its surfeit.'

Not many months after the death of his second wife, the good pastor sets about looking for another, his daughter being grown up and marriageable, and himself far down in the vale of years, and expecting ere long to feel some of the penalties of old age, though 'still a hale and sound man.' 'Upon this important concern,' says he, 'I reflected as I may say in the watches of the night; and considering the circumstances of my situation, I saw it would not do for me to look out for an overly young woman, nor yet for an elderly maiden; ladies of that sort being liable to possess strong-set peculiarities. I therefore resolved that my choice should lie among widows of a discreet age. Accordingly I fixed my purpose on Mrs. NUGENT, the relic of a professor in the university of Glasgow, both because she was a well-bred woman, without any children, and because she was held in great estimation by all who knew her.' He pays her a visit soon after, and is altogether



pleased with her, and her careful, tidy ways, but 'says nothing of business.' At length he invites the widow to his own house to dine with Dr. DINWIDDIE, ('a gleg man, of a jocose nature,' who is disposed to be very mirthful with him,) his wife, and himself, being 'determined to knock the nail on the head without farther delay.' The company came, as invited; and at dinner the courtship advances 'by easy stages:'

'NOTHING extraordinary was seen; but in cutting up and helping a hen, Dr. Dinwiddie put one wing on Mrs. Nugent's plate, and the other wing on my plate, and said, 'There have been greater miracles than these two wings flying together;' which was a sharp joke, that caused no little merriment at the expense of Mrs. Nugent and me. I, however, to show that I was none daunted, laid a leg also on her plate, and took another on my own, saying in the words of the reverend doctor, 'There have been greater miracles than that these two legs should lie in the same nest;' which was thought a very clever come-off; and at the same time I gave Mrs. Nugent a kindly nip on her sonny arm, which was breaking the ice in as pleasant a way as could be. In short, before any thing passed between ourselves on the subject, we were set down for a trusted pair; and this being the case, we were married as soon as a twelvemonth and a day had passed from the death of the second Mrs. Balwiddier; and neither of us have had occasion to rue the bargain. It is however but a piece of justice due to my second wife to say, that this was not a little owing to her good management; for she had left such a well-plenished house, that her successor said we had nothing to do but to contribute to one another's happiness.'

Our space admonishes us that it is time we had drawn this notice to a close; a hint which we take, pausing only to give another to some of our enterprising publishers; namely, that a cheap American edition of the 'Annals of the Parish' would not only supply a desideratum, but we think would 'put money in the purse' of those who should undertake it.

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AN ADDRESS BY HON. R. M. CHARLTON, before the Phi Delta and Thalian Societies of Oglethorpe University, in November, 1842.

WE welcome this well-written Address on several accounts; but especially, because it assumes what we conceive to be the true ground, in relation to a custom concerning which public opinion, at the South as well as the North, has within a comparatively brief period undergone a very important change; inasmuch that the remarks of the Edinburgh Review may now be assumed to express the prevailing sentiment; namely, that 'the benefits of duelling are not at all comparable to its evils; that society is strong enough and civilized enough to do without it now; that it is no longer any safe-guard to it; but that on the contrary, it is often used as a means for stifling inquiry, upholding the dissolute, or reinstating the guilty; and that it is contrary to all experience, in all quarters of the world where it has prevailed, that the practice has ever refined the manners of a people.' But hear a Southern gentleman, high in the civic and judicial stations of a 'chivalric' State, upon this theme:

'WHAT a mad, what a terrible course is that which the world calls chivalry! What a strange, inconsistent, savage custom is the modern duel! With the most awful threatenings of God's wrath hanging over its perpetrators; with the powerful prohibition of man's law against it; with every feeling of benevolence opposed to it; with not one virtuous ingredient mixed up with its evil and malignant passions; it overcomes the principle and the courage of man, and brings him to his grave, a murderer and an outcast from the kingdom of God. It is indeed a strange anomaly. Ordinarily, we look for public opinion in the laws of a country; and what we find on the pages of the statute-book, we are warranted in concluding is placed there by the opinion and the consent of the people, or of those who make the laws. But in this case we have two public opinions; both emanating from the same persons; both confirmed by the highest tribunals; both armed with the most terrific and appalling sanctions, and both precisely opposite to each other; the one forbidding the combat, calling those who engage in it felons, and threatening them with the gallows and the prison-bar; the other, urging the poor deluded victim on, holding up to his unwilling gaze the world's rebuke, the scorn of the populace, the contempt of the self-called chivalric. Which voice shall he listen to? which note from the same lips shall he heed? Poor human nature! why ask? He puts aside the fear of God; he looks unheeding at the felon's garb, and the murderer's death,

and rushes, mad with fear, with the worst kind of fear, the dread of poor mortals like himself, to the perpetration of a deed that will cast despair into his heart, and dishonor upon his grave; that will send him into eternity reeking with his own blood, the instrument of his own destruction, the destroyer of his own soul! And this is 'chivalry.' The most miserable cowardice that can exist, is the fear of man's opinion. Courage is an innate, a national principle; it is the general rule, and timidity is the exception. Man is born brave. It is a mere physical quality, possessed by the brutes in quite as much perfection as by mortals. It is no singular spectacle to behold the soldier rushing up to the cannon's mouth; to see the avaricious encountering the poisonous atmosphere of the tropics; the hardy and the heedless sporting with life, as if it could be renewed at pleasure. You may find physical courage in almost every man; and where you do not find it, you can make it. You may train the body to encounter all kinds of danger undismayed; and if I am correct in these assertions, and your own sense will tell you that I am, why should it be necessary for you to violate all law, to trample upon all feeling, to sacrifice every benevolent motive, in order that you may prove that you possess a quality, concerning which none but the ignorant or malicious will doubt?'

The evils of the barbarous practice of duelling are strongly and faithfully presented in this view of the subject; and the argument will derive additional force from the position and character of its exponent.

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GREENWOOD CEMETERY, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOSEPH L. CHESTER. In one volume. pp. 132. New-York: SAXTON AND MILES. Boston: SAXTON, PEIRCE AND COMPANY.

'To his WIFE (not knowing a better friend) the author dedicates this book;' and truth to say, as a sample of her husband's poetical talent, to say nothing of the promise which it holds forth of future excellence on the part of the writer, the volume is altogether worthy of her acceptance and that of the public. The poem which gives the title to the book appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER for January, and has been very generally commended. The remainder of the volume is occupied with briefer lyrics, some of which have their faults, certainly, but in all of which there are marks of a veritable taste and a pleasing imagination, and evidence of an eye that sees and a heart that feels the beautiful in nature, and the bright, tender, or sorrowful in humanity. The volume is clad in a dress well befitting its contents. The following thoughtful lines are all for which we can find space:

'I MAY not wholly die! The green-leaved tree  
May by the lightning's fearful stroke be rent;  
Its lordly trunk may to the earth be bent,  
And die—but there is no such death for me.

'The violet, that lifts its modest head,  
Wet with the dew-drops of the opening morn,  
Ere night may lie upon the sward uporn,  
And fairies sing a requiem o'er the dead.

'The wild gazelle, whose bright and melting eye  
Seems to bespeak a human soul beneath,  
May lie a stricken corse upon the heath,  
Ere one day's sun can pass athwart the sky.

'As the tree falleth it shall rest for aye,  
When the flower droops it will not bloom again;  
Nor shall the bird, by some rude archer slain,  
Awake and sing—but I may *never* die!

'Though through my veins the blood may cease to fly;  
Though from my eye the lustre may depart,  
And the quick pulses stop within the heart;  
Yet, ev'n in death, I cannot wholly die!

'Is there no region where the bird may flee,  
When the fell shaft is plunged within its breast,  
Up mid the summer clouds, and ever rest?  
None for the bird—and yet there's one for me!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EARLY WRITINGS OF ROBERT C. SANDS: SECOND NOTICE.—We promised in our last number again to 'open the budget' with which we had been kindly favored by an intimate friend of the late lamented SANDS; and we proceed, with a pleasure which we are sure will be shared by our readers, to fulfil that pledge. We shall commence our selections with a few mosaic passages from an admirable humorous sketch, entitled '*The Height of Impudence*,' which was offered to the '*Talisman*' annual, but for some reason or other, or the lack of one, not inserted. It afterward found a place, under the *nom de plume* of 'JAMES ISAACS,' in one of this class of 'painted bladders,' when their price and rarity precluded their circulation beyond a favored few. The incidents of the story are somewhat grotesque, but yet 'thrilling to a delirious pitch.' Mr. AMAZIAH FLINT, a slightly hen-pecked individual, 'an obedient husband, and easily pacified with a good reason, or no reason at all, when he got it from his wife,' came home one night and found a far better fire than had ever before gladdened his parlor, blazing on the hearth. 'Two spermaceti candles, long kept for ornament and not for use, were dispensing their radiance beautifully. There was light, and too much of it; for right in front of the fire, with his back to FLINT, sat the strangest figure his eyes ever beheld. The Phantom was using for a spit-box the curiously painted China jar, which his wife's aunt had left in her will, and which had been 'immemorially,' that is to say, for seven years, the pride of Mrs. FLINT's mantel-piece. That mantel-piece was now singularly adorned with two very muddy old over-shoes, one hanging on each side from a branch of a brass ornament; while an old greasy hat, with a brim whose circumference was as large as that of a corn-basket, depended between them from the nail that supported the picture of FLINT's grandfather. Other desecrations seemed to have taken place; but the visible objects in his back parlor were presented to him just as those on the road are to the traveller in a dark night by a flash of lightning.

'Heavens and earth! what were his feelings when the Eidolon before the fire slowly turned round, and fixed him with its calm, cold, fascinating gaze! It bore the semblance of extreme and unnatural longevity. It was dressed in a butternut-colored suit, of antique fashion and coarse fabric, a red waistcoat and thick mix-colored hose, and had accommodated its feet with a new pair of embroidered slippers, belonging to FLINT himself, its brogues having been hung up to illustrate the mantel-piece, as before stated. Around its neck something of different colors was curiously twisted like a cable, and knotted under the left ear. Certain singu-

lar spots in this cravat looked like eyes, and had a fearful effect. It had a red worsted night-cap on its head, with a black tassel on the top. No hair was visible beneath it; but a long cue, fastened with an eel-skin, stuck out in front, over the right shoulder. It was chewing the Indian weed, and liberally bestowed the juice in every direction, with great energy and impartiality, on the carpet, hearth, chimney-piece, etc. The self-constituted *bien-venu* stretched out his legs leisurely, putting one foot against the chimney-piece and the other on the family Bible, which reposed on a little table, much respected as the depository of all Mrs. FLINT's working apparatus and knick-knacks; at the same time he contrived to shift another small table, which was at arm's-length from him, in front of the fire. Presently the Abomination took out its quid, and giving it an emphatic toss, plastered it over a rose, in a picture drawn by Mrs. FLINT when she was at school, and which now ornamented the wall opposite to the old man.

Such was the 'Appearance;' and when the terrified AMAZIAH had obeyed his request for brandy-and-water, and was stammering out a desire to know what his business could be with him, he was interrupted with: 'Listen to me, young man, if you please. You are at the expense of fire-wood, and light, and this brandy, such as it is. I will not put you to the additional expense of conversation. I was a friend of your grandf'ther,' slurring the penult 'Do you want to see him?' FLINT looked at the old hat. 'Not that miserable daub!' said the Phenomenon, rising in apparent choler, and removing his hat. 'Do you call *that* your grandf'ther? Psha! I'll show you how he looked.' So saying, he took some cinders from the hearth, and delineated with them a monstrous pair of black whiskers on the pale cheeks of FLINT's ancestor. Then making a mark in both eyes, which made each squint in a different direction, he observed in a tone of indignation: 'There now, that *does* look something like old PETER FLINT. But,' replacing the hat, 'that isn't what I mean. Shall I bring your grandf'ther *up*, Sir; shall we have him *up*?' stamping violently on the floor. 'No-o-o-o!' exclaims AMAZIAH; but the Anonymous plucked out the tongs which he had thrust into the fire, and rising, made a circle with its red hot extremities round a sheepish-looking lion in the rug, which Mrs. FLINT had purchased but a few days before. At the same time he lighted a whole bunch of matches at once in the candle, and whirled them in fiery spirals and other curves over his head, muttering words in a strange tongue.' The piteous imploring of his victim, however, disarms the Magician. 'He threw the matches in the fire, whirled the tongs three times round the ceiling, delineating upon it something like the zodiac of Denderah; then spreading the legs of the tongs wide, and laying them across the table, he resumed his seat,' and opened his business; commencing with:

'I am an old man; and my time is short. During the revolutionary war I and your grandf'ther were friends. He was a private and I was an adjutant in the corps of musicianers, when the army lay at Valley-Forge. Silence, Sir! Sit up, and look more like a soldier and a gentleman, for the credit of your grandf'ther!' The old Dictator goes on to say, that WASHINGTON directed him one stormy night, when the wind blew from every quarter, to go out of the lines on an important confidential mission, taking with him one such trustworthy person as he might think proper to select, to assist him in the service. 'I selected your grandf'ther,' continues the Shape, 'though I was an adjutant, and he only a private; and though he often acted like a fool, was sadly given to lying, and would steal whenever he had an opportunity, yet I had a personal regard for him, as he was in the habit of

paying strict obedience to my orders and advice. We left the camp at midnight, when all was silent, having the pass-word. I went in the direction I proposed taking, and your revered grandf'ther trotted barefoot behind me, at a respectful distance. In those times which tried men's soles, ΑΜΑΖΙΑΗ, we had no such luxuries as you are now indulged with. We had no comfortable stout shoes to march in during the day-time; nor could we at night hang them up, like mine up there, to dry gradually, without being scorched, and put on such easy slippers as these. But as I was saying, we left the camp at midnight, and might have proceeded about half a mile, when our path led past a farm-yard. I heard a cackling from one of the out-houses, and turning my head, saw your grandf'ther crawling on all fours toward it. I immediately went back, seized him by the collar, and dragged him onward a hundred yards or more, until we were out of the reach of observation; when I threatened to blow his brains out with a pistol which I had with me, if he attempted any of his old tricks. I told him that it was disgracing the service, and discreditable to my character and that of the commander-in-chief, for our confidential agent to be robbing every hen-roost along the road. We then proceeded, your grandf'ther following at the same respectful distance, until we entered a pass between two high, rough, and perpendicular hills.

'Proceeding with great caution, I was suddenly struck with a very fearful appearance, which stood on one side of the road, at about twenty yards in advance of me. It was very tall and white, with a floating mantle, which covered it entirely, and seemed waving to and fro, with solemn and threatening gestures. I ordered your grandf'ther to come up, and demanded his opinion as to what the apparition was. Not that I wanted it, or had n't made up my own mind; but I deemed it judicious, in order to justify me in my own proceedings. The old fool first guessed it was moonlight, though the night was as dark as pitch; then that it was a waterfall; and then that it was smoke. While he was making these wise conjectures, the thing vanished. I marched boldly forward, bidding him follow. When we had passed the spot, and emerged into more level ground, I told him that we had seen a spook. In his ignorance he pretended to laugh at me. I offered to bet him fifty dollars, continental money, that we had seen a ghost, and that I would convince him of it. He took me up; and I ordered him to follow me, holding no farther conversation with him. It was but a few days after, that your grandf'ther, in climbing over an oven to get into a window, with a view of stealing a piece of bacon, fell down and fractured his skull. I felt sorry for his loss. I had a regard for him, notwithstanding all his failings. Now ΑΜΑΖΙΑΗ, I come to the point of my business with you. I have seen that spectre since. I saw it on another perilous occasion, and conversed with it. When and where, I must not tell you; but I have its own word that it was a ghost, and that it would have spoken to me on the former occasion had not your grandf'ther been present. My time is short, and I must settle up my accounts before I go. I calculate that continental money which your grandf'ther lost by our wager was worth about a dollar in hard money; which, with compound interest from that time, amounts now to nine dollars three-and-sixpence. This you must pay me!'

The astounded victim appears for a single moment to hesitate; but the Appearance threatens to call up the terrible ghost of his 'grandf'ther,' which at once determines the course of poor FLINT, who proceeds to draw forth his pocket-book, and begins to fumble with its contents. 'A ten-dollar bill fell on the table. Immediately a monstrous bony, brown and freckled hand, with nails long, hooked, and

black, was spread over it; and in the next instant the guest had thrust it in his pocket.' After giving back the small change, and comforting his victim with the assurance that although in present haste, it was his intention to 'call soon and spend the day with him,' he takes his departure; pausing only to salute Mrs. FLINT, whom he encounters in the hall, and upon whose unwilling lips he imprints a sonorous kiss, and to whom he abruptly apologizes for being compelled so soon to 'tear himself from her embraces!'

THE annexed translation of the beautiful lines by CHATEAUBRIAND, on the death of a young and lovely girl, the daughter of an aged friend, are now first copied from the manuscript of Mr. SANDS. The original, commencing:

'Il descend, ce cerouell, et les roses sans tache,'

and one or two translations, may be remembered by many of our readers:

#### THE FAIR YOUNG GIRL AND FLOWER.

##### I.

THE bier descends, the spotless rose too,  
The father's tribute in his saddest hour;  
Earth, that didst bear them both, thou hast thy due,  
The fair young girl and flower!

##### II.

Give them not back unto a world again,  
Where sorrow, pain, and agony have power,  
Where tempests blight and suns malignant reign,  
The fair young girl and flower!

##### III.

Lightly thou sleepest, young ELIZA I now,  
Nor fear'st the oppressing heat or chilling shower;  
They both have perished in their morning glow,  
The fair young girl and flower!

##### IV.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed cheek is pale,  
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower,  
Time o'er thy root, old Oak! doth now assail  
The fair young girl and flower!

THE literary and social confederacy of four or five congenial spirits, to which we alluded in our last, kept a sort of journal of their thoughts, sayings, and doings, which was perfectly unique in its kind. The first section opens with a playful letter to Mr. W——, then a distinguished editor in a sister city, descriptive of the character of each member, drawn by each other. We annex a brief extract: 'You are a great man, which we know from your having written two great octavo books, though we never read them. You are also the editor of a newspaper, and must be a great genius on *that* account. We are great men too; but the world does not know it, because we always publish anonymously. We think that there ought to be a sympathy and communion between you and us, and are willing to patronize you, if you will get rid of some of your jacobinical notions, and turn Protestant; as we cannot uphold any man who is not evangelical, as well as a man of talents; and we have an orthodox Episcopal divine among us, who cannot consort with any but true believers. If you will do these things, and give evidence of your conversion, first, by coming out in your next paper in favor of King GEORGE and King LOUIS, and the Sultan and the Dey of Algiers, and the King of the Little Ossages; and secondly, by being publicly baptized by Bishop WHITE, we will communicate farther with you, and perhaps tell you something you don't know.' . . . We annex a single passage from the personal portraits; premising that it is only the delineation of a particular feature in the sitter's character: 'He has some peculiar

notions on the score of marrying, which makes us tremble lest so excellent an original should leave no copies behind, to assert the character of good and faithful republicans. He looks for an ideal which we fear he will never see realized. He expects to unite his destinies with a woman economical without parsimony, intellectual without affectation, and beautiful without vanity. He has lately formed his conceptions of her person from something he saw in your paper. He insists on the lady's having 'English head, neck, and bust; French waist; Dutch hips; American legs and arms; and Spanish feet and hands.' The letter, which embraces the sketches, concludes with: 'Please answer by return mail, and pay the postage, as you know the correspondence is entirely for your own benefit.'

THE annexed stanzas close a story entitled '*Joseph*,' a 'stranger in a strange land, whose doom was sealed by the Eternal Judge, and who sank into an early grave, unattended by relatives, nor inquired after by friends.' 'One of the sentimental school of ladies,' says SANDS, 'on hearing the particulars, took occasion to write some verses, which I add, having first carefully corrected the spelling.' This facetious introduction, however, did not hide from the writer's friends the true paternity of these beautiful lines:

## THE UNKNOWN MAN.

## I.

UNWELCOMED, among unknown men, a stranger came to die;  
The mortal sickness at his heart gleamed wildly in his eye.  
In a rude hut, on wretched straw, they laid the sufferer low,  
And blamed the tardy hand of Death, that did its work so slow.

## II.

And when the spirit passed away, with idle words and loud,  
They laid him in a shallow grave, wrapped in his squalid shroud.  
Nor even the public list of those who from the earth had sped  
Told that another unknown man was numbered with the dead.

## III.

Where disembodied spirits go, he passed, unwept, unknown,  
And left behind, nor name nor fame, nor tear nor funeral stone;  
One only record was there found, for vulgar eyes to scan,  
Which proved one tie had bound him to the family of man.

## IV.

'T was writ in foreign characters, and by a female hand,  
And breathed of constancy and love, unshaken that would stand;  
But she who traced the lines so fair, now knows not where he lies,  
And if she live, and yet be true, in vain expects and sighs!

## V.

For even his hasty sepulchre is now remembered not,  
And briars rank and clustering weeds have overgrown the spot:  
And never can the tale be known of who the wretch had been,  
Till, when the judgment-trump shall sound, he stand among his kin.

In the two following fragments, the reader will perceive a capital satire upon that class of persons who consider all knowledge to consist in an acquaintance with the learned languages, and a successful imitation of the style of 'fashionable' novelists, *par excellence*, who would seem to be partly of the same opinion. The first is contained in a letter to the printer, and the second is taken from 'an extract from a forth-coming fashionable novel: 'I am powerful in all ancient and modern tongues, with the exception of the vernacular, which I have never studied profoundly, inasmuch as I conceive it to be but a vulgar accomplishment. I have given no quotations from the Russian, German, Hebrew, or modern oriental languages, because I understand, to my great scandal, that you can't get them printed. I speak nothing but Arabic in my own family, who all understand it perfectly well, except my youngest daughter, who has a slight tinge of the modern Greek in her

pronunciation.' . . . 'Miss GRIMES was a little *embarrassée*, and not a little *mortifiée* that her mamma had so soon removed her from Mademoiselle de la JAMBONNE, before she had acquired a clear conception of the nice differences between the modern cognate dialects of the ancient Roman tongue. She was also a little *émue* when she anticipated the various feelings with which the marked attentions of Colonel STANHOPE might be viewed and spoken of by the brilliant circle around her. But she was *tout à fait discomboblicata*, when she beheld an elegant cavalier observing the *tête-à-tête* with a peculiar expression of his neckcloth, which indicated that he was *dégouté* with the interruption,' etc., etc.

While on the subject of SANDS' satires, we shall venture to quote a paragraph or two from the journal *à la Trollope* of an Englishwoman through the Eastern States. SANDS hints that her credulity might in one or two instances have been imposed upon by designing persons, and we rather suspect as much. She embarks on board the packet Phœbe-Ann, for Rhode-Island, and soon begins to describe every thing she sees in the Sound with great minuteness. One appalling incident is annexed: 'While we sat gazing on the beautiful scene around us, our attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a dark body struggling in the water. Twice it rose, rippled the surface by a convulsive movement, and disappeared. Some unfortunate fisherman had been lost on the water. His boat had filled or capsize; the fishes he had caught were restored to their native element; and he had gone along for bait. His family had prepared their frugal evening meal for his reception; his wife was anxiously expecting his return; and his children were waiting on the beach, earnestly gazing for their parent in his boat. Alas! he had twice sunk, and was now to rise for the last time this side eternity!' Such was the instantaneous train of thought that passed through our minds, when the object of our attention did indeed rise; but it sprang this time quite out of the water, scattering the spray in every direction. It looked like a great brown hump-backed hog; and the captain exclaimed, with an air of great mortification: 'It's nothing but a d—d porpoise!' . . . She is surprisingly accurate in her descriptions of persons and things in the metropolis. Observe: 'Dr. MITCHELL, of New-York, who was deservedly regarded as the second FRANKLIN, was in the dreadful battle which took place in Long-Island Sound between the American frigate President, of thirty-six guns, and the British Chesapeake, seventy-four; he was pressed on board the latter, and compelled to work her guns against his countrymen. But when the President had succeeded in boarding the superior vessel of the enemy, this valiant person, quitting the side he had been forced to volunteer on, headed the boarders, seized the British commander by the throat, and wrested his sword from his hand. He then hauled down the British colors; resisting with super-human strength and agility the combined opposition of all on board. For this behavior, Congress voted him twenty dollars. I am the more particular in stating these facts, as I believe they are not generally known.'

FROM the '*Journal of a Day*,' kept while Mr. SANDS was pursuing the study of the law, we take the following characteristic passages: 'Read Mr. BURKE's speech on conciliation with America until half-past one. Mended the fire, made castles, and looked at Saint Paul's to see what o'clock it was. Finished the speech, which I take to comprehend as much wit, eloquence, and argument, as any parliamentary harangue that ever was made in the House, or written for the newspapers. Wonder what Mr. SHERIDAN's speeches on the trial of WARREN HASTINGS are so much cried up for. Imperfectly as they are reported, one expects to see some



sparklings of the original vein, however it may have suffered in the distillation. But bating the episode about filial piety, and one or two sentences beside, these speeches are as common-place as any thing we read in a newspaper. . . . Read four pages of Thucydides, containing the account of the first naval engagement between the Athenian ships under Phormion and the Peloponnesian fleet, together with the subsequent manœuvres at the two Rhiums, till we came to the speeches of the generals. Having a particular aversion to the speeches in Thucydides, because the Greek is so bloody hard, left off reading at six, and went to tea.' On his return, not finding any of the 'confederacy' present, the journalist amuses himself by drawing a pen-and-ink sketch of his lonely room, and its occupant, *omnes solus*, which evinces no small skill in pictorial delineation.

HERE is a pleasant specimen of a 'Summary or Poetical Analysis' of a poem by PAUL ALLEN, entitled 'Noah.' It is a paraphrase, we may suppose, of the 'argument' over each canto :

' THIS states how NOAH was quite sad  
To see what work the deluge made ;  
But joyful when the rain-bow came,  
Calling his wife to see the same ;  
How first he sent a raven out,  
Who carrion ate, and screamed about,  
And made such an infernal din,  
He wished again he had him in ;  
How next he sent a dove, who found  
An olive-branch upon dry ground ;  
How Noah made a speech, and sent  
Her off again — and how she went.

' How upon Ararat the ark  
Stuck in the mud, when it was dark ;  
And how next morning they went out  
To sacrifice, and look about.  
How Shem with a red face got up,  
And let the cattle out o' the coop ;

' And how they came out, one by one,  
Also the birds, when they had done ;  
How Noah then got out of bed,  
And stroked his clapping on the head,  
Saying, ' My son, that's a good deed,  
To let the cattle out to feed.

' States how the Devil came to Ham,  
And told him it was all a sham  
About the world 'a being overgrown ;  
How Ham believed in what he said,  
And being glad to hear that others  
Beside his father, self, and brothers  
Had not been drowned, a strain quite gay  
Began upon his harp to play ;  
At which the Devil, disguised all then,  
Took his own ugly form again ;  
And with his tail his legs between,  
Sneaked off, and looked extremely mean.'

But we must hasten to close this rambling paper. The following extracts from one of Mr. SANDS' letters to his warm friend and fervent admirer, the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, must suffice for the second opening of our budget. It needs only to say in explanation, that the missive proceeds from Northampton, (Mass.,) at which pleasant village the writer has arrived, in the course of a short summer excursion from the city : ' I got a letter from you last week in town. It reminded me of sins committed, and I hope forgiven. I did receive letters from you which courtesy required me to answer ; and the LORD he knows that inclination prompted me to do the same. In fact I did ; but not being glued to or traced on any material transmissible through post-offices, my responses have been inaudible and imperceptible to you. Colonel S — having been ill, (for *stones* are pathic since the days of Orpheus and Amphion, when they danced the double-shuffle and other figures,) I was obliged to be in town in the mornings during all that terrible hot weather, which, if you were not, as I believe, colleagued with a divine, or at any rate with a very pious person, I should designate by epithets that would smack of brimstone.' . . . ' I have embraced the first chance of crawling off for a little excursion. We departed on Wednesday afternoon, with the intention of stopping at Newport, and going to Bristol, Rhode-Island, where a particular friend of mine dispenses the Word to the Episcopalian residents, and where in pleasant weather there is good water to sail in all round about. It is very wet indeed. But it pleased Providence to make the east wind blow in such a disagreeable manner, that we cut Rhode-Island, Bristol, and KING PHILIP very decidedly, and made tracks to Boston without delay. After having ridden round about until human

patience could no longer stand it; wondering when the Bunker's-Hill Monument would be finished; taking another look at the Colleges, Dorchester-Heights, Quincy, and all the Boston lions; we started for Hartford, thinking that sleeping in the coach was a labor-saving contrivance, and rather a pleasing exercise. I have since had my doubts of the truth of either of these suppositions, and I suspect you will entertain them also, on reading this epistle. Yesterday I passed with great tranquillity and satisfaction, riding about Hartford, a beautiful place; which I never visited before. To-morrow, by God's permission, I shall get up some of the tall hills that I see around me. I should attempt it to-night, if they were not *too* tall, and I was not too tired. I love Nature's nakedness when the parts are comely. After I shall have seen the top of Mount Holyoke and the other peculiarities they keep in this parish, I shall go to Lebanon. If I should conclude to stay with the Shakers altogether, I will let you know.' . . . Poor SANDS! he was smitten by the DESTROYER while writing an article for this Magazine — even as we are scribbling now; and thenceforth he never spake again. In a moment that right hand forgot its cunning, and clouded for ever from his friends was the bright spirit which 'o'er-informed his clay!' May he rest in peace, with that kindred spirit who first taught us to admire and love him!

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A BEAR IN TINNECUM! — Our friend at Tinnecum is the most *mnemonical* of correspondents. Seldom does he address us, even in an envelope to his communications, without awakening some pleasant or mournful association of the past, which 'strikes the electric chain' wherewith we are bound. In reading the following rapid and incidental sketch, for example, there came vividly up before us a scene of 'days long vanished;' what time we were but a very stripling, and as yet had never 'seen a bear,' save *one*, a pugnacious 'varmint,' that had escaped from duress, and taken refuge from the too marked attentions of his friends, in the spreading branches of a venerable elm which overshadowed the humble dwelling that 'looked on our childhood.' 'Trip,' a jewel of a dog, and a perfect spunkie of courage, was sent up after him, to request him to 'step below for a moment,' as several persons were waiting to see him. Bruin must have coaxed the canine messenger to his side with some such sugared phrase as, 'Come to my arms! my friend, my brother!' for we saw him the next moment encircled in the 'huge paws' of the animal. A mingled sound, something between a condensed bark and a suppressed yelp was heard, and poor 'Trip' dropped upon the ground 'with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling,' and as dead as a door-nail! There was a calm self-reliance, a quiet dignity, in the manner in which those hairy arms, 'capable of a wide embrace,' compassed that 'justifiable *dogicide*,' which it was difficult not to admire, and which it is quite impossible to forget.

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. . . 'ABOUT noon, one day last summer, a small wagon, drawn by one horse, was seen approaching, on which was placed a red cup-board or box, padlocked in front, and on its sides was inscribed, in large letters: 'A BEAR!' Tidings of this being immediately conveyed to the schools, the shops, the justice's offices, and courts of law, the whole population were seen pouring forth with one consent; and in a few minutes it was universally known that there was 'a bear in Tinnecum!' When the admiring crowds had come to a stand, and had their eyes intently fixed on the red box, the proprietor, a small, grizzly, Yanko-Welshman, who looked as if he had no head, unlocked the door, and getting hold of the end of the chain, brought out Bruin, and hugged him in a fraternal embrace. This coal-black bear's name was David, and being fat and lazy, his sole occupation was, very much against the grain, to climb trees for a living. This he did as well as

any school-boy, being instigated thereto by similar inducements in the rear. His abilities in this line were now doubted. Squire SHARKEY, who had always treated bear-stories with contempt, shook his head dubiously: 'It can't be did, gentlemen,' said he; 'it can't be did.' 'Davy!' exclaimed the proprietor, shaking the chain, 'show the gentleman!'

'To the amazement of the whole crowd, the bear immediately scratched his way up the trunk of a willow to the first branches, when he turned his head round, and looked back to know if he might come down. 'Up! up!' shouted the master, striking the tree with his whip. David finished the job by getting among the limbs of the tree, where he sat down. 'It is wonderful!' said the Squire, smiling very pleasantly, and leading off the donations by dropping a five-penny bit into the hat; but when the audience looked to him for some philosophical solution of the case, he merely shook his head with an air of wisdom, and exclaimed: 'The natur' of the beast—the natur' of the beast!' He then in a dignified manner walked away. He had scarcely got as far as the town-house, when several of the crowd came running after him in great alarm, to inform him that the bear would n't come down. 'He won't come down!' said they; 'he won't come down!' The real state of the case was, that David, having been forced up the tree on an empty stomach, was resolved to stay up out of spite. 'What's to be done!' exclaimed they, in a breath. 'Ay,' replied the Squire, getting upon the steps, and haranguing the crowd, 'what's to be done? You've got a bear entailed on you. He's up, is he? Gentlemen, he may stay up a year. Who's to go to church? Who's to go to town-meetin'? How are the school-children to get by, while that animal is there?' said the Squire, raising his voice, and speaking with great emotion: 'the wheels of society is as good as stopped. I don't know how to advise you; my fellow-citizens, I do n't see how I can. To woun'd him would be extremely dan-gerous; to let him remain, impossible. It may be best to extemporize matters. Let us go and see what can be done.'

'With this they all turned about, and following the Squire, arrived at the tree. David was discovered high up, recumbent, loling his lazy head with 'a short uneasy motion' among the tender branches. He resisted entreaties, and occasionally uttered an alarming sub-growl, which made the crowd roll back. 'Davy,' said the owner, looking up, and beckoning persuasively; 'come down, Davy.'

'Oo—oo—oo! Boo—oo—oo!'

'He ain't conducted so since he come from Caatskill. He's climbed trees all over the United'n States. Come, bub!—come, Dave!'

'Oo—oo—oo—oo! Boo—oo—oo—oo!'

'There!' said the proprietor, tearing off his jacket, and flinging it at the root of the tree, 'I leave it to all you gentlemen, whether I did n't kindly request him to come down, and he warn't willing: now David you shall be made to come, if you was in the North Pole!'

'With that he commenced climbing the tree, grumbling in concord with the bear; but the latter, seeing him come, planted all his feet together, and like a spit-fire cat, threw up his back into a high arch, behind the horrible chasm of his mouth. This offensive attitude not being regarded by his master, he suffered him to approach a little nearer, when lifting his right paw he fetched him such a rapping benediction over the head, that it knocked him flat upon the ground. The man was convulsed with rage, and on the point of renewing the attack, when Squire SHARKEY stepped up as intercessor at this critical moment, and laying his hand upon him, 'My friend,' said he, 'this will never do. This community cannot be put in jeopardy. You must settle this here matter between you without blows. We can't tolerate no fighting in this place. Compromise. Yield mutually.'

'The proprietor was fain to consent to this. He therefore procured some raw meat from the shambles, and holding up the tempting vertebrae, suggested the idea of a hearty feast, and of great crackling, to the sensual David. The latter gradually let himself down, was put into the cup-board, locked up, and ordered out of town. The inhabitants, in their great joy at getting rid of him, passed a vote that it was 'inexpedient forever hereafter to bring bears into Tinnecum.' It is now generally conceded in Tinnecum that a bear out of the woods is a bear out of place: *Né unus extra sylvas.*

THE TURF REGISTER. — We doubt whether any one gentleman in the United States has done so much toward raising the character and increasing the attractions and advantages of the Turf as the Editor of the 'Spirit of the Times' and the 'Turf Register.' Both these journals are equal, not to say superior, to any publications of their class on the other side of the water. The last number of the 'Register' is embellished with a beautiful engraving of the victorious FASHION and her jockey; a superb one of 'The Hen-Roost' after a good copy by PATTERSON of BATEMAN's fine picture. Among the contents of the number are, a 'Review of the last English Racing Season,' copious 'Notes of the Month,' and a capital article by the late 'J. CYPRESS, Jr., 'A Week at the Fire-Islands.' The 'Register' is neatly executed and elaborately and tastefully embellished.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We give in the present number the third of the '*Sketches of South Carolina*,' which have been justly commended for the ease and grace of style by which they are distinguished. While the writer does not look upon the voluntary establishment of slavery itself (as few indeed do, we may believe, even at the South,) with a covetous eye, he has yet the means and possesses the candor to present a faithful contrast to the exaggerated pictures which have been so often drawn of the desolate physical condition of the Southern slave. There are facts in these papers which are worthy the attention of those itinerant philanthropists from the other side of the water, who, overlooking the sufferings of the thousands and tens of thousands that crowd their overgrown cities, 'put on bowels of compassion' for the physical condition of the 'poor American slave,' who is better fed and clothed and far more contented than the aforesaid swarms of half-starved English operatives, who are making the land vocal with their supplications for leave to toil, and their cries for bread. The friend who sends us the following vivid sketch, which presents other features of the scenes described by our correspondent, is yet far from regarding the slaves of the South, physically speaking, as an unhappy or ill-cared for class. It is on higher grounds, he informs us, that he condemns the system of bondage which was entailed upon us by England:

'It has been my fortune, in years gone by, to traverse the whole sea-board from Charleston to St. Augustine, and to spend some time at the points of interest along the coast. There are small islands scattered along the greater part of the distance, separated from the main land by inlets, having the appearance of rivers, and now and then spreading out into large bays. In fine weather, the sail is very delightful; and here, as elsewhere at the South, the merry laugh of the slave is heard; sometimes as he piles the oar, and again as he delves the earth, or gathers it around the cotton-plant. But there is another side to the picture drawn by your correspondent. This region is generally unhealthy, not only for the master, but also for the slave. The rice cultivation is especially so; and I have seen robust slaves shed bitter tears on learning that they had changed masters, which change would transfer them to the sea-island or rice plantations. Many a slave from the up-country has found a premature grave among these islands, which at certain seasons of the year are so beautiful to the eye. But there is a moral malaria which prevails there, that is far more to be deplored. I recollect some ten years ago, (mercy! how age is creeping upon me!) to have coasted from Charleston to St. Augustine. It became necessary for me to visit a plantation in Florida, near the mouth of the St. Johns. The sun was pouring down his fierce, direct rays; and I had myself been compelled to take one of the oars. After following for some miles the windings of the San Pablo, a small stream emptying into the St. Johns, we at length reached the plantation. It was well nigh deserted. One aged negro and his wife held for the time being undisputed possession. The last occupant who had rented it left a few days previous to my arrival. After making such examinations as I deemed necessary, I entered into conversation with the venerable slave. His head was white with the frosts of many winters. His history was soon related. He had been carried from Georgia, where he was born, into Florida; and his heart still yearned for the place of his birth. I inquired of him if he ever attended church. His eye wandered for a moment around the horizon, as if to call my attention to the fact that no church spire in that region pointed upward, directing the inquiring spirit to heaven. He replied: 'No, Massa; I used to go to church in Georgia, but no church here.' I asked him if he ever prayed. 'Yes, Massa,' said he, 'I pray in my heart.' 'Do you expect to go to heaven?' I inquired. 'Me no know, Massa; me hope so; but Massa, poor nigger blind; he open de good Book, but he no see. White man open de Book, and his eyes shine. He see—he understand!' Is there not an unanswerable argument contained in the reply of that aged slave?

'THERE's many a truth spoken in jest' is an old saw, and as veritable as venerable. It is illustrated in the annexed playful lines by a repentant BENEDICT, who 'while he was a-courting did n't much care which of two sisters he espoused,' but who finds subsequent occasion to entertain serious doubts thereanent; as for example:

'But now, I will own, I feel rather inclined  
To suspect I've some reason to alter my mind;  
And the doubt in my breast daily grows a more strong one,  
That they're not quite alike, and I've taken the wrong one;  
JANE is always so gentle, obliging, and cool;  
Never calls me 'a monster'—not even 'a fool';  
And our little contentions, 'tis she makes them up,  
And she knows how much sugar to put in my cup:  
Yes, I sometimes have wished (Heaven forgive me the flaw!)  
That my very dear wife was my sister-in-law!

'Oh, your sister-in-law is a dangerous thing!  
The daily comparisons too she will bring:  
Wife, curl-papered, slipshod, unwashed and undressed,  
She, ringleted, booted, and 'fixed in her tent';  
Wife, sulky, or storming, or preaching, or prating;  
She, merrily singing, or laughing, or chattering;  
Then the innocent freedom her friendship allows  
To the happy halfway between mother and spouse!  
But ah! a sad inference one needs must draw,  
For none without wiles can have sister-in-laws.

Is n't there a fruitful lesson in these lines to those married dames who 'neglect the charms by which they won their lords?' . . . The *Familiar Sketches of Character* are attractively elaborated; but the first is by no means novel or distinctive. It is like pointing out an offender in the pit of a crowded theatre as 'the man with a black hat.' The second is a spirited sketch of 'BULLFACE BRONZE, Esq., Trader,' a gentleman who lives by 'failing' successfully. We annex the report of his second 'operation' and the meeting of his creditors at the Exchange:

'Let us stand aside and watch the company as they enter. First of all comes in a square-built, portly gentleman, with his coat buttoned up to his chin. This is the bankrupt's attorney. He is giving bluff, off-hand answers to the anxious inquiries of

a slender and wirey-faced man, in a gray suitout, who it seems is chief mourner. By and by appears a hard-faced, long-favored person, who opens the door quietly, looks nobody in the face, walks straight to the fire-place, and entertains himself with warming his knuckles in the manner of a shilling heir at his relative's funeral. Anon some one peeps in at the door, as if half afraid to enter and acknowledge having made a 'bad debt.' He is hard pushed himself, poor fellow! and has not the face to worry others; but he walks in softly, nevertheless, trusting that no one observes him. Next enters a little fellow with a queer squint in his eye, who stands in the middle of the room till he has conned the visage of each one of the company. He is a small creditor; something of a wag, who had 'just dropped in' to console himself for his trifling loss by seeing the wry faces that the larger sufferers made. 'Are we all here?' A short quick step in the entry; a sharp turn of the latch, and a short red-faced, peppery gentleman walks in with his Boston wrapper twisted tight about his legs, occasioning the artificial step aforesaid. He entertains his acquaintances with a short, snap-dragon kind of nod, as if he said, 'Here's a pretty business!' seems about to speak to the portly gentleman, but seeing him prepare to address the meeting, desists, and seats himself quietly. The portly gentleman then informs the meeting that the debts of the bankrupt amount to so and so; and that to pay the same, he has, beside the goods in his store, a third mortgage on some land in Mississippi; ten shares of a copper-mine in New-Hampshire; a large amount of notes, some due and some payable 'six months after it's convenient;' drafts of Bob on Dick, etc., in his favor, etc., etc.; of which might be realized perhaps one quarter! Here was a statement clear as mud. While the meeting was digesting it, in walks Mr. BRONZE, who seats himself by his attorney, with a countenance of no particular expression; he does not even pick his teeth, to indicate nonchalance, but sits quietly back in his chair, as if patiently waiting the arrival of a friend. At length, called up by some caustic remark from the peppery gentleman, he looks his audience full in the face, as a misjudged man might do, runs over a sketch of his business, and concludes his remarks by informing them that thus his affairs stand; and if he receives gentlemanly treatment, he will shortly make them a proposition. After some unimportant discussion, the meeting is over; and as it is a dark, drizzly November day, each victim adjusts his coat, shakes open his umbrella, and prepares for an unpleasant sortie. A coach is at the door, and Mr. BRONZE politely offers a seat to the wirey-faced gentleman, who chooses, rather dryly, to walk. On the same invitation being extended to the peppery gentleman, the pith of the reply was, that if some coaches and their occupants should go where there is a tradition of its being very hot, a certain gentleman who officiates in those regions, usually represented in black (occasioned probably by the story of LUTHER having once thrown an ink-stand at him) would get his due. Such however was the peppery gentleman's mastery over language, that he compressed into five words what has taken me as many lines to convey. The coach whirled past me on my way home, freighted with the bankrupt and his legal adviser. The latter gentleman was enjoying a broad laugh, and was in the act of striking his thigh with great emphasis, as if to say, 'That was capital!' but whether the joke lay in the invitation or refusal to ride, or whether the gentleman was facetiously making a joke of the whole matter, I am unable to say; but the fable of the frogs came forcibly to my mind.'

MANY of our metropolitan readers will remember a conspicuous 'exhibitor' (of himself as well as his wares) at the Fairs of the American Institute, in the person of one excellent SHOLL, a cock'd-hatted and short-breeches-ed Friend, who laid open the secrets of his bee-houses through a glass, darkly. We confess, that in looking at the internal arrangements of his little colonies, we imbibed an idea that kings and queens were an order of rulers after nature's own model; and we perceive that a London Quarterly reviewer has fortified the monarchical views of his readers by a similar suggestion, bringing SHAKESPEARE to his aid:

'So work the honey-bees;  
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet hills;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
The poor mechanic-porters crowding in  
Their heavy burden at his narrow gate;  
The swart-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy, yawning drone.'

Very good; but how far will the comparison extend, Sir Reviewer? 'In England,' says a recent British writer, 'labor is ignominy. Your only man is the man with white hands and filbert-nails. Adam himself, though soiled with the sweat of Paradise, loses his dignity in his labor. This is a doctrine preached from all the high places of England; enforced by public door-keepers and small park-rangers. True respectability lives and grows fat upon the labor of others; it being the more respectable in proportion to the number of hands that feed it. He who hews, or digs, or spins, is a varlet; he who profits by the work, the only true man.' Is this the 'public sentiment' of the bee-keeper, think ye, lovers of monarchy? . . . Every thing is comparative. What is 'a long life,' for example? How old was METRUELAH before he had 'sowed his wild oats?' What time did he leave off wearing frocks? He may have been a 'hard boy' at four hundred, and perhaps exhibited infant precocity, even in his hundredth year! 'At the river Hypanis, (we quote from the 'Tusculan Questions,') which on the one side flows into the Pontus, ARISTOTLE says there are little animals grow, which live only one day. Those then that die at the eighth hour, die at an advanced age;

those that live until sunset, at a very old age. Compare our longest life with eternity, and we shall be found almost in the same brevity of life as these little animals are!' . . . Reader, do you remember, or did you never hear, a story which lately thrilled us through, so 'stranger than fiction' is the truth of actual life? Some twenty-five years ago, a solitary recluse from the society of men died in his lonely hovel, among the hills of Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. His name was Wilson; and his estrangement from the world was occasioned by the melancholy manner of the death of a young and beautiful sister, which partially affected his reason. She had been condemned to die, near Philadelphia, for a crime committed in the hope of hiding that of her betrayer and her own shame from the world; and the day of execution was appointed. In the mean time her brother used his utmost endeavors to obtain her pardon from the Governor. He had succeeded. His horse foamed and bled as he spurred him homeward. But an unpropitious rain had swelled an adjacent stream; and he was compelled to pace the bank with a bursting brain, and gaze upon the rushing waters that threatened to blast his only hope! At the earliest moment the ford was practicable, he dashed through, and arrived at the place of execution just in time to see the last struggles of his sister. . . . We are indebted to an obliging friend at Rochester in this State for the following beautiful lines. He obtained them 'some fifteen years ago, but cannot apprise us of their paternity.' It is rare to find sea-terms so felicitously employed in verse:

## THE SEA-BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait ye Winds! till I repeat  
A parting signal to the fleet  
Whose station is at home:  
Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,  
And let it all be whispered there,  
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to FATHER! reverend hulk!  
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,  
Soon may his cadge slip;  
Yet while the parting tear is moist,  
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,  
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to MOTHER! 'first-class' she is!  
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,  
And rigged me, fore and aft;  
May Providence her timbers spare,  
And keep her hull in good repair,  
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to SISTER! lovely yacht!  
But whether she'll be 'manned' or not,  
I cannot now foresee;  
May some good ship a 'tender' prove,  
Well found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lee.

Farewell to GEORGE! the jolly-boat!  
And all the little craft afloat  
In home's delightful bay;  
When they arrive at sailing age,  
May Wisdom give the weather-gauge,  
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!  
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,  
Through stress of stormy weather;  
But summoned by the BOARD above,  
We'll harbor in the port of Love,  
And all be moored together!

We have paid little or no attention to the absurd vagaries of MILLER and his disciples concerning the destruction of the world in the course of the present year. Since, however, his teachings are swelling the numbers that fill the lunatic asylums of the Atlantic States, we deem it high time that the public authorities should interpose the arm of the law, and arrest him in his pernicious courses. Fanaticism, infidelity, and insanity have frequently proved to be the results of his doctrines. The following comes to us from the inmate of a lunatic asylum, whose reason has been shattered by his investigations into the new theory of the destruction of the world:

'THE CREATOR is an immense galvanic battery, in whom is generated vast quantities of electric fluid, passing from him with great rapidity in every direction, and forming all things that exist. It formed the Sun, which may be considered as a Leyden jar. By the agency of this fluid, or spirit of the CREATOR, spring the four elements, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon; by a combination of which, in different proportions, all matter is formed and kept in a continual state of motion. It is plain, therefore, how things were created; not suddenly, but by a gradual process. First: The four elements combined, forming one thing; again they combined in different proportions, forming other things, say inorganic substances. These inorganic substances combined in different proportions, and formed things more complicated still. When all these principles came together which constitute vegetables, then commenced vegetable life. When vegetation advanced by a variety of combinations, and all the principles were brought together that constitute animal life, then came animals. But Man, being more complicated than all—that is, requiring a greater combination of principles—could not make his appearance until all the necessary materials were brought together. Hence, after successive generations of animals had passed away, and a sufficient quantity of *Hum* was found to absorb the excess of carbonic acid gas, which prevented these principles from uniting in the proper proportion, then came *MAN*. He came last, because his organization was the most complicated, and required a greater number of materials, which must have been made before he could possibly make his appearance. From these facts, I come to the conclusion, that the world is moving on to perfection; and that when it shall have arrived at the highest state of perfection of which it is capable, it may then decompose, like an apple, or the human body, and return to the elements that compose it, and commence again; proving that MILLER's doctrines are not in accordance with the natural laws that regulate the universe.'

The writer of the above, although certainly 'out of his senses,' could not have had far to travel to get beyond their confines; but this is no palliation of the offence of MILLER; for both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, staid, grave men, of well-balanced minds heretofore, have shared the

fate of our unfortunate correspondent. . . . Since we had the pleasure of condensing for our readers the report of the 'Mudfog Association' and the Lecture of Baron VON DULLEBRANZ, we have quite lost sight of the proceedings of numerous learned societies in Great-Britain for the advancement of every thing in general and nothing in particular. We 'post' the following, however, from the January reports: 'Professor WOODENHEAD made some observations on the pendulum of a clock, as affected by the playfulness of a kitten; and concluded, from experiments he had made with great carefulness and precision, that no clock could bear more than three minutes' worrying.' We annex a passage from M. LE SOUFFLE DE CLAQUE's lecture on Macbeth, before the British Association: 'I shall take *Mac-a-bess*, vich is de true pronouncement; for d'Englis cannot pronounce de *th* justement. It is a grand tragedy, plein de sang, vich make a grand critique Anglais say, 'T is a bloody fine play.' It commence by d'apppearance of tree old ladies upon a heas. De old ladies are *bitches*, and de heas is *blasted*; vords vich are mosh used togedder ven von lady de poisson speak of anoder in de reports of de Tribunaux of de First Instance.' Equally lucid and valuable is the report of the Statistical Society, from which we select a striking extract: 'In a parish containing fifteen hundred houses, there are no less than seven hundred children in arms, giving the enormous average of nearly half a baby to each house; and in calculating the number of street-door bells, a still larger result is arrived at. Of seven hundred and forty-two knockers there are six hundred and twenty out of the reach of a child, eighty-nine want fresh painting, thirty-two are in tolerable repair, and the remaining one has been wrenched off since the Society's last survey. Out of seven families occupying nine rooms, four had paid their rent, two had some idea of doing so, and the remaining one had made a point of always running away with the goods in anticipation of any harsh proceeding on the part of the landlord. There were two hundred and twenty-four blankets to one hundred and sixteen beds; and giving an average of three persons to each mattress, there would be nineteen-sixteenths of a pillow to every father of a family of twelve children, leaving the mother the pillow-case. In a series of six-and-twenty milk-jugs, one had no handle, fourteen were without spouts, nine had been riveted, while two were perfect. Of twenty pieces of orange-peel lying in one street, seventeen were from three oranges purchased at the stall at the corner, two were left there by persons casually passing, and the remaining one the society, after several hours' diligent search, were unable to account for!' . . . We gave not long since an incidental sketch of NANSE BANKS, the faithful, patient school-mistress of the 'clachan' of good Mr. BALWIDDER. Here is a picture of her declining years and labors, which we can scarcely peruse without tears. Dear old soul! 'what could she do without the school' and the little people who had built a nest of affection in her heart, sure enough?

\* We met in this year with a loss not to be compensated; that was the death of NANSE BANKS the schoolmistress. She had been long in a weak and frail state; still being a methodical creature, still kept on the school, laying the foundation for many a worthy wife and mother. However, about the decline of the year her complaints increased, and she sent for me to consult about her giving up the school; and I went to see her on a Saturday afternoon, when the bit lassies, her scholars, had put the houses in order, and gone home till the Monday.

† She was sitting in the window-nook, reading THE WORD to herself, when I entered; but she closed the book, and put her spectacles in for a mark when she saw me; and, as it was expected I would come, her easy-chair, with a clean cover, had been set out for me by the scholars, by which I discerned that there was something more than common to happen, and so it appeared when I had taken my seat.

‡ Sir, said she, 'I have sent for you on a thing troubles me sairly. I have warbled with poorth in this shed, which it has pleased the LORD to allow me to possess; but my strength is worn out, and I fear I maun yield in the stric; ' and she wiped her eye with her apron. I told her, however, to be of good cheer; and then she said, 'That she could no longer thole the din of the school, and that she was weary, and ready to lay herself down to die whenever the LORD was pleased to permit. But,' continued she, 'what can I do without the school? and, alas! I can neither work nor want; and I am wae to go on the sabbath, for I am come of a decent family.' I comforted her, and told her, that I thought she had done so much good in the parish, that the session was deep in her debt, and that what they might give her was but a just payment for her service. 'I would rather, however, Sir,' said she, 'try first what some of my auld scholars will do, and it was for that I wanted to speak with you. If some of them would but just, from time to time, look in upon me, that I may not die alone—and the little pick and drap that I require would not be hard upon them—I am more sure that in this way their gratitude would be no discredit, than I am of having any claim on the session.'

§ As I had always a great respect for an honest pride, I assured her that I would do what she wanted; and accordingly, the very morning after, being Sabbath, I preached a sermon on the helplessness of them that have no help of man, meaning aged single women, living in garret-rooms, whose forlorn state in the gloaming of life I made manifest to the hearts and understandings of the congregation, in such a manner that many shed tears and went away sorrowful.

¶ Having thus roused the feelings of my people, I went round the houses on the Monday morning, and mentioned what I had to say more particularly about poor old Nansie Banks, the schoolmistress; and truly I was rejoiced at the condition of the hearts of my people. There was a universal sympathy among them; and it was soon ordered that, what with one and another, her decay should be provided for. But it was not ordained that she should be long heavy on their good-will. On the Monday the school was given up, and there was nothing but wailing among the bit lassies, the scholars, for getting the vacance, as the poor things said, because the mistress was going to lie down to die. And, indeed, so it came to pass; for she took to her bed the same afternoon, and, in the course of the week, dwindled away, and slipped out of this howling wilderness into the kingdom of heaven, on the Sabbath following, as quietly as a blessed saint could do.

WE had a hearty laugh over 'My First Ball;' but have unfortunately lost or mislaid the first half sheet. The third page commences with: 'At this moment FRANK, who had been 'down the middle' and come 'up outside' in 'Macdonald's Reel' was flourishing at the top of the lady-column,' etc. We trust the missing part can be supplied. Our correspondent's predicament in his first cotillon reminds us of a kindred embarrassment well recorded by a fellow-novice: 'Forward and back too!' shouted the fiddler. 'How is that possible?' thought I. But a young sylph came

sidling, fronting, and sweeping up to me, in a most condescending manner, wherefore I could do no less than make her one of my prettiest bows. 'Opposite gentleman the same!' At this my partner told me I must dance; whereupon, nothing loath, I commenced a double-shuffle on my post, which I defy any man of my age to excel. I always prided myself on my activity in this particular, and had just commenced the operation, with my eyes to the ceiling, when I felt my feet entangled, and looking down, found I had disarrayed my fair partner of lots of roses and two yards of flounce and flummediddle, which skirted the lower part of her dress.' . . . Doubtless there are few of our readers who have not perused the beautiful lines by our esteemed correspondent, Hon. RICHARD HENRY WILDE, of Georgia, commencing 'My life is like a summer rose.' The following stanzas, which we receive from Lieut. ROBERT EMMETT HOOK, of the United States' Navy, strike us as scarcely less feeling and felicitous:

## I.

My life is like the shattered wreck  
Cast by the waves upon the shore;  
The broken masts, the rifled deck  
Tell of the shipwreck that is o'er.  
Yet from these relics of the storm  
The mariner his raft will form,  
Again to tempt the faithless sea,  
While Hope rebuilds no bark for me!

## II.

My life is like the blighted oak  
That lifts its sear and withered form,  
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,  
Sternly to meet the coming storm;  
Yet round that sapless trunk will twine  
The curling tendrils of the vine,  
And life and freshness there impart—  
Not to the passion-blighted heart!

## III.

My life is like a desert rock  
In the mid ocean, lone and drear,  
Worn by the wild waves' ceaseless shock,  
That round its base their surges rear.  
Yet there the sea-moss still will cling,  
Some flower will find a cleft to spring  
And breathe e'en there a sweet perfume—  
For me life's flowers no more will bloom!

Mr. JOHN NEAL (quite a different person, let us add here, in explanation of what we fear is a common error, from JOSEPH C. NEALE, author of the admirable 'Charcoal Sketches') has been 'lecturing' in the metropolis since our last, upon the '*Rights of Women*,' a theme chosen for popular effect, most likely. If we may credit the unanimous verdict of the press, the lecturer stands before this community as the impersonation of a Failure. 'His arguments, if arguments they could be called,' says the '*Tribune*' daily journal, 'were too absurd to reason against. His whole project was preposterous, not to say nauseous.' Another journal states that a gentleman who was present with his three nieces, left the hall with them, in disgust, before the delivery of half the lecture, although, as one lady remarked, who carried her sewing and sat the infliction out, 'it had *one* merit—it was *short*.' Stung by the comments of the press, the speaker, in a subsequent lecture upon '*General Reading*,' devoted the first half of his hour, amidst hisses and other demonstrations of disapprobation, to vindicate against the assaults of the press the preposterous crotchets concerning the 'rights of women,' laid down in his former lecture; and when he came to '*General Reading*' he said nothing upon the subject that was new or worth hearing.' 'It was a *failure* in short,' adds the '*Tribune*.' Mr. NEAL's fantastic crudities, and what Mr. BRYANT terms his 'spasmodic style,' came to a bad market in this meridian. But all this might have been foretold. . . . Much has been written upon '*The Sea*;' much that is good, much more that is indifferent. The paper of 'T.,' of Southampton, (L. L.) however, is in neither category. The subjoined by GREENWOOD once made a deep impression upon our mind:

'Its depth is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime; what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple, or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves; or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea-eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us, like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the water boiling in wrath, and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of sublime confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and clapping their hands for very gladness. Again we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm; breathless, noiseless, and were it not for that swell of the sea, which never rests, motionless. 'There go the ships!' the white-robed ships, some on this, and others on an opposite coast; some approaching the shore, and others just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some driven and tossed, and



perhaps overwhelmed by the storm. Follow one, and we see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice-islands of the East; or observe the track of another, and we behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with Winter in his own everlasting dominion; striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit-point of the globe, where the foot of man may never tread.'

BLACKWOOD for January has been published by two 'houses,' those of MASON and WINCHESTER. We have found leisure to master but two papers: 'Caleb Stukely,' which enlightens us as to the way in which certain unholy things are 'done at conventicle' in England; and the second series of 'The World of London,' which lets us into the by no means flattering secrets of 'fashionable life' in London. The well-bred man of fashion, says the writer, who is alone truly the man of fashion, studies *tact* above all things, and his tact prevents him ever regarding literature or men of mind with any thing approaching indifference or contempt. 'Their habit of living, among themselves, is generally simple, and devoid of extravagance or ostentation: they have the best of every thing, it is true, but then they have all the advantages of unbounded competition and unlimited credit: they pay when they think proper, but no tradesman ever dares venture to ask them for money; such as have the bad taste to 'dun' are 'done;' the patient and long-suffering find their money 'after many days.' Their amusements among themselves are inexpensive, almost to meanness; the subscription to Almacks, that paradise of exclusives and envy of the excluded, amounts to not more than half a guinea a ball, if so much; a stall at the opera is not expensive; and a younger brother depends upon little presents from patronizing countess-dowagers, who call him 'Freddy dear' and employ him as an occasional escort for their daughters, while his 'tiger' has the 'run of the kitchen' among his many friends! Pleasant specimen this, of 'fashionable life' in the English metropolis! . . . 'C.' of New-Brunswick is *altogether* wrong. The passage in our 'Gossip' to which he alludes is *incapable* of the construction which he puts upon it. Surely prejudice of education must have perverted his vision:

Some folks have 'specks' to help their sight  
Of objects great and small;  
But 'C.' has specks *within* his eyes,  
And cannot see at all.

It is not only in the 'spiritual songs' but in the oral discourses of the less intelligent preachers of the denomination referred to, that kindred extravagances of expression, or odd conceits, are employed. Three instances are at this moment before us. Recently in England, when the theme of the great 'sport' between FREEMAN and the TIPTON SLASHER (in which the latter, rather too often for comfort, 'struck out right and left and missed, caught it right and left and went down') was rife in the minds of 'the lower orders,' a fanatical divine chose it as an illustration of his discourse. 'You can go twenty miles,' said he, 'to see a boxing-match, but you can seldom spare time to come and see a pitched battle between me and Beelzebub - ah! Oh, no! but many a time have I given the old black bruiser a hard knock for your sakes - ah! Oh! my friends, strike the devil a straight blow, and darken his spiritual day-lights - ah! At him manfully, and I will be your bottle-holder - ah!' At a camp-meeting in Tennessee, last summer, an eccentric MAWORM was holding forth, who had contrived so to work upon the feelings of his auditory, that the straw on the ground inside of the altar was completely covered with prostrate mourners. Perceiving there were many others present ready to cast themselves down, who refrained from so doing solely through the lack of straw to kneel upon, he cried out in the midst of his exhortation: 'Straw! straw! we want more straw here! Brother HOPKINS, for the LORD's sake, send up to your house and get some more straw! Forty-five souls lost for want of straw!' And a kindred speaker on a similar occasion, in the same section of country, closed his exhortation with these words: 'You must be up and doing; you must run with patience, but also with unrelenting alacrity, the race set before you. You must flee for your lives, for the Avenger of Blood is behind you! However, if there are any among you who cannot take this trouble; who prefer their pleasure to their future safety, and who wish only to doze away their lives in careless indolence; to such I can only say: 'Enjoy your dream; fold your arms; sit down - and be damned!' Whether we have failed or not to make out our case, we cheerfully leave to the decision of our correspondent himself. . . . One might almost be justified in desiring to be a bachelor once more, when suddenly entering upon a scene so brilliant and beautiful as the late *Bachelors' Ball* at NISLO's saloon, on the evening of Saint Valentine's Day. It was perfectly dazzling to behold; what with the sparkling eyes, glowing features, and rich and tasteful dresses of the ladies; the superb embellishments of the saloon, never before so chastely and admirably adorned; the courtesies of the managers, dispensed with the most cordial good-feeling and profuse liberality; and to crown all, the sumptuous repast which groaned upon the tables spread in the spacious conservatory, with its accompaniment of wines of delicious flavor and abundant quantity and variety; all these are matters to be remembered, not less than

the felicitous remarks which the pleasant bachelor-president of the board had the good taste to make, and the address to elicit. To sum up in a word, the whole affair, from beginning to end, was worthy that fast-lessening corps of choice and gallant spirits, the New-York Bachelors. . . . We are obliged to 'S. T. V.' of Albany, for his paper on '*The Fine Arts in America*.' We ask leave only to amend that portion of it which seems to us to lay *undue* stress upon the influence of 'crowned heads' and 'papal liberality' and 'noble taste,' over that of a republic, in the production of 'true artists.' Great wealth in kingly hands, and in the coffers of a nation's titled nobility, has doubtless effected much for the fine arts. But it is not less true, that

'Gentius prospera, and the Graces rest  
Under the smile of FAMEDOM. From her breast  
The arts draw glorious nurture; life is given  
To the glad canvass; and the enamored stone  
Waked by the chisel, speaks!'

THERE is a passage in the '*Mid-summer's Day-Dream of a Medical Student*,' by the friend and companion of SANDS, to whom we have before alluded, which is so characteristic of 'the generality of mankind in general,' that we cannot forbear to segregate it for insertion hereabout. A lad rushes into the office, exclaiming: 'Oh! for Heaven's sake, Doctor! come down to the dock and see a drowned man! he's very drowned indeed!' The student complies: 'When we reached the wharf, I found a poor fellow lying like a half-drowned rat against a cellar-door. He was surrounded by a group of idle cartmen and dock-lounging vagabonds, listless and apathetic. On turning the head over, I found that the breath of life had not yet departed; and from the spiritual exhalations which proceeded from his nostrils, it seemed doubtful to me whether rum or water had most contributed to his distressed condition. I recommended to those present that he should be taken to the hospital, and offered to accompany him and get him admitted. At this proposal, the cartmen began to sneak off in different directions. One fellow, who had been kicking his heels at the tail of his cart for half an hour, got up and drove off in a great hurry, saying he had urgent business at the Coffee-House. Another said that he could n't go, as his horse was weakly, having just recovered from a fit of the bots; and a third brute of a fellow wanted to know what he would get for the job, and said he could n't go under a dollar.' Human nature! human nature! . . . Is not the following, from '*The Child Murderess*' of SCHILLER, as she stands on the scaffold, an affecting appeal to the villain whose 'dissembling arts' brought her to so ignominious an end?

'Oh! where is he who vowed so oft that I should be his bride,  
Who swore so sweet he loved me more than all the world beside?  
Oh! Go! I perhaps he's sitting now, some other maiden nigh,  
While I am on the scaffold for the love of him to die!

'Perhaps he's gazing on her face, or playing with her hair,  
Or pressing on her warm, warm lips his sweetest kisses there:  
Perhaps the blushing maiden to his beating heart he strains,  
While the life-blood of his first love is gushing from her veins.

'I laid the little cherub upon my aching breast,  
And sweetly pillowed on my heart, I rocked the babe to rest:  
Then like a morning rose-bud the pretty darling smiled,  
And with its angel-innocence my broken heart beguiled.

'But oh! in every feature soon the father did I trace,  
And it wrung my heart with horrid joy to gaze upon its face;  
My baby to my bosom in agony I pressed,  
For love, and thoughts of desperate things, were struggling in my breast.

'See! there 't was lying at my feet, its little life had fled,  
Cold, stiff, and pale, and stained with blood! — I knew that it was dead!  
I gazed upon the thick'ning gore of my baby as it lay,  
And I thought that I should die as the current ebb'd away.

'What, tears! and dost thou weep too? — soft-hearted hangman, show!  
Nay, thus I would not grieve thee; bind the bandage round my brow:  
Pale Stranger, do not tremble so, to stop this little breath,  
'T is but to break a lily-stalk — now do thy work of death!

MANY persons are of opinion that there is altogether an unprecedented latitude of remark in the American press; but with due deference, we cannot help thinking that our trans-Atlantic contemporaries exceed us by far in this regard. In England, public men in the highest stations are often unmercifully lampooned, and their peculiarities of person or character caricatured without stint. Take the following, for example, from a late London periodical, purporting to be an extract from the travelling note-book of the well-known JOSEPH HUMS: 'Mont Blanc is a very high mountain, and I started on an expedition to visit it; but I had not gone far, when I found that I could save money and time by looking at it through a telescope: and I therefore ordered the driver to turn back. It is a very fine object, and has an irregular outline; but as in my opinion all figures ought to be

sparklings of the original vein, however it may have suffered in the distillation. But bating the episode about filial piety, and one or two sentences beside, these speeches are as common-place as any thing we read in a newspaper. . . . Read four pages of Thucydides, containing the account of the first naval engagement between the Athenian ships under Phormion and the Peloponnesian fleet, together with the subsequent manœuvres at the two Rhiums, till we came to the speeches of the generals. Having a particular aversion to the speeches in Thucydides, because the Greek is so bloody hard, left off reading at six, and went to tea.' On his return, not finding any of the 'confederacy' present, the journalist amuses himself by drawing a pen-and-ink sketch of his lonely room, and its occupant, *omnes solus*, which evinces no small skill in pictorial delineation.

HERE is a pleasant specimen of a 'Summary or Poetical Analysis' of a poem by PAUL ALLEN, entitled 'Noah.' It is a paraphrase, we may suppose, of the 'argument' over each canto :

' THIS states how NOAH was quite sad  
To see what work the deluge made ;  
But joyful when the rain-bow came,  
Calling his wife to see the same ;  
How first he sent a raven out,  
Who carrion ate, and screamed about,  
And made such an infernal din,  
He wished again he had him in ;  
How next he sent a dove, who found  
An olive-branch upon dry ground ;  
How Noah made a speech, and sent  
Her off again — and how she went.

' How upon ARARAT the ark  
Stuck in the mud, when it was dark ;  
And how next morning they went out  
To sacrifice, and look about.  
How Shem with a red face got up,  
And let the cattle out o' the coop ;

' And how they came out, one by one,  
Also the birds, when they had done ;  
How Noah then got out of bed,  
And stroked his clapping on the head,  
Saying, ' My son, that's a good deed,  
To let the cattle out to feed.

' States how the Devil came to Ham,  
And told him it was all a sham  
About the world's being overpread ;  
How Ham believed in what he said,  
And being glad to hear that others  
Beside his father, self, and brothers  
Had not been drowned, a strain quite gay  
Began upon his harp to play ;  
At which the Devil, disguised till then,  
Took his own ugly form again ;  
And with his tail his legs between,  
Sneaked off, and looked extremely mean.'

But we must hasten to close this rambling paper. The following extracts from one of Mr. SANDS' letters to his warm friend and fervent admirer, the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, must suffice for the second opening of our budget. It needs only to say in explanation, that the missive proceeds from Northampton, (Mass.,) at which pleasant village the writer has arrived, in the course of a short summer excursion from the city : ' I got a letter from you last week in town. It reminded me of sins committed, and I hope forgiven. I did receive letters from you which courtesy required me to answer ; and the LORD he knows that inclination prompted me to do the same. In fact I did ; but not being glued to or traced on any material transmissible through post-offices, my responses have been inaudible and imperceptible to you. Colonel S — having been ill, (for *stones* are pathic since the days of Orpheus and Amphion, when they danced the double-shuffle and other figures,) I was obliged to be in town in the mornings during all that terrible hot weather, which, if you were not, as I believe, collegued with a divine, or at any rate with a very pious person, I should designate by epithets that would smack of brimstone.' . . . ' I have embraced the first chance of crawling off for a little excursion. We departed on Wednesday afternoon, with the intention of stopping at Newport, and going to Bristol, Rhode-Island, where a particular friend of mine dispenses the Word to the Episcopalian residents, and where in pleasant weather there is good water to sail in all round about. It is very wet indeed. But it pleased Providence to make the east wind blow in such a disagreeable manner, that we cut Rhode-Island, Bristol, and KING PHILIP very decidedly, and made tracks to Boston without delay. After having ridden round about until human

patience could no longer stand it; wondering when the Bunker's-Hill Monument would be finished; taking another look at the Colleges, Dorchester-Heights, Quincy, and all the Boston lions; we started for Hartford, thinking that sleeping in the coach was a labor-saving contrivance, and rather a pleasing exercise. I have since had my doubts of the truth of either of these suppositions, and I suspect you will entertain them also, on reading this epistle. Yesterday I passed with great tranquillity and satisfaction, riding about Hartford, a beautiful place; which I never visited before. To-morrow, by God's permission, I shall get up some of the tall hills that I see around me. I should attempt it to-night, if they were not *too* tall, and I was not too tired. I love Nature's nakedness when the parts are comely. After I shall have seen the top of Mount Holyoke and the other peculiarities they keep in this parish, I shall go to Lebanon. If I should conclude to stay with the Shakers altogether, I will let you know.' . . . POOR SANDS! he was smitten by the DESTROYER while writing an article for this Magazine — even as we are scribbling now; and thenceforth he never spake again. In a moment that right hand forgot its cunning, and clouded for ever from his friends was the bright spirit which 'o'er-informed his clay!' May he rest in peace, with that kindred spirit who first taught us to admire and love him!

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A BEAR IN TINNECUM!—Our friend at Tinnecum is the most *mnemonical* of correspondents. Seldom does he address us, even in an envelope to his communications, without awakening some pleasant or mournful association of the past, which 'strikes the electric chain' wherewith we are bound. In reading the following rapid and incidental sketch, for example, there came vividly up before us a scene of 'days long vanished;' what time we were but a very stripling, and as yet had never 'seen a bear,' save *one*, a pugnacious 'varmint,' that had escaped from duress, and taken refuge from the too marked attentions of his friends, in the spreading branches of a venerable elm which overshadowed the humble dwelling that 'looked on our childhood.' 'Trip,' a jewel of a dog, and a perfect spunkie of courage, was sent up after him, to request him to 'step below for a moment,' as several persons were waiting to see him. Bruin must have coaxed the canine messenger to his side with some such sugared phrase as, 'Come to my arms! my friend, my brother!' for we saw him the next moment encircled in the 'huge paws' of the animal. A mingled sound, something between a condensed bark and a suppressed yelp was heard, and poor 'Trip' dropped upon the ground 'with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling,' and as dead as a door-nail! There was a calm self-reliance, a quiet dignity, in the manner in which those hairy arms, 'capable of a wide embrace,' compassed that 'justifiable *dogicide*,' which it was difficult not to admire, and which it is quite impossible to forget.

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. . . 'ABOUT noon, one day last summer, a small wagon, drawn by one horse, was seen approaching, on which was placed a red cup-board or box, padlocked in front, and on its sides was inscribed, in large letters: 'A BEAR!' Tidings of this being immediately conveyed to the schools, the shops, the justice's offices, and courts of law, the whole population were seen pouring forth with one consent; and in a few minutes it was universally known that there was 'a bear in Tinnecum!' When the admiring crowds had come to a stand, and had their eyes intently fixed on the red box, the proprietor, a small, grizzly, Yanko-Welshman, who looked as if he had no head, unlocked the door, and getting hold of the end of the chain, brought out Bruin, and hugged him in a fraternal embrace. This coal-black bear's name was David, and being fat and lazy, his sole occupation was, very much against the grain, to climb trees for a living. This he did as well as

A recent French work states that this is not always the case with the exclusive 'fashionables' of the British metropolis; but avers that many of them, unable to leave town, dress themselves in hunting costume, and proceed to a 'splashing-house' in London, where they are splashed from head to foot with mud from Buckinghamshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, or whatever place they may wish to have 'just returned from,' when they chance to meet a friend in Regent-street or Piccadilly, whom they wish to impress with a belief that they have been attached to a superb hunting-party. . . . There is a singular 'concatenation' in a passage of the capital biography of '*Tom Van Diddlemas*,' in preceding pages. Our friend says his hero 'went to no balls nor merry-makings, but sat in the chimney-corner with Tight, listening to the crickets, or shelling corn, sometimes giving an ear to Tight,' etc.; leaving us for a moment doubtful whether Van Diddlemas gave an ear of corn to the negro, or one of his own long 'listening ears.' . . . '*Stanzas to my Departed Sister*' overflow with true feeling, and demand insertion for that excellent quality; we shall try therefore to amend two or three lines, which require alteration, and give the stanzas a place hereafter. But, companion in bereavement! grieve not as one without hope. 'All stars which retain their place in the sky,' says one who has suffered, 'receive again their fires, though they set for a season and are obscured. Wearied with shining, they withdraw themselves that they may repair to the fountain of light, and having drunk of its fulness, then return to their appointed stations in beauty renewed, and for ever after exist in redoubled splendor. Must it not be so with my lost ones? My heart assures me that it must be so; like those fresh-risen stars, new life shall one day be added to the dead. The departing was sad, but oh! how glorious the revival!' . . . We really don't know how to take 'P. S. T.'s 'compliment,' whose 'Sketch' we adverted to in our last number. 'But however,' let this anecdote 'for one who will understand it' suffice as a rejoinder, and 'assurance of our high consideration:'. A newly-married lady, who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding the extreme ugliness of his person, once said to a friend: 'What do you think? my husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!' 'The dear little man!' cried the other; 'well, it is just like him!' . . . Somebody who calls himself '*Nobody*' has sent us something with nothing in it. He can have it again. He has read Mr. MATHEWS' last work, he says, and don't approve of our publishing 'Puffer' to the panting public, in the way we did. But he gives no reasons for his disapprobation. . . . Some of our readers will remember a story long since in these pages, of a poor and decrepit woman in New-Hampshire, who stood bent with the weight of an hundred years in the door of her humble cabin, and exclaimed in the hearing of a passer-by, '*Oh, my dear God! I am afraid I shall never die!*' We have often thought of this melancholy picture; of that poor wreck of humanity (who had seen children ripen into parents, and new generations swelling in the bud around her,) in the silent night-watches, 'still darker in her heart than over sky and earth,' casting herself before the ALL-SEEING, and with audible prayers crying vehemently for death and the grave! BURNS in a single stanza has imbodied the sentiment of that worn and weary heart:

'O DEATH! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindrat and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn;  
But oh! a bliss relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn!'

FOUR or five capital papers are in type for the April issue, three of which were intended for the present number, but were expelled by force of unavoidable circumstances: '*The Young Englishman*,' Chapter Four; '*Meadow Farm, a Tale of Association*,' by the author of '*Edward Alford and his Playfellow*;' '*The Vale of Glencoe, a Tale of Scotland*;' '*A Visit to Florence*;' and '*Leaves from the Port-Folio of a Georgia Lawyer*.' The following, among several other articles not heretofore mentioned, are filed for insertion, 'sooner or later:'. '*Antiquities of Idleberg*;' '*Portrait Gallery*,' Number Two; by '*HANS VON SPIEGEL*;' (who must give us his address, if he expects a reply to his last letter. A *nom de plume* is not transmissible with certainty through the mail-bags of '*UNCLE SAMUEL*;' ) '*My Leg*,' by the author of '*The Ultra Moral Reformer*;' '*Affection's Last Tribute*;' '*A Reminiscence of Life in the West*,' (under 'hopeful consideration:'); '*Stanzas to Woman*;' '*Christianity vs. Infidelity*,' by a Deaf-mute Poet; '*Night Musings*;' '*Lines to the late WILLIAM H. SIMMONS*;' '*Stanzas*,' by 'T. O. W.'; '*To a Young Girl*,' etc., etc.

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'PUNCH IN LONDON.' — We have looked over, at Mr C. S. FRANCIS's book-store, several numbers of a very lively and entertaining illustrated quarto sheet, published weekly in London, under the above title. We do not wonder that 'it is received by astonished thousands with a kind of Mount Vesuvius greeting, that cannot be expressed in the English language.' Many of its engravings are admirable and most spirited; and some of them — the 'Modern Ceres' for example, represented by Britannia, a famished female, with a lion by her side, and PEEL with his hand full of wheat-ears, presenting his 'sliding-scale,' a *locked* horn-of-plenty — are calculated to insure popularity with the populace. All professions have their departments. Thus in the law, 'Mr. GREENER gave notice of a motion for the production of a pea under the thimble where it appeared at the time of a bet being laid upon it,' and the absence of which seduced from his client one-pound-ten at Epsom races. From 'the markets' column we glean that 'Coals were nominally heavy, but were found much lighter on being weighed; and eggs, though they looked promising yesterday, opened very badly in the morning.' In finance, little was doing, save by the tax-collector, who was crying for quarter, but got none. People had no 'brads' to pay the 'tacks.' We close with one of PUNCH's 'medical hints for the winter quarter: 'As the cold goes away and the thaws approach, exercise should be taken, on wet days, with a hole in the boot, if practicable, or a very thin sole, and no change.' PUNCH has secured a wide circulation, and the praises of all the better periodicals, from the 'Westminster Review' downward.

LECTURE BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. — Messrs. KNOWLES AND Vose, Providence, (Rhode-Island,) have sent us a pamphlet entitled 'The Social Compact exemplified in the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; with Remarks on the Theories of Divine Rights of HOBBS and of FILMER, and the counter theories of SIDNEY, LOCKE, MONTESQUIEU, and ROUSSEAU, concerning the Origin and Nature of Government: a Lecture, delivered before the Franklin Society at Providence, in November last, by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 'The argument of the Lecture is,' says the writer, 'that the social compact, or body politic, founded upon the laws of Nature and of God, physical, moral, and intellectual, necessarily presupposes a *permanent* family compact formed by the *will* of the man, and the *consent* of the woman, and that by the same laws of Nature, and of God, in the formation of the Social Compact, the will or vote of every family must be given by its head, the husband and father. That the nuptial contract is formed by the *will* of the man is so emphatically the law of nature, that although I believe there is no country upon earth where it is required by positive statute, and where the female is forbidden to make the first advances, neither is there any country, civilized or savage, that I ever heard of, where the first advances to marriage are made by the woman. Rare or solitary exceptions there doubtless are, in all countries, but the exceptions are barely sufficient to prove the rule.'

WRITINGS OF THEODORE PARKER. — A volume containing the critical and miscellaneous writings of Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Roxbury, (Mass.,) is before us, from the press of Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. Of its contents we have only found leisure to read the 'Thoughts on Labor,' which are well digested and in all respects admirable; the 'Transient and Permanent in Christianity,' to which we shall hope to refer hereafter; and the remarks on the 'Education of the Laboring Classes.' There are other articles, upon the 'Life of Saint BERNARD,' 'The Pharisees,' 'Primitive Christianity,' 'STRATTS's Life of Jesus,' etc., which we shall endeavor to peruse before adverting more particularly to the volume in which they are embraced. The essays are written in a style which combines the plainness of COBBETT with just the slightest sprinkling of modern literary *Euphuism*; a combination less unattractive than might at the first blush be inferred from such a coalition.

CHANNING'S 'SELF-CULTURE.' — Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, have published in a neat and tasteful little volume, which may be carried in the pocket without scarcely being felt, the well-known essay upon 'Self-Culture' by the Rev. Dr. CHANNING, together with a brief but comprehensive biographical sketch of the eminent and lamented author. The simple, earnest teachings of this little volume have been productive of great good, and are destined to have a most important influence upon the characters of thousands upon thousands, who never saw the benign countenance of the writer, or heard the winning tones of his persuasive tongue.

'*LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.*' — The first two chapters of Mr. DICKENS's new work have appeared; but they can scarcely be said to *indicate* the character of the intended fiction. There is an amusing genealogical sketch, introducing the 'nobility' of the dramatic personæ; and a most vivid and characteristic, but rather over-elaborated picture of the freaks of an autumnal wind, in its chase after withered leaves, which at length, wearying of the sport, 'hurries away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it gets out to sea, where it meets with other winds similarly disposed, and makes a night of it.' Mr. Pecksniff is 'cut out' for the contemptible, hypocritical villain of the performance; and to continue the tailor's phrase, he 'fits' well, even 'in the bastings.' Mr. Chuzzlewit appears in a mist, and eke his young-lady companion; but 'how the subject-theme may gang, let time and chance determine.'

'*THE NEIGHBORS, A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE,*' is the title of a Swedish novel, translated by MARY HOWITT, and published by Mr. WINCHESTER of the 'New World,' in one small quarto volume from the English edition in two. The work is in the department of living story and scenes of society, and its author is pronounced by Miss MITFORD to be 'the Miss AUSTIN of Sweden.' The series of romances by this writer, FREDERIKA BREMER, is pronounced by the translator to be 'most admirable in their lessons of social wisdom; in their life of relation; in their playful humor; and in all those qualities which can make writings acceptable to the fire-side circle of the good and refined.' We regret to say, that our leisure has left us no opportunity to test the correctness of the high estimate placed upon '*The Neighbors*' by the English translator.

WRITINGS OF CHARLES SPRAGUE. — Messrs. CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Broadway, have just issued a second edition of the '*Writings of CHARLES SPRAGUE*, now first collected.' The first edition was noticed at considerable length in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. When that was published, however, there was little need of saying a word in praise of productions so widely known and universally admired as those of Mr. SPRAGUE; and certainly there exists no present necessity of 'gilding refined gold or painting the lily;' to make use of a quotation that expresses an incontrovertible fact, and is moreover strikingly rare.

THE '*INDICATOR.*' — We have received the last two numbers of a well-executed monthly work, thus entitled, and published by Mr. LOCKWOOD, at number five John-street. It is a very useful publication, as at present conducted, and what is of equal importance, its usefulness and value are not dissociated from variety, spirit, and literary attraction; attributes that are too frequently lost sight of, in works of this class. How many *intrinsically* good and useful publications fall comparatively dead from the press, for the want of that life and charm of *manner*, in the original communications, or in selections dictated by a leaden taste! The '*Indicator*' does wisely in avoiding this common error, and in blending instead the attractive and the good, the pleasant and the instructive.

THE '*Fourth Annual Circular of the Rutgers Female Institute,*' in Madison-street, has been laid before us. We have heretofore adverted to the different departments and course of instruction at this institution; and are well pleased to find that the mode of study and recitation, the daily and weekly public exercises; the government, incentives to and auxiliaries in study; have been such as to furnish forth a very full catalogue of young ladies who have partaken of the advantages of the institution. We hear on all hands that the high character of the Institute is well maintained by its capable and experienced officers and teachers.

THE '*SHEET ANCHOR.*' — An excellent folio-sheet for the entertainment and instruction of seamen, thus entitled, is published twice in each month at Boston, by Mr. JONATHAN HOWE. It is edited with industry, judgment and good taste, by the REV. C. W. DENISON, a gentleman who has had much experience of the character and feelings of the class for whom he labors. Let him but continue to present the variety and quality of matter which the past numbers of his journal exhibit, and we can venture to promise for his 'sheet' a firm 'anchor'-ing ground in the hearts of American sailors.

'*THE RAIN-BOW, OR ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,*' is the title of a semi-monthly periodical, from the press of Messrs. ADDE AND ESTABROOK, Nassau-street. It is clearly and neatly printed, and would seem to be well edited. Its original articles are pleasant and well-written, and its selections are made with judgment and good taste. We wish it abundant success, confident from the past that it will deserve it in the future.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1843.

No. 4.

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## A VISIT TO FLORENCE.

BY REV. WILLIAM HAGUE.

THE approach to Florence is beautiful. The valley of the Arno presents at all seasons an inviting aspect to the traveller, awakening by its rich cultivation all his sensibilities to rural loveliness. Especially toward evening, when the receding sun sheds a mellow light over the scene, every step and turn reveals new tints and hues in the fascinating picture. At such a time the lowing of the herds, the murmur of the waters, and the song of the peasant, all combine with the influences of twilight to attune the whole soul to harmony. Too often, however, is this inward peace broken by the cry for alms, coming from tattered groups gathered at the foot of every long hill, whence, as your carriage moves slowly onward, their piteous tones keep falling on your ear. It is a hard necessity to behold misery which you cannot relieve, and from so many to be forced coldly to turn away; but as here and there among them you see one, more shrinking than the rest, whose form and looks speak of 'better days,' your heart is touched, and how can you forbear to give? A stern glance may inflict a fresh wound on a bleeding bosom. As at such a moment a dark shade passed over the rising moon, I thought:

'How oft a cloud with envious veil  
Obscures yon bashful light,  
Which seems so modestly to steal  
Along the waste of night!  
'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs  
Obscure, with malice keen,  
Some timid heart which only longs  
To live and die unseen.'

We reached Florence at night, and found a home at a noble hotel which a friend had commended to us. It seemed like entering the palace of a prince, as we passed up the broad stair-case, flanked with statues and orange-trees. All was in keeping with the character of this beauteous capital of Tuscany, so long renowned as the



seat of commercial power, and the favorite home of literature and the arts. How much has Florence done to foster genius ; to diffuse a taste for intellectual pursuits ; to give to *mind* preëminence over outward force ; to lead men to associate ideas of glory with the employments of peace rather than of war, and thus to advance the civilization of the world ! All must acknowledge, when tracing her history from barbarous times, that in exalting commerce, in making the name of a merchant noble, and in devoting wealth to the cultivation of science and art, she has largely contributed to the progress of the human mind.

Our first impressions of a place have often a lasting influence on all our associations and reminiscences connected with it. And on what slight incidents do these sometimes depend ! An entrance on a dark and chilly day, a disagreeable residence, a cold reception, or a surly landlord, will sometimes put the mind in a mood in which it is unfitted to enjoy any thing. I remember the effect produced once on a company of travellers just arrived in a little town of Italy, by the appearance of a man among them who presented in his person the most finished image of a desperado. He was a *facchino*, or porter, and hung around them for an hour in order to secure their luggage to carry it to the custom-house. This fellow was a subject worthy of a painter's study. He was very athletic, dressed in canvas pantaloons, a red flannel shirt, with a sash around his waist, and also a rope to bind burdens over his shoulders ; a slouched woollen cap was on his head, from under which long black curls were playing around a brawny set of features, half concealing eyes asquint, which when fully seen flashed forth the expression of a soul habitually tossed with passion. The light shoes on his large feet, his dark-colored, muscular hands, emphatic in gesticulation, and the deep tones of his voice, added to the effect of a startling specimen of humanity, energetic though degraded. At the first glance the party took him to be a vagrant bandit, and evidently disliked to be the objects of his reconnoitering eye. This trivial occurrence gave a sombre tinge to all their recollections of the place, and dissociated its name from every thing agreeable. We were happy however in entering Florence under the most auspicious circumstances. The day and evening had passed pleasantly away ; the ride from Pisa had been delightful ; and on reaching our hotel, the polite manners and prompt attentions of every person, opened to us all the enjoyments of a traveller's home.

To speak of our arrival at Florence calls up one of my most pleasing recollections of the city ; the vocal music of the streets, which then took me by surprise, and soon

' With easy force it opened all the cells  
Where memory slept.'

From sunset until midnight it would often break upon my ear, while sitting in my room, or hold me enchanted in an evening walk. As late as twelve o'clock, sometimes, when the city had become quite still, and the moon-beams were playing on the Arno, from a little

cluster of men on a bridge, I have heard the sweetest, noblest strains. I always felt the superiority of this choir of voices over any combination of instruments; and though I understood not the language of the song, yet the expression of ideas was so strong that words would always suggest themselves. It reminded me of a remark made respecting Coleridge, that when he recited verses it seemed as if they were played upon an instrument; and that a line of Greek poetry has been repeated by him in such a way, that a person ignorant of the language might almost catch its meaning. It was natural that I should expect to find these little choirs composed of men bearing the marks of cultivation; but on drawing nigh it seemed to be far otherwise. They looked like laboring men, to whom music was a relaxation from the toils of the day. The fact shows how much this beautiful science is a part of popular education, as well as how much nature has done to furnish these people with resources of happiness.

The Arno, which passes through Florence, is crossed by five noble bridges, and on each side of the river are pleasant walks. The streets are spacious and paved with flag-stones. A stranger is struck at once with the grand and gloomy style of building which prevails. The Tuscan architecture is the symbol of firmness, and this characteristic every where appears in the immense size of the stones which are used, in the square form of the structure, and the sombre, far-projecting cornice.

If a traveller in Florence could visit but one object, I suppose no man would fail to select as that one the Royal Gallery of Sculpture and Painting. It is the most celebrated temple in the realm of taste, to which many have made their pilgrimage from afar, and where the lovers of the fine arts still repair from different and remote parts of the world. It is greatly to the honor of Cosmo de Medicis, a princely merchant of Florence, that he commenced an institution like this, on a scale so grand, on a plan so liberal, as to show that he valued those arts in which genius realizes its most beautiful conceptions, as a powerful means of elevating the character of a people. A colossal statue of Cosmo adorns the square near this extensive palace, and busts of him and other members of the family meet the eye on entering the Royal Gallery. In this temple of beauty one may linger long, and yet be more and more enchanted; for it is a characteristic of the works of master minds that they grow upon you as you study them; their beauties expand, and their latent power becomes more fully revealed, more deeply felt. This classic spot is happily fitted for contemplation. It is in the highest story of a lofty edifice; and though it is a little toilsome to ascend, yet when you have reached it, the bland air, the soft light, the stillness which prevails throughout its vast extent, all unite to lead the mind into a genial mood of thoughtfulness, and to inspire it with a taste for that tranquil pleasure which objects of beauty are so well adapted to impart. Along these halls one gazes on the most precious relics of ancient art, the chief works of the master spirits of the past. Who

can estimate the mental power which has found scope in these productions? What tedious days, what disheartening failures, what agonizing efforts, have these men known, before they could embody in clear and striking forms the ideals which glowed before their delighted vision!

In this gallery are seen statues and busts of men long since dead, most of whom have left more enduring memorials than these. It is pleasing here to look upon the images of those whose lives and characters have been described by the historic pen, and to mark how much the outer man was a symbol of the traits of soul developed in their deeds. Worthy of notice too are the heads of the emperors Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, and their successors, and of many others who hold a conspicuous place in Roman history and song.

In a cabinet called the Tribune, a small octagon room surmounted with a cupola, are some of the most exquisite specimens of painting and sculpture in the world. Among these is the statue of Venus de Medicis, which has so long been preëminent in the domain of art. It was found in the villa of Adrian at Tivoli, and it is now one hundred and fifty-three years since it was brought to Florence. Then, it was broken into thirteen pieces. The right arm and the left from the elbow downward, are modern. The height is only four feet eleven inches. The symmetry is perfect. This is one of those works which prove how uniform are the principles of taste, how deeply established in the human mind; for men of every age and of different countries have agreed in praising this production as the bodying forth of that 'perfection of beauty' with which the Creator was pleased to adorn the being who sprung from his own hand in Paradise. It is a proof that whatever variations of opinion may occur within the sphere of science or of fashion, true beauty ever lives, survives all changes, and gains a universal sway.

Vast and splendid as is this famous gallery, it is not the only temple of art and beauty open to the Florentines. The stranger is invited to visit others, which are what they purport to be, *palaces*; realizing those ideas of grandeur which we associate with the abode of royalty. The spacious halls and stair-cases of marble, the tessellated pavements, the floors of polished cement, the lofty ceilings adorned with fresco paintings from the first Italian masters, the enduring works of genius, of Raphael, Titian, Guido, and Rubens, suspended around the walls, the immense mirrors which redouble the glories of the place, the magnificent windows through which here and there is caught a glimpse of orangeries and fountains, all unite in displaying to the eye of a western traveller what seems like a fairy scene, and in proving the ancient greatness of a republic whose merchants were princes of the earth, and whose citizens were 'clad in purple and fine linen.'

The Pitti Palace was erected by Lucas Pitti, the rival of the Medici, who exhausted his fortune upon it. Whatever may be said of its architecture, no human being whether civilized or savage, a

child or an old man, could pass it without feeling his attention arrested by its massive grandeur. It is a noble specimen of the Florentine style; vast, heavy, solemn. The foundations look as if the surges of ocean might for ever dash against them in vain. The interior is filled with a collection of paintings which might of itself give fame to the capital, and the gardens in the rear possess aspects of varied loveliness. To produce these, not merely have the gardener's spade and pruning-knife been employed, but also the chisel of the sculptor, whose animated marbles add much to the graces of the place.

One of the most successful efforts that painter ever made is a picture of Poesy in the Palace Corsini. It is the embodiment of a perfect ideal, at which while one gazes his heart will say:

'Oh, Muse divine! thee only I implore;  
Shed on my soul thy sweet inspiring beams,  
And pleasure's gayest scene insipid folly seems!'

In the gardens which so enchanted me, the various evergreens are so abundant, so well disposed, and the air withal is so balmy, while the western sun shines out without the interruption of a cloud, that an American walking there in January confessed to a friend his absence of mind, saying, 'I really forget that it is winter.' I could join in that confession; but as to the sky, the 'Italian sky' so much praised in English poetry, it had no peculiar glory for me; for I could see no farther into it than into that canopy of blue which circles my native home.

An excellent view of the city of Florence may be obtained from the Campanile, a quadrangular tower, built of black, white, and red marbles. It stands near the Cathedral, and is two hundred and eighty feet in height. The cathedral itself is composed of variously-colored marbles, and is a relic of the thirteenth century, when what is called the Gothic architecture was in a very unsettled state, having no fixed order, no just proportions, and possessing altogether a fantastic character. The edifice is vast and gloomy, and its interior is distinguished by a sombre, solemn magnificence. No where is the effect of 'the dim religious light' more deeply felt than here. On entering, the imagination is all awake. The priestly chant, or your own solitary tread, reverberates with a melancholy echo. You leave the present, and live in the distant past. Every column bears the impress of age; on every stone are traced the marks of time. The actual world is shut out; you are moving in an unearthly realm, and deep awe steals over your spirit. With strange emotion I paused on the spot before the altar, which had witnessed one of the most thrilling events in the annals of Florence; the assassination of Julian de Medici by a priestly hand, the agent of Sextus IV., Bishop of Rome. Long before, my blood had chilled in thinking of the scene as described by the pen of Roscoe; and now, while gazing on the stone which had been stained with the gore of a princely victim, the feeling of horror was strangely renewed.

The church of Santa Croce, in which we spent an interesting hour, is distinguished for its tombs and monuments. The Florentines have cherished for the poet Dante an almost idolatrous love, and having long mourned his banishment from their city by the spirit of faction, though they have failed in every effort to obtain his bones from Ravenna, have at length erected for him here a splendid memorial in marble. Very near it, and close to the entrance of the church, are the tomb and monument of one of Dante's most devoted admirers, Michael Angelo Buonaroth, who would himself have raised in Florence an immortal tribute to the memory of the poet, had Ravenna allowed his ashes to be entombed beneath it. It had almost been decreed in the case of this prince of sculptors, that though the walls of Santa Croce might have held his monument, they should not encircle his tomb; for having died at Rome, that city coveted the honor of possessing his sepulchre. But by the interposition of the Grand Duke of Tuscany the remains were brought to their present resting-place. Over them, figures emblematic of sculpture, painting, and architecture, in silent sadness, mourn the death of their favorite son, who exhibited the most wonderful *combination* of powers, recorded in the annals of the fine arts. He was born of a noble family, at Arczzo in Tuscany, the birthplace of Virgil's friend Mæcenas, and of Petrarch. With the milk which nourished his infancy he seemed to imbibe the love of his profession, for he was nursed by a woman who was the wife of a sculptor, and ere long the instruments of art became the toys of his childhood.

The exterior of the church of Santa Croce is very rough, bearing on its front the impress of Tuscan grandeur. The square before it is a classic spot, endeared to every friend of liberty; for there the Florentines met nearly six hundred years since, to shake off the yoke of tyranny. They divided themselves into companies, composed of fifty each, appointed their captains, overthrew the Ghibeline power, and established a free system of government. Alas, with what hard struggles has liberty sought to hold an asylum here! Florence was the first city of Italy to present an example of a republic governed by laws which paid respect to individual rights, and secured safety to the citizen. Here was first seen the love of freedom diffused through a community, manifesting itself in institutions which threw a shield around the weakest, kept the strongest in awe, and made the good of the whole a paramount object. But where is the republic now? It has vanished like a vision of the night! Florence is now subject to a despotism. True, that despotism is modified, as might be expected, by the enlarged mind and benevolent spirit of the Grand Duke; yet it is the will of one, not of the many, which rules here now. That broad and bright career of improvement in knowledge, virtue, and power, on which the people seemed once to have entered with vigorous step, is closed against them. The means of education, even the rudiments of knowledge, are furnished stintedly. The political and moral preëminence of Florence

is lost. Lands quite unknown in the palmy days of her prosperity, now rejoice in the sunlight of Freedom, but the overshadowing wings of Austria's double-headed eagle '*protect*' all Italy against its beams. Shall it be ever so? No! no! respond the hopes which at this very hour are warmly beating in many Italian bosoms. The prophetic voice of history, the workings of a holy Providence, and all the tendencies of the world, answer 'No!' for

'Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from suffering sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won!'

A F F E C T I O N ' S   L A S T   T R I B U T E .

I.

If thou must seek the tomb,  
And early find a pillow in the dust,  
God grant his love to dissipate the gloom,  
And give thee hope in death, if die thou must!

II.

We know not how to paint  
A world without thee, such hath been our love;  
But no obtruding tear, no wild complaint,  
Shall cloud thy pathway to the world above.

III.

Where shall I miss thee most?  
In the cool forest-paths, which thou must leave?  
In my free rambles on our rocky coast?  
Or from the lonely altar, morn and eve?

IV.

When shall I look for thee  
With the most eager longings to behold,  
Yet find thee not? All hours alike shall be,  
When thou art wanting in the pleasant fold!

V.

I know not how to speak  
The chilling loneliness that shall be mine,  
When all in vain my aching heart shall seek  
The refuge it hath ever found in thine.

VI.

But oh! another friend,  
A watchful spirit shall be joined to those  
Who ever on my pilgrimage attend,  
And will not leave me till my journey close!

VII.

Thou wilt not me forget,  
Though a celestial harp be tuned for thee,  
O'er which no seraph-hand hath ever swept,  
Which waits thy touch to yield its melody!

## D E A T H .

FROM 'DEATH, OR MEDORA'S DREAM,' AN UNPUBLISHED FORM.

BY ROBERT TYLER, ESQ.

MIDNIGHT is dark,  
 When through the murky sky the thunder peals;  
 Yet heavier, blacker is that sable veil  
 That DEATH draws o'er our unilluminated orbs,  
 A cloud intense, whose thick funereal shades  
 Whirl through the billowy void from earth to heaven,  
 Shrouding our sphere, that star nor sun can reach.

Upon yon lifeless form the taper gleams  
 With feeble, sickly ray; the shrunken breast  
 Feels not the pressure of the folded hands  
 Or Grave's pale vestment now; the pulseless heart  
 Must moulder in dull clay, no more to beat  
 With ardent hopes or love! What matters this —  
 The ghostly drapery of the dead man's couch,  
 Or sign of wo, or dissolution's seal,  
 To him who lies in everlasting sleep?  
 Can he find joy in light? Shall morning's breath  
 Fan his pale brow, or flush his cheek again?  
 Shall dewy twilight, mantling o'er the earth,  
 While sunset lingers on the distant mount,  
 And viewless spirits in the balmy air  
 Hold revel mid the fleecy summer clouds,  
 Awake his soul once more, and bid it soar  
 Up on its snowy wings mid angels there?  
 Reckless is he of darkness as of light!

Night comes and goes, and Day streams o'er the east,  
 Or like a glorious seraph in the west  
 Sits on his cloudy pile of gold and gems,  
 While man admires, and earth, instinct with love,  
 Falls into slumber 'neath that happy smile,  
 Like a tired child, that sleeps with rosy dreams.  
 Alas! no ray can pierce his charnel-house!  
 The music of the winds, the rustling leaves,  
 The song of birds, the perfume of the morn,  
 The bright meridian sun, the azure dome,  
 Through which the clouds on golden wings are borne,  
 Where dwell those angel-ministers of love,  
 Intent on good, who from their vases pour  
 The dews and showers that fertilize the land,  
 And make it bloom in fragrance: gentle eve,  
 That like a dove on silent pinion stoops  
 From out the sky, and hovers o'er the world  
 As softly as the ring-dove o'er her nest —  
 Can these again, in all their happy power,  
 Invoke a spirit to his fading form,  
 Touch his dull brain, unbind his frozen heart,  
 Or through his breast a transient feeling bear,  
 To break the chainless slumber of the grave?

## S T R A Y L E A V E S .

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

## THE WATER-MARTYR.

WASHINGTON IRVING has described with great force and humor the delights of 'a rainy day in a country inn;' but if he had had my experience in the matter, he could have made a more judicious selection of 'the time of day,' and given with his graphic pen the history of a rainy *night* in a country inn. I suppose it makes but little difference to the community at large which of *two* great men accomplishes an undertaking; and therefore, with the characteristic modesty of my profession, I will proceed to fill up the picture which 'the greatest living master of the English language' has commenced.

The duties of my calling caused me to attend the Superior Court of one of the interior counties. It was a cold, wintry-day, cloudy and windy; in short, just such a day as makes life disagreeable and gloomy. A man might have walked a score of miles, and, as the lawyers say, 'take nothing by the motion;' his blood would still have remained stagnant and chilled. The business of the court commenced. The judge (who was an amiable man, with occasionally an awkward way of showing it) pushed forward the business with an alacrity that convinced me that he was trying to get through the docket in one day. The court-house was an old wooden building, and the cold wind blew fitfully in upon us; the shutters creaked upon their hinges, or slammed against the panes; and altogether it was a most disagreeable, miserable day; and we each and all felt like a bear who in climbing had fallen down and knocked off a part of his head. My cases were called in order, and I proceeded with divers success. When night came on I had 'contracted' a violent cold, and having lost two cases consecutively, when the remaining suit was called, I pleaded indisposition, told the judge that I had 'struck a streak of bad luck,' and begged him to give me until the morning to recover my health, my fortune, and my equanimity.

My competitor, who was a very courteous young man, interposed also in my behalf, and his honor at length assented. I left the court-house, with my temper on the north side of amiable. My throat was lacerated and sore; my breathing was oppressed; the night was pitch dark and drizzly; I was excessively short-sighted, and before I had proceeded forty yards from the court-house, I fell over two goats that had composed themselves to slumber in the open air, in total disregard of their own comfort, and of the safety of any unhappy wayfarer who might cross their path. One of them, acting doubtless upon the axiom that self-defence was the first law of



nature, before I had time to rise or to expostulate, 'then and there,' as the lawyers say, with head, horns, and feet, inflicted upon me divers butts, blows, kicks, and bruises, to the great injury of 'your petitioner,' and contrary to the peace and harmony of the good people of —. The noise and outcry that I made while suffering these accumulated injuries, brought out a large yard-dog, who gave each of the goats a severe shake, which rejoiced my heart, though he brought my self-congratulations to an end by biting a piece out of my leg; a circumstance which, for aught I know, may have elevated his character for impartiality with his quadruped antagonists, but which certainly entitled him neither to my respect nor esteem. A few yards brought me to my lodgings in the country inn. I had in the morning secured a bed in a shed-room, and thither I bent my way, 'considerably riled,' as they say down east. I passed through a large room, in which there were six beds, five of them occupied, each by two persons, and the sixth vacant. The shed-room opened upon this apartment, and I went in, and looking hastily about me, proceeded to take off my coat.

I had hardly done this, when my antagonistical friend and conqueror came in also. He was in a very delightful humor, as lawyers always are when they gain their cases, and tried to put me in the same, by insisting that as I was sick and tired, I should take 'the best bed,' for which I returned him my thanks, although my bad temper suggested to me, that possibly I might be as much indebted to a very large crack in the roof, (a very dangerous symptom in a shed-room of a rainy night,) immediately over the 'best bed,' as to his courtesy and regard for my comfort. Just as we had settled this point, the landlady, or mistress of the house, made her appearance at the door.

'What do you want, Madam?' said I, with a short and petulant air.

'I am the lady of the house, Sir,' replied she.

'I wish, then, that you would exercise some control over your goats and dogs, for they have nearly assassinated me.'

'Oh Squire, (they call all lawyers 'Squire,') don't be so cross; I ain't the universal guardian for all the goats and dogs in the country. Beside, I came here to caution you. You don't mean to sleep in that bed?' pointing to the 'best bed.'

'Yes, Madam, I do, if I ever get a chance to undress,' said I, throwing at the same time my vest upon the floor, and kicking off one of my boots.

'But you *must n't* sleep there!' she rejoined.

'I will,' replied I, 'in spite of all the goats, dogs, and old women in the country!'

'Why, Squire, listen to reason. I am speaking to you for your own good. Do you hear the rain dropping upon the roof?'

'I dare say I should hear it, Madam, if you would stop talking.'

'Well, then, you'll *feel* it directly, for it pours in there like a sieve, whenever it rains hard.'

Alas! that was the death-warrant to my comfort! As long as I

had in prospect a good night's rest, I could bear up against the accumulated evils of my lot; but these tidings put an end to all my hopes.

'Why did n't you tell me this before?'

'Because you would not let me; but come, put on your boots and clothes, and I will show you a bed where you will be dry, unless it rains *mighty* hard.'

My heart smote me with my ill temper, and I complied, and followed her. The 'dry bed,' as she called it, was the vacant bed in the large room through which I had passed. It was flanked on one side by a door, which opened upon a cold entry; and no physical effort, I am satisfied no mental one, could bring it within a foot of closing, leaving a hiatus, through which the keen wind whistled. On the other side was an open window, without glass or shutter; and as the rain pattered upon the sill it sprinkled the bed-clothes. Any man who could have slept there for one hour without encountering a severe pleurisy, must have had ribs of iron and lungs of platina. The good old lady saw a smile on my countenance — despair occasionally manifests itself in that way — and mistaking its meaning, said, in a soothing tone:

'There now, my child, there's a comfortable dry bed for you; you are a clever young man, and I'm glad to see you've got over your ugly temper.'

I do n't know whether it was her flattering allusion to my youthful appearance, (as we grow old we get a little sensitive on such matters,) or to her giving me credit for a quality which I did not possess; but her remark completely recalled me to my sense of gentlemanly propriety, and I answered:

'My dear Madam, I am sorry that I have exhibited so much bad humor, but the truth is, those wretched animals have butted and bitten all my good sense out of me: pray excuse me, and don't trouble yourself any more. This bed is too cold for me, but I do n't think it will rain much longer, and I dare say I shall be quite comfortable in the shed-room. Good night!' I retreated to my apartment and went to bed. The rain pattered so sweetly on the shingles, and with such a lulling sound, that, despite of all my effort to keep awake, I fell asleep. A terrible dream (compounded of divers scenes and materials, such as lying down under a guillotine, with executioners with the heads of dogs and goats standing over me, and the drops of blood falling upon me from the axe) awoke me. The rain had changed its '*locus ad quem*,' and had substituted me for the roof. All at once it changed its pattering sound, and came pouring in through the cracks like a mimic cataract of Niagara. 'The enemy is upon us, Frank!' shouted I at the top of my voice, and springing up and seizing our clothes at random, we rushed into the large room.

Alas! what a prospect met our view! The water was running in a stream across the floor, the cots actually quivering with the pressure of the water upon them; and, 'all unconscious of the tide of ill,' the occupants slept on. I made for the dry bed, which had

one unfortunate man in it, and standing upon it, put on my wet clothes, and buttoning up my great-coat, crossed the entry, and presented myself in the room usually used as the eating apartment. Here a most grotesque scene presented itself, and one altogether different from that just left by me. There was no water here; a bright fire burned on the hearth; about ten men were seated around it, telling anecdotes and drinking whisky. Around and about the room some fifty persons were stretched in slumber; some on tables, others on the floor, a few nodding in chairs, and two women in the back-ground, smoking immense pipes. I knocked my cap over my eyes to prevent them from recognizing me, (as I knew they would torment me with endless legal questions,) and sat down quietly on a small stool in the chimney-corner.

Opposite to me was seated a little man, who went by the euphonious appellation of 'Dick,' and who kept his hands before his face, with his head bent down. The conversation around the fire was kept up very briskly; consisting principally of descriptions of the travels of the various relaters. Whenever any new place was described, and its beauty or fertility commended, Dick would chime in with the observation, 'Fust rate!' 'Why, how do *you* know, Dick?' some one would ask. 'Been there,' was invariably his pithy answer. At last some one mentioned England, and said he had 'hearn tell that it was a 'tip-top country.'

'Fust rate!' said Dick.

No one noticed this remark; but thrown off my guard for a moment, and forgetting my incognito, I asked:

'Why, Dick, what do you know about it?'

'Halloo! here's the Squire!' roared the crowd in chorus. 'Squire, we're very glad to see you; we've got some little p'intn we want you to make us sensible on.' Then followed a legion of questions, such as, 'Squire, if a man marries, and has no children, what's the law?' 'Squire, if a man dies, and leaves an aunt, what's the law?' 'Squire, if a man's wife runs away ——'

Here one of the smoking women interposed, and giving the speaker a tremendous box on the ear, with the significant expression 'shut up!' nipped his query in the bud. This produced a general laugh, in which all joined but the boxer and the boxee, who were man and wife. When this subsided, Dick became interrogative. 'Lawyer,' said he, 'I got a little interrogation to put 'long with the rest. Suppose I buy a tract of land, with the 'purtenances, who does the live squirrel on the top of one of the trees belong to?'

Here followed a roar of laughter. 'He's got you, Squire.' 'Hurra for Dick!' 'Buy Dicky for a fool!' etc.

As soon as I had a chance to speak, feeling that my reputation was concerned, I determined to carry the war into Africa. 'Dick,' said I, 'look up at me and answer *me* one question, and then I'll answer your's. Suppose I were to buy this house, and the 'purtenances, including the drunken men in it, whom do you think you'd belong to?'

This turned the tide in my favor, and amidst the merriment it

excited I rose and left the room. As I got into the entry the day was just breaking; the cocks were making a noise more like a scream than a crow; a horse was lying down under the shed, and a man was asleep, with his head upon the horse, as a saddle. I tripped and fell over him with a tremendous crash, 'received, but recked not of, a wound,' and entered the sleeping-room. Things there were in *statu quo*, except that two of the sleepers had roused themselves, and were getting up. Without saying 'gentlemen, by your leave,' I turned in, with great-coat, spectacles, cap, and boots, and wrapping a blanket around me, tried to get to sleep. In a few minutes two men came in on a voyage of discovery, and attracted by my spectacles and cap, stooped down and ascertained who I was:

'Well, if the Squire aint drunk!' 'Well, did I ever!'

I was so sick and weary that reputation was nothing to me; so I did not contradict them, hoping that they would go out very soon, and leave me to my slumbers. Some by-stander, however, interposed, and said: 'Let him alone; he has been up all night, and is sick.' Unfortunately for my credit and that of my kind friend, at this moment he stumbled and fell into the water. 'Why, you are *all* drunk!' exclaimed the new-comers; and out they went to promulgate the intelligence.

When the court assembled again, I came in with red eyes and throbbing head, and reported myself too sick to proceed, upon which the court was adjourned for the term. As I passed out, I heard divers commentaries on my condition: 'I never knew it, gentlemen! 'Pon honor, I thought he was a water-man.' 'Drunk-sick!' 'Shame upon these drunken vagabonds!' said one of Eve's fair daughters. But little I heeded all these remarks. I would have looked with complacency upon any man who was my hangman, and the gallows would have been a comfortable prospect to me. I ordered my carriage, reached home the next day, was bled and blistered for a fortnight, and came near 'shuffling off this mortal coil.'

The next time I visited the county of —, it was in spring-tide. The balmy air, the sweet song of the birds, and the green foliage, presented a very different appearance from the 'fall term.' I was in high spirits; but, alas for human happiness! After I had argued my first case, and considered that I had come off with flying colors, I was dismayed by hearing around me: 'First-rate book man;' 'smart chap; what a pity he drinks!'

From that hour my fate has been sealed in that county. Belonging to a temperance society, and strictly observing its rules; nearly losing my life by an excess of rain-water; I am nevertheless regarded there as a confirmed drunkard, whose talents are wasted and misapplied, and whose steps are tending to ruin and the grave. I am emphatically a martyr to water; and I give public notice to all Washingtonians —

But there is no use in threatening. I may as well submit to my fate, and fall, like Cæsar, with dignity, 'even at the foot of Pompey's statue.' There are some events in life which a man is not apt to

forget. I rather think that the rainy night in the country inn, which made me a water-martyr, will be remembered by me 'as long (to use the graceful language of a brother lawyer) as a single tree remains in the broad field of reason, or a solitary flower blossoms in the garden of memory.'

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SAM PATCH: A COLLEGE POEM.

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'I've half a mind to settle down to prose:  
But verse is more in fashion — so here goes!'

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ONCE more, my Muse! unfold thy radiant wing,  
And float propitious o'er me while I sing;  
And as I studious burn the midnight taper,  
Guide thou my pen, and sanctify my paper;  
Inspire my verse, and grant me, in your grace,  
A lyre of silver, and a brazen face,  
Lest haply my instructress I disgrace:  
(For confidence oft hides the lack of brains:)  
And grant, O grant a hero to my strains!

Not long amid the illustrious dead I seek  
For one whose praise the impartial muse may speak.  
Behold he rises from his watery tomb,  
The chosen man! — room for our hero! — room!  
Give ear, ye Seniors! Juniors all attend!  
Freshmen and Sophomores, in silence bend!  
From graver themes a moment's time I snatch,  
To sing the memory of SAMUEL PATCH!

Sneer not, ye critics, at his humble name,  
'T is one that long shall fill the trump of Fame:  
And if you measure worth by one's cognomen,  
You cheat of glory many a noble Roman.  
Bring to the test of *literal* translation  
The brightest names of that illustrious nation;  
And you may find, by trying means like these,  
That CICERO is simply — Mr. PEASE:  
A noble scion of the ÆNEIDIAN line  
Will on your list as Mr. DONKEY shine;  
And last, to strike the system at the roots,  
CALIGULA is only — GOVERNOR BOOTS!  
What *boots* it then? there's nothing in a name:  
Cruikshanks or Higgins, it is all the same.  
Presume not then, because his name was Patch,  
To deem our modest hero 'no great scratch.'  
He never blushed to recognize the word,  
But when its short, familiar sound was heard,  
Or even the less euphonious title, 'Sam,'  
He'd raise his ponderous head, and answer, 'Here I am.'

What need have we his *lineage* here to trace?  
His is the only name of all his race  
That shines in splendor on the page of history.  
And, sooth to say, his lineage is a mystery

That time has not revealed. Well, be it so :  
Such might have been the case with Cicero.  
Like Bonaparte, Sam rose from humble station,  
To claim the wonder of a mighty nation.  
Napoleon fell ; and Sam was fated too ;  
And lo ! the water was his Waterloo !

But yet not all unknown our hero's race :  
Up to his sire his ancestry we trace.  
Thus much from out the doubtful past we catch ;  
He was the eldest-born of DAVID PATCH,  
Then rise, my Muse ! triumphant plume thy wing !  
'T is the first SAM of DAVID that we sing.

Yet hard the task, in this degenerate age,  
To plant our hero firmly on the stage ;  
Since modest merit always is referred  
To far posterity for its reward.  
To future days we look with expectation,  
To mete him out his share of approbation.

When round the sun some hundred whirls we've taken,  
(If haply father MILLER is mistaken,)   
His name, no doubt, shall into light be hurled !  
And all the cities of the western world,  
From the first scene of his success, Pawtucket,  
To Genesee, where Samuel kicked the bucket,  
Each eager strive to teach the listening earth  
That in *her* midst our hero had his birth.  
Just so, of old, seven famous towns contended,  
(And even yet the contest is not ended,)  
To prove where HOMER first from heaven descended.  
Two Latin lines the whole affair relate,  
And name the parties in the stern debate ;  
These to your mind I'll venture to recall,  
Familiar though they be, no doubt, to all.  
*Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri :*  
*Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athena.*

So, when the birth of Patch, in future days,  
Shall form the subject of each poet's lays,  
Some hungry bard shall Latin strains indite,  
To tell the contest for the modern knight.  
Two new hexameters, to match the old,  
In words like these the story shall unfold :  
*Oppida sex Patchi de stirpe ferocia pugnant :*  
*Schagticoke, Troy, Genesee, Patchogue, Philadelphia, Squankum.*

Now might we sing, in many a lofty strain,  
The laurels 't was our hero's lot to gain :  
Tell how in Eastern climes he first appeared,  
Where famed Pawtucket's factories are reared,  
A simple factory-boy ; devoid of beard,  
And half devoid of brains : show how ambition  
Aroused him to a sense of his position,  
And urged him on to better his condition.  
One glorious thought at length his breast inspires,  
And rouses all his spirit's hidden fires :  
'To prove,' in confidence he told his brothers,  
'That some things can be done as well as others.'  
Then might we sing, how, to advance his fame,  
To earn himself the glory of a name,

And carry out the principle he started,  
 How from his factory-friends he nobly parted.  
 At divers times he dived in sportive mood  
 Down roaring cataracts, and braved the flood  
 From ladders, masts, and highest factory walls :  
 And vowed, at last, to leap Niagara Falls !  
 Here boldly plunged a hundred feet or more :  
 Who ever dreamed of such a feat before !  
 Then might we tell ——

But ah ! my Muse, completely out of breath,  
 Declares she 'll tell of nothing but his death :  
 On all his life a mournful silence keep,  
 And only sing his last and fearful leap.  
 Then O, ye glorious Nine ! inspire my lay  
 To paint the hero on the eventful day,  
 He meets a fate whose very name appals,  
 Falls in the spring of life — springs in the falls,  
 And perishes : so summary his end,  
 The gaping crowd can scarcely comprehend  
 That he, the illustrious Sam, should sink so low,  
 Who seemed a water-god an hour ago.  
 But Sam's dive-inity was tested now :  
 His last fair laurel had entwined his brow.

But we anticipate : we should have told  
 How firm he stood, how upright, and how bold ;  
 With what an air of pride he climbed a stump,  
 And eyed the folk who came to see him jump ;  
 How, when the hour had come, he neared his post,  
 And heard the shouting of the assembled host.  
 A flaming handkerchief adorned his head,  
 His face was cheerful, and his shirt was red :  
 His step was lighter, and his heart beat quicker ;  
 Sam was in spirits — he was not in liquor ;  
 Be no such imputation on him cast ;  
 He nobly stuck to water to the last.  
 Yet we confess, this once he got too high ;  
 But then, a cataract was in his eye,  
 And on he blindly rushed — rushed to his fall,  
 And so, drank too much water — that was all.  
 And O, ye Washingtonians ! drop the tear !  
 Cold water brought him to his foaming bier.  
 For, ' Look before you leap ' was not his motto :  
 Else had he lived a hundred years — or ought to.

But 't was his fate, and we must take the pains  
 To sing his elegy in doleful strains.  
 Now low he lies, who never *lied* before ;  
 Then touch your lyre ye bards ; ye sea-calves roar !  
 Toll, toll the watch-house and the factory-bell !  
 Beat hard the gong, and sound the loud conch-shell !  
 Sing psalms to Sam, ye salmon of the deep !  
 He beat ye all in many a watery leap.  
 Yea, all the salmon Sam's ensample take,  
 And glorious jumps by his tuition make :  
 While he, beneath the dark and gloomy waters,  
 At leap-frog plays, to please old Neptune's daughters.  
 But we are left to mourn above the ground ;  
 While many a leap-year slowly moves around,  
 There 's none alive on earth will ever match him :  
 Ah, cruel thought, that Death should thus des-Patch him !

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

*The Young Englishman.*

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

'Ow! wonderful art thou, great Element:  
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,  
And lovely in repose.'  
'Must I die here?'

To the unreflecting observer of events, as they succeed each other from year to year, forming together the history of man, the revolution in the British colonies of America appears to be the single result of several acts of tyranny on the part of the parent country; such as oppressive taxation upon articles of necessary use, unfair restrictions upon trade, and a denial of justice in cases of alleged grievance. That these were sufficient in themselves to authorize the States to throw of their allegiance, there can be no doubt; but it required a deeper, stronger, more determining cause to effect, apparently upon a sudden, such a tremendous revolution, and make thirteen separate and distinct colonies arm as one man, and resist every effort to reduce them to subjection. If we go farther back, and remark the spirit which filled the breasts of the first settlers of the western continent, as well the bold adventurers and chivalrous cavaliers who colonized Virginia as the stern self-denying Pilgrims who landed in New-England, it will appear that a strong, unalterable love of democratic liberty, coupled with a determination to place it beyond danger from encroachment by rulers, was the main-spring of every effort. It was a part of their birth-right as Englishmen; it belonged to every one in whose veins flowed the blood of the Saxon. It was this spirit that forced the *Magna Charta* from king John; it caused the revolutions which brought to the block the unfortunate Charles I., and obliged James II. to abdicate the throne. Smith and Calvert carried it to the shores of the new world. It guided Robinson and his countrymen when they took refuge in republican Holland, and brought them at last in safety to the rock of Plymouth. And there they strove to worship the God of their fathers, after the way which they believed was true, and struggled manfully to guard their civil liberties from oppression and restraint.

Wonderful men! to brave every peril, to suffer every privation, to endure every hardship, rather than give up liberty! Had not this spirit still survived, and been cherished with the loftiest zeal, in place of a great and free nation (and to me who knew it in its infancy, great and free it does indeed appear), I should now behold around me a race of miserable, disheartened colonial slaves. Had



not this spirit still survived, every fresh act of oppression would only have sunk the subject into deeper degradation, till at last he would have become stupidly insensible to his chains. But thank God! this was not to be! Jealous in the extreme of every encroachment, the colonies witnessed with increased alarm each fresh act of tyranny. At length the aggressions became insupportable. They rose together; they resisted even unto blood; the God of Battles nerved their arms; the struggle was past, and they were free!

UPON the deck of a vessel belonging to this new nation were gathered the souls who but a few moments before clung despairingly to the wreck of the British ship 'Christoval Colon,' in fear of immediate death, and trembling lest their fellow-men should prove more merciless than the ocean which was about to engulf them. But they were saved. And one of the first acts of the first merchant-vessel that sailed from any port under the flag of the United States, was to rescue from destruction a ship's company belonging to the country which had for nearly eight years waged a bloody conflict against them with the deadliest animosity, as rebels undeserving of mercy, and who had no claim to the usages of ordinary warfare; but against whom any measures were justifiable that should compass their subjection. There may be some now living who can call up this incident to mind, though I believe all of that brave ship's company, the active master and his hardy crew, the adventurous passengers and the shipwrecked souls from the lost vessel, have long since been gathered to their final resting-place. (That I should be thus spared, who have nothing in life to cling to, while they are taken!) Still, I doubt not many survive who heard at the time of the occurrence. Such will recollect the cruise of the 'Samuel Adams,' a vessel fitted out in Boston and sailed by a veteran seaman who had served his country during her struggle for independence, and who now, at the instigation of a few enterprising citizens, undertook the more pacific character of commander of a merchantman; thus illustrating the singular genius of the New-Englander, who, scorning a life of inactivity and ease, is ever ready to embark in schemes of honorable industry. But of these things I do not purpose now to treat. Hereafter, should I be permitted to enjoy the accustomed privacy of my retired apartments, undisturbed by the obtrusive presence of the inquisitive, I may speak of my early recollections of this growing land, a subject naturally pleasing to the native son of America, and interesting to the reminiscent, from his warm sympathy with those who struggled so bravely and so successfully to be free.

The morning after our rescue was clear and beautiful. The wind had changed to the north, and was very light. The sea was fast resuming its tranquil appearance, unconscious of the awful havoc its fury had created, and the sun rose gloriously from his ocean bed. On the deck of the 'Samuel Adams,' just amid-ships, the two captains met. The American stood ready, as the Englishman stepped

over the side, to welcome him on board, and tender the hospitalities of his vessel. It was an embarrassing moment for the latter; but the high-toned generosity and the noble frankness of his rescuer removed from the breast of the Englishman every trace of his former prejudices; and he felt completely overpowered by the unexpected kindness.

It was a fit subject for a painter, the meeting between those two persons. The captain of the 'Colon' was a man of immense proportions, apparently about five-and-forty. He had an open, frank countenance, if we except some lines denoting obstinate prejudice marked upon it, which by the action of wind and storm was now none of the fairest. His forehead was not expansive, yet it indicated benevolence and good feeling, while his full blue eyes, shaded by a large quantity of light hair without the least mixture of gray, gave to his face a good-humored, pleasing expression. The captain of the American, on the contrary, was perhaps a little under the medium size, but his broad chest and heavy shoulders, which seemed knit into his frame like iron, would suggest to any one who saw him that he would prove a dangerous antagonist, be his opponent who he might. His face was even more weather-beaten than the countenance of the other. His dark hair was freely sprinkled with gray, and being cut short, showed to full advantage a bold, prominent forehead, indicative, even to the careless observer, of courage and determination; while the expression of his cold gray eye marked the man of prudent caution and honest principle, yet one determined to discharge his duty without regard to the consequences.

'I thought you had passed without seeing us,' said the Englishman, after the first greeting was over, and he began to feel more at his ease.

'Not quite that,' replied the other. I was below when we came up with you, trying to get some rest after the fatigue of managing my ship in this gale, and my mate hesitated about calling me; but the honest fellow was so sure you were in trouble that he finally gave the alarm.

'Your men act like real sea-dogs,' pursued the captain of the 'Colon.'

'Yes, and well they may,' replied the American, 'if a life of constant hardship and exposure to the severest perils of the ocean can make them.'

Leaving the two captains to their conversation, I proceeded in quest of Mrs. —, thinking that she might by this time require my assistance. On my way I could not help observing the crew of the American vessel. Every man looked as if he might, should occasion require it, command a ship himself. There was nothing of that stupid indifference to occurrences around them which could be observed in every crew that I had ever before seen. All were intelligent, and discharged their duty understandingly, as if they shared in the responsibility of their commander. They seemed especially gratified too that they had saved us from shipwreck, and freely

offered the new crew the best accommodations the fore-castle afforded.

I found Mrs. — comfortably situated in the captain's state-room, which he had given up for her use, and her invalid son lying exhausted in the berth. The other passengers were seeking what repose they might, after so many hours of wearisome excitement; and for the first time I began myself to feel the need of rest. Yet I was indisposed to slumber. All the events of the preceding days crowded on my mind. The sudden transition to our present quarters; the peculiarity of our condition; the novelty of every thing about me, prevented any thing like present repose. I went on deck: the two captains were conversing about the severe gale we had just experienced, and I did not care to interrupt them. The sailors were fast making the acquaintance of the new-comers, and took an evident pride in showing their ship, and describing how well she could perform what was required of her.

The crew of the 'Colon' seemed amazed at every thing around them; for in common with their countrymen they had imbibed the most contemptuous ideas of every thing American; and it was with difficulty they could be made to believe that the beautiful vessel they were now on board of was actually built in the 'Colonies,' and that the hardy crew who navigated her were born more than three thousand miles from 'Old England.' There were two or three passengers of the 'Samuel Adams' on deck, eager to learn every circumstance of our shipwreck; and they found our crew ready to relate it with the most satisfactory minuteness. Leaving all these, and desirous to escape conversation, I sought a more retired part of the ship, and gave myself up to the current of my own thoughts. Friendless and isolated as I knew myself to be, my present situation made me still more desolate. I felt before that my cup of suffering was full, and the present incident could therefore add but little to the sorrows that had already fallen to my lot. Yet I could not help feeling that I was *doomed*. Go which way I would, destruction lay across my path; not, to be sure, to make me its victim, but rather to thwart every effort of my life. I looked over the broad waste of waters. Far away to the east lay the country of my fathers; this way, westward, were the shores of the new world; new to the pale-faced European, but to the dusky son of the forest, who gloried in traditions, older than a thousand-thousand moons: his hunting-grounds bore traces of antiquity even more remote than did the country of his invader. Between the two swept the mighty ocean, so lately convulsed with the tempest, but now relapsing into its accustomed dark-heaving, rolling swell, which sounded like

'A giant's slumber, loud and deep.'

Before me were the representatives of a nation which had purchased freedom at the point of the sword and bayonet, and were now independent of their former rulers; while I, who had struggled and fought and bled for the dear soil which covered the graves of my fathers,

was destined to see my country blotted out, its altars desecrated, and those who dared to defend them from sacrilege crushed before the ruthless, resistless course of the invader. For the moment I grieved that the sea had not made me its victim. I could have sunk under its wave without a struggle and found rest in its bosom; for it seemed as if its depths were heaven, to man's ingratitude.

I did not long give way to such feelings. The thought of the many sufferers by our late shipwreck, and especially of the poor invalid Englishman, and his unprotected mother and sister, who were now in a most lamentable situation, brought back the kindlier feelings of my soul, and I determined to do what I could to render them aid in so trying an emergency. In the course of a day or two we were all fairly at our ease, on board the new ship; so kind was the captain in his attentions, and so active in affording us every comfort in his power. After considerable consultation, he concluded to put into some port in the island of Jamaica, from which any of our company who chose could easily return to England.

The young Englishman I saw often. He seemed devoutly thankful for our recent escape; but I perceived that it was for his mother and sister, more than for himself, that he rejoiced. Now indeed he expressed the hope that he might survive to see the land; for he had ardently cherished the wish to behold the western continent which his imagination had pictured so often, and imparted to every thing connected with the newly-discovered hemisphere a romantic interest too strong to be forgotten, even in the prospect of death.

It was my daily custom to spend an hour or two with this young man, (he was now confined to his state-room,) whose conversation I listened to with extraordinary interest, marked as it was by the highest refinement of feeling and at the same time by deep thought and reflection. His mind was of a peculiar order. It exhibited evidences of having been *trained* from early life. It was logical, comprehensive, and clear; and above all, imbued with an honest sense of right, from which nothing could turn it. In our discussions, for we had many, he invariably applied the touch-stone of Christian morality to every question, and if he found himself in error, acknowledged it unhesitatingly, apparently pleased with having found the truth. And he brought to the support of those opinions which he felt were right, a weight of argument and a force of reasoning far beyond his years, and which I have never found equalled by older minds. He had confined his studies to no particular department, but had made himself master of the whole range of literature, ancient and modern; was thoroughly versed in metaphysics, and in the abstruse philosophy of the schoolmen, and had beside a practical knowledge of men and things, which was truly astonishing. To all this was added the purifying and soul-enlightening influences of RELIGION. The effect of this upon his character was beautiful. It gave a calm dignity to all his actions, and subdued the natural impetuosity of a proud and lofty spirit. In the company of such a person the time passed rapidly; and when my hour was up, for I limited myself in my visits for fear of ex-

hausting his failing strength, it was with difficulty that I forced myself away; and I always felt disinclined to seek the company of others after conversing with him.

Thus several days glided by; the young man gradually becoming weaker, until he felt that the chance of surviving until we arrived at our port was almost hopeless. Still, the wind continued favorable, and we made all speed to reach the wished-for haven. It was the mother's daily prayer that her son might be spared to see the land once more, and die (if die he must) in sight of the pleasant earth, with its green fields and delightful landscape, when his spirit might pass away without a struggle or a sigh, and ascend to God who gave it. But that he should die here, where the tempest drove so fiercely, and the winds howled without restraint, and the solitude all around was so dreadfully oppressive, she had not strength to contemplate it—she could not think of it!

I was summoned one morning, some time before I usually visited the invalid, by his sister, who told me her brother wished to see me. She was in deep distress; her eyes were red with weeping, and she was so much agitated that she could not repress her sobs. 'We shall be in soon, very soon, shall we not?' she asked eagerly, as we proceeded to the cabin. I could only answer, that I hoped we might; for unfortunately the wind during the night had changed several points, and was now hauling ahead, and I dared not administer comfort which I feared might prove unreal. I tried therefore to compose her feelings, assuring her that by being calm herself she would do much to assist her brother in maintaining his composure, which was indeed the secret of his surviving so long.

I shall never forget the solemn and impressive feeling that came over me as I stepped into the state-room where the young invalid lay. He was reclining languidly in his berth, which had been made wide and commodious for him, (his mother giving up her own and lying upon the floor, that she might be near him,) and seemed struggling for breath. From the prayer-book that lay by his side, and the devotional books around, it was evident that the sick man's thoughts were upon serious things, and that he was preparing for that dreaded consummation so soon to pass upon all the living.

'How do you find yourself to-day?' I inquired, as I came near his couch, and took his hand within my own. He replied faintly:

'I am failing fast; I cannot survive long, and fear that I shall not be able to keep up until we land.'

I made a brief reply, without alluding to the unfavorable prospect on deck; when he remarked, in a quiet, tranquil tone: 'I am not afraid to die;' and paused again.

'True, my son,' said his mother, who stood over him, 'Christ is merciful.'

The young man bowed assent, and a happy, heavenly smile stole across his countenance, as he listened to the blessed assurance. He looked at me anxiously for a moment; then beckoning his mother nearer to him, he whispered something in her ear. Pres-

ently she left the room, and we were alone together. It seemed to me as I stood in that narrow place, and gazed upon the sinking man, that I was brought into the immediate presence of DEITY. I was looking upon one who was soon to see his MAKER face to face. He seemed a connecting link between two worlds, and I felt awed in his presence.

The young man spoke not for several minutes; he seemed lost in deep and painful thought. '*My poor Mary!*' he murmured, at last, apparently to himself, and then starting, recovered himself, and apologized for his absent manner. 'I need not tell you,' said he, 'what was occupying my mind, for I have unconsciously betrayed my weakness. But it is not of *her* that I would now speak. You see my only surviving parent, my dear, dear mother, and my darling sister. I have sent for you *now*, because I have become so weak that I feel that death may visit me at any moment; and the short time that remains to me after this I would devote to preparation for another world. I must die *here*, or almost immediately after our arrival on shore; and I wish to provide as far as it is in my power for the comfort of those loved ones who have accompanied me to a foreign land, that they might soothe my dying pillow, and be near me when I breathe my last. God has mercifully preserved their lives, and I believe will bring them to their home again. But they will be unprotected, without present means, and without friends. From what you have told me, I understand that you purpose to return to England. Is it asking too much of you to be a protector to my mother and sister until they reach their country? In soliciting this favor of one not my countryman, I am regarding you in the light your kindness has made you appear to me; a friend of your fellow-men, without respect to kindred or to nation. I need not say how much you have contributed to my comfort throughout this untoward voyage. To you then I make my last, my dying request. Be a son and a brother to those who will so soon be deprived of the endearing relation, and administer all the consolation in your power to their wounded hearts. This I feel that you will do for the sake of the young stranger whom Providence has thrown for a short time in your company, and with whom you are now to part.'

I was so deeply affected with the touching appeal of the sick youth, delivered as it was with so much solemnity, that I could only assure him in a few words that his request should be faithfully complied with, and beg him to feel that all that filial love or brotherly affection could suggest, would be done by me to promote the comfort and the happiness of those committed to my care.'

'I feel that I can depend upon what you have said,' replied the young man, slowly; 'and oh! what a load have you removed from my mind by your kind assurance! God will bless you for it. Receive the blessing of a dying man! I have now finished all that I would say —' He hesitated a moment, and then resumed: 'unless you would care to know something of the history of one in whom you appear to have taken an unusual interest.' I bowed an eager assent. 'Will you please hand me that box on your left?'

said the young man. I did so; the key was in the lock; and as the invalid lifted the cover, I perceived that it was filled with papers. 'This box,' he continued, 'contains nearly all my literary labors. Much that is written and preserved there I would now destroy; but I commit them all to your care, and leave you to make what disposition of them you please. This paper contains a brief history of my life, and records, with what fidelity I was able, the several changes which came over me as I went from one stage to another in the journey of existence. My fond sister took copies of these papers before we embarked, and I will therefore hand you the originals. And should you ever go again to England, after the voyage which you now expect to make thither, for I have learned that you are a wanderer on the earth, you will I trust visit my family and friends; perhaps you will look for the grave of him who now addresses you, should Providence permit my remains to be brought back to the place where my fathers repose; if so, you will not find me alone. *She* will be resting by my side. I dare not pray my God to avert this, for I feel that it cannot be averted; and I can only say, 'His will be done!' 'And now,' said the invalid, solemnly, 'I have finished.' My mother has received my parting requests, and you, my friend, have witnessed my farewell to earth. My thoughts henceforth I shall direct to Heaven.'

He said no more. I was so overpowered myself with contending emotions, excited by this touching scene, that I could not speak, but silently pressed his hand within mine, and left the room.

Who can describe the feelings of the mother! She had watched over her son day and night; had deprived herself of comforts, that he might not suffer; had wept and prayed, and done all that she could, and now was tortured by the thought that he might die upon the ocean, and the sea become his resting-place for ever. Kept in such agonizing suspense by these fearful apprehensions, did not her prayers ascend to HIM who stills the tempest, that the winds would blow no more adversely, but that HE would send prosperous breezes to speed them on their way? Oh, yes! she prayed often and fervently — and her prayers were not in vain.

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A 'BESPEAK PUN.'

BY 'FOON FINN,' THE COMEDIAN.

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DEAR Public! you and I of late  
Have dealt so much in fun,  
I'll crack you now a monstrous great  
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a grate full of coals I'll glow  
A great, full house to see,  
And if I am not grateful too,  
A great fool I must be!

## A R I D D L E .

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ADDRESSED TO MY FAIR COUSIN, ELIZABETH.

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SWELL, conscious bosom! — sparkle, eyes!  
 And thou, young heart! bound light and cheerly;  
 This faithful missive thou wilt prize —  
 It comes from one thou lovest dearly.

Frown as thou wilt, I vow 't is true,  
 Else why each night thy loving visit,  
 And often in the day-time too?  
 If 't is not love, pr'ithee what is it?

When in the brilliant circle gay,  
 Though drinking deep of adoration,  
 Fatigued, thou fain would'st steal away  
 To keep with me our assignation.

And I have ne'er your trust betrayed,  
 Nor aught presumed when you caressed me;  
 Though your warm confidence I paid  
 With answering warmth whene'er you pressed me.

And much 't will grieve your heart I fear  
 To know how dear your love has cost me;  
 How hireling hands with wrath severe  
 Each morn have thumped, and beat, and tossed me.

They told me, while my bosom swelled,  
 Your love was my contamination,  
 And they by beating were compelled  
 To raise me to my former station.

Now, 'who's your friend?' Must you be told  
 What is my name? I'll not confess it!  
 More sibyl leaves will I unfold;  
 I'm sure you then with ease will guess it.

What 's the last thing, when fortune frowns,  
 We part with, with our utmost shilling,  
 And yet to *keep it*, no man owns,  
 Howe'er he loves it, he is willing?

To raise me up, while many a hand  
 Each day untiring finds employment,  
 Those who my services command  
 Would have me *down*, for their enjoyment.

In Flora's walks by day I'm seen,  
 Cradle of many a beauteous flower,  
 But still with placid brow serene  
 You crush me in night's silent hour!



And while at home, with me at rest  
 From damp and wet you turn and shiver,  
 In nature's paths you like me best,  
 Embracing mountain, stream, and river.

Are you awake? You sure can tell,  
 Or else those eyes in vain are beaming,  
 Who 't is, dear girl! you love so well:  
 I've done — you 'll think on me when dreaming.

*New-York, February, 1843.*

■.

## ANTIQUITIES OF IDLEBERG.

‘VETERUM NON IMMOR.’

IN the newest provinces of a new country we look in vain for architectural antiquities. A half century, that is so long a period in a single life, bringing the crawling infant to declining manhood, and the stout-hearted man to decrepit age, leaves but few traces of its passage on the more enduring monuments of art. There is little here to remind us of a former race. They have gone like the foam from our rivers, or the winds that whistle through the wilderness. They worshipped the Deity in his own forest-temples; they dwelt in wigwams that have faded from the view with the hands that reared them; they erected no towers or mausoleums; for all their sacred rites were celebrated in solemn courts, whose dome was the sky, and whose walls were bounded by the distant horizon. A solitary mound of earth, a vast prairie, a pipe or hatchet of clay, dug up from the dust of centuries — these are their only antiquities.

Where then shall we look for antiquities at Idleberg? No Grecian temples nor Egyptian pyramids; no ivied abbeys to be ‘visited by the pale moonlight;’ no storied monuments of vanity and power; no marks of antiquity and decay. Old Mortality would find little need here for his chisel to retrace old inscriptions, tear away the moss of Time, and rechronicle the epitaphs of patriarchs dead centuries ago and forgotten. The gentle Afton that bounds our suburbs, and the hoary forest-trees which environ Idleberg, are the only traces of antiquity that have existed for centuries, and shall continue to flow and wave when we are gone. Clumps of giant trees shading its quiet streets; the birds that flit from forest to forest above its spires, the glittering characters of tradesmen's signs; the bright hues of doors, shutters, and houses; the fresh green aspect of every monument of art; all these indicate, that Idleberg is quite like an infant on the threshold of existence, dressed as finely as a doll-baby or a smiling miss this side her teens, arrayed for a May-day, or a Fourth-of-July.

We look then in the ranks of society for our antiquities. The

old lady over the way is a prominent specimen. She is aunt to half the village, and grand-aunt to any quantity of juvenile dependants who share her bounty and devour her sweet-meats. Her dwelling is a peculiarity in itself; consisting of a low specimen of weather-boarding and a high achievement of brick-work standing in neighborly proximity, with nothing but a mutual chimney to divide them. The sight of the taller of these compartments, having no door opening to the street, used to lead my boyish fancy into a series of grave conjectures as to how the old lady ever got into it; whether she did not climb in at the window, or whether, like the cave of the Forty Thieves, it was not provided with a secret door to be opened at the touch of a spring or the cry of 'Sesame!' A kinder heart does not beat within a tenement of three-score years and ten. I have often seen her feed with cabbages from her own hand a hornless cow that stood every evening before her door, mutely craving her bounty. A favorite and antiquated dog, dying of old age or a surfeit, was wept by her with bitter tears, and buried in a corner of the garden; and it would require a numerical repetition of one's fingers and toes, to count the cats, black, white, and gray, striped, streaked and spotted, that engage her affections, and slumber nightly on her hearth-rug. She is in the habit of dispensing to despairing damsels a degree of equivocal encouragement, by assuring them that she was quite forty when she married, and that no prudent young lady should think of such a thing a day sooner. Long may she live to dispense such sage counsel, and to extend her hospitality to a host of juvenile dependants, among whom the writer is proud to be numbered!

There is our venerable Jack Falstaff; none of your lean and factitious aspirants to the title, but a veritable bearer every day and night in the year of full twenty stone, and at Christmas and other high feasts, some score of pounds over. You shall not find a merrier Andrew this side Punch and Harlequin. He 'laughs and grows fat,' and as he waddles down life's hill, makes it a pleasant journey, and thrives like a rolling snow-ball. There is not a joke in Joe Miller, or out of it, that he cannot recite, until you shall take to your heels rather than be killed outright with fun. He treasures with most affectionate tenacity the rare bits of philosophy divulged by his illustrious prototype for the benefit of suffering humanity; and these are the main consolations of his existence. With what mock solemnity does he repeat: 'When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on this sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder!' Long live our Falstaff! not to grow any fatter, (though Heaven forbid that his shadow should ever be less!) but to diffuse around him that atmosphere of pleasure and mirthfulness in which your lean Cassius could never exist.

His next-door neighbor, the venerable Yorkshireman, whose speech is still adorned with many traces of the brogue, is another antiquity. If there be any Old Mortality at Idleberg, this is he.

There is not a grave-stone in yonder cemetery, though some point back half a century, but his chisel has etched the moving epitaph, and recorded the simple memorial: '*Sacred to the memory of —, who was born on the — day of —, and died on the — day of —, in the — year of his age.*' They say he made his own, long years ago; but he still lives on, hale and hearty as a mountain-oak; lives to perpetuate in sculptured marble the memory of the younger and fairer victims of decay. It is often a touching spectacle, that calls up a train of odd reflections, to see this sturdy centenarian, half concealed in the tall grass and among the boughs of weeping willows, breaking the pervading stillness of the cemetery with the sound of his chisel, and erecting a monument to strong manhood or blooming youth that might have thought to survive long after their humble chronicler was gone. I do not know that such *grave reflections* ever disturb the tranquillity of his mind. This working among bones and skulls has become a matter of business with him: his is as gay a heart as though his occupation were to build temples for the living instead of tombs for the dead. Though nature and habit had made him as sentimental as Jacques or Hamlet, his daily association with our merry Jack Falstaff would have dispelled the gloom and cobwebs of his fancy and made his heart all sunshine. Many years ago Sir John came near being the death of him by administering to his bowel-complaint two heaping table-spoonfuls of salt-petre for so much Epsom salts. 'Faith,' said our Yorkshireman, 'you came nigh making a barrel of pickled pork of me that time, Jock!' and in consideration thereof, he promises, in case he survive him, to erect him a monument worthy even of his illustrious predecessor, the redoubtable Knight of sack and sugar.

There is an old gentleman with a broad-brimmed hat and a stout walking-stick, whose daily rambles to the principal street of Idleberg always bring him past a clock-maker's establishment, where he stops regularly every morning in the year, at seven o'clock in summer and nine in winter, stares up at the window, pulls out his watch by means of a steel-chain, resets it if wrong, and lets it stand if right. Then he proceeds up street with such an air of business and despatch, that you might suppose him to be concerned in a whole-sale dry-goods' house, or a bank of discount; but he has no such ostensible employment. He goes nowhere in particular, stays but a short time when he gets there, and then turns back and goes the other way. If you will pause to observe his proceedings, you will see him march to the farthest end of the street, then across the way and back again as before, keeping time on the pavement with the tap of his stick, accosting his neighbors, retailing bits of small news, and producing his unerring watch as the best regulator for theirs. In the absence of a daily newspaper he officiates in that capacity, gratis; and patrols the town from morning to night without compensation. His chief occupation, his constant delight, is in regulating the time-pieces of the town. He is miserable at any thing else. He seems to be troubled with a mania on the subject of chronometry, constantly urging him to sustain the veracity of all

clocks, watches, and sun-dials, and leaving him wretched if he fail in his duty. No danger of being five minutes behindhand or beforehand at Idleberg; no unrecorded births, deaths, or accidents; no possibility of whispered treason, while *he* regulates the town. We could not well spare our old gentleman with the broad-brimmed hat, the heavy walking-stick, and the silver watch with the steel-chain. He is quite an antiquity.

Thus, worthy reader, by portraying before you these venerable specimens of humanity, have I endeavored to diffuse around you an atmosphere of quiet antiquity, and thereby prepare you for a just appreciation of that most antiquarian group of all—the Three Pollies. Like every other human invention this name is subject to the influences of time, and while in its first variety it is immortalized in the fashionable song of ‘Molly, put the kettle on,’ and in its second by the author of ‘Highland Mary,’ it remains for the present writer to record the exploits of some of the Pollies who have adorned humanity, and thrown a bright lustre around the humblest walks of life. Contemplating with feelings of mingled awe and solemnity these fair victims of the ravages of Time, I assure the reader that the historian approaches the task with the same degree of veneration with which he would disinter an Egyptian mummy, or explore a Roman temple with the dust of ten centuries defacing its time-worn columns.

The Three Pollies boast no titled ancestry, and are as yet unknown to fame. No kindred blood flows in their veins, but ties of sympathy far more potent are twined about their hearts. Their needles are their only fortunes, and their greatest boast is in the strength of their stitches. They have manufactured galligaskins for every boy that has grown up at Idleberg in the last twenty years; and one of them is constantly referring to the fact that a pair of inexpressibles from her own needle were once occupied by a member of Congress.

They belong to that ancient and respectable class of spinsters who may be found the world over, keeping alive the vestal fires on the altar of celibacy. The eldest is as dignified as a city alderman, wears chintzes of the gravest colors, a cap with but little profusion of lace or riband, and a pair of silver-rimmed double-magnifying spectacles. The Sunday gowns of the second are a shade more gay than those of the first; now and then a stray flower may be seen peeping from the folds of her neat bonnet; and although it is whispered by knowing ones that she is forced to put on spectacles at home, it is very certain she never wears them abroad. The youngest of the Pollies has just crossed the Rubicon. The attractions which were once so fascinating have not entirely disappeared, and you may yet trace fading gleams of beauty, like the sunset that loves to linger on the twilight sea, ere all is wrapt in gloom. She has recently passed unscathed the ordeal that tempts the sex to commit matrimony; and like a successful candidate for the honors of chivalry, though she joins occasionally the pastimes of her younger companions, she clings with a fonder tenacity to the sister spirits with whom she is associated in name and profession.

Let not the reader imagine that the Three Pollies have never loved. Could some retrospective pen unfold the history of past generations, it might bring to light some precious traces of the gentle passions that once throbbed in their bosoms as warmly as they now throb, dear reader, in thine. They, too, when life was young, knew how to start at the echo of a footstep and blush at the sound of a name. The record of their loves would fill a volume of mingled hopes and disappointments, of pleasant dreams and stern realities. How truly might it be said of each:

‘One only passion, unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame;  
Oh, need I tell that passion’s name?’

Now these my heroines have given an example worthy of imitation by spinsters the world over, in the establishment of an association known as the Club of the Three Pollies. It is their purpose to extend the immunities of this club indefinitely to all antiquated maidens who shall furnish the requisite credentials. The first requisite is, that the name of the applicant shall be Polly; the next refers to a necessary degree of antiquity that shall be nameless; she must also be a strict tee-totaller in principle and practice, yet devotedly attached to the enlivening fumes of the Chinese herb. More than all, she must vow eternal celibacy and devotion to her sister spirits and also to their bachelor president, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. William Goodwin, or as he is familiarly styled, Billy Goodwin.

This individual is another antiquity of Idleberg, and I would fain go into ecstasies at approaching a name at once so excellent and so venerable. Mr. Goodwin is a dapper little gentleman, with a long-skirted frock-coat, a pair of sharp-pointed shirt-collars that threaten constantly to amputate his ears, and a tall glossy hat set on his sleek and scanty locks with the most perpendicular precision. He is a native of Ireland, the land of paddies and potatoes, and in early life cultivated a patriotic passion for the national vegetable. It is unnecessary to follow him from the land of his nativity to the scene of his present sojourning. Suffice it to say, that that ‘divinity which shapes our ends’ has transported him over a space of more than four thousand miles to fill the very station for which no other man alive is half so competent.

If we might be permitted to estimate the general advancement of society, from the early specimens of Mr. Goodwin’s genius, it would lead to the conclusion, that the happy time foretold in prophecy had already arrived, when ‘a child should be born a hundred years old.’ On a certain fine spring morning William’s employer had occasion to send him to a neighboring forest in search of pea-sticks, and furnished him with an old blind horse and a sled for the purpose of conveying said pea-sticks to town. Bright and early as Phœbus, William adjusted the sled, buckled the harness, and mounted his blind and valorous charger. It was his first adventure on horse-back; and as he rode up the street with the sled dangling in the

rear, his equestrianism excited universal admiration. At the end of his journey he dismounted, secured his steed to a fence-rail, and lifting his axe, laid about him with the lusty sinews of a true pioneer. Many hours were spent in this exhilarating toil; until, as the sun went down, he looked about him, and lo! he had gathered pea-sticks sufficient to supply not only his employer, but the whole town beside for a series of years, according to the existing demand for pea-sticks in this ilk. A pleasant vision came over him of the profits that might accrue from the sale of the surplus; but on trying the capacity of his sled, he found it too small to contain the half of them. After due deliberation, he bethought him to unharness the sled and fasten the sticks to the horse's rear, 'whereby hangs a tail.' To determine, with him, was to accomplish; and in less time than is required to record it, the sled was detached, the pea-sticks bound up with a strong cord and fastened to the horse, and our hero mounted. Just then it is supposed that an indefinable feeling came over the animal; a suspicion of foul play; and at the first step the beast was convinced that William had imposed on its credulity. A single desperate bound, and our hero lay sprawling in a convenient mud-hole, and away went the horse in the direction of home, with the entire cargo of pea-sticks dangling at his heels! Though routed, our hero was not vanquished; but rising and shaking the dew-drops from his garments, he started off down the hill in hot pursuit. Away they went—the horse, the pea-sticks, and William Goodwin. The reader who may have witnessed the exhilarating spectacle of a luckless dog scampering down the street, often looking back with terror at a spectral tin-kettle tied to his tail, that bounces and rattles at every step, with a whole bevy of juvenile mad-caps shouting at his heels, may conceive a faint idea of our hero's steed as he dashed along like the headless horsemen of the Hartz mountains, amid the wild huzzas of holiday school-boys and the loud barking of all the curs in the village. Presently William appeared, well coated with mud and reeking with perspiration; and as he came tearing down the street, it was heart-rending to hear him appeal to the gathering multitude: 'Stop that horse! for God's sake, stop that horse!'

By this time all Idleberg was in commotion. It was such a degree of excitement as usually attends balloon ascensions, or itinerant musicians with dancing monkeys and a barrel-organ. Parsons and attorneys exchanged sly glances of humor; old men hobbled into the street on crutches, and old women looked over their spectacles through the windows; while young men and women deserted their shops and toilets; and amid this mixed multitude, the horse guided by instinct drew up at his master's door, the pea-sticks came up in due order, and William brought up the rear, fell to his knees embracing the truant sticks, and offered up a thanksgiving to the imaginary power that had rescued his treasure from destruction. This incident supplied the town with gossip for many years, and has scarcely yet grown threadbare. Suffice it to say, that this feat

established William's reputation for original genius, and from that day to this he has never again been sent in search of pea-sticks.

When a young man, some thirty years ago, Mr. Goodwin attached himself to the Idleberg Thespian Society, and soon became distinguished for his histrionic powers. His appearance on the stage was always greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and loud cries of 'Hurrah for Ireland!' 'Go it, Billy!' resounded on all sides. Such was his aptness for antique characters, even then, that he was most loudly applauded in the character of old Mr. Hardcastle in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' There is no doubt but his name would soon have become illustrious in the annals of the drama; but about this time the whole tenor of his life was changed by the intrusion of a passion to which all hearts are exposed, and which has since proved the master-passion of his existence. He soon laid aside the sock and buskin for the habiliments of the lover, and deserted the halls of Thespis for the enchanting courts of Cupid.

Now, as the fates would have it, his *dulcinea* was one of the very *Pollies* whose history I am recording. He loved her with all the ardor of a susceptible heart and a first attachment. He courted her long and he courted her well, and it may truly be said, that he has grown gray in the cause. Whatever may have been the other peculiarities of this courtship, it was certainly one of the longest on record. Punctual as the time-piece that pointed to the hour, he sought her presence, and day after day, and year after year, he pursued his object with a zeal worthy of better success. As love and music go hand in hand, he learned to play most amorously on an old cracked flute, and might often be heard beneath her window, inviting her to 'come o'er the moonlit sea,' in dulcet strains, mingled with the barking of curs and the squealing of recreant pigs. About the same time he composed several volumes of poetry, all about flowers and bowers, sighing and dying, all of which will in due time be given to the curious world in a posthumous work, to be edited by the writer of this veritable history. As a specimen I subjoin, by particular permission, the following stanza, surreptitiously appropriated by another, but originally penned by Mr. Goodwin, whose claim to the production I am prepared to defend by wager of battle, or by any other mode of honorable combat:

'Once I loved a lovely girl,  
Her name it was Maria;  
But, Polly dear, my love for you  
Is forty-five times higher.'

Strange to tell, she resisted all his entreaties, his music, and his poetry, choosing to remain 'in maiden meditation fancy-free.' It is equally strange to tell, that by a happy fortuity they have become inmates of the same mansion, and dwellers beneath the same roof. It is a convincing evidence of the good fortune that has attended Mr. Goodwin throughout life, that the consummation so devoutly to be wished has at length been brought about, at least in part; and

although they have never been married, their mutual relations are quite as agreeable to both parties.

Such are the various personages who at present compose the Club of the Three Pollies. Their periodical meetings are conducted with all the order and regularity of clock-work, and would be a worthy example for many other deliberative bodies of higher pretensions and more sounding names. Mr. Goodwin presides with his accustomed dignity, and the trio receive his communications on the state of the union with becoming deference. At such times the worthy president arrays himself in an old three-cornered hat and the identical pair of galligaskins in which he made his début. I had almost omitted to mention that he once filled the post of clerk in one of the village churches; and among the diversified entertainments of the club, he often performs some of the psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs which once resounded through the sanctuary. Thus they beguile the evening hours, while Mr. Goodwin snuffs the lights, replenishes the tea-pot, and piles huge fagots on the fire; forgetting in the midst of their hilarity that the cold world has thrown them from its embrace; and they have often declared that their president is the dearest little fellow in the world, and fully worth his weight in gold. Nor does his kindness stop here. He seeks every occasion at home and abroad to advance their happiness. He is their only gallant on all public occasions. He escorts them to church as often as the Sabbath bell throws its chimes over the village; and it is an interesting spectacle to witness the air he assumes when, taking the lead up the church-aisle, he conducts them to the pew, bows them in with an exquisite grace, and then seats himself, like the patriarch of a large and respectable family.

While recording the manifold virtues of the Three Pollies, I must not omit to mention that they are prominent members of all the modern benevolent societies for the melioration of mankind, and the advancement of the whole human race in literature, science, and morals. They are particularly active in the cause of a certain Patent-right Sewing Society, under whose generous patronage no less than half a dozen shirts, several waistcoats, and a good many little calico dresses for little girls, are annually manufactured and distributed to the needy. Mr. Goodwin, too, has a share in the benevolent operations of the day. Having been elected secretary to some new-fashioned society, a good many years since, it became his duty to present his periodical report; which report occupied several months in the preparation, filled several quires of paper, and when read, lulled the greater part of his large and intelligent audience into a most delightful state of somnolency. At first this reception threw a considerable damper over his spirit of authorship; but calling to mind the encouraging scripture, that no prophet is without honor save in his own country, he sent his report to a distant editor, who published it with many flattering encomia on the author's zeal and ability. At present he occupies the post of keeper of the Total Abstinence pledge and the list of names appen-



said the young man. I did so; the key was in the lock; and as the invalid lifted the cover, I perceived that it was filled with papers. 'This box,' he continued, 'contains nearly all my literary labors. Much that is written and preserved there I would now destroy; but I commit them all to your care, and leave you to make what disposition of them you please. This paper contains a brief history of my life, and records, with what fidelity I was able, the several changes which came over me as I went from one stage to another in the journey of existence. My fond sister took copies of these papers before we embarked, and I will therefore hand you the originals. And should you ever go again to England, after the voyage which you now expect to make thither, for I have learned that you are a wanderer on the earth, you will I trust visit my family and friends; perhaps you will look for the grave of him who now addresses you, should Providence permit my remains to be brought back to the place where my fathers repose; if so, you will not find me alone. *She* will be resting by my side. I dare not pray my God to avert this, for I feel that it cannot be averted; and I can only say, 'His will be done!' 'And now,' said the invalid, solemnly, 'I have finished.' My mother has received my parting requests, and you, my friend, have witnessed my farewell to earth. My thoughts henceforth I shall direct to Heaven.'

He said no more. I was so overpowered myself with contending emotions, excited by this touching scene, that I could not speak, but silently pressed his hand within mine, and left the room.

Who can describe the feelings of the mother! She had watched over her son day and night; had deprived herself of comforts, that he might not suffer; had wept and prayed, and done all that she could, and now was tortured by the thought that he might die upon the ocean, and the sea become his resting-place for ever. Kept in such agonizing suspense by these fearful apprehensions, did not her prayers ascend to HIM who stills the tempest, that the winds would blow no more adversely, but that HE would send prosperous breezes to speed them on their way? Oh, yes! she prayed often and fervently — and her prayers were not in vain.

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A 'BESPEAK PUN.'

—  
BY 'FOOK FINN,' THE COMEDIAN.  
—

DEAR Public! you and I of late  
Have dealt so much in fun,  
I'll crack you now a monstrous great  
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a grate full of coals I'll glow  
A great, full house to see,  
And if I am not grateful too,  
A great fool I must be!

nor their tea-pot fail to send forth its delightful fragrance, nor their president forget to defend them as the apple of his eye! May no matrimonial offers, however alluring, beguile them from their vows of celibacy; and it is a hope that often enlivens the solitude of the patient historian, that his own humble name may go down to the latest posterity, linked by enduring ties with the characters whose memory he has endeavored to rescue from obscurity, and inscribe in enduring letters on the tablet of time.

## S T A N Z A S .

## I.

TAKE hence the harp! I cannot sing  
 A song of mirth to-night;  
 But as I struck each quivering string  
 The strain that would responsive ring  
 Could give you no delight:  
 For it would speak of days long past,  
 And friends long gone, and tell how fast  
 Life's brightness takes its flight!

## II.

For I have heard a song to-night  
 That brought to memory  
 Days when the future all was bright,  
 Ere Time had ever brought its blight  
 Upon my spirit free;  
 Death has long closed the lips that sang  
 That song, but as its echoes rang,  
*Her* form I still could see.

## III.

And every sweet remembered tone  
 Stirred chords that long had slept;  
 And now once more I am alone,  
 For of ye all there is not one  
 That tears like mine has wept.  
 No! happy is your glittering throng,  
 And at the notes of that wild song  
 Your hearts with pleasure leapt.

## IV.

Then give the harp to him whose heart  
 Still beats with joy and mirth;  
 Who ne'er has felt a tear-drop start,  
 Nor seen a kindred spirit part  
 From all it loved on earth;  
 And bid *him* wake a joyful strain,  
 For from a tortured heart and brain  
 Such notes can have no birth.

## MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAYFELLOW.'

## INTRODUCTION.

THE following tale might well be considered a fiction, were it not a fact. Yet it is only a story of simple rural life; of rest and labor, of struggle and success. It shows what the cultivator of the soil is capable of being; how large are his sources of happiness; what influences are waiting to be gracious to every man who will approach his mother Nature, and have faith in her never-failing bounty; for she gives not bread alone to the hungry body, but she supplies food for the wants of the mind, and inspires with a new life the slumbering soul. In short, we here tell what man can do alone, and what he can accomplish collectively. We would win back the idle, the profligate, the restless, the faithless, and the 'poor rich man,' from their couches, their revels, their wanderings up and down in the earth, their suspicions and inquietude, to a life where a bed of straw prepares a sweeter slumber than down, and a dinner of herbs is better than a stalled ox. The Mantuan bard, years ago, sung these words: 'O, too fortunate farmers, did you but know your own good!' Was he not a prophet? Are not these days proving that no nation can, with impunity, neglect the wholesome law of nature, that man should 'earn his bread by the sweat of his brow?' Are there not signs which show that many among the intelligent and highly educated classes of society, feel that we have too long neglected the common; that by insensible degrees we have been departing from the natural laws of our being, the only paths to a really spiritual and intellectual life? 'Call thou not that common,' now says many a one, 'which gives health of mind and body; which makes the thoughts pure, the body chaste; which inspires fresh thoughts of God and the universe; which is at war with effeminacy, luxury, and sloth. O the hopes and joys of the farmer! How sweet his sleep! how religious his life! He trusts in Providence. He plants seeds and waits for the harvest. He watches the showers as they fall, and feels the sun as it shines, and he reasons of their objects and purposes, and is grateful. He trusts too in himself, as he rejoices in the strength of his sinewy arms and his expanded chest, and feels that he is indeed a MAN.

Professional business carried the writer some winters ago into the heart of the State of Vermont. One who has spent his life on the sea-coast, is surprised to find so much that is beautiful and grand in a winter scene among the hills. This Green Mountain region is an object of interest at all seasons, but at no period of the year are its hills more imposing than when covered with the snow, which falls early in the winter, to remain until a late day in the spring. And

then it is too that the comfort, the hospitality, and open-faced honesty of its intelligent and republican inhabitants strike one most forcibly. This stormy, snowy time among its prosperous and healthy people, where poverty is rare and want almost unknown, is a very different affair from a winter in our cities, where one is constantly reminded of human suffering by the starving, shivering, street-beggar, till he wishes it might be always summer for the sake of the poor. As the travelling carriage of city luxury winds along the shady roads of its valleys—running often by the margin of small rivers and streams, which give a refreshing coolness to the air of summer, and music to the ear, filled as they are with rapids and water-falls, with little green islands dividing them into two streams above, it would seem, to unite them more closely afterward, as they rush together again below, with a swift embrace, as lovers whom some accident has separated for a season—as his carriage rolls along in such delightful scenery, the owner, if he think at all of winter in such scenes, does so with an inward chill, and resolves that such wild places shall never see his face in December. But if necessity or business should chance to carry him thither in the time of snows and drifts, we venture to assert that he will be well repaid for the peril of his journey. If the aforesaid traveller cares for any body and any thing disconnected with himself, he will be made happy by seeing so much comfort and hilarity where he looked only for gloom and apathy. He will find all the people well clad, with good warm houses over their heads, with huge piles of wood ‘handy’ at every door, and with countenances that seem ready to respond to the lines of Goldsmith:

‘DEAR is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as the child, whom scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to its mother’s breast,  
So the loud torrent and the tempest’s roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.’

If the snow has been unusually deep, that is, over six feet on a level, he will see the farmers out with their oxen and their inverted sleds, breaking the path, first to the school-house, then to the meeting-house, the stage generally being able to work its own way, drawn by horses of the Morgan breed. His heart will be warmed within him, in spite of the cold weather, to find such abundance, cheerfulness, and health on every side; and the deeper he goes into the matter the more will he find to love and admire in the State which has no sea-coast, no rail-roads, no canals, and no aristocracy.

It was during a journey into such a region that the facts which make the foundation of the following tale became known to the writer. We had got as far as Landsgrove, on the east side of the Green Mountains, and there a storm came on in the night, which gave us serious doubts whether we should ever get out of it. The small inn at which we put up was completely covered with snow. Our host met us with a smiling countenance in the morning, as if nothing unusual had happened; the women of the house went

Let not the reader imagine that the Three Pollies have never loved. Could some retrospective pen unfold the history of past generations, it might bring to light some precious traces of the gentle passions that once throbbed in their bosoms as warmly as they now throb, dear reader, in thine. They, too, when life was young, knew how to start at the echo of a footstep and blush at the sound of a name. The record of their loves would fill a volume of mingled hopes and disappointments, of pleasant dreams and stern realities. How truly might it be said of each:

‘ One only passion, unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame;  
Oh, need I tell that passion’s name?’

Now these my heroines have given an example worthy of imitation by spinsters the world over, in the establishment of an association known as the Club of the Three Pollies. It is their purpose to extend the immunities of this club indefinitely to all antiquated maidens who shall furnish the requisite credentials. The first requisite is, that the name of the applicant shall be Polly; the next refers to a necessary degree of antiquity that shall be nameless; she must also be a strict tee-totaller in principle and practice, yet devotedly attached to the enlivening fumes of the Chinese herb. More than all, she must vow eternal celibacy and devotion to her sister spirits and also to their bachelor president, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. William Goodwin, or as he is familiarly styled, Billy Goodwin.

This individual is another antiquity of Idleberg, and I would fain go into ecstasies at approaching a name at once so excellent and so venerable. Mr. Goodwin is a dapper little gentleman, with a long-skirted frock-coat, a pair of sharp-pointed shirt-collars that threaten constantly to amputate his ears, and a tall glossy hat set on his sleek and scanty locks with the most perpendicular precision. He is a native of Ireland, the land of paddies and potatoes, and in early life cultivated a patriotic passion for the national vegetable. It is unnecessary to follow him from the land of his nativity to the scene of his present sojourning. Suffice it to say, that that ‘divinity which shapes our ends’ has transported him over a space of more than four thousand miles to fill the very station for which no other man alive is half so competent.

If we might be permitted to estimate the general advancement of society, from the early specimens of Mr. Goodwin’s genius, it would lead to the conclusion, that the happy time foretold in prophecy had already arrived, when ‘a child should be born a hundred years old.’ On a certain fine spring morning William’s employer had occasion to send him to a neighboring forest in search of pea-sticks, and furnished him with an old blind horse and a sled for the purpose of conveying said pea-sticks to town. Bright and early as Phæbus, William adjusted the sled, buckled the harness, and mounted his blind and valorous charger. It was his first adventure on horse-back; and as he rode up the street with the sled dangling in the

rear, his equestrianism excited universal admiration. At the end of his journey he dismounted, secured his steed to a fence-rail, and lifting his axe, laid about him with the lusty sinews of a true pioneer. Many hours were spent in this exhilarating toil; until, as the sun went down, he looked about him, and lo! he had gathered pea-sticks sufficient to supply not only his employer, but the whole town beside for a series of years, according to the existing demand for pea-sticks in this ilk. A pleasant vision came over him of the profits that might accrue from the sale of the surplus; but on trying the capacity of his sled, he found it too small to contain the half of them. After due deliberation, he bethought him to unharness the sled and fasten the sticks to the horse's rear, 'whereby hangs a tail.' To determine, with him, was to accomplish; and in less time than is required to record it, the sled was detached, the pea-sticks bound up with a strong cord and fastened to the horse, and our hero mounted. Just then it is supposed that an indefinable feeling came over the animal; a suspicion of foul play; and at the first step the beast was convinced that William had imposed on its credulity. A single desperate bound, and our hero lay sprawling in a convenient mud-hole, and away went the horse in the direction of home, with the entire cargo of pea-sticks dangling at his heels! Though routed, our hero was not vanquished; but rising and shaking the dew-drops from his garments, he started off down the hill in hot pursuit. Away they went—the horse, the pea-sticks, and William Goodwin. The reader who may have witnessed the exhilarating spectacle of a luckless dog scampering down the street, often looking back with terror at a spectral tin-kettle tied to his tail, that bounces and rattles at every step, with a whole bevy of juvenile mad-caps shouting at his heels, may conceive a faint idea of our hero's steed as he dashed along like the headless horsemen of the Hartz mountains, amid the wild huzzas of holiday school-boys and the loud barking of all the curs in the village. Presently William appeared, well coated with mud and reeking with perspiration; and as he came tearing down the street, it was heart-rending to hear him appeal to the gathering multitude: 'Stop that horse! for God's sake, stop that horse!'

By this time all Idleberg was in commotion. It was such a degree of excitement as usually attends balloon ascensions, or itinerant musicians with dancing monkeys and a barrel-organ. Parsons and attorneys exchanged sly glances of humor; old men hobbled into the street on crutches, and old women looked over their spectacles through the windows; while young men and women deserted their shops and toilets; and amid this mixed multitude, the horse guided by instinct drew up at his master's door, the pea-sticks came up in due order, and William brought up the rear, fell to his knees embracing the truant sticks, and offered up a thanksgiving to the imaginary power that had rescued his treasure from destruction. This incident supplied the town with gossip for many years, and has scarcely yet grown threadbare. Suffice it to say, that this feat

established William's reputation for original genius, and from that day to this he has never again been sent in search of pea-sticks.

When a young man, some thirty years ago, Mr. Goodwin attached himself to the Idleberg Thespian Society, and soon became distinguished for his histrionic powers. His appearance on the stage was always greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and loud cries of 'Hurrah for Ireland!' 'Go it, Billy!' resounded on all sides. Such was his aptness for antique characters, even then, that he was most loudly applauded in the character of old Mr. Hardcastle in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' There is no doubt but his name would soon have become illustrious in the annals of the drama; but about this time the whole tenor of his life was changed by the intrusion of a passion to which all hearts are exposed, and which has since proved the master-passion of his existence. He soon laid aside the sock and buskin for the habiliments of the lover, and deserted the halls of Thespis for the enchanting courts of Cupid.

Now, as the fates would have it, his dulcinea was one of the very Pollies whose history I am recording. He loved her with all the ardor of a susceptible heart and a first attachment. He courted her long and he courted her well, and it may truly be said, that he has grown gray in the cause. Whatever may have been the other peculiarities of this courtship, it was certainly one of the longest on record. Punctual as the time-piece that pointed to the hour, he sought her presence, and day after day, and year after year, he pursued his object with a zeal worthy of better success. As love and music go hand in hand, he learned to play most amorously on an old cracked flute, and might often be heard beneath her window, inviting her to 'come o'er the moonlit sea,' in dulcet strains, mingled with the barking of curs and the squealing of recreant pigs. About the same time he composed several volumes of poetry, all about flowers and bowers, sighing and dying, all of which will in due time be given to the curious world in a posthumous work, to be edited by the writer of this veritable history. As a specimen I subjoin, by particular permission, the following stanza, surreptitiously appropriated by another, but originally penned by Mr. Goodwin, whose claim to the production I am prepared to defend by wager of battle, or by any other mode of honorable combat:

'Once I loved a lovely girl,  
Her name it was Maria;  
But, Polly dear, my love for you  
Is forty-five times higher.'

Strange to tell, she resisted all his entreaties, his music, and his poetry, choosing to remain 'in maiden meditation fancy-free.' It is equally strange to tell, that by a happy fortuity they have become inmates of the same mansion, and dwellers beneath the same roof. It is a convincing evidence of the good fortune that has attended Mr. Goodwin throughout life, that the consummation so devoutly to be wished has at length been brought about, at least in part; and

although they have never been married, their mutual relations are quite as agreeable to both parties.

Such are the various personages who at present compose the Club of the Three Pollies. Their periodical meetings are conducted with all the order and regularity of clock-work, and would be a worthy example for many other deliberative bodies of higher pretensions and more sounding names. Mr. Goodwin presides with his accustomed dignity, and the trio receive his communications on the state of the union with becoming deference. At such times the worthy president arrays himself in an old three-cornered hat and the identical pair of galligaskins in which he made his début. I had almost omitted to mention that he once filled the post of clerk in one of the village churches; and among the diversified entertainments of the club, he often performs some of the psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs which once resounded through the sanctuary. Thus they beguile the evening hours, while Mr. Goodwin snuffs the lights, replenishes the tea-pot, and piles huge fagots on the fire; forgetting in the midst of their hilarity that the cold world has thrown them from its embrace; and they have often declared that their president is the dearest little fellow in the world, and fully worth his weight in gold. Nor does his kindness stop here. He seeks every occasion at home and abroad to advance their happiness. He is their only gallant on all public occasions. He escorts them to church as often as the Sabbath bell throws its chimes over the village; and it is an interesting spectacle to witness the air he assumes when, taking the lead up the church-aisle, he conducts them to the pew, bows them in with an exquisite grace, and then seats himself, like the patriarch of a large and respectable family.

While recording the manifold virtues of the Three Pollies, I must not omit to mention that they are prominent members of all the modern benevolent societies for the melioration of mankind, and the advancement of the whole human race in literature, science, and morals. They are particularly active in the cause of a certain Patent-right Sewing Society, under whose generous patronage no less than half a dozen shirts, several waistcoats, and a good many little calico dresses for little girls, are annually manufactured and distributed to the needy. Mr. Goodwin, too, has a share in the benevolent operations of the day. Having been elected secretary to some new-fashioned society, a good many years since, it became his duty to present his periodical report; which report occupied several months in the preparation, filled several quires of paper, and when read, lulled the greater part of his large and intelligent audience into a most delightful state of somnolency. At first this reception threw a considerable damper over his spirit of authorship; but calling to mind the encouraging scripture, that no prophet is without honor save in his own country, he sent his report to a distant editor, who published it with many flattering encomia on the author's zeal and ability. At present he occupies the post of keeper of the Total Abstinence pledge and the list of names appen-



ded thereto, and is himself an ardent supporter of the cause, and a perfect model of sobriety—which even his best friends must admit, is quite an improvement on his old habits.

After a long life of activity and toil, Mr. Goodwin now luxuriates in that *otium cum dignitate*, so often sighed for by Cicero and other philosophers. He has begun to take equestrian excursions into the neighboring country, and goes forth with a heart alive to flowery meads, murmuring streams, waving forests, and undulating landscapes. Indeed, he was recently known to accomplish the unaccustomed feat of a day's ride to a distant town, on a dilapidated horse selected for an easy disposition, a sure foot, and an aversion to kicking up behind. It is rumored that he devotes his leisure to the study of the muses and several of the learned professions, to either or all of which he is competent to do ample and equal justice. Mean time he cultivates a spirit of universal philosophy, conceiving a variety of quaint and eloquent sentiments, which he reserves for the entertainment of select audiences. On a recent occasion curiosity led him into a court of justice while in session. He was struck with the gravity of the judge, the eloquence of the bar, and most of all with the haggard appearance of a man of four-score years who had spent a princely fortune in law-suits, and still haunted courts of justice like a ghost, long after he had lost every farthing of his estate. Mr. Goodwin was moved at the sight of this charmed victim of the law. 'Gentlemen!' said Mr. Goodwin, standing on a bench, and addressing the judge and the bar, litigants, prisoners, and spectators, 'Fellow citizens, when old George dies, I think we must bury him under the court-house!' Having delivered himself of this appropriate sentiment, Mr. Goodwin made an exquisite bow, descended from his rostrum, and retired amid the loud plaudits of his audience.

Such are the Three Pollies and their worthy president; the most antiquated specimens of the antiquities of Idleberg. It has been said that happiness is a phantom, ever enticing the pursuer, and ever flitting from his grasp. It has been vainly sought in the roar of battle, in the follies of fashion, in the blandishments of fame; but the Three Pollies have found it far from the glitter of worldly pomp, in the bosom of retirement, and in the exercise of all the domestic virtues. While others have been hurrying madly upon the sea of life, battling with its billows and wrecked by its storms, they have guided their bark quietly along, with a blue sky above and a bright path before them. The world of pride and fashion may turn aside from this picture of felicity and contentment; but the Three Pollies have discovered the true elixir which perpetuates the bloom of youth, and brings on a verdant old age, with bright memories of the past and brighter hopes of the future.

I cannot draw this history to a close without invoking a whole catalogue of blessings on my venerable heroines. Their lives have been passed in sunshine—may they never be darkened by a cloud! May the tie that has so long bound them strengthen with the growth of years! May their stitches never rip, nor their love grow cold,

nor their tea-pot fail to send forth its delightful fragrance, nor their president forget to defend them as the apple of his eye! May no matrimonial offers, however alluring, beguile them from their vows of celibacy; and it is a hope that often enlivens the solitude of the patient historian, that his own humble name may go down to the latest posterity, linked by enduring ties with the characters whose memory he has endeavored to rescue from obscurity, and inscribe in enduring letters on the tablet of time.

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It was during a journey into such a region that the facts which make the foundation of the following tale became known to the writer. We had got as far as Landsgrove, on the east side of the Green Mountains, and there a storm came on in the night, which gave us serious doubts whether we should ever get out of it. The small inn at which we put up was completely covered with snow. Our host met us with a smiling countenance in the morning, as if nothing unusual had happened; the women of the house went

cheerfully to their accustomed occupations; and from the every-day air about us, we soon began to have some hope that we were not actually buried alive. The appearance of the table at breakfast furnished another argument that the people who lived there evidently expected a new supply of provisions from abroad, judging from the profusion of the table. 'But how can they get here?' thought I. 'Well, if they get *in*, I can certainly get *out*.'

Accompanying us in the stage was a reserved gentleman from South Carolina, who was on his way to Montpelier, on affairs of state. He had spoken no word during our previous day's journey together; but now his fears fairly conquered his haughtiness; and coming to me with a woful countenance, he said: 'This is a melancholy day, good Sir, if I may take the liberty of addressing you without an introduction.'

'It is indeed, Sir,' said I, now without alarm myself, for I had seen the landlord and the preparations for breakfast, and had constructed my argument *à priori*, and I was willing to punish the stranger a little; adding: 'I hope you have no family to mourn your loss, should we perish before aid can reach us.' Now if my fellow-traveller had been humble enough to esteem the host fit company for him; had he been polite enough to pay his respects to the landlady, instead of shutting himself up in the little parlor, he would have escaped much pain.

'Alas! Sir, I have a wife and six children; and my mission to the north is a secret, even to my family, who suppose me staying at one of my plantations. How shall we communicate our sad fate to our friends?'

'I think, Sir, we had better make our wills, state the circumstances, and leave them in the bar-room, where some one is sure to arrive as soon as a thaw shall come on.'

The man certainly had courage; he took my words very calmly, and looked for a bell-rope to summon the host for writing materials; but he found no bell-cord to pull. He hesitated a moment, evidently considering whether it consisted with his dignity, under such peculiar circumstances, to go himself and obtain what he wanted, when the landlord called us to breakfast.

That men and women could eat in the very jaws of death seemed to surprise the reserved gentleman, and he whispered to me as he sat at table mechanically, (not a word being spoken at meal times in New-England, so intent are the Yankees upon the eatables,) mistaking the silence and sobriety of the meal for the stupor of despair:

'I suppose they are used to it.'

'What?' said I.

'To be buried alive.'

'Undoubtedly; and of being dug out too; allow me to help you to a piece of this broiled venison; it is excellent.'

As I spoke a broad face was thrust within the door of the room where we all sat at breakfast together, landlord, landlady, maids, driver, ostler, and passengers, and from a capacious mouth came these words:

'You don't call this a pretty tall nor'-wester, Colonel!'

'What! is that you, General?' said the host.

'I guess it is no other: the lads are coming from the village, and we will soon have you clear. The Meadow Farmers will be along soon; for they are never behind nobody whether it shine or storm.'

'Well, General, just help yourself to a drink, and I'll be out soon.'

The countenance of the stranger brightened; he no longer needed urging to partake of his share of the food before us; and soon after we all assembled in the bar-room to learn the story of our sudden deliverance.

As we were leaving the table, we heard near the house the sound of many voices of men crying to their cattle, through their clenched teeth, as if by the muscular contraction of their jaws they hoped to infuse new vigor into the sinews of the beasts. The work was done as if by magic; and we had hardly arrived in the bar-room before it was crowded with lusty young farmers, all dressed nearly alike, in blue frocks and white bell-crowned hats. They were shaking the snow from their persons, and wiping the perspiration from their foreheads; and the hearty laugh and ready jest showed that they enjoyed this battle with the elements.

While the Colonel was mixing toddy for the General, for he belonged to the old school of moderate drinkers, a new set of path-breakers arrived in sight, in an opposite direction to those we were talking with. 'Here come the Meadow Farmers! Three cheers for the Meadow Farmers!' And with these words the young men rushed out to welcome their fellow-laborers with their voices; and a hearty cheering it was. And on they came, six as fine looking young men as I ever saw, with a team of four yokes of beautiful cattle, of the Derby breed. The leader of this new party attracted our attention. Indeed, there was something about them all which commanded respect; not that their dress denoted any difference from the general class of Vermont farmers; but perhaps their cordial reception biassed us in their favor, and we were expecting something remarkable in the Meadow Farmers. Certainly we were not disappointed.

As they entered the house the General seemed anxious to get out of the bar-room, and no more was said about toddy. It was very evident that both the General and the Colonel, and the whole tribe of Green Mountain boys, stood somewhat in awe of the Meadow Farmers, and seemed to defer most of all to Mr. Gilbert, who was the director of the labor in which they were engaged. Mr. Gilbert, when he learned that travellers were detained in the inn by the violence of the storm, did us the honor to seek us out, and, in language that would do credit to a court, express his condolence at our ill luck. We fell easily into conversation with this remarkable man. He was anxious to hear the news from the city; asked questions unusual for a tiller of the earth; and in twenty minutes convinced us that beside being a farmer he was both a scholar and a gentleman. Imagine our surprise when, in taking his leave, our new

cheerfully to their accustomed occupations; and from the every-day air about us, we soon began to have some hope that we were not actually buried alive. The appearance of the table at breakfast furnished another argument that the people who lived there evidently expected a new supply of provisions from abroad, judging from the profusion of the table. 'But how can they get here?' thought I. 'Well, if they get *in*, I can certainly get *out*.'

Accompanying us in the stage was a reserved gentleman from South Carolina, who was on his way to Montpelier, on affairs of state. He had spoken no word during our previous day's journey together; but now his fears fairly conquered his haughtiness; and coming to me with a woful countenance, he said: 'This is a melancholy day, good Sir, if I may take the liberty of addressing you without an introduction.'

'It is indeed, Sir,' said I, now without alarm myself, for I had seen the landlord and the preparations for breakfast, and had constructed my argument *à priori*, and I was willing to punish the stranger a little; adding: 'I hope you have no family to mourn your loss, should we perish before aid can reach us.' Now if my fellow-traveller had been humble enough to esteem the host fit company for him; had he been polite enough to pay his respects to the landlady, instead of shutting himself up in the little parlor, he would have escaped much pain.

'Alas! Sir, I have a wife and six children; and my mission to the north is a secret, even to my family, who suppose me staying at one of my plantations. How shall we communicate our sad fate to our friends?'

'I think, Sir, we had better make our wills, state the circumstances, and leave them in the bar-room, where some one is sure to arrive as soon as a thaw shall come on.'

The man certainly had courage; he took my words very calmly, and looked for a bell-rope to summon the host for writing materials; but he found no bell-cord to pull. He hesitated a moment, evidently considering whether it consisted with his dignity, under such peculiar circumstances, to go himself and obtain what he wanted, when the landlord called us to breakfast.

That men and women could eat in the very jaws of death seemed to surprise the reserved gentleman, and he whispered to me as he sat at table mechanically, (not a word being spoken at meal times in New-England, so intent are the Yankees upon the eatables,) mistaking the silence and sobriety of the meal for the stupor of despair:

'I suppose they are used to it.'

'What?' said I.

'To be buried alive.'

'Undoubtedly; and of being dug out too; allow me to help you to a piece of this broiled venison; it is excellent.'

As I spoke a broad face was thrust within the door of the room where we all sat at breakfast together, landlord, landlady, maids, driver, ostler, and passengers, and from a capacious mouth came these words:

'You don't call this a pretty tall nor'-wester, Colonel!'

'What! is that you, General?' said the host.

'I guess it is no other: the lads are coming from the village, and we will soon have you clear. The Meadow Farmers will be along soon; for they are never behind nobody whether it shine or storm.'

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acquaintance put his hand under his frock, in the manner in which countrymen feel for their purse, and took out a card-case and presented his card. It matters little to the reader how we made a farther acquaintance with Mr. Gilbert and his fellow-workers ; how we domiciled at Meadow Farm for a month, and became deeply interested in the history of these brother men. It is enough to state that we did so, and thus came in possession of the facts of our story.

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CHAPTER FIRST.

'*There is a Providence that watches over the life of each one of us ; and could we see what we are doing by our example, by our life and our opinions, as plainly as we see the work we do with our hands, perhaps it would be matter of astonishment to us, and might satisfy our craving for more to do with the world.*'

ANONYMOUS.

THE village of Westminster stands on a patch of table-land, about forty feet above the level, just large enough for a pretty inland village, in one of the south-eastern counties of Vermont. The Connecticut river runs not more than a hundred rods to the east of its old-fashioned meeting-house. As you approach the place from the north, on the New-Hampshire side, the town looks like a fort, an artificial embankment of earth, so regular is the shape of the level on which it stands. This place was once the capital of the State, the frontier of civilization in its progress to the north. One can hardly believe it, as he passes through its gloomy street, lined with antiquated and uncomfortable looking houses, which have been repaired to death ; with here and there a modern abode whose quaint contrivances show disease in the mind of the builders. The fact is, the place is thoroughly dead. The land is there, Connecticut meadow-land, and that is all. Its tavern-stand looks like a haunted house, haunted by the ghosts of decayed rum-drinkers ; its old-fashioned store is unoccupied by customers, and the present incumbent stays there from habit, not profit : his staples are snuff, tobacco, and pipes, anti-slavery pamphlets, and temperance tales. The place is reformed, and now the abode of quiet : but it was once the centre of noise, dissipation, and frolic in that part of the country. It seems to be paying penance for its sins, and all the people there look prematurely old. There is no young man in the place ; and if one were to see a maiden there, he would take her for an angel on a mission of mercy to some suffering soul.

But it was not so once. A flourishing trade in horses and cattle made its streets lively ; the sound of the drum and fife was heard instead of the cackling of geese now vocal in its desolation ; lawyers, judges, and juries once strutted in its street, (it has but one long street,) and recruiting officers then had a station for the war in Canada. However, there never was but one store in the place. The owner of that became rich, and frowned away all competitors. Mr. Daniel Gilbert kept that store, in which was a rare assortment of dry goods and groceries. He kept every thing. He 'baited' horses ; sold drink by the gallon or the glass ; tallow candles and

wax-lights; broadcloth and home-made. Beside this, he was post-master, town-clerk, and justice of the peace; a member of the council, and lent money at exorbitant interest. No wonder he amassed a fortune!

Such things never will be again along the valley of the Connecticut as have been. A man cannot now-a-days pile up money and impoverish the farmers about him, for they have learned the secret of the mischief, and when they go to trade at the village store they keep sober. The old fashion was after this manner: when the good farmer and his wife and daughters came to purchase, for politeness' sake they were offered cordials, toddy, and other intoxicating stuffs, which made them feel very rich, and they fell an easy prey to these vultures, who urged them to buy on credit, until finally their farms were mortgaged and they were ruined. We do not say that there was a preconcerted wickedness of this sort; but, by temptation, the parties fell into it blindly; the one blinded by avarice, the other by drink.

Mr. Daniel Gilbert was a member of the orthodox church, and a constant attendant at all religious meetings; he was 'able' in prayer, and wore a long cue. Such a man was above suspicion. He could do what he pleased. It used to be said that none but respectable men wore cues. Rogues had an instinctive horror of such appendages, they offered to an adversary so good a point of seizure, in case they wished to run away. Daniel Gilbert had many sons and daughters; the latter were sent to expensive boarding-schools, and the sons were prepared for college. But one, a weakly, delicate boy, was kept at home, and assisted his father in the store. No one ever expected that Rufus would live to be a man. The doctors pronounced his complaints incurable, gave him up, and thus saved his life; for from the time that he ceased to take their medicines and was left to himself, he began to grow stout and strong. His only difficulty was an extremely delicate organization of body and mind. He could not endure the cramming process of the iron age of school-masters, and was sensitively alive to all objects of suffering about him. He began to wilt at school, and was taken home to recover his strength.

Rufus was often left in the store; and many are the instances, when from his own purse he made the child of the poor drunkard glad with new shoes and stockings, as they came to the store to buy rum for their parents. And as he grew older, often would he remonstrate with his father against selling the liquid poison to the half-starved children; yes, often has the little bare-footed girl who came to that store gone home with a basket of meat and bread and comfortably clad, by the interest the young boy made with his mother in behalf of humanity. Upon these occasions, when he spoke to his father, Daniel would answer: 'Pooh, pooh, child! what do you know about trade? Somebody will sell the stuff to them, and I may as well have the profit as the man in the tavern.'

'But, father, the children of these people are starving at home.'

Little Nancy Grey told me she had eaten no meat for a month; nothing but potatoes and butter-milk, that mother sends to them.'

'Well, Grey is a brute, and deserves hanging.'

'Who makes him a brute, father?' said the timid boy, while tears filled his eyes as he pictured little Nancy wading through the snow in her bare feet.

'Who?' said the father, regarding his son sternly, and working himself into a passion: 'not I, nor you; the man is clean gone, ever since we turned him out of the church for drunkenness. He is a drunkard by nature; it can't be helped. I may as well have the profits as any body else.'

If Daniel satisfied his conscience, he did not satisfy the mind of his son by his reasons. As this conversation was taking place, there entered the store a little ragged boy with a basket of eggs. This boy's parents had not got so far as Grey down the hill. He had on shoes, pretty well worn, too, and a hat with a part of a brim. He had a chubby, bright look, that defied cold and wet.

'My ma wants some snuff and a pint of rum, three candles, six crackers, and two pipes; and here's twenty-four fresh eggs,' said the little fellow, with confidence; 'for we're going to have company; father says he'll take up the balance for bitters.'

'Well done, my fine fellow! you speak like a man. Rufus, wait upon the boy,' said Daniel; and he stepped to his desk to credit twenty-four eggs to Bill Blake, and charge the items the boy wanted. The next morning Bill Blake had drunk up the eight cents due him, and went home drunk to breakfast.

Amid such scenes Daniel hoped his boy Rufus would learn to be a country merchant if he lived; but on the contrary the boy contracted a deep disgust for his father's traffic, and felt deeply for the sins of his parent. 'When I am a man,' he said to his mother, 'I will help these people: why does not father help them, mother? He might refuse to sell them liquor, and they can't afford to buy it at the tavern by the glass. Oh! I wish I was a man!'

'Thank God! my ——'

The mother checked herself; she was implicating her husband to his son: 'Thank God, Rufus, that you are getting strong; you will be a man soon enough for me. You'll work yourself into a nervous fever about these poor people: come, go to bed now, and say your prayers.'

'Mother, don't you think we both ought to pray for these poor drunkards?'

'Yes, child, for the whole world.'

'And you won't forget to send some meat to Grey's house to-morrow, will you, mother?'

'No, child; good night.'

Happy mother! Heaven watched over the slumbers of the boy; heard his prayers, and counted all his tears, and sent messengers of help and mercy for every one. He grew in strength of body and soul. He became the central spirit of the village; the leader in all manly sports, the life of all the winter societies for intellectual and

moral improvement. Let it not be supposed our hero became a fanatic, a coarse reviler of all bad practices he chanced to be free from himself; for a pure philanthropy may warm the bosom of a young man; and if heathen philosophers and sages died for the sake of truth and their country, can it be thought strange that, with the example of saints and a SAVIOUR before him, a young Christian should glory in the resolution of devoting himself to the good of his race?

When the brothers of Rufus came home from college, they were surprised to find in him a mind before which they were obliged to bow; powers of argument and language which dimmed their college honors, and made their cold learning appear flat and insipid. But this was only another proof of the almost forgotten truth, that *goodness is power*.

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A T A L K W I T H T H E B R O O K S .

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BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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THE voice of brooks spake to me, as I walked  
At winter noon-day. Up, through icy veils,  
Cold and transparent, glanced their sparkling eyes,  
While ever and anon, as some brief plunge  
Gave them advantage o'er the softening banks,  
They brake their fetters.

'Why have ye come forth  
Thus, ere your time, to touch with trembling green  
The taper grass-blades, and the tiny plants  
That on your margin grew?'

'They slept so long,'  
The brooklets said, 'we feared they would forget  
The mighty Quickener's name, who ever decks  
This earth with beauty. So we gently waked  
Their cradle-dream, bidding them learn of us  
Our Maker's praise, which, murmuring, we repeat.'

'Make haste on your sweet errand, tuneful brooks!  
Tint these young lips with life, while yet ye may,  
For, lo! stern Winter weaves a stronger chain  
To bind ye, hand and foot. Methinks, I hear  
Even now, his purpose, on the rising blast.'

'Then,' they replied, 'our lesson is for man:  
When God shall shut the storm-cloud o'er his joys,  
And quell his song, then let him bear, like us,  
In meekness, and in hope.'

## THE VALE OF GLENCOE.

A TALE OF SCOTLAND.

ABOUT noon, one clear day in the month of February, 1692, news reached the quiet vale of Glencoe that some of the king's troops would soon arrive, to make for a short time that vale their home. A circumstance so unusual created no slight alarm; for, in those days of rebellion and disaffection, few who rose in the morning to comforts, knew where at night they might rest their heads. The soldiers, on their arrival, being questioned as to their intent, declared they came but to be quartered peaceably among them for a few days. They were well received, and billeted in the usual way. All now wore a different aspect. The lasses sought out their best attire, to honor, and may be to win, the brave soldier lads that brought mirth to their quiet vale.

Merry hearts had assembled at the dwelling of the chief. The old piper, his white hair straggling over his furrowed cheeks, for he had seen the snows of seventy winters cover his native glen, seemed to renew his youth as he gazed with delight on the happy faces and light feet of those who did full credit to the wild strains of the spirit-stirring pipes.

Among the group assembled was the fair-haired Edith Campbell, with a heart full of happiness, even to running o'er; for that night she had listened to a tale of love from lips that knew no guile. And well had the glance of her mild blue eyes told the secret of her own heart, as she looked confidently in the face of Duncan Macdonald, the youngest son of the chief.

Edith had attracted the attention of Pierce Cameron, one of the officers. Heartless, unrelenting, and treacherous, he was indeed well fitted for the task he had undertaken. He had hovered like an evil spirit around Edith all the evening. Twice he had offered his hand to the fair girl for the dance, and twice had been refused. His look of hatred fell on the young lovers unheeded; for, happy in themselves, they saw only the bright sun of joy, and dreamed not of sorrow's storm-cloud. He was leaning on the back of a huge chair, that had from time immemorial stood in the old wainscotted hall where the joyous laugh went round, muttering to himself: 'She smiles on him! Curses on her smiles! Ay, ay, birds of happiness! smile while you may; ere long that smiling lip and love-dimpled mouth will be cold as the worm that will banquet on its beauty! Yet,' he added after a pause, 'I would have saved her. I would have taken her to my warm heart; would have risked the honor of a soldier, to save her from the slaughter, and make her, for a while at least, my own. But she has scorned me; spurned me; and, heedless of the pang she might inflict, before my sight smiled on another.'

Ay, smile on ! that I may be nerved for the work that begins with morning's dawn.'

At this moment something touched his foot. Thinking his dog had followed him, he stooped to drag him from beneath the chair. He laid his hand, not upon a dog, but upon the rough head of an idiot boy. Two vacant eyes met his angry gaze as he dragged the listener forth, exclaiming, 'Villain, what brought you here?' The boy gathered himself up, shook his shaggy head, and, said, in a piteous tone: 'Davie's daft!' 'Davie's daft!'.<sup>\*</sup> He then kicked the poor idiot till his cries attracted the attention of the guests, some of whom immediately came to the spot: among the first was Edith; the poor boy the while crying in the same piteous tones: 'Davie's daft!' 'Davie's daft!' She took him by the hand, saying, as she cast a look of scorn on the officer: 'This, Captain Cameron, is a poor, inoffensive idiot boy, who has a home in every house in the vale, and the sympathy of every heart that beats in it. It were, methinks, unworthy the valor of a soldier and the feelings of a man, to treat with cruelty one to whom God has denied the power of redressing his own wrongs.'

'Nay, fair Edith,' said Cameron, 'I meant not to harm the boy. I thought it was my dog beneath the chair. To show you I intended not to harm him, I will be friends with him, and ask his pardon. In earnest of which I give him this broad crown.'

But the boy, as the officer advanced toward him with the piece of silver in his hand, shrunk behind Edith, still piteously whining: 'Davie's daft!' 'Davie's daft!'

'Go, Davie,' said Edith, 'go and sit by old Allan. You will there be in no danger.'

'Ay; come here, come here, ye daft loun!' said the old piper, 'and dinna be troubling the gentles wi' your havers. Do ye no ken ye hae nae business at that end o' the ha'? Little credit ye are to me for a' the pains I hae ta'en to gar ye behave like ither decent folk. Sit ye down there! or, deil hae me gin I dinna break your head wi' my drone.'

Thus saying, honest Allan blew up his pipes; Davie sat down quietly by his side; the lads and lasses resumed their places on the floor; and when the piper struck up 'The wind that shakes the barley,' the circumstance of Davie's disaster was instantly forgotten. On went the dance, and merrily passed the laugh and jest, till it was announced that the banquet waited: then up rose old Allan, and taking precedence of the rest, played as he went the gathering tune of the clan. Soon all were seated at the festive board; and well did the old chieftain play the host. High filled he the cup of welcome, and gayly passed the time, till the 'ae short hour ayont the twal' warned them to depart, the chieftain cordially shaking the hand of each guest, while old Allan played the well-known air of 'Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'!'

With happy thoughts Edith sought her pillow; for she had lis-

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<sup>\*</sup> Daft — foolish.

tened to a tale that gave joy to her heart, and had made a promise that was to join her fate for ever with that of him she loved.

Edith was parentless. A mother's care she had never known; and three years previous to the period at which this tale commences her father had fallen fighting in what he thought a good cause. Her dwelling was only a short distance from that of the chief, where with a maiden aunt she lived, if not in affluence, at least in comfort and content. Edith was the idol of the vale. With spirits light as the thistle-down that floated o'er her native hills, and a heart in which was garnered every pure and noble sentiment, in her the erring found an adviser, the sick a friend, and the afflicted a soother. Her heart yearned for something on which to lavish its devotion. She had found all she wished in young Macdonald, and she was happy.

It was with bright hopes then that Edith prepared to press her pillow. But, never unmindful of her duty to that Being who guards and guides the good, before she sought repose she meekly bent the knee. As she thus knelt in humble prayer, she heard footsteps under her casement; and presently a voice in low tones sung the following words:

'THE moon is shining clear, ladye;  
The moon is shining clear;  
Oh, dinna clooe your e'e in sleep,  
For danger hovers near, ladye,  
For danger hovers near.

'Then dinna sleep to-night,' ladye;  
Oh, dinna sleep to-night;  
For Death will soon be busy here,  
Although the stars shine bright, ladye,  
Although the stars shine bright.'

Edith rose from her knees, and opening the casement, saw by the light of the moon Davie, the idiot boy, beneath. To her question of what brought him there, he held up a feather, then a secret token much in use to warn friends to fly, and again sung, in half-whispered accents:

'Up and awa', ladye;  
Up and awa'!  
I'll guide ye frae danger  
Before the cock craw.

'Death 's i' the vale, ladye;  
Death 's i' the vale!  
I hear i' the night wind  
The coronach and wail.

'Dinna bide here, ladye;  
Dinna bide here!  
Why linger ye, ladye,  
When death is sae near?'

The strain was so wild, the words so fearful, that Edith, sinking with fright, yet determined to know the worst, hastily wrapped her plaid around her, and descended with noiseless step, to learn from her mysterious visiter something more than his wild song imparted.

On reaching the spot where Davie stood, the only reply she could get to her question of what was the meaning of his wild words,

was: 'Death's i' the vale, ladye!' 'Death's i' the vale!' And seizing her hand, he almost dragged her along the path that led to the old chieftain's dwelling.

'I cannot go there,' said Edith, 'the family are all asleep!'

'Sae muckle the waur,' replied Davie; 'but we maun wauk them. Gin ye lo'e the young eagle, gang till his eyrie and wauk him while ye may.'

They had now reached the door of the dwelling. At this moment a blue light was seen to ascend, about a quarter of a mile from them. Davie on perceiving it clapped his hands in agony. 'It's ower late!' he cried, wildly, 'it's ower late! In, ladye, in; and dinna stir till Davie comes back again!' So saying, he fled swiftly up the vale.

Edith had now no alternative but to knock and gain admittance. Soon she heard footsteps; and a well-known voice asked, 'Who knocks?' 'It is Edith Duncan,' was the trembling reply. Instantly the door was thrown open; and her lover, in alarm, asked the cause of her visit. Soon the tale was told; but before young Macdonald could reply, a wild cry was heard, and Davie, breathless and covered with blood, rushed into the hall.

'Come!' he cried, 'the pass is no guarded! The bluid-hounds are out, but ye may yet rin free!'

Shouts of murder were now heard amid the clash of arms. They had barely time to close, bolt and bar, before a party of soldiers was heard at the door. Macdonald woke his father, and begged him to fly.

'No,' said the old chieftain, 'I will not fly till I know wherefore I fly. My son, place Edith in safety, and if flight be necessary we will through the pass and join you. I cannot think they come with ill intent. I have taken the oath of allegiance and have a letter of protection. I am therefore safe.'

The knocking still continued at the door. Davie, who had been absent a few minutes, now returned. He had unfastened the casement of a large window at the back of the house, and seizing Edith's hand, he said: 'Dinna stay, ladye; dinna stay. The pass is no guarded, and death's i' the vale!'

Davie now led the way, Edith and Macdonald following; the wild cries of murder and death ringing in their ears as they fled toward the mountain-pass. The massacre had begun. Men, women, and children were seen flying in wild disorder, while the fires that rose from the burning dwellings of the doomed clan gave noon-day's light to the gray dawn of morning.

The boy slackened not his pace till he had piloted them safely through the pass; then suddenly stopping, he said: 'Ladye, Davie can gang nae farther. I kenn'd I wud die; for he struck hard wi' the braid-sword, and then fired.'

'And who, poor boy, could have had the heart to strike thee?' asked Edith, as she looked in his pale face.

'Captain Cameron,' replied Davie, 'and I never did him ill.'

'May the fiends torment him!' exclaimed the young chieftain,



'for harming one so helpless. The vow will serve thee little, poor fellow; but I swear to avenge thy wrongs should the proud soldier ever cross my path!'

'Oh, try Duncan, try to bear him to some place where we can find help!' said Edith, as she bent over the poor boy.

'Dinna mind me, ladye; and dinna seek help on this side the border,' said Davie, as he pressed his hand to his wounded side. 'There's nae langer a hame for the Macdonalds amang the yellow broom and blooming heather. Davie will never mair see the muir-cock rise whirring frae its nest, nor watch the bonnie plovers flee over the muirland. Davie's race is run; but ye are safe, ladye, gin ye can cross the border; and Davie may as weel die. The bonnie biggins are a' brunt down that used to be his bield; and the kind voices that bade him come ben, are a' hushed and still!'

It was by this time broad day-light. On the left of the road was a thicket, and something that bore the appearance of a rude shed, which had probably been used by hunters when chasing the mountain deer. To this they bore the wounded boy. Edith spread her plaid, and on it Macdonald carefully placed Davie. All fear of pursuit was lost in anxiety for the poor lad, to whom, in all probability, they owed their lives; and who had risked his, without a murmur, to save them. They could perceive, as they occasionally cast a glance toward the road, those who had escaped the slaughter flying to seek safety and shelter among the neighboring clans. Duncan, anxious as he was for the fate of his parents, could not leave Edith alone with the dying boy. Dreading to hail from their sheltering-place their flying clansmen, no alternative remained but to rest content, and trust to that Providence who had hitherto protected them.

Edith sat resting poor Davie's head upon her lap, endeavoring to staunch the blood that flowed abundantly from his wounds. 'It's nae use, ladye; it's nae use. I maun gang the lang gaet. I wad hae liked to lie i' the vale amang the kind hearts that aye welcomed me wi' a smile, and whiles pitied me wi' a tear; but it maunna be. A stranger sod maun cover Davie's breast, and stranger's footsteps press it. And may be, ladye,' he continued, while his voice trembled, and a tear stood in his eye, 'may be ye may pass the spot; and gin ye but say 'Puir Davie!' I think I'll ken your voice; for my heart has aye loup't at a kind word; and I dinna think I can ever sleep sae sound, or be sae cauld, that I canna feel kindness.' He strove to raise himself on his elbow; it was nature's last effort. He fixed his glassy eyes on the face of Edith; endeavored to speak again, but utterance was denied: and in a few minutes the spirit of the idiot boy had winged its way to a brighter world.

As Edith and Duncan bent in sorrow over their departed friend, they were startled by a deep-drawn sigh; and on raising their eyes, beheld Pierce Cameron with folded arms gazing on them.

'Cowardly wretch!' exclaimed Duncan, as he sprung to his side, 'behold your work! You have sent to his eternal rest one who would have turned aside to spare the worm that was in his path! But I have sworn to avenge him!'

The officer mournfully shook his head, while he replied, in a voice of deep sadness: 'He is already avenged — fearfully avenged. I have witnessed a scene of bloodshed this morning that will live in my memory while memory remains; and my last moments will be embittered by the part I have taken in the deed. But no time is to be lost; I sought you here to save you. I have sent the soldiers on another track. There,' said he, handing a paper to Duncan, 'there is a protection that will enable you to pass unmolested.'

'But my father?' said Duncan.

'Alas!' replied Cameron, 'there lives not one in the vale of Glencoe to tell of the dreadful slaughter! And now,' he added, as he threw a cloak to Duncan, and fastened his own round the neck of Edith, 'go while you may.'

Edith pointed to the corpse of poor Davie.

'Leave that to me, fair Edith,' said Cameron. 'He shall have a grave in the vale he loved; and the tear of regret shall bedew it from eyes that have seldom wept. And now,' said he, taking a hand of each, 'farewell! We may never meet again. But in after years, should you hear of Pierce Cameron as one that good men love, think, fair Edith, that you were the light that shone on his path and guided him to virtue.'

# L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, ON RETURNING FROM HIS LECTURE ON THE BRITISH POETS.

LORD, man! ye made me fidgin fain,  
Sae weel ye tauld the bonnie strain  
O' ROBIE BURNS;  
An' gie'd the poets your regard,  
Frae sightless John to Avon's bard,  
Just i' their turns.

I, whiles mysel' may string out rhymes,  
Ca'd up by joys o' former times,  
Poor worthless stuff;  
Yet they to me a thrill impart,  
That often gars a tear to start;  
An' that's enough.

They whiles may tell o' bracken rocks,  
Where shepherds watch their bleating flocks  
At sultry noon;  
And whiles o' birken groves may tell,  
And sometimes o' the heather-bell,  
Low bending to the moon.

Faith, lad! ye hae stirred up my Muse,  
Wha says she'll no her aid refuse;  
But, first of a',  
Lord send ye lang to haud your ain,  
A stranger still to care and pain:  
Peace on ye fa'!

J. W.

## A U R E L I A : A P O R T R A I T .

WITH Hebe's smile, Minerva's lofty air,  
 (Her shape more faultless, and her face more fair  
 Than the famed statue, master-piece of art,)  
 Theme of each tongue, and magnet of each heart:  
 Resplendent moon among the twinkling stars,  
 AURELIA beauty's palm unrivalled wears.  
 Not snow more white, more pure, nor half so cold  
 As the breast shaded by those locks of gold:  
 For snows dissolve before the genial sun,  
 Their coldness lose, and warm to ocean run;  
 But love nor hate e'er moves that soul of ice,  
 Almost as dead to virtue as to vice.  
 Matchless alike her mien, her form and face,  
 Her looks are transport and her motions grace;  
 Gazing on her, the tongue forgets to move,  
 And the fixed eye is eloquent of love;  
 While every nerve, with bursting rapture strung,  
 Youth maddens at the sight, and age grows young.  
 But, should the fair her wonted silence break,  
 You'd pray the breathing statue might not speak!  
 She, whom the goddess silent, all adore,  
 Talks—and, poor drivelling mortal! charms no more.

## S P R I N G   A N D   O T H E R   M A T T E R S .

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 BY PETER STUBBS, SCHOOLMASTER.
 

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VERILY, 'the time of the singing of birds hath come;' and if the voice of the turtle is not heard in the land, I am nevertheless cheered by the music of the merry frog, who at twilight croaks his evening song, bathing the while his green and pliant limbs in a bubbling pool before my door. Blessed Spring! even to me, old and wearied, the slave, through the long months, of many sturdy and rebellious little masters, does its breath bring sweets and reinvigorated energy. From my window, which I dare now to keep open, since winter has retreated, I hear the carol of birds and see the gambols of milk-white lambs: I see bright-eyed maidens gathering flowers in the fields; their hair, burnished into golden hues by the rays of the setting sun, floats loosely in the breeze; and I almost forget that I am growing old, and that their silvery notes and sweet looks will soon be lost to me. The noise and bustle of the school-room is over; the shuffling of busy little feet disturbs me not; the loud whisper and the suppressed laugh no longer arouse my ire; and the birchen rod, mine emblem of office and authority, is not now a terror to juvenile offender. And here, with the multiform beauties of the earth around me, and with the gentle south wind soothing my senses, do I most reverently thank the Great

Parent of all things for this most comfortable presence of the spring!

How gently the green herbage springs up from the moist soil! and the tender leaves, how quietly do they emerge from the swollen buds and hail the sun; while little pale flowers, first-fruits of the year, peep gayly forth from the dead leaves that cover the forest paths, smiling, as it were, over the graves of their short-lived predecessors. As I wander amidst these beauties, and feel the healthful breeze come like an ancient friend to warm my heart, is it strange that I forget for a time all little cares and inquietudes, or cheat myself into the belief that all this garniture of hill and vale is put forth for my enjoyment, although I own not a rood of land between the equator and the pole?

The verdure of the landscape, the foliage of the trees, and the incense of early flowers, conspire to call us from our cloistered retirements and worship at the shrine of nature. A walk in the forests at this season is a far more soothing recreation than can be found in fashionable drives, or in any of the amusements which the moderns have invented for the purpose of 'killing time.' He who can patiently watch the squirrel in his playful moods, or behold with interest the industrious labors of the bee and the ant; who can travel a long league in search of the blue-eyed violet and the yellow dandelion, and feel himself rewarded if he can at last pluck them from the nook of a fence or on the margin of some quiet stream, will not often require the advice of a physician or the homily of a moralist. He cannot be essentially a bad man who cares for these things. His human imperfections will grow gradually less who communes with nature often and long; and he will return from every ramble not a sadder but a wiser man. If he seeks the depths of the forest, his mind attuned to natural harmony, he will be visited with many chastened emotions and sober contemplations, which elsewhere can seldom be inspired. He will see around him in mingled array the evidences of life and death, of growing strength and mouldering decay, as plainly as *he* sees them who studies merely man and his works. He will there find the shrub growing from the mould of time-worn oaks, itself to thrive, fall, and be succeeded by another shoot in due time; and what more than this can he learn, who watches the successions of generations of men that live and pass away? These rural reflections will not, it is true, make a man learned; but they will teach him the art of contentment, and may perchance exhibit to his eyes the fairy form of happiness, which to the mass of mankind is a phantom, an illusion, a dream. I confess, that at times I have a faint, half-belief in many of the mythological fancies of the ancients; and in my random rambles I can see, or which is the same, fancy that I see, naiads arise from every welling fountain, and light-footed nymphs come forth from every grove; I fancy the air to be peopled with an infinite number of spirits; and I certainly feel none the worse for their neighborhood.

Nor can I ever sit down at the foot of a great tree without indulging a thought upon the fortunes of those who once roamed beneath

its shade with bounding step, and owned and controlled all this fair expanse of plain, valley, lake, and hill. The warrior with his plume and belt—lithe, fierce, and brave; the hunter, in more peaceful garb, stealthily pursuing the deer; the council-fire where age and experience are met and revered by youth and valor; the lodge of peace where the lively tale and the wild legend go round; the song and dance of braves and maidens in the ‘month of flowers;’ these are the forms and these the scenes that grow into distinct pictures before me. Lulled into repose by the music of the wind among the branches of giant-trees, these ‘thick-coming fancies’ arise unbidden and become realities.

Other reflections at times intervene. Idle as it may be, I often look at an oak in the forest, and think of the vicissitudes in the world’s history which it has outlived. While it has been shooting noiselessly up from an acorn into a giant among its fellows, watered by the rains and strengthened by the storms of heaven, the whole world has been revolutionized and changed. During its time, nations have come and gone; kingdoms and the laws which governed them have perished; creeds have flourished and decayed, and those who persecuted with those who suffered in their names have gone into the ‘shadowy land,’ where creeds and opinions avail them not. It has lived, perchance, since Charlemagne cemented his empire; was fanned by the same airs that floated the banners of the first crusaders; was in its prime when the factions of York and Lancaster were discoloring the earth with blood; and was only growing into a green old age when the pilgrims in the Mayflower were braving the storms of the ocean, on their way to this the land of their refuge. Is not such a monument worthy of a moment’s thought and observation? And may not the flower that blossoms at its base be an object of care to its great Author? Why should we poor mortals arrogate to ourselves the exclusive care and providence of the Creator? Beauty and strength exist in the natural world, in infinite varieties; and in all humility let us remember that ourselves and the inanimate plant have one author, and are doomed to rest at last in the same silent earth.

When winter comes, with its storms and blasts, desolating the fairest scenery, and blocking up the by-ways and paths with snow, I sometimes grow dissatisfied with the monotony of the country, and covet the close neighborhood of cities, the life and stir of congregated thousands, and the joyful animation that then pervades the social communities. But as soon as spring comes, with its soft airs and living beauties, I am thankful that I am not shut up in brick-and-mortar lanes, with the noise of carriages, and carts, and shrill cries sounding in my ears. I have no partiality for the villainous smells that come up from a thousand gutters and alleys, and cannot conceal my antipathy to the inhaling of quantities of dust shaken from a thousand busy feet. It is then that one can be fully contented with those rustic pleasures which are strangers to the pale-faced citizen. These homely delights are derived from simple appearances and events, from inanimate and living things which long acquaintanceship only can render interesting. I do not profess

to be a philosopher; indeed, I confess my ignorance of most of the *ologies*; but I aver, that without any deep learning, the humming of bees, the voices of birds, the sound of running waters, the shooting plant, and the opening flower have each a grace and a meaning to the moralist. That meaning, however, is not apparent to the mere casual visitant or spectator. To him they are mere nonentities, fit only to amuse a school-boy in his rambles, or a love-lorn damsel in her sentimental moods. How can the man whose head is filled with sales of stocks, foreign news, or with the fluctuations in politics or commerce, pause to enumerate, much less to admire, these things in detail? He knows, indeed, that the country is beautiful in the 'travelling season,' and he therefore makes an excursion into it occasionally; but he is careful to get himself jammed into a crowd at some dusty watering-place where idle people congregate to see and be seen. Yet his heart is not there; his active mind, long accustomed to the excitement of business, is absent doing duty among ledgers, bill-books, and cash accounts, or is devoted to some political movement for the benefit doubtless of his 'free and independent fellow-citizens;' or, if present at all, it is wondering what the deuce its owner will find for dinner. He takes in the scenery and sights as one takes physic — because it is prescribed to him.

Ask such an one if he has ever gone forth on an eminence in the morning to see the sun rise; if he has seen the golden rays strike the quivering dew-drops, until every leaf and blade of grass seemed sparkling with gems and diamonds; if he has watched the clouds with their light and airy forms dancing and chasing each other across the firmament, or the curtains of mist fade slowly from the sight, revealing by gradual removes all the varied scenery of the landscape? Ask him if he has listened in the dense woods to the music of the myriad sounds which in a still day arise from their depths; or if it has pleased him to hear the quick rain-drops fall with a pattering sound upon the thirsty earth? He will hardly know the meaning of your inquiries, and will inevitably set you down for a babbling dreamer. Yet he too is observant in his way; but his thoughts are directed to some scheme of ambition or aggrandizement; to the richly-freighted vessel ploughing its way from the 'farthest Ind,' or very likely to a launch of hides on the coast of California.

I dread to have the spring depart, for with its decadence comes the summer; not but that the summer has its immeasurable beauties and treasures; but with it there will inevitably come those butterflies of fashion that flit around us periodically, driving from the minds of us sober people all quiet contemplations; and they have an idea in their heads that they are enjoying themselves! A most unhappy sight to me is a 'pleasure party.' You may see of a summer's day a dozen gayly-dressed persons broiling and toiling about from steam-boat to rail-road, fuming and fretting from one point to another, jostling at every step some rivals in this recreation. They have come a thousand miles or more to enjoy themselves, but they did not count the cost. They bring with them all the little mimickries, the insignificant little nothings, which they have been

taught to regard as of vast importance, and they miss a thousand others that would not bear transportation. These unfortunates are necessarily circumscribed in their movements. If they tread the ploughed field they get soiled; and a soiled dress is a very, *very* bad matter for a lady, and a terrible catastrophe to *some* gentlemen. Then they cannot go abroad in the morning, because the lawn and the leaves in the forest are wet; they dare not venture out of an evening, for the paths are uncertain, and the falling dew is *any* thing but sanative; and perhaps in a nocturnal ramble they might tread on a worm, or an unlucky frog might hop across their path. But at mid-day they sally forth, bedecked with ribbons and laces, in kid gloves and soft slippers, and see the mere outward semblance of things. After all their pleasant toil, they go home as they came, with some indistinct ideas of cattle with and without horns; of the weary labors of the husbandman; of glimpses caught by accident of some green spot; and verily they have *seen the country*.  
I. c.

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T O A Y O U N G G I R L .

I KNEW her in the dawning of her years :  
 Sweet child ! she was as wildly beautiful  
 As the young fawn in Sidon's palmy vale.  
 Whither she fled on her elastic steps,  
 The flowers uncrushed proceeded in their bloom,  
 As if a zephyr had but glanced them by.  
 Her smile was as far-spreading as the light  
 Out of the rosy chambers of the East ;  
 Her laugh contagion, loving to be caught ;  
 Her voice was like a sudden gush of joy,  
 And oh ! so clear in its delightful tone,  
 That not more sweetly sound the warbling birds  
 When sunshine breaks the darkness of the storm !  
 She through the gates of childhood had just passed :  
 She had not risen to glorious woman's years,  
 But in that heaven of beauty hung between,  
 Where hangs the rose in its meridian age,  
 Betwixt its early budding and its prime.  
 Oh ! for a pencil dipped in tender hues,  
 For words of beauty, to outmatch her form,  
 What time the hectic burst upon her cheek,  
 Whose baleful fire I could have quenched with tears !  
 Her airy form seemed vanishing away,  
 Bursting anew from Love's convulsive grasp,  
 Till nothing but the spirit stayed behind,  
 Blazing from the deep socket of the eye.  
 Who that has seen the soul concentrate there,  
 Shedding phosphoric brightness round decay,  
 But sets a keen watch on the trembling lips,  
 And failing tenement, like some guarded nest  
 From whence we wait the uprising of the bird ?  
 But angel's wings are swifter than the sun,  
 And light their golden plumage passing by.  
 And she is gone ! each sweet, attractive grace,  
 By limner's art unable to be caught,  
 Is flown from eyes devouring with their sight,  
 And weeping till their very fount is dry !

## S O N N E T : T O S O P H I A .

O! SHE is beautiful! no jewelled band  
 Is needed to enclasp her temples fair,  
 Nor gems to sparkle in her raven hair,  
 Or mar the whiteness of her snowy hand.  
 Her bosom, like a sea by zephyrs fanned,  
 Rolls its soft billows, and conceals no care;  
 For, like the winged dwellers of the air  
 That wheel in glad career o'er sea and land,  
 Her heart is free and joyous. May no tear  
 E'er dim her flashing eye, nor sorrow fade  
 The roses of her cheek, or ever shade  
 The fancies of her soul! but ever near  
 Be friends; and may her day of life be made  
 Bright at its noon — its sunset warm and clear!

R. V. S.

## T H E Q U O D C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

**Harry Harson.**

## CHAPTER THIRD.

MRS. CHOWLES was the name of an elderly lady who was the confidential adviser of Harry Harson, in all emergencies; and as he regarded the unexpected addition of the child to his family in that light, he determined to speak with her on the subject without loss of time; and toward her dwelling he accordingly directed his steps.

It was in a dim, unfrequented part of the city; one of those out-of-the-way, shut-up streets, which are found in the heart even of this great, ever-changing metropolis, where the casual tread of a passer-by awakens echoes which startle the quiet tenants of the neighborhood, and draws to the windows heads and faces, and caps and head-gear, that might have belonged to the last century. Grass grows in the crevices of the stones in the summer season; and tall weeds, taking root in the gutters and on the eaves of the houses, nod sociably to plants of the same vagabond family, who, more aspiring than themselves, have gained a foothold in the moss which clings to the roofs. Time has played queer antics in other parts of the city, and made a fearful pulling down, remodelling, building up, laying out of streets; shutting up gardens, extinguishing blinking old windows, altering gray antiquated houses into prim, fashionable new ones; and throwing such an air of dashing juvenility about their crumbling frames, that those who had grown old in their precincts became sad to see the change. These, and many things of a



like nature, had been going on in other parts of the town; but this little spot had dodged the general improvement, and now had a frightened, wary expression, and seemed to eye with suspicion every one who broke in upon its solitude.

It was in this quiet nook, and in a sleepy old house, with wooden shutters and a great semicircular cut in each of them, like a half-closed eye, that the lady lived. She was a widow; and many years since had deposited a cross-grained husband under the ground, much to the satisfaction of her friends, but to her own great grief; for she was a warm-hearted, high-tempered woman, and in spite of his foibles had clung to the gnarled old trunk, around which her affections had twined themselves in youth, with a devotion unaccountable to all. Harry Harson had been the friend of her husband, and at his death he became hers. Year in and year out he had come and gone to and from that house, as unceremoniously as if it had been his own; and always found a hand to welcome him, and a ready smile to greet him and his dog; not but that he and the lady had had their hours of storm as well as sunshine; for, to tell the truth, high words often passed between them; but even though they might occasionally part in dudgeon, it was forgotten by both, and the next evening for Harry's visit saw him there, the same as ever; and he always found the great oaken arm-chair drawn out, his pipe filled, and a mug of hot toddy, mixed by the widow's own hand, waiting his arrival; just as if his arrival were a matter of course.

It was a Christmas day, or rather the day was fast fading into twilight, as Harry turned the corner of the street in which Mrs. Chowles lived. He was in a gay mood that evening. His step was light and buoyant, and he hummed a merry old Christmas song as he went. Occasionally he broke off to bestow a friendly word upon Spite, who close at his heels and as gay as his master, ambled along on three legs; the fourth, after an affectation common to small dogs, being kept as a *corps de reserve*, and only used to aid him in skipping over a gutter, or a puddle of unusual magnitude.

Harry Harson had passed his Christmas evenings with the widow as long as he could remember. It was a pleasant thing to see how familiarly he raised the latch and with what confidence he walked in, like one sure of a welcome. As one of the neighbors sagaciously observed, 'it was a sight to see him.'

He stepped briskly across the cleanly-swept room, into which the street-door opened, and with a free-and-easy air knocked at the door of an inner room, into which none but Mrs. Chowles and a few of her especial cronies were admitted.

'Who's there?' demanded a shrill voice.

Her visiter did not answer, but repeated his knock, and stood with his full face beaming with fun, ready to enjoy her surprise, when she should open the door and discover who was there. But it did not open as soon as he expected, and the same voice exclaimed, 'Get you gone. I want none of your company. No one shall come in at this hour, not even if it were honest old Harry Harson himself.'

'I have something of importance to tell you, and I came early,' said Harry, not a little humbled; which same humility deprived his voice of so much of its usual hearty tone that the woman did not recognize it.

'Away with you!' she repeated, in the same exalted key. 'You may knock till doom's day; but come in you *shan't*!'

Harry's heart was full. Man and boy, for thirty years, he had spent his Christmas evenings in that little back-room. He had had the same corner, the same chair, and the same little tripod-stand on which to place his toddy, and rest the end of his long pipe, as he smoked; and now he was turned away like a dog! He thumped the end of his stick on the floor, as much as to say that he hoped the devil might catch him if ever he crossed that threshold again. He cast a glance at Spite, who had turned short upon his auxiliary leg, and was looking at him with an eye whose expression indicated that if his master stomachached *that* he was not the man he took him to be, and turned to go.

There was something in that peculiar thump of the cudgel, and in the step of the man, which caught the ear of the lady, who was listening at the key-hole for the purpose of being ready with a retort to any reply with which the intruder might feel disposed to favor her, and she opened the door only in time to catch a glimpse of the broad-skirted coat of a man, and the tightly-curved tail of a dog, as they passed out.

'Harry Harson! Harry Harson! I say,' exclaimed she, in turn almost melted to tears, as she saw her warm-hearted crony leaving her house fairly miffed. 'Come back, Harry! Where are you going?'

Harry heard her well enough, but he would not give in at once, and went stoutly out into the street; for he well knew that there was another entrance to the house, which the widow could reach from within much sooner than he could from without; and he walked slowly to give her time. True to his expectation, the widow was there, and as he was passing, without saying a word, she seized him by the arm and dragged him through a blind alley, and across divers passages, cluttered up with pails, pots, pans, and other mysterious utensils for family purposes; nor did she release her grasp until she had fairly seated him in his usual corner. Having him safely caged, she felt that she might with propriety indulge a slight outbreak of anger, and turning sharply upon him, she asked:

'What's the meaning of this, Harry? What put in your head to treat an old friend after this fashion? I'm ashamed of you!'

'You would not let me in,' said Harson, gravely.

'Who knew it was you?' rejoined the widow.

'You said, even if it *was* me, that I should n't come in,' replied Harson.

'Yes, but I did n't know that your two ears were within hearing. I wanted to make what I said impressive. But come; have done with this; I'll have no squabbling on Christmas day.'

'Ah! Spite, poor Spite! Spite! Spite!' said she, turning

to the dog, and snapping her fingers in the most insinuating manner; but Spite, dog and pup, had been there as punctually and nearly as long as his master; and although a small dog, he was a high-stomached one. He felt that he had been turned off too; and was not to be brought round at the first word; so, after looking coldly at her, he turned stiffly away, and walked with a tight tail to a corner, like a dog resolved not to be taken in by specious professions. But the widow knew the soft spot in the dog's heart as well as in his master's. So she got up, took from a shelf in the kitchen a small woollen mat, and placing it directly in front of the fire, again made friendly overtures. Spite by this time had discovered that the corner which he had selected for his retreat was somewhat over-ventilated by a large rat-hole in its immediate vicinity, and being an invalid, and subject to attacks of rheumatism, in the lower joint of his right-hind leg, suffered himself to be mollified, and was finally induced, as an act of great condescension, to repose upon the mat aforesaid, where he dozed and snored for the rest of the evening, occasionally enlivening the conversation by a sudden sharp yelp, as, awakened by the heat, he testily shifted his position, and turned his cold side to the fire.

It was a snug, warm little room in which they were, serving partly as a kitchen and partly as a gossiping-room for the widow and her cronies. A high dresser, with plates, pans, kettles, and snow-white crockery glittering in the light of the fire, and reflecting fifty little fires on their surfaces, stood in one corner. In another, was a wide, antiquated mahogany table, as black as jet, and shining so that one might see his face in it; and standing cheek by jowl with it was a huge mahogany bureau, with two brass handles hanging like door-knockers to each drawer. Then there were wide-seated chairs with great crooked legs, and leathern bottoms, and prim little wooden ones with straight legs and uncomfortable backs, and low wooden stools for the feet, and a queer, oddly-shaped diminutive arm-chair with a mended leg, probably intended for the use of some old-fashioned child. On the floor was a thick, soft rag-carpet, covering the whole of it, excepting the great stone hearth which extended at least five feet into the room; and lastly, on the edge of this same hearth, was a small mahogany stand with three legs, on which stood Harry Harson's mug of hot toddy; and on which rested Harry Harson's elbow, and the end of his long pipe; and beside which was a capacious arm-chair, with a high back and huge carved arms, and a pair of bandy legs, in which was seated the burly figure of Harson himself.

The widow drew a chair to the small stand, and taking up her work, seated herself near the light and commenced sewing. Her companion lighted his pipe, and permitting it to rest idly on the table, looked around the room.

'You are very snug here, Mrs. Chowles,' said he, after he had finished his survey. 'Very snug; you must be very happy here.'

The widow glanced hastily at him, and replied: 'Yes, yes, Harry, I am quite contented—at least I hope I am; but I've been

happier here; and one can't always forget. But all is very comfortable about me; and I've much to be thankful for. I know it, Harry; and I endeavor always to keep it in my mind.'

Harson for some moments did not interrupt the pause which succeeded the reply of the woman; and when he did, his words caused Mrs. Chowles to look at him with some surprise; for he murmured, as if speaking to himself: 'Poor child! so young, and to have seen so much suffering!'

Apparently unconscious that he had spoken, Harson resumed his pipe, and surrounded himself with a thick halo of smoke, without saying another word. Mrs. Chowles, however, broke in upon his reverie by inquiring where his wits were; a question which caused the old man to look up more bewildered than ever, for at that moment the objects of her inquiry were very busily engaged with the child whom he had left under his own roof. Drawing his chair closer to the chimney-place, stretching his feet to the fire, and having excited the curiosity of the widow to agony-pitch by telling her that he had something of importance to communicate, and by delaying this communication until he had looked at his dog to see that he was comfortable; and by clearing his throat and sipping his toddy, and by puffing deliberately at his pipe to clear his ideas, and by getting up to shake the cushion of his chair, and by sundry other small performances, usually preparatory to confidential communications, which nearly bring about the death of the expectant listener, if such listener be of a fidgetty temperament, Harson began his story, and recounted such meagre particulars respecting the child as he had been able to glean in the course of the day.

And few enough they were; a detail of want, sickness, and suffering; yet mingled with them all, was a vague recollection of better days, of times and places, and even of persons, which started up in her memory in fitful flashes like familiar things, and then faded away until she thought that she must have seen them only in dreams, and that wretchedness was the only reality she had ever known. She had a dim fancy, too, of a kind face, which long since had looked upon her often and often, and had smiled upon her, and pressed its shadowy lips to her cheek. It seemed like that of an old friend; and even long after other things had grown less vivid in her memory, that face lingered; but it was growing more and more dim, and it sometimes made her sad to think so; for she felt as if an old friend were leaving her for ever. Child as she was, she had thought much of it, and wondered why that same face should appear so often, and why she should love it above all others, and whether she had ever seen it elsewhere. She supposed she had not; for, except in these occasional and twilight fancies, she had no recollection of having been otherwise than she now was. These, and many other glimmerings of memory, mingled with such sad realities of her history as made his heart ache, Harson had gathered from the child, as she sat that morning on a small bench at his feet, with her head leaning against his knee.

Mrs. Chowles laid down her work as he went on; and drawing

still closer to him, and leaning her cheek on her hand, and fixing her eyes on his, listened with deep interest and without interrupting him. She was a warm-hearted woman, that widow, and long before the story was concluded she had formed a plan for the child. She thought how snugly she could put up a little bed in that room for her, and how cheerful she would make the house, for the old woman was sociably inclined; and although she was not at all at a loss for cronies, among the stiff-capped dames of her neighborhood, still she longed for the merry ring of a child's voice. How cheerful and young she felt as she thought of it! How bright and youthful her withered cheek became, and how her dark eyes lighted up to the old lustre, which had made these things not to be gazed on with impunity in days gone by! Every thing was settled in her mind. The child was to come to her house, live with her, and sleep in that very room. She would be a pleasant companion on the long evenings, and would make her fire-side quite gay when Harry should come to visit them. But Harson's final words put an end to her plans.

'Well, Mrs. Chowles,' said he, 'she's under my roof, and so help me Heaven! *there* she shall stay until I can better her situation. She has left a brother in the place she came from; but she *knows* nothing of the city, and can't even tell the name of the street where it was, although she would know the spot if she saw it. To-morrow I shall apply at the police for a warrant against the woman. The child says her name is Blossom; and perhaps the knowledge of that, may put the officers on the right track to find her house. We must get the boy out of her hands, or this child will never be herself.'

The widow looked long and wistfully at the old man, as if desirous of saying something. At last she inquired:

'Wo'n't she trouble you, Harry? Wo'n't she be in the way in your house?'

'Not a whit!' replied Harson. 'Beside, widow,' said he, *assuming* more than his usual earnestness, 'suppose she were? *what* then? Should I fling her back to those from whom she came, and leave her, pure and spotless as she now is, in the power of those who would make her what I blush to name? Surely not, surely not! Mrs. Chowles, can *you* advise such a course?'

As he spoke, Harson rested his pipe on the table and looked in the face of his friend with a grave seriousness, which showed that he was not a little troubled at such a suggestion from such a quarter.

'I did not mean that,' said Mrs. Chowles, not a little confused at the misinterpretation of her meaning. 'I thought that if she were in your way, and you having always been a single man, and unused to the ways of children, might have found her a burden, that, as I was here, and alone, perhaps you might spare her to me, I would take charge of her until we could learn something more about her.'

The ice fairly broken, the widow became quite urgent in her request; demonstrating to her own satisfaction that she liked chil-

dren above all things, and more particularly a child exactly like this one; and how pleasant it would be for her to have her in the house, and how anxious she always had been to have some one about her, beside the deaf woman-servant who served as cook, waiter, and chambermaid; and how comfortable, and snug, and merry they would be, and how much better it would be for the child to be with her than with Harry, or in fact with any other person in the world. Having consumed her breath and rhetoric at the same time, she paused for a reply.

Harson, when she began to answer, had listened with some anxiety; but as she went on, his expression became more complacent, and he raised his pipe to his mouth and smoked in silence, with his eyes intently fixed on her face until she paused.

'Is this Lorillard's best?' inquired he, after a long and thoughtful interval had elapsed.

'Pshaw!' interrupted the widow, 'you're thinking of the tobacco, when I'm speaking of the child. What do you say to my proposition?'

'I'll think of it,' replied Harson. 'At present I say nothing, one way or the other.'

While the widow was yet urging her point, the door had been pushed gently open, and a girl of about seventeen had entered the room, and seated herself without being observed by either. She waited until there was a pause in the conversation, and then stepped to the table and took off her bonnet, putting back a mass of bright curls that fell across her eyes, and revealing a face which might have made many a young heart ache. Still she was not observed until she laid her hand on Harson's arm, and, in a low voice, uttered his name. The old man turned, looked up, and starting to his feet, caught both her hands in his.

'Kate! my own dear, darling, little Kate!' said he, shaking her hands, and looking in her face, while every feature in his own beamed with heart-felt pleasure. 'My own little friend, how is it with you? All well? All well? I see it in that merry eye! Well I'm glad of it, Kate. God bless you! May it always be so. How is the old man? But did you come here alone?'

The girl hesitated slightly, and then said: 'No; some one came with me and left me at the door.'

'I thought so,' said the old man, laughing; 'and I'll wager my mug of toddy against the head of a pin, that I can tell who that "some one" is. Never mind, Kate; you need n't blush. He's a fine fellow; and had I a daughter, I could n't wish her better luck than to get such a husband as Ned Somers. He's poor, it's true, but never fear; he'll push his way in the world. It's in him; and the day will come when he'll hold his head with the best of them. Come, sit down; here's a chair.'

Although the girl laughed, her manner showed that she was ill at ease; and, light-hearted as she seemed, Harry Harson soon observed that there was something on her mind which troubled her. Supposing that she had called for the purpose of speaking with Mrs.

Chowles alone, he got up, and taking his hat and cane, said that he must go.

'I left the child far from well,' said he, 'and I shall feel anxious till I know how she is. Good night. Come, Spite.'

Spite turned testily on his mat, gaped until his jaws seemed on the eve of cracking, and then leisurely got up. No sooner, however, did Harson prepare to go, than the girl rose, and putting on her bonnet, said she would accompany him, as she had something to communicate to him; and that he could leave her at her father's house, which they would pass on his way home. 'If Ned comes,' said she to the widow, 'tell him I'm gone, and with whom. Good night.'

To say that the widow had no curiosity to know what this communication might be, would be stating what was not the fact; for although she dropped nothing to lead to a surmise that such was the case, yet she followed them to the door in the hope that something might leak out to furnish a clue to this mysterious interview; and for some time after they were gone, and their forms hid by a turn in the street, she stood at the door looking in the direction which they had taken. Deriving no peculiar information from this species of airing, she retired to her room, where she again wondered and pondered until she was aroused by a knock at the door, and the entrance of a young man of some four-and-twenty, in obedience to a command from her to that effect, which followed the knock.

'Good evening, Mrs. Chowles,' said he, looking around him; 'but where's Kate?'

'Gone home,' replied the widow, 'Harry Harson went with her. She wanted to speak with him. Wo'n't you come in, Mr. Somers?'

'No, thank you,' replied the young man. 'I'm glad she has seen him. If any one has influence to help her, *he* can. But I must be off. Good night.' And, without stopping to explain the mystery, he too went off, leaving Mrs. Chowles as much in the dark as ever.

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

A GLORIOUS night it was; and the moon shone down upon the tall houses, lighting up the seams which time had scored in their old faces; giving them a cold, gray, corpse-like look, and shining upon the quaint old chimneys which stood high on the house-tops, stark and stiff, like frozen statues, and sparkling and glittering and twinkling on the cold window-panes, as if in rivalry of the fire-lights which gleamed from the black shadows thrown by the opposite buildings, like the glowing eyes of some great monster, keeping an unwinking watch on passers-by. How still and quiet it was! Even the light foot-fall of the girl awoke an echo; yet it was not a dead hush; for far off, like the hum of a distant hive, was heard the throbbing of the great city. With the girl hanging on his arm, Harson took his way through the street, walking stoutly along, and

thumping his cane down, and stepping somewhat proudly, and even more vigorously than he was wont to do; for some how or other, old as he was, and he made no secret of his years, there was an indefinable feeling, that could scarcely be called vanity, which made him desirous of appearing in the eyes of the young girl who tripped at his side to be, not absolutely a young fellow, for that he did not pretend to be, but a hale, hearty old one; and that he really was, and a sturdy one too, who had an arm to defend her, ay, and a fist that might have proved an unpleasant deposit on a gentleman's nose, or even in one of his eyes. The old man was proud of his charge; and well he might be; for as he walked along and looked down in her glad face, as the full moon shone upon it and lighted up her deep blue eyes, bright and flashing with youth and the hopes of a young heart, he could not help thinking to himself that she was very beautiful; and that if he had married many years ago, instead of being the stubborn, crusty, obstinate old bachelor that he was, that he might have had a daughter like her, leaning on his arm and looking to him for counsel and love. Then across his mind floated the memory of one long since gone; one whom he had loved when he was a mere boy, and with whom he had strolled on many a bright night like this, and in whose face he had looked, as he now did in that of the girl at his side; and whose eyes had rested on his, and in whose ears he had whispered many a promise and many a hope; and who had entered into all his plans, and listened to them without wearying; for she, poor girl! had loved him well. The flowers of many a year had bloomed and faded over her grave since then, but *he* could not forget her.

'She was like you, Kate, very like you; indeed she was, Kate,' muttered he, choking down a feeling which even then rose in his throat, and making an abortive attempt at whistling.

The girl looked up, as if expecting him to say something more, and then simply asked, 'Who, Harry?'

The old man started as if the sound of another's voice had awakened him from a dream. 'Did you speak, Kate? Oh! ay, I remember; I was dreaming, I was dreaming; sad dreams, sad dreams! Never mind, Kate, never mind. But Kate,' said he, suddenly stopping short in his walk and facing his companion, 'you had something to tell me; and here we are at your own home, and I have been talking of other things, without giving you a chance to utter a word. It's a bright night; we'll walk up and down here, and you can tell me what you have to say. Come, Kate.'

Although the girl had sought the interview, and had come out for the express purpose of communicating something to him, yet now she seemed to find it far from easy to commence.

'Is it about the old man?' asked Harson, after nearly a minute had elapsed without her having uttered a word, 'Is he ill? or in trouble?'

'No, no, he's well;' replied the girl, hastily; 'but—he's sadly altered in manner.'

'He's old, Kate, very old; and you must bear with him;' replied Harson.



'Bear with him, Harry!' repeated she, earnestly; 'is there any thing that I would not do for him? Oh! no, no! It is not for myself that I spoke. But he has strangely altered, indeed; and I fear, Harry, that all is not as it should be. He sits much by himself, goes out much, and at strange hours for one like him. He starts at every noise, and now in his old age, when his mind should be at peace, it seems filled with fear. Persons come to see him who never used to visit him. Heaven grant that I do not slander them; but there are some among them whose faces seem blighted and seared by God's curse. I'm afraid, Harry,' said she, sinking her voice, 'that they are hatching some plot to lead him to his ruin. He's known to have money, and what is there that some would not do to obtain that? A man's gold has often put him in his coffin.'

Harson walked on in silence. There was something in the impressive, earnest manner of the girl, that startled him, and as it were forced the very truth of her suspicion on him; but still he did not show it; and after a moment's silence he said: 'I've no fear for his life, Kate; as for the rest it may be all fancy. His going out at unusual hours may have excited your suspicions; and these, once on the alert, would lead you to observe many peculiarities of manner which had hitherto escaped your notice. No, no, Kate; depend on it, Jacob Rhoneland has not lived till eighty to become a dupe or a victim in his old age.'

The girl shook her head: 'I wish it was so, indeed I do!' But she knew that it was otherwise, and so she told Harson. Until within a year he had been a blithe-hearted old man; and although time was telling upon him, he bore sturdily up against it, and made his home a snug and happy one for his child. But about a year previous, a man had come there, a stranger, whom she had never seen before. He had entered the house without ceremony, a fierce, dark-browed man, with a savage, reckless air, and a face from which vice had scorched every redeeming trait. He swaggered boldly in, as if at home; eyed the girl with a rude, unblushing stare, that made her cheeks tingle with shame; and asked if a person, whose name she had never heard, lived there. At that moment her father entered the room. He started as he saw the stranger, who called him by some unwonted name; and taking him by the arm led him out of the room. From that time her father had become changed. He grew moody and irritable; shunned her company, and spoke little to her. The stranger came often; and not unfrequently contrived to drop in the room where she was, and to enter into conversation with her. But the old man watched him narrowly, and he seldom found a chance; but although he thus balked the humor of his visitor, it was evident that he did it with fear. He had never been an avaricious man; but now his whole disposition seemed soured, and every feeling warped and concentrated into a fierce, burning thirst for money. It was his talk by day, his dream by night. It had not come upon him slowly, the gradual growth of years; but in a few weeks it had started into existence, and become a perfect frenzy; enthraling every thought and feeling, and apparently choking up

even his affection for his child. Not but that there were transient gleams of his former kindliness of disposition, when his heart seemed to struggle against its bonds, and a gush of his old affection welled up and showed itself. And at times like these when she threw her arms around his neck, and begged him to confide in her; to turn his back upon those who were breaking him down, and to love her as he once had done; he would put her aside kindly, and tell her that she was a child, that she did not know what she said, but that she meant well, and that he was not angry with her; and then, patting her on her head, would send her away. At other times he was fierce and irritable; and then she dared not speak to him, or to let him see that she observed his mood, for it made him worse. And these turns generally came on after a visit from the stranger. Such was the substance of the girl's story.

'He's abroad to-night,' said she, 'and I was afraid to stay alone in the house; so I went to Mrs. Chowles'. Hist! there he comes, now! Do n't look at him; pretend not to see him!'

As she spoke, she pointed to a person who was approaching. He was a large man, apparently very old, but still a giant in frame. He passed them with his long white hair hanging on his shoulders, his hands clasped behind his back, muttering to himself, but looking neither to the right nor left.

'He's on his way home,' said the girl, in a whisper; 'he's been with him to-night'

'Him? who?' inquired Harson.

'The strange man. 'Michael Rust,' he calls himself, but he has other names when he wants them.'

They both stopped and watched the old man until he entered his house; and then Harson walked slowly on, with the hand of the arm which supported the girl's thrust in the breast of his coat, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground. At last he looked in her face, and observing something in its expression which induced him to believe that she had something farther to say, he asked:

'Is that all, Kate?'

The girl hesitated; at last she said: 'There is something else; about myself.'

Whatever it was it seemed very difficult to communicate; for she paused again, until Harson said: 'Well, Kate; don't be afraid to tell me; look upon me as a brother; an old brother — quite an old one. There, go on now.'

'I am sure,' said she, speaking hurriedly, and in a low voice, and leaning her face so as almost to touch that of the old man, 'that this man, this Rust, has spoken to father about me — me and Ned. He do n't like Ned; he has met him twice at the house, and Ned would n't give in to him; and once or twice he put him down. He has hated Ned ever since; and I am sure has tried to get father to forbid him the house. Ned thinks so too, and was for quarrelling with him at once; but I advised him to keep quiet, and told him

that I would speak to you about it. I hope you'll advise us what to do, Harry.'

The girl's voice became thick and husky as she spoke; and as Harson looked at her, he saw that she was deadly pale.

'What does your father say?' inquired he.

'He likes Ned, and would n't listen to it, at first; and I thought was glad to see Rust cowed before him. But he begins to speak differently now; although he does not say much. His manner toward Ned is changed, and Ned feels it.'

Again Harson walked on in silence; at last, stopping in front of the house where she lived, he said: 'This is all very strange, Kate; but depend on me — I'll fathom it yet. Let me take my own way about it, and we'll see what's to be done; but I must not act hastily. I'm glad you spoke to me. Here's your house; good night. Keep your own counsel, Kate. God bless you!'

Kate paused upon the threshold, watching his retiring figure until he crossed the street, and was hid by the black shadow of the opposite buildings.

As he disappeared, Kate's eyes filled with tears. 'There he goes, my best, my only friend! If he fail, God help me!' said she, clasping her hands, and pressing them convulsively to her bosom. 'Good, kind, warm-hearted, old Harry Harson! Good night! God bless you, indeed!'

'Have n't you a kind word for me, too, Kate?' said a person who had come up, while she was gazing in the opposite direction. 'I've been waiting this half hour for you and Harson to get through your conversation. Have n't you a 'Good night, Ned,' for me? Come Kate,' said he, taking her hand, and shaking it kindly, 'say, 'Good night, Ned!''

'Good night, Ned,' said she, repeating the words, with a faint smile.

'Can you tell me nothing more, Kate?' said he, still lingering, and holding her hand.

The girl shook her head, for her heart was too full to speak.

'Well, Kate, I'll not keep you in the cold; good night! God bless you! Brighter days will come yet, never fear.' He shook her hand again, and went off, not however without looking back, and waving his hand several times, before he was out of sight.

Kate stood there long after he was gone; and then, turning slowly, went into the house. She paused at the door of an inner room, which was partly open, and looked in, without entering. It was a small, confined room; lighted only by a single candle, which flared wildly in the wind, caused by the open door; shedding an unsteady, flickering light. Mean, in every respect, the room was; without carpet, with a wooden table, a large wooden chest, plentifully studded with brass nails, and secured by a padlock, large enough for a custom-house store, and a few wooden chairs. In one of these sat Jacob Rhoneland. He had a noble head; with white, silvery locks, and a broad, high forehead; ruddy cheeks, and eyes

that flashed and sparkled, in defiance of age. A coat of rusty brown, much too large for his person, faded, darned, and patched, with huge pockets, hanging open and reaching to his heels; pantaloons of the same material, and heavy shoes, completed his attire. He was sitting in front of the fire, his knees crossed, and his arms around them, rocking to and fro, and talking to himself:

'Does old age bring fancies with it such as these?' muttered he. 'Does the grave fling shadows over a man before he enters it? Is there any thing here, *here*,' said he, pressing his hand against his breast, 'that gold won't quiet? Ha! ha! look at that smoke; how it dances up the chimney! It's but air, and yet I saw faces in it. How they leered at me, and grinned! What eyes they had! Michael Rust's eyes! How they whispered, and giggled, as they whirled up the chimney! Well, let them; who'll have the best of it? Ha! ha! Who's there?' exclaimed he, starting to his feet, as the door creaked at the touch of the girl, who was entering. 'What, Kate! eaves-dropping? Did you hope to overhear much? Did you hope to find the road to happiness by playing spy on an old man? Did you want to learn the secrets of your father, to hold them like a lash over his head? I say, Kate, have you not been listening?'

'I have, father,' replied the girl, laying her hand upon his arm. 'I have been listening; and I have heard enough to let me know that you are far from happy. Oh, father! why will you not cast from you those dark thoughts and dreams, and above all, keep off those who bring them?'

The old man looked inquisitively in her face, and moved restlessly; but he did not turn from her.

'I speak of that man who has been here so often of late;' continued she, 'he with the dark hair, and an eye that never meets yours.'

'Ha! ha! you mean Rust, Michael Rust; don't offend him, Kate!' said the old man, earnestly, and speaking fast. 'He's rich! I tell you, Kate, that were ten times what I own counted down on this floor, it would form but a small part of what he calls his. He's a deep one, Kate. Whatever he touches turns to gold. His head is a mill, and at every turn of his brain he grinds out dollars. Ha! ha! Kate, quarrel with any body you please, Kate, but do n't even look coldly at him. He has money; gold—gold!'

'Oh, father!' exclaimed the girl, grasping his hand in hers, and looking imploringly in his face; 'why will you always think of that? Have we not gold, and what is it to us? Are we the happier for it?'

The old man shook loose her grasp, and holding her from him looked at her, as in doubt whether she still retained her senses. 'What is gold! child; what is gold?' said he, 'what is it *not*? Why do the rich, with coffers heaped up, packed down, crammed and overflowing, crave it? Why does the judge degrade his office? why does the witness perjure himself? why is the purest false to his God and religion? why does the young girl crush her best affections, forswear herself at the altar, and bind body and soul to one

whom she loathes? Gold, *gold* is at the bottom of it all! all truckle to it. Get that! get *that*! Toil, toil; work yourself to the very bone; starve; lose health, youth, friends, name — ay, even soul itself — but get that, get *that*! Ha! ha! see how you'll ride upon their necks then; see how you'll crush and grind them down to the very dust, and how they'll smile, and fawn, and how their greedy eyes will glisten at the glitter of your gold. Ha! ha! you're a child, Kate — a mere child; ignorant of the ways of the world; but recollect this: never despise gold! Ha! ha! do you hear that, Kate?

'Yes, yes, I hear;' replied his daughter, sadly; 'yet, even from your own account, it brings every evil in its train. Avarice, perjury, perdition, hypocrisy; Oh! father! I am a poor, feeble-minded girl, not fit to advise or counsel you; but listen to me, dear father — will you?'

'Yes, Kate, yes,' said the old man, taking her hand. 'I'll always listen to you, for you always mean well; I know that, and I like to hear the sound of your voice. I've heard it so long, Kate, that I should feel sad to lose it now — very sad, Kate.'

'God grant that you never may!' said the girl. 'God grant that I may not die and leave you here with none to care for you.'

'Die, Kate, die!' exclaimed Rhoneland, starting back and running his eye over her form, as if in search of some latent symptom of disease; 'Oh! no, no! don't talk of that — don't talk of that. That would be sad, indeed; but that's folly, mere folly. What were you going to say?'

'I wanted to ask,' said she, in a hesitating voice, 'if there is no other way of getting money than by keeping up our intercourse with that man Rust. Father, you are never well after he is gone. Sometimes for days afterward you are not yourself. There's something in your connection with him that is tugging away at your heart. I know there is. Break with him at once! Do, *do*, for my sake!'

The old man grasped her hands in his, which shook violently; while his eyes glanced round the room, with a startled, suspicious look. 'Hush! Kate,' said he, in a whisper; 'do n't speak of that; do n't speak of it, or even think of it. Be civil to him, Kate. Come what may, Kate, do n't be rude; you must not; and I — Never mind; there, Kate, go, go; not a word more.'

As he spoke, he gently pushed her from him; and once more turning to the fire, took his seat, and watched the smoke as it eddied up the gaping chimney, occasionally casting a glance at his daughter, to see that she was not studying his features. And thus they sat, until a neighboring clock tolled the hour of midnight; when the old man started up and said:

'Kate, you're growing pale. Go to bed, my child; go to bed. It will never do for your cheeks to grow thin and white.'

The girl rose; and the old man kissing her cheek, bade her good night, and also retired to his own room.

## L I N E S

## ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

BY B. F. ROMAINE.

## I.

COME near me, O my brother!  
 Come, and but touch my pale and marble brow,  
 And wipe the cold sweat standing there e'en now —  
 Come — but not another.

## II.

Tremble not, my brother!  
 'Tis but the rustling of death's sable wings;  
 'Tis but the gladsome messenger, which brings  
 Hope to thy dear brother.

## III.

I see that mighty band  
 Of angels, tuning each their golden lyre,  
 And filling ev'ry chord with winged fire,  
 Far in that brighter land.

## IV.

There stands thy sister now,  
 Amid that shining host, with garments bright,  
 And in her hand a wreath of purest white,  
 To deck her fair young brow.

## V.

She met me with a smile  
 So pure, so sweet — as if a seraph's face  
 Could wear no lovelier in that happy place,  
 Up in the spirit's-isle.

## VI.

I took his pallid hand;  
 It shook as yellow leaves of autumn shake,  
 When stirring winds passed by, and lowly spake  
 The language of their band.

## VII.

He raised his eyes once more;  
 I saw death's finger o'er him speeding fast.  
 I closed his eyes — that office was the last —  
 He breathed, and all was o'er!

## VIII.

My brother, sweetly sleep!  
 Earth shall not break thy peaceful slumbers now;  
 There is a crown to grace thy manly brow  
 In yonder starry deep.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN. By JOHN L. STEPHENS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A CORRESPONDENT, in the course of some remarks upon the interesting discoveries recently made in Central America, breaks out into the following exclamation : ' Wonderful ! most wonderful ! What discoveries of the present century can compare with those laid before the world by STEPHENS ? Look first on the map : there you have it ; the peninsula of Yucatan stretching out into the warm sea of Mexico, with Cuba for a half-way house between itself and our peninsula of Florida. What a position for a great nation, and especially for a great commercial nation ! The fertile West-Indian Archipelago lying in the fore-ground, backed by North America and the Atlantic Ocean ; south, another half of the western world ; and west, the measureless expanse of the Pacific. A strange feature is this long, narrow neck of land, Central America, which connects the two halves of the western hemisphere, and throws out Yucatan as a sort of spur. There is nothing else like it on the globe. Our most natural thought on reading of the wonderful ruins of this remarkable land is, why did we never hear any thing definite of them before ? The principal reasons probably are, the jealousy of Spain, and the listless apathy of the natives. Doubtless there is many a precious record still filed away in the archives of Madrid, which time may yet develope, and which may contain precious information concerning the aborigines of Central America ; rare narratives of the early adventurers, studiously concealed from all eyes save those of the Spanish rulers.' Indeed, we ourselves have little doubt that the work before us will be the means of eventually bringing to light important facts, which have slept unrevealed for ages in the libraries and public archives of Spain ; so that Mr. STEPHENS will deserve and acquire future honor, not less for his example than for its fruitful results. We are not exactly in present condition to do justice by his magnificent volumes, because they came into our possession but very recently, and they ought in truth to be read three times before being subjected to the critical process ; once with hop-skip-and-jump, as it were, from engraving to engraving, and a pause at each only long enough to read the attendant description ; a second time, more leisurely, for the incident, the adventure, the quaint remark or the graphic delineation of character, social or individual ; and finally, with the deliberation of a settled purpose to write, having a consciousness of abundant time, and the scarcely less needful comforts of an easy-chair, a quiet room, a good fire, slippers, and the delightful sense of ' nothing to

do' for the next forty-eight hours. For it must be observed, that there are three moods of mind unto which the book addresses itself; first, the marvelling at the mysterious and majestic character of the stupendous constructions whose grand but perishing ruins were buried, until Mr. STEPHENS gave them again to the light of day, in the dense and luxuriant forests of Yucatan; second, the appreciating and enjoying, called up by the novelty of the scenes through which our adventurous traveller passed, and the odd 'incidents' of his indomitable journeyings among ranchos, and haciendas, and senotes, and under-ground wells, and caves of tremendous depth, and wild Indians, and dilapidated convents, and jovial padres, and black-eyed señoritas; not to mention moschetoës, garrapatas, and those unmerciful little insects with which travelling gentry are often fain to make the acquaintance of bed-fellowship; and, third, the comparing, investigating, and judging, brought into play by the vast and conclusive body of evidence gathered together and skilfully arranged for the settlement of a question that has been much and gravely disputed. We mean, of course, the antiquity of those wonderful buildings, the mighty relics of which have been dug up, we may say, by the perseverance and enterprize of our author, and of which, for the most part, he is clearly entitled to all the credit of the discovery.

We have struck upon this question of antiquity rather by accident, and much in advance of the place we intended to give it, when we sat down to indite this article; but as it has come to hand, we will dispose of it at once. The truth is, that after possessing ourselves of the proofs brought to bear on the matter by Mr. STEPHENS, it is more astonishing to us that there has been any dispute, any doubt, on the subject, than that the result is so much opposed to the most commonly received opinion. The evidence was abundant, not only in the ruins themselves, but in the history of the country; in all the records and chronicles that have come down to us from the time of the conquest. These are cited, *passim* almost, by Mr. STEPHENS, to show that when the Spaniards commenced their unhallowed career of bloodshed and robbery in the new world, they found a teeming population, great cities, and vast edifices consecrated to the worship of idols; and not only these, but wealth, ingenuity, architectural skill, and industrious habits, abundantly adequate to the construction of cities and temples such as their chroniclers have described. Why has it been doubted, then, and denied, when vague reports were bruited abroad of the existence of great ruins, in those very regions along which the greed and the fanaticism of the Spaniard swept like a besom of desolation, why has it been doubted, that these were the remains of the vast temples from the lofty terraces of which the conquerors, as their own historians tell us, cast down the priests and the idols together? We put the question, but we by no means pretend to answer it; for in truth there seems to us something uncommonly mulish, not to say thick-headed and asinine, in the perversity with which men have insisted on ascribing to these remains an antiquity running back to near the time of the deluge, and making them the handiwork of a people who existed contemporaneously with the Chinese and Egyptians.

As we have already intimated, Mr. STEPHENS has settled the question for ever. These edifices were constructed by the people whom the Spaniards plundered and slaughtered; they were in existence, perfect in all their grandeur of proportions and semi-barbaric splendor of decoration, when the Spaniards burst upon the doomed inhabitants, with the sword in one hand, the cross in the other, and in their hearts a lust for blood and gold, which would have done no discredit to a demon fresh from the infernal dominions. The temples upon whose shattered and



perishing remains we now gaze with such astonishment, were then surrounded, like the temples of Thebes in Egypt, by cities of lightly-constructed and perishable dwellings; huts, perhaps, of mud and straw; for in that warm climate the inhabitants passed much of their time in the open air, and durable mansions were neither necessary nor desirable. He has proved this, not only by quoting numerous descriptions from the historians of the conquest, corresponding perfectly in generals with the edifices that remain, and in some instances corresponding so accurately in particulars as to leave no doubt that the very building exhibited to us in Mr. CATHERWOOD's drawing is the identical building which the Spaniard had before him when writing his description; not only, we say, has he established the matter by this kind of proof, but also by ancient maps and manuscripts which his zealous and enlightened industry has brought to light, and in which some of the edifices are referred to as then in the use and occupation of the Indians; by traditions handed down from those Indians to their descendants of the present day; by the discovery of articles in ancient Indian sepulchres, which articles are clearly of European origin, and must have been obtained from the Spaniards; by geographical points of identity, corresponding perfectly with the descriptions of the Spaniards' movements; and in a word, by a host of proofs, some greatly important, some minute in themselves, but all so linked together as to form a chain which the perverse ingenuity of a thousand recusant antiquaries cannot break or weaken.

But enough of this. Let us say a word or two now touching the character of these mysterious ruins. And yet what can we say, in what language speak, fresh as we are from the inspection of Mr. CATHERWOOD's admirable drawings; or to speak more by the card, of the excellent engravings from them with which the volumes are so profusely illustrated; in what language can we speak, save that of admiration? We confess, that on opening the book we were taken completely by surprise. Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, and Tulvour, exhibit the vast relics of buildings rivalling in extent and surpassing in elaborate richness of ornament as well as in grandeur of design the stateliest ruins of Palenque and of Copan; while in variety of style and purpose, in excellence of preservation, in profusion of decorative or hieroglyphic sculpture, in majesty of aspect, as well as in historic interest, the subjects published by Mr. STEPHENS on his return from Central America are as far inferior to those of the volumes now before us as were the engravings in which they were presented to those of the present work in finish and in beauty. We might add, too, in number; for to the illustration of his work on Yucatan Mr. STEPHENS and his publishers have given no less than a hundred and twenty plates, most of them engraved on steel, and two of them of very great dimensions — the object being to exhibit the effect of those vast edifices to proper advantage, which is impossible with engravings of the ordinary size for an octavo volume. The wonderful variety, the imposing grandeur, the elaborate and fanciful architecture, the rich and pleasing combinations of ornament, the extraordinary character of the hieroglyphic and historical sculpture, exhibited in these engravings, it is quite impossible to describe in words; they must be seen and studied. And not buildings or the remains of buildings alone are represented in them. There is one showing the frightful descent into a cavern by an immense ladder, or rude staircase, eighty feet in length, and so frail that it cracked and broke under the weight of our adventurous explorer; and this cave, four hundred and fifty feet in depth, affords the only supply of water for four or five months in the year to a population of thousands; and to reach this water there are six other ladders to be descended, dark and narrow passages to be traversed, and a journey under ground to be per-

formed of fourteen hundred feet ; the whole, of course, to be gone over again on the return, with a heavy jar of the indispensable element !

But we must bring this notice to a close ; a necessity not encountered easily or without reluctance ; for so many points of interest throng upon the mind, of which the hand desires to write, that now we have got the spirit of writing upon us we could fill our whole allotment of pages with our own remarks, and rich extracts from the work itself. We do violence to our feelings, and wind up abruptly with the single observation, that Mr. STEPHENS has made a rich increase to his already enviable reputation, by the intelligence that devised, and the sagacity, the perseverance, the industry and tact that characterized his latest journey ; and that his volumes on Yucatan will take their stand, at once, among the foremost achievements of American literature, not only in the estimation of his own countrymen, but in that of the whole enlightened world.

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TRAVELS IN THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES, THE ANAHUAC AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND IN THE OREGON TERRITORY. By THOMAS J. FARNHAM. New-York: GREELEY AND McELEAN.

THE interest with which the western half of our continent is regarded throughout the Union, naturally increases with every year of our national existence. As our population increases our actual boundaries enlarge, and wave after wave of civilization rolls up the branches of the Missouri, and sweeps nearer and nearer the bases of the Rocky Mountains. The vigorous effort made at the late session of Congress to procure the establishment of a line of military posts to Oregon, to make grants of lands in fee to settlers in that territory, and to take full and formal possession of the whole region claimed by us, have very naturally deepened and diffused this interest, which the previous report of Lieutenant WILKES, of the exploring expedition, was calculated to strengthen. Henceforward, until Oregon shall be permanently and regularly settled, under the rule of a separate territorial government at least, whatever relates to it will be regarded by our people with a profound and lively solicitude.

The appearance of the work before us is most opportune, and the expectation raised by its announcement will be amply gratified by its perusal. Mr. FARNHAM, the author, with a small party, left Independence, the frontier town of Missouri, on the thirtieth of May, 1839 ; followed the Santa Fé route across the Osage, the Little Arkansas, and up the Arkansas river to Fort William or Bent's Fort, eighty miles from Taos, in the Mexican territory, and still up the Arkansas till they entered the Rocky Mountains, and turned away north through a deep gorge from its diminutive, crawling stream ; thence across to the south fork of the Great Platte ; thence across the dividing ridges of the Great Chain to the Grand River, or southern fork of the Colorado of the West ; down this to Brown's Hole, or ' Fort David Crockett,' the first white post west of the mountains, situated in a fertile and delicious valley, surrounded by a vast stretch of sterile plain and rocky precipice, a rendezvous for mountain-trappers and Snake-Indians ; thence up Green River, another tributary of the Colorado, and across a forbidding desert to Fort Hall, on the Lewis or south branch of the Columbia, and so down by the Wallamette Mission through the Oregon territory to its mouth, where Mr. FARNHAM at length took passage for the Sandwich Islands.

His route to Oregon, it will be perceived, was considerably south of that usually travelled ; for many days along or within the Mexican border, and in sight of the

snow-white eminences of the Anahuac as well as those of the Rocky Mountains. It is a longer, more circuitous, and more difficult route than that by the Platte and the Great Gap; the perils of starvation and of savage onslaught being imminent for more than two thousand miles. But as he was led over ground scarcely before trodden, and never described by civilized man, so is his narrative more fraught with intense and unflagging interest. The rivers, the mountains, the deserts, the valleys, glens, and general face of the country, are vividly depicted; while the amount and preciseness of information with regard to the numerous Indian tribes within the vast area of our western territory has rarely been equalled. To his own observations on Oregon, Mr. FARNHAM has judiciously appended the report of Lieutenant WILKES, of the exploring expedition, to our government, exhibiting carefully and methodically the resources, capacities, natural features and prospects of that remarkable region. Mr. FARNHAM's style is vigorous and buoyant, and brings the trappers of the mountains, the aborigines, his own little band, with their perils, sufferings, and pleasures, and the sublimely rugged and sterile country through which they mainly penetrated, most vividly before the reader. The whole work is published by Messrs. GREELY AND McELRATH, in the best style of the cheap publications of the day.

THE VEIL REMOVED: or Reflections on DAVID HUMPHREY'S Essay on the Life of ISRAEL PUTNAM. Also, Notices of OLIVER W. B. PEABODY'S Life of the same; S. SWETT'S Sketch of the Battle of Bunker's-Hill, etc., etc. By JOHN FELLOWS. In one volume. pp. 331. New-York: JAMES D. LOCKWOOD.

In the papers which appeared in this Magazine, under the title of '*Old Pat. at the Bar,*' we took a final leave of the subject upon which they treated. The charges which they contained, and many more of kindred import, are embraced in the volume before us, wherein the writer, having abundant space, has fortified his positions by all the collateral authorities extant. The author fearlessly courts scrutiny, both in relation to his statements and his motives. 'Objections,' says he, in his preface, 'are made to my undertaking, that it is too late to correct erroneous statements of occurrences which happened so long ago as our revolutionary war; that the sacred ashes of the dead should not be disturbed; *'De mortuis nil nisi bonum,'* and so forth; as though the truth should not be told for the benefit of the living, from fear of injuring the dead, who are beyond the reach of harm. This principle carried out would render history as worthless as romance. Many even go so far as to say, that even if they suspected they had been cheated in respect to the history of PUTNAM, they would not wish now to be undeceived; thus showing the tenacity with which the great mass of mankind cling to preconceived opinions. It is said, too, that the feelings of the descendants of General PUTNAM would be wounded by any remarks tending to depreciate the military fame of their ancestor. To this I answer, that in the United States every person is estimated by his individual merits; and the descendants of General PUTNAM may be entitled to the highest respect, without claiming one of the greatest heroes in the world for their ancestor. If the history of our glorious Revolution has been perverted by awarding undue honor to some, to the neglect of those more deserving; if the stories promulgated to the world by Colonel HUMPHREYS and others, of the wonderful prowess and achievements of ISRAEL PUTNAM are *not true*, and the credit bestowed upon them disreputable to an intelligent, free people, the writer can see no reason why they should not be *shown* to be at variance with fact. This is the object he had in view, without any ill-will toward General PUTNAM or any of his family, none of whom has he ever known.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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NAPOLEON IN 1812.— We derive the following interesting sketch from an esteemed friend and correspondent, to whom our readers have heretofore been indebted for entertainment of no common order: 'The minutest circumstance connected with the man 'whose deeds have eclipsed all past fame and rendered all future doubtful,' is now become historical. The writer of this sketch happened to be in Paris during the spring of 1812, when, although negotiations were going on between Prince KOURAKIN and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, every one knew that war with Russia had been decreed in the mind of NAPOLEON. Day after day large bodies of troops, of every arm, arrived and departed toward the north, after having been reviewed by the Emperor. Nothing could exceed the splendid equipment, martial bearing, and enthusiasm of the Imperial Guard, waving their glittering eagles as they defiled by thousands before their invincible leader in the Champ de Mars. Officers, who had just returned from the detested warfare in Spain, spoke of the conquest of Russia as a frolic of a few months, from which they were sure to return crowned with fresh laurels of victory. They indulged in the most absurd speculations concerning the incidents and perils of the approaching campaign, and seemed as ignorant, as they were regardless, of all the horrors which awaited them in their fatal retreat through the frozen plains of Russia. On the morning of the ninth of May the tri-colored banner of France no longer floated above the palace of the Tuilleries. NAPOLEON had departed with the Empress for Dresden, to play the part of 'King of kings.' The evening preceding I saw him at the Grand Opera, which was then in the Rue-Richelieu. The Emperor and Empress occupied the front of the box; behind them stood rows of officers of the imperial household, in brilliant costumes, and the two adjoining boxes were filled with dames d'honneur and distinguished courtiers. The Emperor entered the theatre in the midst of the performance. The whole audience arose to salute him, which he acknowledged by a slight inclination of his head before he took his seat. He remained until the ballet was nearly ended, and then took leave with the same careless ceremony with which he entered. He appeared to take no interest in what was passing upon the stage, except for a few moments, when GARDELLE and BIGOTTINIS danced a *pas de deux*. His glass was constantly in use, directed to all parts of the theatre, as if he were intent upon examining the face of every individual present. Occasionally he raised his hand, without turning his head, to receive his snuff-box from the chamberlain, who stood up behind him, in watchful attendance. Not a word was uttered by him to the Empress, nor to any other person in the box. It was evident from the restlessness of his manner, that his mind was preoccupied with far-away scenes; and if the dark curtain of futurity could have been lifted for a moment, what scenes and events would he not have beheld! Being very near, I kept my eyes rivetted upon him. He was in a plain uniform of blue, with red cuffs and white facings, and wore the grand cross and ribbon of the legion of honor. His person was rather corpulent, but seemed

muscular and active. His blue-gray eye was deep set in his head, and occasionally threw out vivid flashes of expression. His forehead was broad and smooth, and his temples thinly covered with dark brown hair. His nose was firmly set and finely formed, and his mouth and chin were the model of classical beauty. His visage was square, and his neck very short. His complexion was healthy, but colorless; his beard of a bluish tinge. His face and expression were calm and grave, more benignant than commanding, and bore the aspect of a sculptured Grecian marble. Now and then his features relaxed from their habitual expression of melancholy into a smile of exquisite sweetness and good-nature. His small triangular cocked-hat lay beside him, and his hand, which was small, white, and plump, frequently rested upon the cushion before him. Although I had often seen him before, my mind always recurs to his appearance on that memorable evening. I saw before me the mysterious being whose genius had exalted him to the summit of human power, and whose hand swayed the destinies of the civilized world. I beheld him at the very apex of his glory, at the moment of his departure upon his immortal campaign, which shattered his power and hastened his downfall. I find it difficult to analyze the sensations which passed through my mind while standing in the presence of a man whose fame filled the universe, and in whom alone seemed imbodied the power of moving the world. It excited emotions of sublimity akin to those felt upon seeing Mont Blanc or the Falls of Niagara; but more intense, more active, more reflective.

We deem this an appropriate place to introduce to the reader a passage from a late Edinburgh Review on the character and career of NAPOLEON, incidentally occurring in a notice of ALISON'S 'History of Europe.' The reviewer expresses his satisfaction at finding in Mr. ALISON a zealous though discriminating admirer of the military genius of BONAPARTE; and he denounces the contrary judgment, proclaimed by a few military critics through the 'United Service Journal,' and supported with a vehement and disdainful asperity, as 'singularly *ungraceful*, to say the least.' This depreciating spirit was most unsparingly and offensively exhibited in a series of articles from the pen of an officer in the British army, 'well known for his speculations in the theory of war,' and possessing, beside, experience in actual service; and it is in reference to the ingenious reasoning, contemptuous invective, and ironical derision of these papers, that the reviewer remarks:

'We do not possess the technical knowledge necessary to dissect the criticisms to which we have alluded. We can only judge as unlearned mortals—let scientific tacticians say what they will, always must judge—by general results. We can only consider what NAPOLEON did, and whether, according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, it is conceivable that he could have done so much, had he been a man of no extraordinary powers. NAPOLEON, then, commanded in person at fourteen of the greatest pitched battles which history has recorded. Five times—at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram—he crushed the opposing army at a blow; finished the war, in his own emphatic phrase, by a *coup-de-foudre*; and laid the vanquished power humbled and hopeless at his feet. Five times—at Borodino, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Ligny—he was also decidedly victorious, though with less overwhelming effect. At Eylau the victory was left undecided. At Leipsic, the French were defeated, as is well known, by a force which outnumbered their own as five to three. At Waterloo, it is generally acknowledged that the overthrow of NAPOLEON was owing, not to any deficiency in skill on his part, but to the invincible obstinacy of the British infantry, who are admitted, even by the French accounts, to have displayed a passive courage, of which the most experienced warrior might be excused for thinking human nature incapable. At Aspern alone, to judge from the able account of Mr. ALISON, does the partial defeat of the French emperor appear to have been owing to any faulty arrangement of his own. Five of his ten actions were gained over equal or superior forces; and among the generals defeated by him, we find the distinguished names of Wurms, Melas, Bennigsen, Blücher, and above all, the Archduke Charles. We might produce still stronger testimonies. We might relate the glorious successes of his first Italian campaign, in which four powerful armies were successively overthrown by a force comprising, from first to last, but sixty thousand men. We might notice his romantic achievements in Egypt and Syria, against a new and harassing system of hostility. We might enlarge on the most wonderful of all his exploits—the protracted struggle which he maintained in the heart of France, with a remnant of only fifty thousand men, against the quadruply superior numbers of the Allies. But all this is unnecessary. If the successes to which we have alluded are insufficient to prove that NAPOLEON was a general of the first order, the reputation of no soldier who ever existed can be considered as established. If such numerous and extraordinary examples are insufficient to establish a rule, then there is no such thing as reasoning by induction. It is in vain to endeavor to explain away such a succession of proofs. Technical cavils can no more prove that NAPOLEON was a conqueror by chance, than the two sage Sergeants mentioned by Pope could persuade the public that Lord Mansfield was a mere wit. The common sense of mankind cannot be permanently silenced by scientific jargon. Plain

men, though neither lawyers nor mathematicians, see no presumption in pronouncing Alfred a great legislator, or Newton a great astronomer. It is equally in vain to attempt to neutralize the proofs of NAPOLEON's superiority, by balancing them with occasional examples of rash presumption; or, even did such exist, of unaccountable infatuation. No number of failures can destroy the conclusion arising from such repeated and complete victories. The instances in which fools have blundered into brilliant successes are rare; but the instances in which men of genius have been betrayed into gross errors are innumerable. And, therefore, where the same man has brilliantly succeeded and lamentably failed, it is but fair to conclude that the success is the rule, and the failure the exception. Every man constantly forms his opinions respecting the affairs of real life upon this theory. In literature, in science, in the fine arts, no man's miscarriages are allowed to diminish the credit of his successes.'

Let us hope that this judgment of one of the first Reviews in Europe, a judgment sustained by nine in ten reflecting minds throughout the civilized world, will incite the English 'military critics' to the reluctant admission, that NAPOLEON was at least a 'clever captain,' although he *happened* to be overborne by the hosts of his allied adversaries on the bloody field of Waterloo.

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A BRIEF GLANCE INTO THE 'ABYSS OF TIME.'—Very few persons probably are aware that contemporaneous with the 'Spectator,' as it came out in numbers, was another publication, similar in design, and characterized by a good deal of ability, called '*The Country Gentleman*.' It was 'imprinted for Mr. WALLER, over against Fetter-Lane in Fleet-street, and Mr. LEWIS, near Tom's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden.' It is quite easy to perceive that the wind was taken out its sails by the earlier and better-manned craft; but although laboring under the disadvantage of being deemed an imitation of its more fortunate rival, it was yet a very original work, and many of its papers would have done no discredit to the 'Spectator' itself. We conceive ourselves fortunate in having secured (while standing for a few moments to filch entertainment from a street book-stall) a volume of '*The Country Gentleman*;' partly because it is pleasant to look back at literary competition a hundred and twenty years ago, and partly because we think that an extract or two from its rare pages will amuse the reader. We condense the annexed speculations as to the origin and nature of an ancient CASPAR HAUSER, from an elaborate account of the phenomenon. We confess, however, that we are at a loss to know whether this mysterious being was a veritable personage, or the nucleus for an effective satire upon the gross materialism which was rife in certain quarters at that period. The writer of the narrative begins by stating that he has just returned from court, where he saw a wild youth, thirteen years of age, who had recently been found naked in the woods of Hamelen in Germany, running upon all-fours, sometimes climbing up trees like a squirrel, and entirely unacquainted with his species. We are introduced to a company of ingenious and learned gentlemen, who are discussing the question how the wild man came to be in the forest, and how he supported himself in his uncomfortable solitude. One of the speakers argued, that 'he had lately read the opinion of certain philosophers, who maintained that mankind originally sprang up out of the ground like corn or asparagus; and though the species might since have been propagated by generation, yet he could not be convinced that the earth had lost this prolific faculty. This creature here before our eyes, may have been a mandrake, and, by a peculiar conjunction of some of the planets, or by some extraordinary operation of the sun upon the earth, may have ripened into a human being!' After they had debated about his origin for some time, one of the company advanced a strange proposition in relation to the wild gentleman's estate, which was founded upon Mr. HOBBS's notion of the equality of every man's rights to the benefits of nature. 'Since this man,' said he, 'seems to be the immediate offspring of the earth, there can be no doubt but that he ought to have an equal proportion of his mother's inheritance; and it is most reasonable that he should make his claim in that part of the world where he first sprung up. Now, because it will take up so much time before the Imperial Diet can meet, in order to adjust his proportion and

settle the difference which must arise on his demands, I think all the world ought to contribute to his maintenance, because, strictly speaking, there is not a man in the universe, possessed of an acre of ground, that can positively say this youth has not a title to some part of it.' Here the speaker was interrupted by another person, who said that his allegation could not be supported by law, for that his pretensions would be set aside by the statute of limitations. The seriousness of this man's countenance, and the grave manner of his speaking, set all the company a-laughing, which putting him in some confusion, he retired and hid himself in the crowd. Presently after somebody started the question as to the *rank* which the wild youth ought to hold in the world. There could be but one place above him, and that belonged to him who was heir in a right line from ADAM, his elder brother; and he could not but be of opinion that until this person was found out, he should have the first place in all manner of company, save where there was a crowned head. Sir JOHN NOVEL replied to this with some concern; he believed he knew what belonged to good manners as well as any body; but for his part, he could n't think of giving place to a man who came into the world like a cucumber! A Welch gentleman, who stood near him, said that *he* was very easy as to that point; for he had plain proof, whenever he was called upon, that his family descended in a right line from ADAM, his elder brother! A discussion now arose as to the language which it would be best to teach the wild man. One remarked, that he had heard that the Hebrew was the mother tongue, and that it would therefore be the easiest to pronounce. Another objected, that Hebrew could be of no use to him, save in a Jewish synagogue, and argued that it would be much better for him to learn English. 'When he is master of our language, and can explain himself, what wonderful discoveries he will be able to make in the vegetable and mineral world! Imagine him, no bigger than an acorn, expanding himself in the bowels of the earth, and looking into all the arcana of those subterraneous beings; there he discovered how the analogous juices are sucked in by the roots of one plant, while the heterogenous slide away, and are received by others, to whom they are adapted by nature for nourishment: there he found out how those minute particles assemble, that compose iron, lead, and gold, and how those shining materials are collected, which distinguish themselves by an inimitable lustre, and blaze in the ears of fine ladies and the diadems of princes; there he saw how the vapors of water are alembick'd by subterraneous fires, to the top of the highest mountains, and, condensing there, fall down again in streams and rivulets. Of what prodigious use will this knowledge be in physics! when he comes to let us know the qualities of those several herbs and plants we have now so little acquaintance with; when he instructs us in the operation of minerals, whether by the infusion of liquor or by pulverization, calcination, or by combination with other medicinal bodies!' Some one here interposed the objection, that this theory 'supposed the wild man to possess the capacity of walking up and down through all parts of the earth as freely as if he were above ground, and judging as well of things when he was but a month in embryo, as one of our flesh-born fellows here could do at thirty years old.' 'Well, why not?' rejoined the theorist, testily; 'can any man prove the contrary? Who the devil should hinder him?' This was considered a poser; and the court at this moment breaking up, the knot of pseudo-philosophers was suddenly dissolved.

Nothing is more natural, though nothing is in reality more dangerous, than the unlimited fondness of parents for their children. The annexed sketch of one of those 'smart' and 'mischievous' little imps, usually described by the endearing diminutive of 'little witches,' affords a graphic picture of the evil in question, which, like all good pictures, will probably never be out of date: 'I remember when I first came from the university, I went to visit an aunt of mine; and coming in as the tea was served, she had but just presented me with a dish, when of a sudden a pin, stuck somewhere behind me, made me spring up and spill the scalding liquor upon my legs. You may imagine I was a good deal out of countenance, while all the company laughed as though they would split their sides. As soon as I had a little collected myself, I went to sit down again, but fell all

along upon the floor ; for it seems the little baggage, that had wounded me before, had in my confusion pulled away the chair. When matters were a little set to rights, all the satisfaction I had was, to hear the mother of this wild creature say she had served twenty so before me, and she hoped I would not take it ill, for 'it was the unluckiest girl!' I bore my misfortune as well as I could, but reflected on the weakness of her parent, who methought should have taught her more civility and good manners at those years. This romp, it seems, was a favorite child, and preferred to all the rest because she did the most mischief. The action for which she got the greatest applause was the setting fire to a cradle in which lay one of her little sisters. Since that time I have never seen her ; but have heard a melancholy story of her, that she married her mother's footman, and afterward became lost alike to virtue and to shame.' . . . The ladies, it would seem, were discussed with great freedom in the periodicals a hundred years ago. A good deal of satire was thrown away by 'The Country Gentleman' upon the pestilent practice of face-painting which prevailed so generally at that period, and which was deemed so essential to beauty, that when 'my Lady VARNISH' sat to a celebrated artist for her portrait, he 'begged that she would give him leave to send for some of her own *Lake*, or else it would be impossible for him to hit the likeness of her ladyship's cheeks!' Surely it was some cynical old bachelor, or a luckless lover, discarded of a reigning belle of that era, (alas ! where is her beauty now !) who wrote thus concerning the vanity of woman : 'There is nothing so natural to the fair sex as to take a pleasure in their own beauty. They please themselves as much as it is possible for others to please them, and are the first to discover their own charms and fall in love with themselves. As long as a woman is in full possession of her beauty, no misfortune can befall her which she cannot in some measure alleviate ; but when once that blessing has left her, all the other advantages of fortune will never be able to give her any tolerable satisfaction. Wherever she goes, the remembrance of what she has lost, or the consideration of what she has at present, will give her a thousand inquietudes. The last tears which beautiful eyes reserve, are spent in bewailing themselves after they are effaced out of all hearts. The only person that still laments a lost beauty is she who was once the possessor of it.' 'No more at present' from 'The Country Gentleman.'

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#### T H E   D R A M A .

THE PARK AND THE PUBLIC.—Again the doors of 'Old Drury' are open. The feats of the ring, the gyrations of the slack-rope, and the old jokes of the clown, have given way to an approach to the 'legitimate drama.' The taste of the public being quite satiated with the *horse-trionic*, again inclines to the *his-trionic*. 'Oh, flesh ! how art thou fishified !' Oh, Taste ! what an incomprehensible noun substantive art thou ! Shades of KEAN, COOKE, and CONWAY ! frown not upon the doings of WELCH AND COMPANY ! Call it not desecration, that the boards, hallowed by thy steps, have echoed to the tramp of 'Crononhotonthologos' and his less intellectual four-footed brethren ! Bring not the jests of FALSTAFF in juxtaposition with the jokes of GOSSIN ; but darkened be the shade of HAMLET by the shade of JOE MILLER ! Vanish the scene ; and oh ! mighty ghosts of the defunct drama ! frown not upon tan and tinsel ! What a wayward donkey is a 'gentle public !' At one time it affecteth oats, and abideth not the temptation of hay ; at another, it turneth its body out to grass, and spurneth corn ; at one moment it ambleth along the highway with the donkey's most agile step ; at another it budgeth not a foot ; coax it gently, and it cocketh up its long ears, and stands at ease ; belabor it with a cudgel, its auriculars assume an acute angle, and, drawing its tail between its legs, it resteth, like a post four feet in the ground, upon its reserved rights. Our donkey has had all sorts of feeding ; gingerbread and whip-syllabubs sufficient to nauseate its susceptible stomach ; roast-beef and plum-pudding enough to swell it out like an alderman ; but it cries 'peccavi !' to the substantials, and grows delicate and whimsical as a sick



girl upon the cheese-cakes. Now, by the beard of Hippocrates! do we swear, that our 'gentle public' is sick! It hath lost its taste, (swallowed its *palate* perhaps,) and needs the doctor. Is there no healing balm extant?—no moral BRANDRETH'S pills?—no mental purge? Learned professors have dosed it with the panada of public lectures; and very dry nurses, under the form of public disputants, have administered pap, and endeavored to strengthen its corpus with snipes; yet the patient has wasted away, and refuses to be convalescent. But the PARK, like some great hospital, has opened its gates once more, to receive back this sickly subject; and may APOLLO smile upon the efforts of the doctors! A succession of such sterling pieces as marked the last season at this theatre, may, it is hoped, do much to win back the old admirers of the legitimate drama to their first love. Lecturers may expend their eloquence upon every subject of art, science, and philosophy, including all the 'ologies; concerts may exert their dulcet influence till, 'like the sweet south breathing o'er a bed of violets,' we taste the 'odor' of their music; deep, argumentative, and hair-splitting lawyers, like smart overgrown school-boys, may indulge their amiable vanities, by publicly discussing the long-mooted question of the moon's geology, and decide upon green cheese as its primary formation; yet to our poor fancy, a well-regulated theatre offers attractions paramount to any of these. We are not of those who desire to be lectured into the mysteries of knowledge, nor of that intellectual crowd who seek for an enlargement of their ideas upon the green-cheese question, although there can be no doubt that the spectacle of two ambitious aspirants for the honors of the forum, mentally wrestling upon this great question, 'admittance only one shilling,' is edifying, exceedingly. But these intellectual exhibitions have for many months had a fair field. Every subject, we believe, that ever *had* an interest since NOAH returned from the first exploring expedition, has been fully and clearly elucidated by the lecturers; and every doubtful question, that has arisen since the same remote period, has been definitely settled by the public disputants—excepting only the matter of 'the milk in the cocoa-nut;' and the public curiosity being thereby calmed and satisfied, the mind is left free to appreciate and to enjoy the luxuries of the drama; for all which we thank these philosophers, and humbly express the hope that they may 'live to a most numerous age.'

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC.—In the way of attraction, this dramatic 'Curiosity Shop' has carried away the palm from all the other kindred resorts of the town. Since the performances at this establishment were last noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'Fra Diavolo' has continued successfully to alternate with other opera-ish pieces. Miss TAYLOR, as before, has won golden opinions at all hands; although excellent as she certainly is, both as a vocal and dramatic artiste, we confess that we cannot but regret that Mr. MITCHELL should place the burden of such music as that of 'Zerlina' upon a voice which has not yet acquired that firmness and stability which experience alone can give. We have already spoken of Mrs. TIMMS, who creditably sustains the part of 'Fra Diavolo;' of WALCOTT, who is an admirable actor, and the best 'Lord Allcash' we ever beheld; of Miss SINGLETON, who sustains the part of his lady with great sweetness and propriety of demeanor; and of MITCHELL, who makes the part of the bandit one of the most striking characters of the piece. Music would seem to be the prominent load-stone at the Olympic; and clever as are many of the burlesques and extravaganzas which have lately been produced by the manager, we cannot help thinking that some of them have only been redeemed from unequivocal 'demnition' by the introduction of one or two choice ballads or songs; such, for example, as those which Miss TAYLOR sang so sweetly, and in which she was encored so enthusiastically, in 'The White Cat,' an amusing enough trifle by PLANCHE, but not particularly felicitous in the matter of musical selection. Apropos: has there not been some change in the musical direction of the 'Olympic?' We are not altogether *au fait* in the harmonious mysteries; but it has struck us latterly, that neither the instrumental nor the vocal 'force' have that 'pleased alacrity' they were wont to have in their endeavors to win the favorable suffrages of large and appreciating audiences. If there be any special cause for this, it behooves the manager to see that it is removed.

PROFESSOR GREENBANK'S LECTURES ON ELOCUTION.—Seldom, we believe, has a public lecturer 'carried the town with him' more unanimously than Professor GREENBANK, in his courses of lectures on elocution, delivered recently at the Society Library. He came among us, it is true, with a high reputation from England, and with the warm eulogies of the Boston press, and numerous letters from her most eminent citizens to the most distinguished of ours; but he had a hackneyed theme to contend with, and one which had been served up *ad nauseam* in various forms to our citizens. But Professor GREENBANK soon 'cleared his way.' To say nothing of his fine commanding person, and manly, expressive features, which established in his favor at once 'that first appeal which is to the eye,' his complete critical analysis of *every thing* belonging to elocution; the movements of the head, body, and limbs; the play of the features, in the expression of the various passions; the sound and modulation of the voice; the force of timely and adequate accent; all these were admirably set forth, and illustrated by examples which were given with the most marked effect, and with an enunciation that left nothing to be desired. It was our purpose to have cited three or four of Professor GREENBANK's recitations, which made so striking an impression upon his audiences; but we must close in brief with the remarks of an English contemporary, of deserved authority, which we can cheerfully indorse: 'Professor GREENBANK's oratorical powers are of a very superior order, and the practical use which he makes of his elocutionary attainments, fully proves the efficiency, the polish, and the refinement of the school in which he has studied. His style of speaking is highly classical; he is impassioned, but logical; vehement, but chaste; parenthetical, but clear; his manner is highly effective, his gesticulation elegant, and his voice judiciously inflected.' We commend Mr. GREENBANK to the attention of such of our readers in the Atlantic cities as may be within reach of his instructive expositions.

A PICTURE OF TINNECUM.—Our sanctum has recently received an addition to its pictorial adornments, which we cannot permit to pass unnoticed; for we have derived from its contemplation a great deal of quiet enjoyment, and desire not only to express our gratitude to the donor, but also to render some slight tribute to his promising genius. Our friend, the historian of Tinnecum, through whose hands we receive the painting in question, introduces it to our notice with a few characteristic remarks: 'Upon the sign-board, which hangs out in all weathers, and which was merely struck off by a careless brush to illustrate some mechanic's trade, you will frequently remark the bold lines of genius, and perhaps a more genuine truth and feeling than are sometimes to be found within costly frames, or the sumptuous pages of the annual. The accompanying picture is by Mr. JAMES H. WRIGHT, a self-instructed artist of the village of Tinnecum, who has undertaken to portray his native place, as it existed in its palmiest days. Perhaps his affection for it has induced him to color the scene too highly, and to infuse into it, considering the lonely seclusion of the place, too many of the bright tints and golden hues of CLAUDE. See how the harvests wave upon the hill-side, and fill up with golden luxuriance the valley! In the mellow light, and seen by the artist's correct perspective, Tinnecum, with its back-ground of hills undulating in the distance, its meandering Swancreek, its meadows, and thinly-scattered dwellings, looks like one of the sweetest pastoral spots upon earth. Any person who had ever seen the place, would acknowledge the picture, and it would really 'astonish the natives.' To go into a little description of its details: The tavern stands in a state of melancholy ruin, with its gutter ready to fall from the eaves, and looking through all its broken panes as if it pathetically deplored the march of temperance, and would 'purwail on it to stop.' Nevertheless, the landlord stands before the door, smoking his pipe with indifference, as if he were beneath his own 'vine.' The sign-board presents the picture of a forlorn horse, with exaggerated bones,

and hump-backed, like a dromedary, the divine production of some Tinnecum sign-painter, and which was thought a great achievement of art when first suspended before the admiring eyes 'of community.' Thus far our friend; but his description of this mellow and meritorious picture is far from complete. He has omitted all allusion to the quaint old octagon-church, where the Dutch damsels were wont to sport their Sunday finery and sunny smiles; the blacksmith's-shop, in the soft shadow of a spreading tree, its flaming forge shining brightly within, while the master bends at the door, with the hind-leg of a sleek chesnut-mare in his lap, receiving 'professional aid' at his hand; the ancient well-sweep, with its 'moss-covered bucket,' and the boy clambering upon the roof of the house, to liberate his kite, arrested by the branches of a withered poplar; TIGHT, the 'colored person,' with his cattle bathing in the calm waters of Swan-creek; TOM VAN DIDDLEMAS, resplendent in THIMBLE's bright-buttoned coat, conversing with the landlord; and last, not least, the office of the Tinnecum Gazette, 'over the horse-shed of the inn, and the partizan hand-bills of which, upon its sides, declare 'Tinnecum Erect!''—of all these our correspondent says nothing; but they go to make up, with the features he has indicated, a pleasing and full, although not crowded composition, the faithful coloring of which is by no means its least merit.

'THE TWO PLEDGES: THE KEPT AND THE BROKEN.'—Our excellent friend and contributor, HARRY FRANCO, after a portion of this department of our Magazine had passed through the press, left for us a brief sketch, entitled as above, which we are but too glad to 'lay on the Table,' as himself suggests, in an indicated contingency. There is a moral in this little narrative, which is not unworthy of heed by those whose 'reform' extends to only one vice, leaving others of an almost darker dye not only uncorrected, but to increase and multiply, without let or hindrance. Much as we esteem the great temperance cause, we cannot be blind to the fact, that many of its prominent 'apostles' need 'reformation' in regard to vices scarcely less heinous than inebriety. *Intemperance* may not consist alone in intoxication, as the times give abundant proof. But to our narrative:

'Is the green, sunny, and secluded little town of New-Diep lived TEUNIS VAN DEUZER. Of course he was born there, because all its inhabitants were born within its borders; a peculiarity which probably belongs to no other town on the continent of the new world. TEUNIS was educated in the family of a professional house-carpenter, and it is believed that he perfected himself in his master's culling; but whether by intuition or precept is not precisely known, although it could not have been by either example or practice, since there has been no house built in the town during the last century. He grew up to the respectable age of thirty without any thing remarkable having occurred to him, which in the life of a hero is sufficiently remarkable in itself, to render him a remarkable person. It is not, however, for this reason that we have introduced him to the reader. It so happened that the dwelling-house of TEUNIS's 'boss' was in the immediate neighborhood of the Black Horse Tavern, a venerable house of entertainment, which bore the same appellation many years before the revolutionary war, and during that glorious period had afforded shelter and refreshment to many a valorous lover of freedom, whose deeds and names are now covered with the dust of oblivion. This venerable house had a southern front, which looked directly upon the hills of Neversink, and it was shaded by a comfortable-looking verandah which was always kept as white as snow, and in the heats of summer had a peculiarly inviting aspect to those who were fond of reclining in the shade and sipping cooling drinks. It will not appear very surprising then that it was a favorite resort of TEUNIS, and that he there acquired a fondness for drink which, so far from its being diminished by the return of winter, seemed rather to be increased; and when the snow-white verandah of the 'Black Horse' no longer tempted him to lounge upon its benches, for the very reason of its *literal* snow-whiteness, a close box-stove in the bar-room within was quite as potent in drawing him to its genial warmth, where he found hot drinks quite as soothing to his palate as a horn of whisky with a lump of ice in it had been in the summer season. In process of time TEUNIS became a 'regular soaker,' and his person manifested all the outward peculiarities which are common to that condition. He was the by-word

and reproach of the whole county, and nothing but his good-nature saved him from being 'turned out of society;' for men, and women too, will forgive almost any vice if it is redeemed, or accompanied by amiability, as they will not tolerate ill-nature if it be accompanied with the most exalted virtues. But the love of liquor had not obliterated all the loveable qualities of *TEUNIS*. No! abandoned, hardened, deadened, and lost as he appeared to the voice of friendship and reproof, he yet retained enough of the dignity of his nature to love his own species, and he manifested this by falling in love, in the most desperate and determined manner, with one of his neighbors' daughters, Miss *ANGELINE DUSENBURY*. Upon being made acquainted with his passion, the young lady, and the young lady's father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, cousins and second-cousins, all protested against it, and declared that it must not be thought of; that *ANGELINE* could do better and ought to do better, and that *TEUNIS* was a most outrageous and presuming person to dare to fall in love with her in that manner. So the young lady refused him, and her friends refused him, and even the doctor and the dominie both shook their heads, and said it would never answer; and *TEUNIS* professed to have found a very good reason for drowning his sorrows in the bottle, which he strove to do incessantly.

'Now it happened that about this time, the great temperance movement, which had been destroying distilleries and reforming drunkards for more than ten years, extended its influence even unto New-Diep, and made the very demijohns in the venerable 'Black Horse' look blue. Among the very first converts who signed the tee-total pledge was the father of *ANGELINE DUSENBURY*, who, in the paroxysms of his awakened philanthropy, sought out *TEUNIS VAN DEUZER*, and tried to rouse him to a sense of his degradation, and convince him of the loveliness of temperance and the charms of cold water. But *TEUNIS* was deaf to persuasion, and dead to argument; until at last the new apostle of temperance worked his zeal in the great cause up to such an exalted pitch, that he promised if *TEUNIS* would sign the tee-total pledge, and keep sober for twelve months, he should at the expiration of that time be endowed with the hand of *ANGELINE*, with all her personal charms and worldly goods. Although *TEUNIS* was at the time, in figurative language, 'half shot,' he was instantly seized with a desire to join the cold-water army; and without giving his Corypheus time to repent of his proposition, he put his name to the pledge, and from that moment began to 'brush up.' We must leave the imagination of our readers to conceive the astonishment of the ancient and orderly inhabitants of New-Diep, when they perceived the change which had come over *TEUNIS*, and hasten on to more important particulars.

'Just six months after this event, a grand temperance meeting was held in the County Hall; and to give brilliancy to the occasion, and insure a full attendance, *TEUNIS* had been prevailed upon to stand up in the meeting and relate his experiences. Fortified by thoughts of *ANGELINE*, as an ancient knight in his struggles with a dragon overcame the power of his scaly enemy by repeating the name of his mistress, *TEUNIS* overcame his dread of public opinion, and delivered himself of his experiences, to the infinite delight of a numerous auditory, and the hopeful conversion of two youthful citizens, who could boast, if they were boastfully given, of being the descendants of an African prince. But what were trophies like these to the longing heart of *TEUNIS*? He looked around that vast hall, and scanned the faces of the listening crowd, dimly illuminated as they were by a dearth of tallow-candles which threw out more grease than light; but he nowhere perceived the ruddy face of her for whose sake he displayed himself; and he hastened from the hall and ran with rapid steps to the house of her father. There he beheld an unusual glare of lights in the spare-room. What could it mean? Was she sick? No; people do not illuminate their spare-rooms for sickness. All anxious to learn, he listened beneath the window. Amaze-ment! He heard the voice of the dominie speaking in solemn tones; and, too impatient to listen, he burst open the door, and beheld a sight which he will probably never forget.

'In the middle of the spare-room stood *ANGELINE*, dressed all in white muslin, and looking lovelier than ever she looked before, in the very act of promising to love, honor, and obey a brown-faced, black-haired young man of six feet and some odd inches, whom *TEUNIS* immediately recognized as her second cousin, *PETER VAN DEUZER*, who owned a farm in the west-quarter. The whole affair was too palpable to require an explanation; so none was either asked or made; and *TEUNIS* rushed into the street, partly resolved to break his neck, and partly resolved to break his pledge. Like a sensible man, he did neither; but like a very insensible man, he went to law, and sued the father of *ANGELINE* for a breach of promise. How the suit will terminate, can be a matter of small moment to the public, since every-body knows that in contested cases both sides suffer, let the jury decide as they may. But to the friends of temperance it may be a consoling fact to know, that *TEUNIS* continues true to his pledge, although there have not been wanting croakers who have predicted that he will break it.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—'Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!' So prayed the psalmist to be free; and such doubtless was *his* aspiration, whose triumphant death is thus recorded in a note from an esteemed friend and correspondent: 'In an upper room of an old-fashioned mansion, within a short day's ride of the city of New-York, in the summer of 1842, an old man and infirm, both from age and long illness, lay upon his bed. Every thing around indicated convenience, comfort, and extreme neatness, but there was no ostentation. The venerable patriarch was supported by pillows, and in this reclining position his eyes were turned toward the door, as if expecting some one to enter. It was a clear, bright summer morning. The windows were all open, and a few rays of the sun struggling through the thick foliage of the forest shade-trees which surrounded the dwelling played upon the wall, and the slight current of balmy air shook gently the long gray locks of the aged invalid. The door opens, and his bed is surrounded with familiar faces—all save one, the venerable bishop of the diocese, who stands a little in advance, and near him a priest, while around kneel or recline the relatives. The bishop breaks silence, by commencing to read, in a distinct, firm voice, the beautiful service of his church, preparatory to administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was the last office of religion to be performed for one whose days upon the earth were numbered. The sacred symbols were produced; and while in the midst of their administration, a wild turtle-dove flew into the room, and circling around, alighted upon the shoulder of the dying man. In an instant all was hushed in breathless silence. The sacred and chosen emblem of the Holy Spirit was present. The eyes of the old man turned upward, as he held in his attenuate hand the emblems of a Saviour's love. The venerable bishop, with uplifted arm, leaning partly over him; the family group—children and children's children—what a picture! After resting for a moment, the beautiful stranger rose upon its wings, and sailing gently round, glided out through the open window. The old man's hold upon life was almost gone. In a little while he turned his face to the wall; the tranquil spirit quietly took its flight; and the pilgrim of four-score years was gathered to his fathers in peace. His life had been long, useful, and honorable, and his death was peaceful and triumphant. May this authentic incident produce in the bosom of him who reads, as did its narration in that of him who writes, deep emotions of love, and devout thanks to Him who is the God and FATHER of us all!' . . . SANDERSON, the 'American in Paris,' a writer who has true humor enough in him to supply a dozen would-be wits of the modern school, somewhere tells us that he once called, while in Paris, to see a renowned tailor of that gay metropolis upon 'professional business.' He found several persons assembled for a similar purpose in an ante-room, expecting the return of a servant who had gone to acquaint his master that the gentlemen were awaiting an audience. The messenger soon came back with the intelligence that the artist 'could not that morning be interrupted, as he was *composing*.' The time for 'fashion's changes' had nearly arrived, and he was pacing his room, lost in the 'ardor of composition' of a coat and waist-coat! It was this very sketch of SANDERSON, we have no doubt, that suggested to a late London essayist the tone of the following thapsody upon the *character* of a fashionable coat. He could scarcely have hit the thing more felicitously had JOYCE himself been his artist-sitter: 'There is a harmony, a propriety in the coat of a man of fashion, an unstudied ease, a graceful symmetry, a delicacy of expression, that has always filled us with the profoundest admiration of the genius of the artist: indeed, no ready money could purchase coats that we have seen; coats that a real love of the subject, and working upon long credit, for a high connection, could alone have given to the world; coats, not the dull conceptions of a geometric cutter, spiritlessly outlined upon the shop-board by the crayon of a mercenary foreman, but the fortunate creation of superior intelligence, boldly executed in the happy moments of a generous enthusiasm! Vain, very vain is it for the pretender to fashion to go swelling into the *atelier* of a first-rate coat-architect, with his ready money in his hand, to order such a coat! Order such a coat, forsooth! order a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, an epic poem!' . . . A feeling, common we believe to most thoughtful minds, is thus described by the 'Etrick Shepherd,' in a colloquy with CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' soon after the death of BYRON. 'I canna bide,' he says, 'to think that BYRON's dead. There's a wonderful mind swallowed up somewhere. Gone! and gone so young! and maybe on the threshold of his truest glory, baith as a man and a poet! It makes me sad to think o't. I shall never see a grand blue sky fu' of stars, nor look out upon the forest, when all the winds of winter are howling over the wilderness of dry, crashing branches, nor stand beside the sea to hear the waves roaring upon the rocks, without thinking that the spirit of BYRON is near me. In the hour of awe, in the hour of sorrow, and in the hour of death, I shall remember BYRON.'

'Are ye not a part of me, and of my soul,  
As I of you?'

asks *CHILDE HAROLD* of these elements, in 'whose ennobling stir he felt himself exalted;' and beautifully has the Shepherd illustrated the force and truth of the sublime apostrophe. . . . In the *KNICKERBOCKER* for May, 1836, 'L.' of Newburgh will find the same theme he has chosen for an essay, elaborately and admirably treated. The impressions which a vast metropolis like the 'Empire City' is calculated to awaken in the mind of a stranger, are well presented by our correspondent; but his reflections in the crowded thoroughfares are far, *far* better expressed in a recent poem of *BRYANT*:

'How fast the fleeting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

'They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;  
To halls in which the feast is spread;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

'And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
Where mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

'And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

'Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not;  
There is who heeds, who holds them all,  
In his large love and boundless thought.

'These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its predestined end.'

Such, friend 'L.,' were *your* sensations, as you traversed for the first time Broadway,

'Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.'

It is the test of *true* poetry, that it gives to one's own thoughts 'the best of words,' and to emotions which one cannot express, an audible utterance. It is, in other words, thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought. . . . We are indebted to an obliging friend for a copy of 'Notes of a speech *intended* to have been made by a distinguished delegate to the Universal Suffrage Convention at Albany,' some twenty-five years ago. The 'Notes' are from the pen of the gifted and lamented *SANDS*; and although in the richest vein of burlesque, they form the staple of Mr. *JOHN NEAL*'s farcical yet serious 'lectures' on the 'rights of women,' lately hissed down at the Tabernacle in Broadway. 'Why *should n't* women vote?' asks the imaginary speaker. 'If single, they are as much entitled to the privilege as bachelors are; for if they own property, they are taxed for it; if they do not, they work for a living, and contribute to the aggregate of public wealth. If married, they bear, nurse, and educate citizens. As to children, no good reason can be assigned for fixing twenty-one years as the period of their political enfranchisement. A boy at fourteen and a girl at twelve can lawfully contract marriage; and why should they not be represented? As to children still younger, I would, to encourage population, give the father as many votes as he had babies. Methinks I now see the glorious time, when a worthy pair shall come in a wagon to the polls, with all their amiable issue, to nominate members for the great council of their country; when the respectable matron, beside her husband's numerous votes, shall give two, one for herself, and one for the young citizen unborn!' But jesting aside; how ridiculously absurd is the jargon of insane, itinerant lecturers upon the 'political rights of woman!' Nature has given to the male sex the exclusive powers of government, by giving to that sex the physical strength and energy which the exercise of those powers calls into constant and active exertion. To the female a more delicate organization is given; and little need is there to repine, that her lot is different from that of her protector, man. He has the storms of life to encounter. She has the duties of domestic life to sustain, and the calm and sunshine of domestic peace to enjoy. Hers is the domestic altar; there she ministers and commands, in all the plenitude of undisputed sway; the fountain of love and blessedness to all around her. 'There are women,' says an eloquent writer, 'whose happiness consists in ignorance of what the world calls pleasures; whose glory consists in retirement. Wholly devoted to the duties of wife and mother, they consecrate their days to the practice of the unobtrusive virtues. Absorbed in the management of their families, they govern their husbands by acquiescence, their children by mildness, their servants by goodness. Their houses are the abode of religious sentiment, filial piety, conjugal love, maternal tenderness, order, internal peace, undisturbed slumbers, and health. Domestic and economical, they set at defiance

inordinate passion and painful want. The poor knock, and are admitted and relieved; the licentious man and the profligate do not venture into their presence. Reserve and dignity of character make such women respected; indulgence for the frailties, and pity for the misfortunes of others, make them beloved; prudence and firmness make them venerated. They purify and enlighten the whole moral atmosphere around them with all that is genial in warmth and pure in light.' . . . Sitting down to our port-folios, filled to repletion monthly, as many of our town-contributors know from personal inspection, with new communications, we are variously affected by the varying subjects or styles of our correspondents. And thus it chances, that in jotting down our careless gossip with readers and contributors, we are compelled to change with the changeable bundle of thoughtful or humorous, pathetic or burlesque productions, spread out before us, and to which we must needs in some way advert. We can only say, therefore, to any who shall condemn one thing and approve another, or *vice versa*, which may appear in our *salmagundi*, that he will be certain to find our cogitations serious or comical, according to the humor we were in when we wrote them; and they will either divert, instruct, or tire him, after the humor *he* is in when he reads them. Mirth and sadness are nearer neighbors than most persons imagine. 'At this present writing' the former prevails with us; for we have just been glancing over an amusing sketch of an Orange-county *violinist*, (formerly called 'fiddler,') to whom we shall ere long introduce our readers. Straitway we thought of that vagabond musician and composer, lately described by a London wag. After alluding to some of his 'compositions,' the writer adds: 'His chief score is preserved in chalk at the back of the bar-room door of the Cat-and-Boots. It presents a series of running passages, and it is expected the landlord will add an obligato of his own, at no distant period. Among other efforts of his genius, we have heard it whispered that he has an idea of carrying out an entirely novel plan, which will place him in permanently comfortable circumstances. It is something in the nature of a composition, and is to be called 'Sixpence in the Pound,' which he contemplates dedicating to his creditors!' . . . Among the numerous names embraced in GRISWOLD'S 'Poets and Poetry of America,' we do not observe that of SELICK OSBORN. Who and what he was, beyond an American, and a writer of several articles of verse which reflect credit upon his talents, we are quite unable to say. The following lines, which are imbued with harmony and lessons fruitful of moral reflection, we believe are from his pen:

WHERE 's the man who seeks for Fame?  
Haste! the laurel give him;  
Unfold the scroll, and write his name—  
'Tis all the grave will leave him.

Where is he who toils for Gold?  
Give! let nought alloy it;  
When a few brief days are told,  
No more can he enjoy it.

Where 's the bosom swelled with Pride?  
Spare! I would not wound it;  
For Death shall twine at eventide,  
His mean, scant garment round it.

Where 's the heart on Pleasure bent?  
Pour! a double measure;  
Health and life to-morrow spent,  
Gone will be the treasure.

Where 's the soul that looks above  
Pleasure, gold, and glory?  
All that earthly passions move,  
All that lives in story?

Take each cup of joy away,  
'To others filled and given;  
Oh! what are *all* these baubles—say,  
To him whose home is Heaven?

OUR friend and old correspondent, SARGENT, (who, new Magazine, by the way, let us hint to the editor, has never yet reached us,) as we see by a daily journal, has thought it advisable to notice an attack in the '*New World*,' by some 'rejected contributor,' upon his publication. This was unwise. Even the editor was ashamed of his importunate correspondent, and disclaimed him. All that such a small-beer 'complainant' desires, is the notoriety of any notice whatsoever. If left to his native insignificance, he mourns with MEDDLE in the play, that he can 'get nobody to kick him.' Now to *our* mind, one of the most amusing spectacles in life, is a mortified but impotent littérateur of this sort; an ambitious 'authorling' perhaps of a small volume of effete and lamentable trash, full of little idle, ragged ideas, stolen and disguised among original inanities, which has fallen dead-born from the press, before the first fifty copies printed are exhausted in a '*third edition*!' Disturb not, friend SARGENT, the leaden repose of a 'critic' which is even more harmless than it is malignant. Something was said, we believe, in its communication about the 'OLD KNICK's dwindling away,' and 'all that sort of thing and so forth;' but having received on that day an accession of thirty-eight new names to our list of subscribers, with what complacency did we consign the paragraph to the 'receptacle of things lost upon earth!' . . . We gave many months since in these pages a number of amusing '*Imaginary Answers to Imaginary Correspondents*,' from the enlivening pen of OLLAPOD. We have recently come across several

others from the same source, which we shall present hereafter. A late number of that amusing publication, 'Punch in London,' has one or two clever examples in this kind. We select a medical and a legal specimen: 'In an action for fees, a physician cannot recover. In cases of illness, the patients are often in the same predicament.' 'On a bill or note, the statute begins to run as soon as it is due. The acceptor, if he cannot pay, had better do the same thing.' . . . We quite agree with the writer of the article upon '*The Style Sententious*,' which we have filed for insertion, that 'many persons of really narrow views and limited intellect acquire a reputation for great profundity and amount of thought, by a species of word-mongering in a confined space.' A natural antithesis, or true terseness, is always effective and pleasing; but the labored transposition and inversion of words, to express a thought which when analyzed is either common-place or indifferently uncommon, is a vice of composition which needs the whip and branding-iron. A specimen of true and very beautiful antithetical expression is furnished us by the Persian poet HAFIZ:

'ON parent's knee, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;  
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou mayest smile, while all around thee weep.'

THERE are periods in nearly every man's life, when he is tempted to exclaim, with the heart-worn German: 'Fly, then, false shadows of Hope! I will chase you no more; I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you: ye too are all shadows and a lie! Let me rest here, for I am way-weary and life-weary. I will rest here but to die!' Death, which on account of uncertain events daily threatens, and by reason of the shortness of life is never far off, is to such, a 'refuge from the storm and a covert from the tempest.' 'Many periods of my own life,' says CICERO, 'have seemed favorable for dying, when I wish I could have departed; for nothing more was to be acquired: the burdens of life were increased, and wars with fortune only remained. If it could happen to me that my death should be foretold, joyfully and with thanksgiving would I obey; esteeming myself about to be freed from prison and loosed from my chains, either to return to a home which is eternal, and plainly our own, or to be free from all sensation and trouble. Let us consider nothing an evil which is appointed by the FATHER of all things. For not at random nor by chance were we formed and created, but by a Power which would consult the happiness of the human race, nor would produce or sustain that which, when it had exhausted every hardship, should encounter the woes of eternal death. Let us rather think a harbor and place of refuge is prepared for us. Pray Heaven we may arrive there with wide-spread sails! But if adverse winds throw us back, we shall still arrive there, though a little more slowly.' . . . Some people have a singular way of communicating to others their particular trains of thought. We have encountered one or two awkward instances of this; as for example: Sitting one evening at the dinner-table of a friend, whose champagne chanced to be of neither the 'Star' nor 'Cliquot' brands, we observed a connoisseur in potables set down his glass, after a slight sip, and with an expression of countenance which indicated that he was in the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.' Presently he inquired of his host: 'How is *Newark* flourishing now? I have not been there these five years.' Now the querist could n't have been thinking of *cider*! 'Oh! no; by no means; oh! certainly not; on the contrary!' . . . A correspondent ('R. M.,' of Lancaster, Penn.) is kind enough to say, that the brief remarks with which we accompanied the passage from Mr. STREET's '*School-House*' in our last number 'found an echo in his own heart, chilled as it is, in the winter of life, by the remembrance of the sunny days of boyhood.' Will our friend tell us whence he obtained the beautiful lines on childhood, an extract from which he encloses to us? We have a dim remembrance of hearing them repeated by a twin spirit, now gone to renew the childhood of the soul in a 'better land':

'THEN not a passing cloud  
Obscures the sunny scene,  
No blight on the young tree,  
No thought of what may be,  
Or what hath been.

'But all in hope—not hope,  
For all things are possessed;  
No, peace without alloy,  
And innocence and joy,  
In the young breast.

'And all-confiding love,  
And holy ignorance;  
Their blessed veil soon torn  
From eyes foredoom'd to mourn,  
For man's offence.

'Oh! thither, weary spirit!  
Flee from this world defiled;  
How oft, heart-sick and sore,  
I've wished I were once more  
A little child!'



WE are not surprised that the extracts from the '*Annals of the Parish*,' which we gave in our last number, should have attracted attention to that admirable work. A friend and correspondent writes us, that 'after perusing the touching account of the death of NANSIE BANKS, the school-mistress, he went to several book-stores to obtain the volume, but without success.' At last, however, he 'secured it, and sat up all night to read it.' We subjoin a few more passages from the '*Annals*,' which we had copied for insertion in our March issue: 'It is in spirited outlines of a scene, a character, or an incident, that we conceive GALT to be almost unrivalled. His pen has the quality of an artist's pencil. Let us string together two or three more examples. Here is a French dancing-master, with his opera-hat, come to take tea with Lady MACADAM: 'Mr. Macskipnish was a great curiosity; with long spindle legs, his breast shot out like a duck's, and his head powdered and frizzled up like a tappit-hen. He was, indeed, the proudest peacock that could be seen; and he had a ring on his finger, and when he came to drink his tea at the Breadland, he brought no hat on his head, but a droll cockit thing under his arm.' Mr. CAYENNE gives a dinner of 'turtle-fish, one of the most remarkable beasts that had ever been seen in the countryside,' of which the simple-hearted clergyman partakes: 'We drank lime-punch as we ate the turtle, which, as I understand, is the fashion in practice among the Glasgow West Indy merchants, who are famed as great hands with turtles and lime-punch. But it is a sort of food that I should not like to fare long upon. *I was not right the next day*; and I have heard it said, that when eaten too often, it has a tendency to harden the heart and make it crave for greater luxuries.' Could any thing be more characteristic than this outline sketch of a prelate of the Church of England by a Scotch Presbyterian? 'The most particular thing in the company, was a large, round-faced man, with a wig, that was a dignitary in some great Episcopalian church in London, who was extraordinary condescending toward me, drinking wine with me at the table, and saying weighty sentences, in a fine style of language, about the becoming grace of simplicity and innocence of heart, in the clergy of all denominations of Christians, which I was pleased to hear; for really he had a proud red countenance, and I could not have thought he was so mortified to humility within, had I not heard with what sincerity he delivered himself, and seen how much reverence and attention was paid to him by all present, particularly by my lord's chaplain.' We have spoken of Lady MACADAM, and here is a graphic portrait of her ladyship, who is a capital specimen of a very common species of would-be juvenile maidens: 'What I most disliked in her ladyship was a lightness and juvenility of behavior altogether unbecoming her years, for she was past three-score, having been long married, without children. She was to be sure crippled with the rheumatics, and no doubt the time hung heavy on her hands; but the best friends of recreation and sport must allow, that an old woman sitting whole hours jingling with that paralytic chattel a guitar, was not a natural object. What then could be said for her singing Italian songs, and getting all the newest from Vauxhall in London, a box-full at a time, with new novel-books and trinkum-trankum flowers and feathers, and sweet-meats, sent to her by a lady of the blood-royal of Paris?' . . . We take the following lines from an original poem of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, inscribed to his friend, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS CONWELL, (son of Bishop CONWELL, then of Philadelphia,) who was about departing for Rome, where he was to reside, and where we believe he afterward died. The poem bears this beautiful motto from the ABBE DE JARDIN:

O champs de l'Italie! O campagnes de Rome!  
 Ou dans tout son orgueil git le néant de l'homme!  
 C'est là que des aspects fameux par les grands noms,  
 Pleins de grand souvenirs, et de hautes leçons,  
 Vous offrent ces objets, trésors des paysages!

The writer draws a graphic picture of some of the scenes which will arrest the eye and win the admiration of the young American. 'Thou wilt stand,' he writes:

WHERE the palace of the CÆSARS will win thy musing eye,  
 Where the mighty spirits of the past have hallowed earth and sky:  
 Thou wilt mark Italia's palaces, the towering shrines of fame,  
 Where the pictured walls will bring the spell of many a glorious name;  
 And on the Arno's bosom, and the Tiber's yellow tide,  
 Thy bark beneath the purple sky careeringly will glide.

And the spirit's inward questionings will sanctify each pile,  
 Each dome on ponderous column heaved, each proud monastic isle;  
 Where the dim and struggling sunbeam through the oriel panes will come,  
 And monument and cenotaph look pale in chastened gloom;  
 While the owl upon the Palatine will wave his dusky wing,  
 That voice upon the ear of night shall wake thy slumbering.

Thou wilt mark the starlight trembling o'er the coliseum's wall,  
 The moonbeams coloring ivy-caves with silvery coronal;  
 And as the golden sunset shall tinge Soracte's brow,  
 And the wide campagna's waste grow dim, as day's warm glories go,  
 How will thine ardent spirit grow holy in such hours,  
 As thy dreams warm, through faded years, with all their spells and powers!

'WHAT is the law,' said the poor tenant of a grasping landlord one day to a distinguished legal friend of ours, 'when you can't pay all your rent on quarter-day? Can the landlord turn your family into the street?' 'Unless there is sufficient 'distress' on the premises, he can certainly do so,' replied our friend, using the legal term, and one admirably expressive of the arbitrary power which it implies. 'Oh, if *that* will stop him,' answered the poor tenant, not understanding the 'strict meaning' of the word, 'he'll find distress enough on *my* premises; for my wife has a little baby only a week old, two of the youngest children are sick, with nobody to take care of them but a sister not much older; and work as hard as I can, when I can *get* work, I can scarcely get enough for them all to eat!' Here *was* 'distress' enough, certainly, to satisfy any body *but* a hard-hearted landlord of poor tenements in New-York. . . . We do not much affect puns, conundrums, riddles, or any thing in that style of literature; but the following is 'not so bad:' 'Why are 'colored gemmen' merchants, and friendly to home-protection? Because they deal in ebony and ivory, and wear their own wool?' This is a pleasant thought of that admirable wit, SANDS. . . . We can make *nothing* of the 'blank-verse' (blank enough it is, the LORD knows!) of our correspondent 'S.' at Montreal. His fancies are just the rack of a dream; without form, and 'driving witlessly as the smoke that mounteth up and is lost in the airy heights of the sky.' Such a beautiful 'hand-write' as that of 'S.' should not be the only *clear* feature of the manuscript before us. . . . We look upon the following lines, which we have segregated from a recent poem by Mr. N. P. WILLIS, as beautiful exceedingly. They express the warm overflowing of a grateful heart for the 'tender mercies' of a God of love:

'THOU, who look'st  
 Upon my brimming heart, this tranquil eve,  
 Knowest its fulness, as Thou dost the dew  
 Sent to the hidden violet by Thee!  
 And, as that flower from its unseen abode  
 Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,  
 Changing its gift to incense — so, O God!  
 May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
 Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,  
 Fragrance at thy throne welcome!'

THE '*Scene on the Staten-Island Ferry-Boat*' we intended to insert in the present number, but it was *unavoidably* crowded out. If what the writer describes as a veritable occurrence be true, we had better say as little as possible about Mrs. TROLLOPE or Mr. DICKENS. But what would our correspondent have thought of our ferry-boats thirty years ago? — when, as we are told, the fishermen during the shad-season freighted every one that plied between the island and the city, in addition to their own small craft; and wo to the luckless wight whose business compelled him to proceed by the usual conveyances to New-York! On such miserable occasions, 'the body of the boat, loaded with piles of shad, which attracted myriads of flies; the stern, and the little smoky cabin, filled with fishermen and ferrymen, smoking cigars, chewing tobacco, and drinking rum, which might be nosed half way across the bay; their ceaseless bawling and roaring, intermingled with 'curses not *deep* but *loud*' — these were then the attractions of a passage across the most beautiful bay on the face of the earth. . . . It is not generally known, we presume, that Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON had a relative and namesake residing many years ago at Stratford, (Conn.) with whom he used to keep up a casual correspondence. We lately encountered a letter from the 'Great Leviathan' to WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON, at Stratford, who had then not long returned from England. It is dated the fourth of March, 1773, and the following is an extract from the closing paragraphs: 'Whether you carried away an impression of me as pleasing as that which you left me of yourself, I know not; if you did, you have not forgotten me, and will be glad that I do not forget you. Merely to be remembered, is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is one of the pleasures which is more sensibly felt as human nature is more exalted.' 'I was told a day or two ago of a design which must excite some curiosity. Two ships are in preparation to explore the Northern Ocean; not to seek the north-east or the north-west passage, but to sail directly north, as near the pole as they can go. They hope to find an open ocean, but I suspect it is one mass of

perpetual congelation. I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.' This last remark, by the by, whether referring to the past, or, in a spirit of prophecy, to the future, is characteristic of the wisdom of the writer. We were not aware until now, that Dr. JOHNSON once conceived a notion that he was capable of improving upon the manufacture of China. He used to visit an establishment near London, and was allowed to bake his compositions there; but although he had free access to the oven, and superintended the whole process, he failed completely, both in composition and baking. The Doctor retired in disgust, but not in despair; for he afterward gave a dissertation on the subject; which only proved, however, that he was still profoundly ignorant of the operation. We should like to have heard a description from that preëminent 'toady,' BOSWELL, of 'Dr. JOHNSON in the Pottery.' . . . There is a kind of solemn common-place about the poetry of the Chinese, which, like the vermilion edicts of Commissioner LIN, are especially edifying. One of the celestial bards lately visited England; and his description of the manners and customs of London are strikingly national and characteristic:

'THE climate is too cold for the cultivation of rice,  
But they have for ages been exempt from the evils of famine;  
With strong tea they immingle rich cream,  
And their baked wheaten bread is involved in unctuous lard.  
Here excellent meats are served in coffers of silver,  
And fine wines are poured into gem-like cups;  
The custom of the country pays respect to the ceremony of meals:  
Previous to the repast, they make a change in their vestments.'

'Their theatres are closed during the long days;  
It is after dark that the painted scenes are displayed;  
The faces of the actors are handsome to behold,  
And their dresses are composed of silk and satin:  
Their songs resound in unison with stringed and wind instruments,  
And they dance to the inspiring note of drums and flutes:  
It constitutes the perfection of harmonious delight;  
Every one retires with a laughing countenance.'

'Decidedly no indulgence can be shown' to poetry of this stamp! . . . 'What is Religion?' has many defects of style, but is a comprehensive glance at the changes which have marked the 'faiths' designated by the term, within the last three hundred years. How long, reader, do you suppose it is, since a delicate Quaker female, in an enlightened town of New-England, was stripped and tied with her naked breasts against the splinters of a post, and lashed with more than a score of stripes?—which, though they miserably tore her bruised body, were yet to the great comfort of her husband and friends, who having unity with her in those sufferings, and the cause of them, stood by to comfort her in so deep a trial?' A little more than two hundred years ago, a young married woman made a similar display at the tail of a cart, driven through the streets of Salem, her young husband following after, and sometimes thrusting his hat between the whip and her back. All this was in the 'cause of the LORD!' It has been well said, that 'Religion is to superstition what astronomy is to astrology; the wise mother of a very foolish daughter.' The principles of the former are of little value indeed, if they merely keep us in the slavish fear of going notoriously wrong, without spurring us on to right action. It was not for an end so poor and circumscribed, that the DIVINE BEING created us, and stamped upon our minds His own image. It was not for this that HE has called us to the hope of a better inheritance. It was to rouse us to act *with* and *for* HIM; to translate us from the dominion of fear to the empire of hope; from passive submission to active service; from awe to love, and from death to life.' . . . The task imposed upon us by 'T. S.' of 'looking over, correcting and amending, striking out or interpolating,' in his article, we must respectfully decline. We had rather attempt to accomplish a feat, 'than which what's harder?' the perusal of that compound of puling sentimentality and bald plagiarisms, which MASTER CHARLES LANMAN has 'given to the world' of Norwich, (Conn.) in a soporific volume of '*Essays for Summer-Hours*,' and the manner of which our correspondent's style, or rather lack of *any* style, so closely resembles. The article is left at the publication-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, 139 Nassau-street. . . . Ever and anon we are favored, through our box at the post-office, with divers German newspapers, intended for *another* distinguished KNICKERBOCKER, namely, 'EX-President VAN BUREN, Kinderhook.' Our friends the editors of '*Der Volks Freund*,' and '*Die Volk's Buehne*,' to whom we are indebted for occasional numbers of their excellent journals, printed in the language of the 'vater-land,' are hereby informed, that after perusal we invariably forward them to their original address. . . . It is a lit-

the curious how the human mind will be swayed in its estimate of others by its own peculiar idiosyncrasies. A forcible example is afforded by IZAAK WALTON, in his pleasant biography of HERBERT. According to his authority, he was a saint of the first water, for he was both a churchman and an angler. To have appeared in either of these characters would have insured him no mean panegyric; but when both were conjoined, there was the last touch of perfection. WALTON would scarcely have looked on an apostle with greater reverence; indeed he himself somewhere intimates, that these fathers of the church are entitled to additional respect because of their piscatory occupations. . . . The '*Thoughts on Mr. Woodbury's Lecture on Free-Trade*,' although well written, are not exactly suited to our pages. A clever writer, be he who he may, in the following passage, which was condensed into our note-book long since, has 'expressed our ideas exactly' on the subject of trade, which he says is to the body politic as the blood is to the human body; it diffuses itself by the minutest canals into every part of a nation, and gives life and vigor to the whole. Without this, no country can be happy within itself, or support herself without, against the attacks of a powerful neighbor. It is trade that brings us all the aids, the conveniences, the luxury of life. She it is that encourages all arts and sciences; gives hopes to invention and riches to industry; strength, wisdom, and policy are in her train; plenty, liberty, and happiness are her perpetual companions. Even money itself, without trade, like stagnant water, is of little use to the proprietor. . . . We doubt if we are mistaken in the authorship of the following lines. If they are not from the pen of General MORRIS, then has he a rival in the field, and it behooves him to look to his laurels:

#### THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

THE old farm-house where I was born,  
Just underneath the hill,  
A quaint, time-honored edifice —  
Methinks I see it still.

Just as it stood when I was young,  
A happy country lad;  
Happy, though shoeless, and although  
My hat was 'shocking bad.'

Though now I am a wealthy man,  
I'd give my wealth to be  
A happy country lad once more,  
Beneath that old roof-tree.

They 've torn the old house down, and built  
An ugly, staring thing,  
With bright green windows in the front,  
And at one end a wing.

The little streamlet in the rear,  
A bright and sparkling rill,  
They dammed it up a while ago,  
And now it turns a mill.

The noble chestnut-tree, that grew  
Just on the mossy bank,  
They chopped it down a twelvemonth since,  
And sawed it into plank.

The garden and the barn-yard, all  
Those dear remembered spots,  
Are now 'improved,' and levelled, and  
Cut into building-lots.

Ah! would some fairy, as of yore,  
But grant a wish to me,  
I'd wish myself a country lad,  
Beneath the old oak tree.

HORACE.

HAPPENING in at a court of justice the other day, we heard a legal friend, engaged in an important criminal trial, cite with evident and just effect, a passage from an opinion delivered by Senator VERPLANK in the Court of Errors, in relation to the flaws which are so industriously sought to be found in a criminal's character, previous to the commission of the specific crime with which he may stand charged. The case to which Mr. VERPLANK alluded was that of EZRA WHITE: 'Take the case of the unfortunate young man before us. Suppose the public prosecutor had been permitted to show, as possibly he might have been able to do, that the prisoner had led a careless and dissolute life, even beyond the ordinary license which might be pardoned to the levity of youth, the fault of defective education, and the absence of parental restraint? What would be the effect of such evidence? Probably to excite in the mind of some judge or juror prepossessions against the prisoner, and to induce them to give the greatest weight to all the testimony adverse to him. Yet to those who know or who feel how mysteriously virtue is mixed with vice, in human nature; how much of evil there is in the good, and how much of better feeling is often left in the profligate; what does calm and sound reason infer from such testimony, as to any malignity of heart capable of deliberate, premeditated murder, on slight provocation?' This strikes us as the wise promptings of a humane and benevolent heart. The prisoner, it will be remembered, although sentenced to be hung, was twice respited; and through the untiring exertions of his counsel, DAVID GRAHAM, Esq., his punishment was commuted to a brief term of imprisonment at Sing-Sing. . . . We have been favored by a metropolitan friend with an extract of a letter from Professor WILSON, of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, which speaks of Mr. COLTON'S poem, 'TUCUMSEH,' as an 'animated and eloquent poem,' which 'no one could read without a high opinion of the author's genius.'

'Praise from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed.' . . . 'This distance lends enchantment to the view,' is a quotation from the poet CAMPBELL, (a clever Scotchman, who has written several 'very good things,' as we have been credibly informed,) which has never to our knowledge been cited in this country before! And it is because 'no other Magazine has the news' that we adopt the line, for the purpose of clipping the wings of those imaginative persons, who have heretofore fancied that the far-famed 'ALMACKS' in London was quite an inaccessible Eden to the aspiring and the *con-spiring*. Pray hear one who is entitled to belief, both from station and experience: 'ALMACKS, as every body knows who has been there, or who has talked with any observing *habitué* of the place, contains a great many queer, spurious people, smuggled in somehow by indirect influence; a surprising number of seedy, poverty-stricken young men, and in an inverse ratio, women who have any thing more than the clothes they wear. 'Sum'at select,' as Mr. WELLES Junior would most likely 'observe.' . . . The friend who writes us so touchingly from the country concerning the emotions with which he read '*The Irish Emigrant's Lament*' for the first time in our pages, should hear that most affecting song sung by Miss MARY TAYLOR, the fair and popular *cantatrice* of the Olympic Theatre. Verily, the melting words with the melting music of her execution *would* 'create a soul under the ribs of death,' though generally considered a difficult feat. . . . As the brain is conceded to be the seat of mind as of instinct, and the organ conveying volition to the limbs, a curious psychological question has lately arisen, touching the three-headed dog Cerberus; whether he ever found himself undecided, when he wanted to wag his tail! 'A solution is solicited;' as also of this mathematical problem: 'Given C. A. B. to find E. S. X.' . . . The following beautiful and spirited passage we have reason to believe is from the pen of our favorite correspondent at Idleberg:

'The clock is striking twelve. How finely the full tones sweep past through the air, as if they would take up our thought and carry it miles away to the very friend you are thinking of at the moment! How many haunts of wretchedness hidden from human eye in the depths of human hears, have these cold vibrations reached while they are dying so carelessly upon our ears! What tales might they tell of secret misery, sickness unwatched, and preying sorrow, and fear, and care, and the thousand bitter cankers that lie and feed at the very heart-strings, beyond all reach of medicine, perhaps of sympathy! Many a wife sits watching with a broken heart for her husband's step; many a mother for her child's; and many a venturesome merchant lies haunted by fears of shipwreck and fire; many an undetected defaulter fancies voices at the door; many a young girl, just finding out that love is only a heaviness and a tear, muses bitterly over the caprices of a moment or an unimportant trifle. And these are the only watchers—for the happy are asleep; save the bride on her daintily-wrought pillow, murmuring in a low tone to the ear that will soon tire of its monotony; or the fervent poet building up his dream into the sky, with his eyes straining into the darkness, and his pulse mounting with the leaping freedom of an angel's, forgetting that the world will soon trample out his fiery spirit.'

We have somewhere seen an anecdote of an Irish sailor, employed at the pump of a leaking vessel at sea, who first looked over the rail to see how high the water was at the side; and after pumping an hour or so, he *again* looked over, and finding the vessel four inches deeper, he exclaimed: 'Captain, dear! I'll pump the sea full at this rate; I've raised it four inches already!' There is a pleasant application of this trifle, friend 'FRANCO.' The 'game' at which you point is 'not worth the candle.' It finds it a scarcely less difficult thing to 'move the waters' than to 'raise the wind;' and had it ever floated, could be said to be sinking. . . . '*House-Hunting and Board-Seeking*' will be more acceptable for our May number, if deemed presentable on parusal. There is so much *reality* about the theme, however, that it can scarcely fail to be distasteful to our metropolitan readers. A lady who has 'no children of her own, but five of her daughter's, two with the whooping-cough and one with a piano,' is not so rare a passport to 'quiet apartments' as to be even distinctive. . . . The following, among articles heretofore named, or awaiting examination, are 'hereby announced' as filed for insertion, or awaiting early consideration: 'Standards,' by the author of 'A New Home,' etc.; 'The Devil-Tavern, a Tale of Tinnecum;' 'The Young Englishman,' Number Five; 'Mens Conscia Reeti, a Chronicle of Idleberg;' 'Europe in 1842;' 'Sketches of South Carolina,' Number Four; 'Forensic Eloquence;' 'Some Chapters in the Life of a Monkey-Showman;' 'Travels in the Town of Heidelberg;' 'The Doomed Ship;' 'Toleration;' 'Meadow-Farm,' Number Two; Numbers Eight and Nine of the 'Polygon Papers;' 'A Comparison, or Infidelity and Christianity;' 'Woman;' 'Pleasures of Dreaming;' 'Contentment;' 'Camperdown, a Ballad;' 'Stanzas,' by 'R. S. C.,' etc.; 'The Golden Words of Pythagoras;' 'My Early Days;' 'Sea-Side Night Thoughts;' 'A Reminiscence of Life in the West;' 'The Son of Napoleon;' 'Dies Irae;' 'Fancy's Vision;' 'Night Musings,' etc., etc. . . . Several books, pamphlets, etc., among them 'ANGELA, or Love and Guilt,' by F. A. DUNIVAR, and 'Temptations Unveiled,' by WILLIAM B. ENGLISH, were received at too late an hour for notice in the present number.

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

**DR. HAMILTON'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.**—The valedictory to the graduates of the Geneva Medical College, delivered in January last, by FRANK H. HAMILTON, M. D., Professor of Surgery in that institution, is a very clever performance. It sets forth, in a style not less forcible and effective for being lively and various, what is the true character of a good physician, and wherein he is distinguished from the quack and the charlatan. Here is a rap at a species of persons 'licensed to kill,' which will by many readers be deemed justly deserved:

'Some men, yclept doctors, have a remarkable intuitive perception of all things; and know at first sight, by certain mysterious signs, the character, progress, extent, and certain termination of every malady; and with a wise shake of the head, and solemn look of inward boding, announce at once to all who can read, a volume of fearful truths: 'Terrible disease!' 'useless treatment!' 'called too late!' 'hopeless case!' And not the least of all, their conduct is designed to carry deep conviction of their own remarkable quickness and accuracy of apprehension, to whom the whole was instantaneously revealed, in all its length and breadth. Others entertain their patients, on every occasion, with curious cases, and remarkable cures, in their practice, among which, fortunately, are not a few bearing an exact resemblance to the features of the case in hand. Others, again, are for ever yawning, and complaining of loss of sleep, and fatigue; an ill-conceived plan of boasting of their practice, without seeming to have designed it. And yet others, less wary, never hesitate openly and publicly to proclaim, to whomsoever they meet, the incredible extent of their business. Wherever they move they seem enveloped in a cloud of pestilence, and their approach is heralded by the most fearful accidents and calamities. These are all 'tricks of the trade,' which you will hold in just contempt.'

We are disposed to quarrel with certain terms employed by Dr. HAMILTON, including that vile phrase '*to locate*;' but we must yield to our lack of space, and pass them by. We thought to have indicated also the defects of over-comparison, which attest the undue protuberance of that phrenological bump on the head of the writer. 'On his head,' therefore, rest the consequences! The following example of this tendency is by far the most felicitous. The speaker, it should be noted, is addressing a graduating class:

'Having given you, since you have been at this anchorage, a thorough overhauling and inspection, we are satisfied that your rigging is complete; your decks fully furnished, manned, and provisioned; and that your present armament is in full preparation for your intended service. With papers duly made out and sealed, we have given you sailing-orders, and your commission gives you no superior officer. Run up the colors and stand by; and when hailed or leaved by other vessels, your credentials from this port, known and recognized in all American seas, will be ample evidence that you are no piratical craft, sailing for plunder; but humanely sent as a 'wrecker,' to rescue those who have fallen upon rocky coasts, and are ready to perish.'

It would not be amiss if *all* who practice what is facetiously called 'the healing art' 'knew the ropes' as well as the graduates of the Geneva Medical College will be likely to do.

**MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.**—Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have sent us the two first of twenty-four 'Parts' of this eminent work; which when completed will contain nineteen hundred pages of matter, with eleven hundred engravings, and more than eighty maps. The publishers have already expended upon the work, for copy-right, stereotyping, and illustrations, not less than eleven thousand dollars! It will comprise a complete description of the earth, physical, statistical, civil, and political; exhibiting its relation to the heavenly bodies, its physical structure, the natural history of each country, and the industry, commerce, political institutions, and civil and social state of all nations. The author, HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. E., will be assisted in astronomy by Prof. WALLACE, in geology by Prof. JAMESON, in botany by Prof. HOOKER, and in zoology by Prof. SWAINSON. The whole is in this country revised, with additions, and brought down to the present time, by THOMAS G. BRADFORD, Esq. A 'part' is to be issued every two weeks at the astonishingly low price of twenty-five cents. A cheaper or a more valuable work has not been published for many years.

**MR. GALLATIN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.**—We shall take pleasure hereafter in referring occasionally to the 'movements and doings' of the '*New-York Historical Society*,' an institution which is gradually but surely extending its sphere of usefulness, under the supervision of faithful and capable officers, and the increased regard and patronage of the public. We have before us the Inaugural Address pronounced by Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, LL. D., on taking the chair as President of the Society, in February last. It is an excellent discourse, and characterized by that clearness of expression and sound deduction for which the writer is distinguished. It contains a brief but comprehensive sketch of the character of the two periods in our history, the one under the colonial government, and the other since we became an independent nation. We commend the Address to our readers, with the single remark, that it is eminently instructive, and written in a style of great purity. A synopsis of the origin and progress of the Historical Society closes a pamphlet which we hope to see widely disseminated.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—'Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!' So prayed the psalmist to be free; and such doubtless was *his* aspiration, whose triumphant death is thus recorded in a note from an esteemed friend and correspondent: 'In an upper room of an old-fashioned mansion, within a short day's ride of the city of New-York, in the summer of 1842, an old man and infirm, both from age and long illness, lay upon his bed. Every thing around indicated convenience, comfort, and extreme neatness, but there was no ostentation. The venerable patriarch was supported by pillows, and in this reclining position his eyes were turned toward the door, as if expecting some one to enter. It was a clear, bright summer morning. The windows were all open, and a few rays of the sun struggling through the thick foliage of the forest shade-trees which surrounded the dwelling played upon the wall, and the slight current of balmy air shook gently the long gray locks of the aged invalid. The door opens, and his bed is surrounded with familiar faces—all save one, the venerable bishop of the diocese, who stands a little in advance, and near him a priest, while around kneel or recline the relatives. The bishop breaks silence, by commencing to read, in a distinct, firm voice, the beautiful service of his church, preparatory to administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was the last office of religion to be performed for one whose days upon the earth were numbered. The sacred symbols were produced; and while in the midst of their administration, a wild turtle-dove flew into the room, and circling around, alighted upon the shoulder of the dying man. In an instant all was hushed in breathless silence. The sacred and chosen emblem of the Holy Spirit was present. The eyes of the old man turned upward, as he held in his attenuate hand the emblems of a Saviour's love. The venerable bishop, with uplifted arm, leaning partly over him; the family group—children and children's children—what a picture! After resting for a moment, the beautiful stranger rose upon its wings, and sailing gently round, glided out through the open window. The old man's hold upon life was almost gone. In a little while he turned his face to the wall; the tranquil spirit quietly took its flight; and the pilgrim of four-score years was gathered to his fathers in peace. His life had been long, useful, and honorable, and his death was peaceful and triumphant. May this authentic incident produce in the bosom of him who reads, as did its narration in that of him who writes, deep emotions of love, and devout thanks to Him who is the GOD and FATHER of us all!' . . . SANDERSON, the 'American in Paris,' a writer who has true humor enough in him to supply a dozen would-be wits of the modern school, somewhere tells us that he once called, while in Paris, to see a renowned tailor of that gay metropolis upon 'professional business.' He found several persons assembled for a similar purpose in an ante-room, expecting the return of a servant who had gone to acquaint his master that the gentlemen were awaiting an audience. The messenger soon came back with the intelligence that the artist 'could not that morning be interrupted, as he was *composing*.' The time for 'fashion's changes' had nearly arrived, and he was pacing his room, lost in the 'ardor of composition' of a coat and waist-coat! It was this very sketch of SANDERSON, we have no doubt, that suggested to a late London essayist the tone of the following rhapsody upon the *character* of a fashionable coat. He could scarcely have hit the thing more felicitously had JOYCE himself been his artist-sitter: 'There is a harmony, a propriety in the coat of a man of fashion, an unstudied ease, a graceful symmetry, a delicacy of expression, that has always filled us with the profoundest admiration of the genius of the artist: indeed, no ready money could purchase coats that we have seen; coats that a real love of the subject, and working upon long credit, for a high connection, could alone have given to the world; coats, not the dull conceptions of a geometric cutter, spiritlessly outlined upon the shop-board by the crayon of a mercenary foreman, but the fortunate creation of superior intelligence, boldly executed in the happy moments of a generous enthusiasm! Vain, very vain is it for the pretender to fashion to go swelling into the *atelier* of a first-rate coat-architect, with his ready money in his hand, to order such a coat! Order such a coat, forsooth! order a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, an epic poem!' . . . A feeling, common we believe to most thoughtful minds, is thus described by the 'Eutrick Shepherd,' in a colloquy with CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' soon after the death of BYRON. 'I canna bide,' he says, 'to think that BYRON'S dead. There's a wonderful mind swallowed up somewhere. Gone! and gone so young! and maybe on the threshold of his truest glory, baith as a man and a poet! It makes me sad to think o't. I shall never see a grand blue sky fu' of stars, nor look out upon the forest, when all the winds of winter are howling over the wilderness of dry, crashing branches, nor stand beside the sea to hear the waves roaring upon the rocks, without thinking that the spirit of BYRON is near me. In the hour of awe, in the hour of sorrow, and in the hour of death, I shall remember BYRON.'

'Are ye not a part of me, and of my soul,  
As I of you?'

asks CHILDE HAROLD of these elements, in 'whose ennobling stir he felt himself exalted;' and beautifully has the Shepherd illustrated the force and truth of the sublime apostrophe. . . . In the KNICKERBOCKER for May, 1836, 'L.' of Newburgh will find the same theme he has chosen for an essay, elaborately and admirably treated. The impressions which a vast metropolis like the 'Empire City' is calculated to awaken in the mind of a stranger, are well presented by our correspondent; but his reflections in the crowded thoroughfares are far, *far* better expressed in a recent poem of BRYANT:

'How fast the fleeting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

'They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;  
To halls in which the feast is spread;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

'And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
Where mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

'And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

'Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not;  
There is who heeds, who holds them all,  
In his large love and boundless thought.

'These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its predestined end.'

Such, friend 'L.,' were *your* sensations, as you traversed for the first time Broadway,

'Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.'

It is the test of *true* poetry, that it gives to one's own thoughts 'the best of words,' and to emotions which one cannot express, an audible utterance. It is, in other words, thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought. . . . We are indebted to an obliging friend for a copy of 'Notes of a speech *intended* to have been made by a distinguished delegate to the Universal Suffrage Convention at Albany,' some twenty-five years ago. The 'Notes' are from the pen of the gifted and lamented SANDS; and although in the richest vein of burlesque, they form the staple of Mr. JOHN NEAL's farcical yet serious 'lectures' on the 'rights of women,' lately hissed down at the Tabernacle in Broadway. 'Why *shouldn't* women vote?' asks the imaginary speaker. 'If single, they are as much entitled to the privilege as bachelors are; for if they own property, they are taxed for it; if they do not, they work for a living, and contribute to the aggregate of public wealth. If married, they bear, nurse, and educate citizens. As to children, no good reason can be assigned for fixing twenty-one years as the period of their political enfranchisement. A boy at fourteen and a girl at twelve can lawfully contract marriage; and why should they not be represented? As to children still younger, I would, to encourage population, give the father as many votes as he had babies. Methinks I now see the glorious time, when a worthy pair shall come in a wagon to the polls, with all their amiable issue, to nominate members for the great council of their country; when the respectable matron, beside her husband's numerous votes, shall give two, one for herself, and one for the young citizen unborn!' But jesting aside; how ridiculously absurd is the jargon of insane, itinerant lecturers upon the 'political rights of woman!' Nature has given to the male sex the exclusive powers of government, by giving to that sex the physical strength and energy which the exercise of those powers calls into constant and active exertion. To the female a more delicate organization is given; and little need is there to repine, that her lot is different from that of her protector, man. He has the storms of life to encounter. She has the duties of domestic life to sustain, and the calm and sunshine of domestic peace to enjoy. Hers is the domestic altar; there she ministers and commands, in all the plenitude of undisputed sway; the fountain of love and blessedness to all around her. 'There are women,' says an eloquent writer, 'whose happiness consists in ignorance of what the world calls pleasures; whose glory consists in retirement. Wholly devoted to the duties of wife and mother, they consecrate their days to the practice of the unobtrusive virtues. Absorbed in the management of their families, they govern their husbands by acquiescence, their children by mildness, their servants by goodness. Their houses are the abode of religious sentiment, filial piety, conjugal love, maternal tenderness, order, internal peace, undisturbed slumbers, and health. Domestic and economical, they set at defiance



the revolutions of the weeks. I followed the guidance of no particular star; and roads, in those days, twisted round hills and turned out for trees, and in various ways deviated from a strait line. Hence I was sometime on the road; I do n't remember exactly how long, but it was June when I found myself standing on the site of old Fort Pitt.

Here the Ohio commences—a monster at its birth. The Alleghany and Monongahela dash their limpid and muddy currents together, as though glad to meet; and they bound forward, like strong runners, side by side, on their long race. I will not deny, little given as I am to poetizing, that there was something grand in sitting down on the brink and looking far down the heaving, rushing surface of the river, and thinking of the unmeasured wilderness that it would traverse, in what solitudes the waters would lift up their voices, and how many weeks and months the mingled stream would dash, and vex itself, and waste and foam and roll, till it hurled itself into the bosom of the Father of Waters. And then, to think of what unnumbered ages it had been lifting up this heavy, unvarying monotony to the forest and the stars! I shall not say how long I sat there, lost in such meditations; long enough, at any rate, to feel what a weak and unimportant being I was. It is a good thing, Mein Herr, for one to be made to feel his own littleness once in a while. It was a good thing for me then; and since, whenever I feel myself puffed up with pride, from holding converse with men who are no larger than I am, I go out and look awhile at the river or the prairie, and the comparison seldom fails to give me juster notions of my own relative magnitude.

Pittsburg, even at the time of which I speak, was the commercial dépôt of a large tract of country. Trade was carried on by means of keel-boats, about the size and shape of your common canal-boats, which were floated down the stream laden with notions and East India goods, for the use of the sparse population of the Valley, and were then forced back against the current by poles or towing-ropes, freighted with whatever the pioneer and hunter could spare in exchange. There were fifteen or twenty of these craft lying along the shore when I arrived; and the next morning, as I was wandering round over them, looking, I suppose, very much like what you would call a vagabond, a man, whose appearance at once announced him as the captain of a keel, accosted me in tones not the most dulcet, and desired to know if I wanted to work my passage down the river. The idea was new to me; but inasmuch as I had formed no definite plans for the future; that is to say, did n't care the value of my old hat, and a 'shocking bad hat' it was, to be sure; what the morrow might bring forth, I closed with his offer; and it was not long before we were on our winding way.

Doubtless, Mein Herr DIEDRICH, you have seen strange men in your day; but I question whether you ever saw such as those with whom I was brought in familiar contact on this voyage. 'Myself am something rough of mood,' as probably you have found out ere this, from my style of speaking and thinking, but I am no more to be

compared with them than a sucking dove would to a lion. There were seven of the crew, beside the captain, and they were indeed *sui generis*. I tried at the time, with laudable zeal, to make myself like them; but I never could catch their spirit of noble disregard for all the established modes of speech and demeanor, and their air of aristocratic lawlessness. There was about them an utter contempt of what the rest of the world might do or say, and an unlimited confidence in themselves, which was beautiful to behold. Alas! their race has passed away, and their like will no more be seen upon the earth; steam-boats have run keels aground, high and dry.

There was one of the hands in whom I became particularly interested on very short acquaintance. He was a young man, perhaps a year or two older than I was. In person, a combination of the *fortiter* and *suaviter*; on the whole, a figure such as we may suppose an Amazon would fall in love with at first sight. An open, frank countenance, a large head, covered with black curling hair, a neck, which, being seldom covered, was not *too* delicate, and rather more of the reckless devil in his eye than most civilized people admire. There was a majestic carelessness about his gestures and bearing, which imparted to him a dignity and grace, of which he was but little aware. His glory was in feats of strength, and skill in sharp-shooting performed in days gone by, and the ability which he held himself to possess of performing them again on demand. His name was 'Tom' — Baldwin, I afterward learned, should of right be appended thereto; but *two* names or two syllables were a useless circumlocution. 'Tom' was *the* name. Being a novice myself, and apt to open my eyes wide and stare at his marvellous stories, he was accustomed to beguile our long night-watches by tales of incredible deeds of valor, in his own person seen or done. 'I loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved me that I did pity them.'

We had floated along three weeks or more, through a perfect solitude; although occasionally a break might be seen in the dense forests that covered the hills on either side of the river; and there the smoke would curl up from the cabin of some adventurous pioneer. Once in a great while we would meet a craft similar to our own, toiling its slow way against the current; and then a week might elapse before we again saw a token of human existence.

A little below where Marietta now stands, stood, and perhaps stands there yet, a house, giving evidence, by the quantity of cleared land about it, and some attempts at decoration, of an unusual degree of wealth and comfort. Our wood and water and stock of provisions being rather low, as we neared this point on the river, it was decided by the captain, assisted by the counsel of the whole crew, that we should stop and replenish. Accordingly we swung the boat up to the shore, made her fast to a tree, and sent one ambassador, namely, myself, up to the house to reconnoitre.

I found that it was quite a settlement; several houses standing along the banks, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile apart.

The nearest one, which we had seen from the middle of the river, and to which I directed my steps, was built of the common and only materials which could then be procured; but the logs were carefully hewn, and there was a grass plat, smooth and green, in front; little flowers lifted up their heads by the side of the rude gate; honey-suckles twined round and clambered over the windows; and I am not ashamed to confess, that when I saw these traces of female taste, I forgot, for the moment, that I was in appearance if not in reality a half-grown pirate; and that with a light step and a glad heart I hastened to the door, and omitting to knock, ushered myself, unannounced, into the presence of the family.

It appeared that they were assembled for dinner; as six or seven were on the point of setting down to a well-covered table, in the centre of the room. They were a good deal surprised, as well they might have been, at my abrupt entrance; and while surprise held them mute, I had time to catch a glance of each one. There were the father of the family and his wife, a hale hearty couple, of fifty, or thereabout; two young men, whom I took to be their sons, with stalwart frames and browned faces, and apparently well fitted to wage war with the mighty trees of the forest; one daughter, a regular rustic beauty, with red cheeks, blue eyes, and brown hair; and two or three tall men, whom, not knowing how else to dispose of them, I set down as hired help.

Feeling it incumbent on me to break the awkward silence, I set forth, in a few words, the state and condition of the body which I represented; and concluded by asking if we could procure a few necessaries. The good man was disposed to be churlish; for boatmen were not always the most civil in their behavior to the settlers, and consequently were regarded by them with mortal abhorrence. But the dame was kinder, and our negotiations resulted in sending a general invitation to the crew to come up and dine with the family. The invitation was accepted, and up they came; and after a little preparatory running to and fro, of the cooking part of the household, we all commenced making a very hearty dinner together.

Now Fate, which always brings about remarkable circumstances, and no others, had so arranged matters that the rosy-cheeked damsel and my friend Tom were placed side by side at the table. It was a delightful situation for Tom, as he afterward declared; and I don't wonder that he felt 'queerish.' At first, his tongue rather hung fire; but the few remarks which he made were attentively heard and sweetly responded to. This gave him courage, and he talked faster and in a lower tone of voice. The rosy cheeks of the maiden became rosier; she looked up to blush and she looked down to sigh; so I knew that his fervent discourse was not utterly unpleasant to his listener.

This, one of her brothers, who sat nearly opposite, and was the only one of the company, except myself, sufficiently unoccupied to note what the two were about, also observed. He looked at his

sister as though he would have taken delight in beheading her with his thumb and finger; and at Tom, as if it would have been his highest earthly happiness to have an immediate opportunity of 'knocking on his head with a sledge-hammer.' These tacit demonstrations of good-will, however, were lost on those for whom they were intended; the blue eyes being intensely engaged in examining the stitches of the table-cloth, and Tom being unable at that time, if he had wished, to think of any thing else in the whole world, but the fair being by his side.

At last the dinner was over; and then ensued the trafficking for whisky, gunpowder, bread, and the heterogeneous *et ceteras* which, according to the peculiar tastes of the family or my companions, were the luxuries of life. While the bartering was going on, I had observed more than one whispered word and stolen glance pass between Tom and his mistress; for such he already regarded her; and when, two hours afterward, we were on the point of leaving, I watched, with some interest and more admiration, the various methods which he used to procure a moment's private interview with her. But the aforesaid brother stalked about after Tom like an evil genius; and the promise to remember, and the farewell, and the kiss, all had to be foregone. Tom understood the brother's intentions, and his anger began to kindle. As we left the door, and shouldered each one his little portion of the goods which were to go back on board the boat, Tom turned on his tormentor with a look of bitter vexation and revenge; his nostrils dilated like those of a wild bull, and he appeared ready and willing to settle the matter on the spot. The brother was in nowise more dove-like, and I thought he would give instant battle; but he only whispered a few words in Tom's ear, which the maiden overheard; for she turned pale, and sank down upon the rude settle at the door-way. The new-made lover turned away without saying a word, and walked in silence, with the rest of us, down to the boat. His countenance was darker than ever; his hands clenched convulsively, and I saw that there was an evil spirit aroused in his breast which would not easily be laid.

When we unmoored, Tom went below, and did not emerge again until we had descended about a mile. He came on deck in his shirt and duck trowsers, without any other attire, save a belt which he always wore, and in which appeared his never-absent hunting-knife. After looking round to the banks, to see where we were, he went up to the captain who stood at the helm, and, informing him that he had made an engagement to meet a person on the beach, nearly opposite, desired to be set ashore. The captain remonstrated, but he turned fiercely away with a muttered oath. Some of the crew, who suspected the object of his leaving the boat, urged the danger of foul play, and offered to accompany him. But he rejected their interference with harshness, and stepping over to the gunwale of the boat, stood there till the boat was near enough, when he sprang ashore, and, bidding us 'shove off,' walked quickly up the river in the direction of our last landing-place.

We kept him in sight for some time; and just as we were losing him by turning a sharp bend in the river, we saw a man leap down the almost perpendicular bank and advance to meet him on the narrow beach. Such scenes were apparently not unfrequent on the river; for the crew seemed to treat it as a matter of small moment; but, as I was but a neophyte, I felt a little fear lest Tom should come by his death in this combat with the brother of the blue-eyed damsel of the dinner-table. Even at this late day, I feel rather qualmish whenever a friend of mine is 'called out;' although, to be sure, it does not say much for the strength of my nerves or the philosophic calmness of my mind.

We floated calmly down with the current, and not until some half an hour had elapsed did the crew become alarmed for the safety of our messmate. At the expiration of that time, however, his delay began to alarm us all. We were acquainted with the ruthless character of border manners, and thought it not improbable that if the furious woodman had gained any advantage over poor Tom, he would not hesitate to complete his work with the knife, and turn over his body, as a propitiatory sacrifice, to the fishes. This apprehension grew so strong, when another half hour had gone by, that the captain determined to send back the small-boat in search of the delaying Tom. Accordingly four of us descended into the skiff, having first deposited therein four rifles, trusty and sure. The line was cast off; and I, as the least useful of the party in case of emergency, placed in the stern as coxswain; another sat in the bow as a look-out; and the two others took the oars. With a vigorous push we shot out from the 'keel,' and pulled steadily up the river.

As we rounded the bend of which I have spoken, we saw, about half a mile up the river, a man suddenly leap down the bank and dash into the stream; and at the same moment five or six others, with rifles in their hands, hurrying down the bank, as if in pursuit. A dozen times were their guns pointed at the swimmer, who was now some twenty rods from the shore, and as often withdrawn; why, we could not determine. That the swimmer was Tom we were almost certain, and we wondered that they did not fire. Before we had time, however, to express our wonder, one of those on shore, throwing aside his gun, leaped into the river, while a hoarse halloo from his companions echoed along the banks and faintly reached our ears. We strained the oars and pulled against the rapid current with all our might, for we perceived already that the pursuer was gaining on the pursued, who was burdened, as we now were near enough to see, with a female, whose long hair streamed upon the waters. The forbearance of those on shore we now understood; but how Tom had gained possession of the blue-eyed girl of the dinner-table, for we knew that it must be she, we could not so much as guess, even if we had had time to think.

We were within about a quarter of a mile of the first swimmer when those on the bank first perceived us; for, although we had been in sight, around the point, at least five minutes, they had been so intent upon the chase that they had attended to nothing else.

Cheering on the pursuer, who, as well as Tom, now saw our boat, they occasionally fired a ball to intimidate him, which skipped along over the surface, and then, with a little splash, sank down in the midst of the circle of ripples which itself had made. Tom did not seem to fear their rifles, although there was apparently little chance, fettered and incumbered as he was, of escaping his pursuer; yet bravely did he strive to maintain his distance, for he was a strong swimmer, and his friends were in sight. Turning his eye, occasionally, to see that his follower was not approaching too closely, he exerted himself just enough to preserve the distance between them; at the same time shaping his course in a slanting direction toward our boat, which we were obliged to keep well in to the opposite shore, toward the main current.

Whether Tom's pursuer saw us or not, we could not tell; at any rate he kept on with the same velocity, and the distance between them was now evidently lessening. Of this Tom was aware; and being nearer the shore than he was to us, he turned his face more nearly in that direction, and raising for a moment his arm out of the water, to bid us row faster, he struck in toward the southern bank. We answered his signal with a loud hurrah, which was answered in defiance by those upon the opposite shore. The swimmers were now not more than half a dozen rods apart. The hindermost forced himself through the yielding element with the stroke and power of a giant. He had a knife between his teeth, we could now discover, and appeared determined on having Tom's life, though he should die for it the next minute. The man at the bow now cocked his rifle and shouted to him to stop, but the infuriate swimmer kept on with the same energy. Our little boat glided over the water like a bubble on the rapids. Suddenly Tom relaxed his exertions, and I thought he was sinking. The man at the bow kept his aim steady, ready, at a second's warning, if Tom could not be saved by other means, to send a bullet through the head of his pursuer. Tom, however, only paused to press his hand upon the brow of the maiden, apparently to see if there was yet warmth, and then drawing her tightly to him, he struck out once more, like a brave heart as he was, for life, honor, and love.

We were fast nearing them and they each other. When we were ten yards from them they might have been ten feet apart. The water was driven before the breast of either swimmer in mimic waves; every muscle was strained; and when the hand of the one and the heel of the other were almost in contact, by a skilful pull of the larboard oar, the skiff spun round and darted in between them.

The brother, for it was he, as we drew in the almost exhausted Tom, with his lifeless burden, muttered a curse through his clenched teeth, and went down. A few bubbles indicated his position, and while we were watching them he rose again to the surface, and we succeeded in hauling him in also.

High and fierce were the curses and threats of those on the shore, who had been eager spectators of the scene; and we

expected instantly to receive a shower of bullets. But apparently more pacific councils prevailed, and we were allowed to row down the stream unmolested. In a short time we reached the 'keel,' which had laid by to await our return. Pulling alongside, we put our half-dead passengers aboard, and conveyed them into the cabin; leaving them to take care of themselves, after tying the arms of the brother behind him, for pressing duties now demanded the presence on deck of every man who could handle a rifle. Once, however, going below for a flask of powder, I saw Tom trying to soothe the tears of the recovered maiden, while the eyes of her brother, as he lay bound in one corner, glared fury and revenge.

Appearances had become rather alarming. The company which first set out in chase had augmented to the number of twenty or twenty-five; every one armed and shouting vengeance upon us. The distance rendered it impossible to distinguish words; but the captain gave orders to shove out into the stream; at the same time elevating on a pole a fragment of cotton cloth, which, notwithstanding its dingy appearance, as the evening was advancing, might represent a white flag. A few barrels and boxes were rolled over to the side next the enemy, to form a sort of breast-work in the event of an attack; and, lying on our rifles, we drifted out into the river.

When we were about half way across, we were hailed in a stentorian voice, which commanded us to release our captives on pain of instant death. The captain stepped upon a box, and assuming a valiant air and tone, demanded a cessation of hostilities until they could agree on terms. The first speaker seemed to prefer proceeding to immediate slaughter, without any terms at all; though his answer was interrupted by the simultaneous crack of a couple of rifles at his side. We looked up, expecting to see our captain fall, but he remained firm; and turning, we beheld Tom standing on the fore-deck. He had recovered from his late exhaustion, and could not resist the desire to come up and take part in the expected fray; and it was his appearance which had drawn the fire. He was slightly wounded, a ball having grazed his naked shoulder. Quick as thought he snatched a gun, pointed it at the little crowd, and fired. We could not see whether any body fell; but we expected, as a matter of course, a return volley, and cocked our pieces to send back an answer in kind. They, however, did not fire, and our attention was drawn to a plunge near the bow of the boat. A few seconds revealed, as they came up astern, the brother, with his sister on his left arm, beating the waves vigorously with his right, and rapidly making for shore.

Tom saw them; and, grinding an imprecation between his teeth, flung down his discharged rifle, and prepared to throw himself into the river. But he was prevented by the captain, who caught hold of him, and with the assistance of some of the crew, forced him down into the cabin. Tom struggled and stormed, but it was of no avail; the cabin-door was fastened with its wooden bar, and Tom was informed that he would be kept there until he came to himself.

The fugitives got safely ashore, and the company of their friends, after raising a shout that echoed from bank to bank, and among the tall woods above, were soon out of our sight.

We were afterward informed, by Tom, that he had hardly reached the rendezvous, where the brother was already awaiting him, when the sister appeared, and with entreaties and tears begged of them to forego their intended duel, which was to have been fought with their sheath-knives. How he got down to the water with the girl, or whether she was willing or not, he could not remember; and all that he could recollect, prior to his plunge into the water, was the tramping of feet and the fear of treachery, and a strong blow from his muscular hand, that felled the brother, and a subsequent flight along the edge of the river. It was not long before Tom begged to come once more on deck, and promised to forget his sweetheart as speedily as possible.

Mean time we floated along on our noiseless way; and when we had left the place where the two went ashore behind us in the darkness, and I laid my weary limbs at length on the rough plank of the deck, the last streak of western light had faded from the sky, and there was nothing to be heard but the gentle rippling of the waters, and nothing to be seen but the quiet bosom of the river, its frowning banks, and the unsleeping stars above.

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F A N C Y ' S   V I S I O N .

I.

Oh! were I again in yon bonnie, bonnie glen,  
Where the burnie rins wimplin' sae clear,  
And the speckled-breasted thrush,  
Frae the auld hawthorn bush,  
Sings its sweet mellow notes to my ear.

II.

The sang o' that bird on my dreamin' ear fa's,  
And in visions that burnie I see;  
The ane I lo'e best  
On my bosom 's at rest,  
And the tear-drap o' joy 's in my e'e.

III.

But the bright vision flies wi' the dawn o' the morn,  
And leaves me a' waefu' an' lane;  
I wake in despair;  
Nae dear ane is there,  
And the bird and the burnie are gane!

IV.

Then Hope wi' a smile comes the exile to cheer,  
And whispers, ' Though distant they be,  
The bird's sang sae clear  
May yet fa' on my ear,  
And my hame and that glen I may see.'



## SONNET: TO ALFRED B. STREET.

BY MARY E. NEWITT.

THY mind a goodly landscape is, and rare,  
 As ever Nature gave, in lavish mood,  
 To dower her gentle handmaid Solitude:  
 Filled with all glorious images, and fair;  
 Heights whose bold brows to heaven the clouds upbear,  
 The torrent thundering on through unsummed hours,  
 The brooklet singing to its margin flowers,  
 The verdure fresh that field and forest wear:  
 And thou, the painter true, by Genius taught,  
 With pencil dipped in gorgeous-tinted dyes,  
 Where each with each in faithful color vies,  
 Hast from thy mind's rich store true linning wrought.  
 Hail! thou, whose wand with spark Promethean rife,  
 Points still to touch the beautiful with life!

Another '*Lay of Ancient Rome.*'

NOT BY MACAULEY.

## INTRODUCTION.

SCENE: *The Baths of Agrippa at Rome, of a summer's afternoon. HORACE is walking naked in the Portico. PUBLICUS enters.*

PUBLICUS.

BLESS me! there's a terrible crowd yonder!—all the literati, I declare! What a devil of a noise they are making! Methinks I know that tawny little gentleman, walking to and fro, with a bald head and a pot-belly: surely that is my friend Flaccus. Boy!

Boy.

Cold or warm, Sir?

PUBLICUS.

Stay a moment; what is the name of the person who is walking back and forth there, with his eyes on the ground?

Boy.

I can't tell you, Sir; I think he's a country lawyer. I see him with Mæcenas, at times.

PUBLICUS.

'Tis Horace, i' faith! I should recognize him by that trick of biting his nails. You don't know him then, boy?

Boy.

Not by name, Sir.

PUBLICUS.

Humph! Look here, my lad; do you see yonder tall man by the plane-tree? him with the nose of Tyrian dye? Who is he?

Boy.

Oh, don't you know him? That's Velocius Rota, the great chariot-driver. He's a famous man, and the best jumper in Italy.

PUBLICUS.

Well, go get my water ready; I'll take it with myrrh and ammonium, only slightly heated. There's fame, now! Horace, I'll be sworn, fancies every finger that is raised points only at him; yet it seems yon horse-jockey is more widely known. I'll accost him. Hallo! Horace! is that you? When did you return from Brundisium?

HORACE.

The dust of the journey is on me yet. How far'st thou? Am I not browner?

PUBLICUS.

Ay, and fatter too, methinks. Have you bathed yet?

HORACE.

Not I: yon disgusting swarm of silly authors have hindered me from a public plunge—pestilence take 'em! They would fain make an Academus of a wash-room; each rank-smelling varlet of 'em has an ode or an epic to spew at me: 'tis impossible to swim in the same water with such a dirty set, though truly I would rather do that than listen to their verses. So I have e'en ordered a private basin; and while the lad is perfuming my water, would fain bask a little in this quiet sunshine: 'tis delicious! 'tis a dry bath.

PUBLICUS.

Your back is blistered.

HORACE.

And flea-bitten also: that comes of country taverns and Terracina's beach. That were a glorious place to bathe, if Agrippa would only build a portico there: the glitter of noon-day needs ever to be sweetly alternated by the shade of marble columns, as it is here.

PUBLICUS.

Oh, thrice-refined Epicurean! you wouldn't be disturbed by authors there; they are all too poor to ride, and too lazy to walk so far. I agree with you with regard to them; 'tis become an intolerable annoyance, this custom of spouting poems in the public baths. I wish the Senate would look to it.

HORACE.

Nay, they know well enough what a capital vent poetry affords to ambition. They are very harmless as satirists who might be troublesome as politicians: men that spend their time in laying plots for tragedies, are not likely to plot treason. Had Brutus and Cassius been fonder of the Muses, some butts of blood might have been saved at Actium.

PUBLICUS, *to himself.*

Ay; and may be some reputations at Philippi.

HORACE.

But, by Hercules! is it not wondrous what stuff these fellows are pouring forth at each other? Bah! the effusions of barley-wine drunkards and eaters of beans! I'd rather wash in Tiber with the butcher-boys of the Boarium than encounter

these writers of elegies on the death of their patron's parrot, and meagre imitations of Tuscan ballads. How I hate imitators of every sort!

PUBLICUS.

Yet the Stagyrte says, doth he not? that all poetry is only the art of imitating?

HORACE.

Yes; but merely to imitate the imitation shows a marvellous lack of feeling for the reality. Did you never see those artists in the theatre who stand on a pedestal and counterfeit statuary, so that at a little distance they produce the effect of sculpture?

PUBLICUS.

And only need petrification to be as good as marble.

HORACE.

Very true: well now, in my mind, their merit is about equal to that of these same feeble mimics of what is itself copied from nature. They indeed bear some resemblance to art, but as you say, they lack petrification. If you consider it well, this will explain why *workmen* are so numerous now-a-days: 'tis easy to make according to a given pattern. There is some difference between a porphyry bust and a dozen leaden casts.

PUBLICUS.

As it is your own business, Horace, I dare say you have thought more deeply of the matter than I. However, I have often wondered why writers are always so abundant when geniuses are most rare.

HORACE.

I'll tell thee, man. When there is no moon, the milky swarm of little stars is past all counting; when she is in her full, they are seen no more. Have you not noticed how hushed all at once the amphitheatre grows when the lions begin to roar? Even the babies leave crying, and the ladies' lap-dogs are quiet, so soon as the dens are opened.

PUBLICUS.

But why do all small creatures take to letters for distinction?

HORACE.

Letters are the easiest means whereby a little man may resemble a great one. In all polished ages the highest minds have chosen this way to show their powers; a way which is open to all. For in military affairs, to attain ever so small a distinction requires labor, endurance, actual expenditure of strength and mettle. As an orator, a man shows *immediately* what he can do and what he cannot. His faculties are tested at once, and his value is duly rated. So in government, the first measures evince the man, and inferior talents have no chance to shelter themselves in any obscurity. But in letters there is at first a sort of likeness between the meanest and the greatest, and it requires ages to prove what is truly deserving. In this uncertainty the little mind is safe, for the game of glory has chance mixed up with it. The blind beggar has ere now turned out a god, and out of the possible whims of posterity the dullest fancy may spin himself a very pretty little fame.

PUBLICUS.

And I'll warrant you that among yonder clamorous herd of enthusiasts, not one would swap his likelihood of immortality for any thing less than Pindar's.

HORACE.

No, indeed! The dolts never consider how few men in a century can be allowed a place in the chronicles. I wonder they do n't sicken each other by their own

abundance. Two or three of our time must live. Maro's Georgicon and my odes will not easily perish; and two or three are quite enough for one era.

PUBLICUS.

How insufferably vain he is! (*aside.*) What think you of Cicero, and the men of that sort?

HORACE.

Oh! they have no chance, except Pollio, for any thing like a reputation. Lawyers never last, unless put into the pickle of Parnassus by a friendly hand. But pray can you tell me who is that solitary person sitting outside the colonnade, with a book in his hand?

PUBLICUS.

That? oh, that is Marcus Aulæus. You ought to know him.

HORACE.

Marcus Aulæus? What, he's a writer too, is he not?

PUBLICUS.

Yes, but not one of the petty kind. At times he is a thinker, and has moreover a pretty little vein of poesy, which he taps occasionally for his own pleasure. I'll make you acquainted with each other.

HORACE.

Stay; I am very shy of these penmen: one needs to know their humors, before accosting them. Beside, he is a critic, I believe.

PUBLICUS.

Nay, but he is sweet-tempered! I'm sure you'll like him. Come on; of all writers, you least have cause to shun the critics.

HORACE.

Oh, I do n't fear them, but their office is loathsome to me. I would avoid taking a hangman by the hand, although he might be a worthy man, and is surely a very useful one. But I am told your friend is very deep in history; they say he has picked up in Umbria and the hill country many of the old wives' ballads and bel-dames' ditties, to which Titus Livius is not a little indebted. I confess I would like to hear one of them. Do you think he would sing one for me?

PUBLICUS.

He *does* sing now and then, although he does not set up for an Orpheus. Let us try him. Hail to you, learned Marcus! What, ever at your books? I would fain have you know master Horatius Flaccus.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

I can scarce know him better, seeing I already have much of him by heart; but indeed I am very proud to touch the hand that has so ably snatched the laurels from Lucilius.

HORATIUS.

Consider, worthy Sir, I have no toga to hide my blushes. I wonder you can read in quiet here.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

'T is indeed a riotous place for a scholar; but I am accustomed to the wrangling of the courts.

HORACE.

My friend and I were speaking of your ballads. Is it true that you have been so successful in your hunt after antiques?

MARCUS AULÆUS.

I have collected a goodly number, I assure you. The country chronicles were formerly handed down in the form of ballads.

HORACE.

Then that is the reason why early historians are always the most picturesque: they drink their information fresh from the fount of popular tradition.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

I think so. Fabius Pictor is our earliest writer of histories, and his book only needs to be restored to the metrical form, to be a mere tissue of old rustic songs. The first authors are the rude poets who chant the exploits of their comrades; then come the credulous writers of narratives; then the judicious and elegant historians; and then again the finished artificers, like yourself and Virgil. You would find in some of my rough rhymes much better stuff than those boobies there varnish so highly, with such pains. They rub their wooden ware very bright and shiny, but it takes a Homer's hand to put the polish on a piece of granite.

HORACE.

Ah! you excellent critics are one main cause of so many poor songsters.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

How so?

HORACE.

The two arts cannot flourish together. Great artists arise before the rules are made. Then you great critics come and lay down the rules, but you cannot teach the trick of genius. You will find that in a high state of criticism the arts are in their wane.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

I do n't know; I suspect good writers and acute judges may exist together. In what age did Zoilus live?

HORACE.

In the time of Homer Junior. Aristarchus and Archimedes flourished together; mathematics and criticism may be cousins, but pöesy is of another kin. Hereafter perhaps it will be said, Marcus Aulæus and Horace were contemporaries.

PUBLICUS.

Which fact will wholly upset your theory.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

Not at all; for it may be that posterity will only know me as a poet; that is, if my ballads live.

HORACE.

I would gladly hear one of them. The vilest brass coin of Alexander's date has a value in our eyes which we cannot affix to an obolus of our own day. Beside, affectation is not the vice of a rude people; and their pöesy, however harsh, must be genuine. Would you favor me so far as to —

MARCUS AULÆUS.

To sing one? Not in the bath, my dear Sir; we should have a crowd about us

directly: however, I will repeat to you one which I have a little trimmed and altered from a rough-hewn original.

HORACE.

I will with pleasure let my water cool, for the sake of hearing you. Pray begin.

MARCUS AULÆUS.

'Tis a sort of mock-heroic: listen mercifully then to

'THE FEUD OF THE FLUTE-PLAYERS.'

—  
AN ANCIENT ROMAN BALLAD, RECENTLY DISCOVERED.  
—

ERE the war with old Tarentum, twenty years or thereabout,  
When the city dwelt serenely, wealth within and peace without;  
When the temple-doors of Janus seemed at last about to close,  
Suddenly among the people here in Rome a feud arose.  
Quintus Barbula was consul — how can Quintus be forgot?  
Under whom and Mars almighty raged a strife so fiercely hot.  
Brief although it was, and bloodless, yet tho cause the gods concerned,  
More than that for which, they tell us, Priam's palace once was burned.

Thus it was: the censor Appius passed a damnable decree,  
That the Flute-Players, an order slightly prized by such as he,  
When the sacrifice was ended, from the temple should retire,  
Nor upon the relics feasting, make a tavern of the choir.  
From the days of Numa downward, this their privilege had been;  
Never till the bigot Appius, was the custom deemed a sin.  
Frequent came the jovial suppers where the consecrated wine  
Served to wash down many a fragment, juicy, tender, and divine;  
Many a sweet-bread fat and holy, trembling unto the tongue;  
Shins that once beside Clitumnus roved the Tuscan fields among;  
Livers lifted from the altar, free from blemish, fair and sound,  
Tasting of the blessed omens which the sage Haruspex found.  
Soon as the majestic Flamen with his priests had left the fane,  
Such delicious tit-bits tempted the musicians to remain;  
Nay, by some 'tis even whispered, though perchance an impious jest,  
Well they knew where Jove's own butlers kept the nectar suits him best.

Now the Appian law is published, posted on the temple-gates,  
Sadly each musician spells it, sadly eyes his drooping mates;  
'No more feasting, no more drinking! what shall give us heart to play?'  
Mournfully to one another every visage seemed to say:  
'T was the perquisites that mainly paid the labor of our lungs,  
Steaming chimes and ribs delicious, roasted loins and luscious tongues.  
Taking these away is taking from the journeyman his hire,  
From the ox his wonted fodder, and the fuel from the fire.  
Could the flute so sweetly warble, save our breathing filled the holes?  
As to them our breath is needful, so the supper to our souls.'

Grumbling thus, they called a council o'er some Sabine dull and dead,  
In a tap-room by the Tiber, at the sign of 'Tarquin's Head.'  
There the veteran Pygmæon, stern as Agamemnon rose,  
Nestor-like, his plan unfolding, thus to remedy their woes:  
'Brothers! unto whom Apollo and the Muses gave the skill  
By a touch to call Elysium from your ebon tubes at will,  
Fill your beechen goblets brimming, vile although this liquor be,  
Drink 'Despair to censor Appius!' deeply drink, then list to me.  
August comes, the thirsty August, and the holydays are nigh,  
When to Jove, a guiltless off'ring, must the annual heifer die;  
When from every town in Latium all the pious rustics throng,  
Mingling with our lofty concert and the sacred smoke, their song;

How without our aid, I pray you, can the festival proceed?  
 Vainly must the wine be lavished, in vain the victim bleed;  
 Come, we'll teach these niggard Romans unto us how much they owe;  
 Never till we quit the city will the fools our value know.  
 Always have we done our duty, ever faithful to our vow,  
 Never faltered, never murmured — never had we cause till now.  
 But by Pan, the god of shepherds, and the father of the flute,  
 While among this thankless people, from this moment I am mute!  
 I for one, like Caius Marcius, here abjure my native land;  
 Follow me, ye gallant minstrels! me, the leader of your band!  
 Let us seek the town of Tibur; though our country shake us off,  
 Well I know the men of Tibur; Phœbus' children will not scoff!

All the Flute-Players assented; all, upon the following day,  
 Gathered in the busy Forum — talked, but forbore to play.  
 Boys and women muttered round them, 'Why are our musicians dumb?  
 Why, as though their lips were palsied, and their magic fingers numb?  
 Come, Sirs! play the march of Tullus; or Virginia's funeral dirge;  
 Give us now 'The Gauls are coming;' thus their various choice they urge;  
 Till unmoved by prayers or curses, from the tumult they retreat,  
 Hooted by their foes, and pelted from the forum through the street.  
 Silent walked the long procession, old Pygmæon went the first,  
 Doggedly and slowly marching, with their instruments reversed.  
 None could guess their secret counsel, though the reason well they knew  
 Why the discontented minstrels thus in dumb disdain withdrew.  
 Ev'n as at the games assembled, oft the young spectators grieve,  
 If the clouds in black battalions gliding onward they perceive,  
 Watch with timid eyes the welkin, fearing lest the tempest's wrath,  
 Deluging the wide arena, turn the circus to a bath;  
 Thus as from the city's portal toward the hills the players passed,  
 Every little child was mourning, every virgin's face o'ercast.

All the citizens with sorrow saw depart the sullen troop,  
 Knowing well, for want of music, how the festival would droop;  
 Shook his head the solemn augur; 'Evil auspices!' quoth he;  
 'Wanting music, what libation to the gods can grateful be?  
 Heaven is always hard of hearing, when the lips alone beseech:  
 Harps and lyres and flutes were given us, to exalt our earthly speech;  
 Speech we use among each other, to our horses and our hounds,  
 But the dwellers on Olympus only hear harmonious sounds.'

Therefore to the Sabine senate certain envoys promptly went,  
 Praying that the renegados duly homeward might be sent.  
 Thus the Tiburtines gave answer, (Rome and they were friendly then),  
 'Though of old ye stole our women, we'll not rob you of your men;  
 Tell the Fathers and the Flamen, ere the pyres begin to burn,  
 Ere the sacred rite commences, the deserters will return.'  
 Then the messengers departed; straight the performers all  
 By the herald's voice were summoned to the ancient council-hall,  
 Where the gravest and the gravest of the ruling elders prayed  
 Earnestly that Rome's petition by her sons might be obeyed;  
 Lest their festival should languish, and the gods with evil eye  
 Mark the joyless adoration and the tuneless pageantry.

But in vain the placid spokesman argued with the wilful crew,  
 'Never! never!' cried Pygmæon, 't is in vain the people sue;  
 Though the pontiff and the consuls, though the Capitolian rock,  
 Hither crawling, should implore us, their petition we would mock;  
 Starve us, would they? frugal Romans! let the thrifty censor then  
 Take from Jupiter his fatling — let him offer heaven a hen;  
 Haply to the son of Saturn, the supremely great and good,  
 Fish and eggs, and simple pot-herbs may not prove unwelcome food.'  
 Thus the embassy they flouted, while the senate smiling said,  
 'T were inhospitable surely to refuse our friends a bed;  
 Since persuasion cannot stir them, here with us they must remain;  
 Let them here assist our worship; Latium's loss is Tibur's gain.'

Now the holydays in Tibur on the morrow would begin  
 One day sooner than the custom with the Romans aye had been;  
 And the Flute-Players had promised in the public place to play  
 All their most melodious measures, am'rous, and sad, and gay;  
 Pyrrhic horn-pipes, Phrygian marches, all the new Athenian airs,  
 That the town should own there never was music like to theirs;  
 While the Tiburtines, in secret, laid among themselves a plan  
 To return the tuneful strangers ere the Roman rites began.  
 So upon the joyous morrow, when the sacrifice was o'er,  
 And the players had indulged them till their finger-ends were sore,  
 When the matrons and the damsels one by one the square forsook,  
 Every gentleman in Tibur homeward a musician took;  
 Freely to the feasts inviting rare artists of such power,  
 With the tone of every passion to enliven Pleasure's hour.

Proud was every hungry piper to be made a noble's guest,  
 Gladly ceased his toilsome blowing, and accepted the request;  
 Singly and in pairs they scattered here and there about the town,  
 Couched and revelled at the banquet, poured the potent pledges down;  
 Well they paid their morning's labor, deeply drank and fully fed;  
 Better wine they found in Tibur than was sold at 'Tarquin's Head':  
 While between the bumpers often went the jolly catches round,  
 Till their brains, with swimming weary, in the flagon's depths were drowned.

Soon as each lethargic toper, tumbling from the festive board  
 Turgid as a rank Silenus, on the marble pavement snored,  
 Careful hands conveyed them quickly, and as gently as they could,  
 Toward the market, where some wine-carts, waiting for them, empty stood;  
 Snugly in the straw they laid them, sweetly dozing, side by side,  
 'Forward to the Seven-hilled City, march!' the merry townsmen cried;  
 So, by star-light, just at night-fall, from the Latin Gate they start;  
 'TIBUR TO THE ROMANS, GREETING;' this was writ on every cart.

Not till morning did the burthens at the Colline Port arrive;  
 Only dogs and early swallows, and the sentry, seemed alive.  
 'Wherefore,' growled the guard, unknowing what within the litter lay,  
 'Wherefore bring your carrion hither?—trow ye 'tis a market-day?  
 'Gods! if this were told the censor, little cause ye'd have to grin!'  
 'Beasts for Jupiter,' they answered, titt'ring as they entered in.  
 Straight they bore them to the Forum; there they left them till the sun,  
 Peeping o'er Mount Esquilinus, roused the sleepers one by one.  
 First awakened old Pygmæon, blinded by the dawning beam,  
 On his side he turned and wondered at the strangeness of his dream;  
 Seeing there the well-known temples, there the Fabian arch arise,  
 All the towers distinctly imaged, and above his head the skies;  
 Then reflecting 't was a vision, in his heart he inly laughed,  
 Dropped his lids and took of slumber one more brief and blissful draught.

Rose the town betimes that morning; toward the Forum swarmed the boys;  
 Trumpets brayed and clashed the cymbals—all was rioting and noise;  
 Farmers with their wives and daughters, mariners from Ostia's port,  
 Scarlet caps and Alban jackets, gath'ring to the place of sport.  
 Soon the voices and the sunshine woke the pale and haggard crew,  
 Sick and fev'rish, faint and shivering with the chillness of the dew.  
 Round about with temples throbbing, aching and bewildered eyes,  
 Long they gazed, and on each other stared with idiot-like surprise.  
 Little did the crowd's derision and their own wild looks explain  
 How they came there, what the cause was of their paleness and their pain.  
 Each, that he had supped in Tibur, would his very lungs have staked,  
 How then was it that in Latium, in the Forum there, they waked?  
 If they merely had been dreaming, sure no less the wonder seemed  
 How it chanced that every sleeper had the self-same vision dreamed!  
 Ev'n Pygmæon's pate was puzzled; sagely he declared 't was odd!  
 Deeming it the work of magic, or of some malicious god.



Then the populace, delighted with the joke, to vex them more,  
 Brought a lying vintner forward, who 'by Vesta's altar' swore  
 He had seen them all carousing there in Rome the night before ;  
 While another knave pretended to have met them, loose of tread,  
 Reeling homeward after midnight from the sign of ' Tarquin's Head.'  
 Shame forbade all farther question : ' Nought but that vile tavern's juice,'  
 Cried Pygmæon, ' such confusion in our senses could produce.'  
 Musing, toward the fane they hastened, and with more than wonted art  
 Stirred the fountains of devotion in the whole assembly's heart ;  
 Never in Apulia's orchards did the nightingales in June  
 Gurgle forth so dulcet anthems to the stillness of the moon ;  
 And the censor in his wisdom, just beginning to-suspect  
 How by fast and thin potations minstrelsy and mirth are checked,  
 Ruled that thrice a month the players might a solemn supper hold,  
 Thrice a year, in full procession, march in crimson clad, and gold :  
 So the famous Feud was ended, and the secret long was kept,  
 How they woke within the Forum, who in Tibur's town had slept.

T. W. F.

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## S T A N D A R D S .

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME,' 'FOREST-LIFE,' ETC.

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WE need standards. Not such as are wont to be presented by fine ladies in balconies to glittering crowds below, where plumes wave and steel flashes in the sunshine, while the vulgar, dazzled with the pretty pageant, rend the air with their 'most sweet voices.' Not such standards as these do we lack ; would they were fewer !

By the way, is it not a strange thing that woman, who was sent into the world to be an angel of peace and mercy, should have lent herself to such things ? that she should ever have been persuaded to become the tool of the ambitious and the revengeful ? that her hand should have been trained to endue the knight's death-dealing sword ; to buckle on his heel those silver cruelties called spurs ; and to place in his steeled grasp the lance whose best aim was to be the life-blood of fathers, and brothers, and husbands ? Does she not shoot madly from her sphere when she lends the power of her presence to the public baptism of a silken banner, whose inscription is cunningly devised for the promotion of ghastly death ? Oh that these beautiful emblems of horror, these gilded toys, significant of deepest wo, of poverty, of widowhood, of despair, were wont to change their delusive seeming for their true character, even as they pass from the hand of the fair giver to that of the tinselled warrior ! For crimson and gold, for gleaming white and delicate azure, we should then behold the fell traces of a ' heady fight ;' black powder-stains, huge rents, showing the path of hostile bullets ; and over all and through all, a plentiful sprinkling of human gore ; perhaps the heart-blood of the poor ensign whose duty it is to pour out his life in defence of the costly rag. Methinks one such disenchanting revelation would suffice for the women of one generation at least.

But whither am I wandering? All I set out to say was, that we are in daily want of standards suited to the considerate, prodigal, ambitious, economical, and particularly the moralizing habits of this utilitarian age; standards of propriety, standards of expense, and of many other things which are brought into daily discussion in our times. Here, in our country, where we boast that none of us have any body to look up to, while we are every one looking up to somebody, it seems to be peculiarly difficult to determine just how far each ought to go in certain matters; what proportion should be observed in our expenditures; and how much pretension we are entitled to, whether in dress, furniture, or style of living. At least half the scandal of our coteries derives its zest from the debateable nature of these important points. If any one would be kind and ingenious enough to devise a sliding-scale whose register should decide these things, he would be much better entitled to the national thanks than ever was the great inventor of that corn-screw to the gratitude of the grain-growers of England. We need some talisman to put a check upon these ceaseless inquisitions, and imputations, and calculations, all undertaken for the sole benefit of our neighbors. If we must, as a people, be idolaters of the physical and the outward, let us have our grounds of worship and our grades of ministration settled definitely, that the land may have rest.

What an edifying conversation ensues when Mrs. Angle sets the ball rolling by a remark touching the table-habits of the Dashwoods!

'Can you believe that people who live in so splendid a house, with satin-damask hangings and all manner of show, dine off a cotton table-cloth, and without even napkins?'

'Believe it! certainly,' says a hum-drum looking person in the corner, whose appearance would be entirely insignificant were it not for a pair of peering eyes, which show that she is to be dreaded as a visiter at least; 'believe it! I can believe any thing, for I caught them sitting down to a shoulder of mutton, with the water it had been boiled in served up for soup!'

'How came you to call at dinner-time?' asks a simple-minded country lady.

'Oh! I went late on purpose, and made the servant believe I was a person on business, just to see how they *did* live, for I knew that people who cut the figure they do must pinch somewhere.'

'As to that,' remarks a prim-lipped damsel, with very bony hands, 'I saw Mrs. Dashwood put a sixpence into the plate last Sunday. I declare I thought her fat fingers blushed as they did it! They looked red enough, I'm sure!'

Poor Mrs. Dashwood! Yet she has her revenge, for she is at this very moment telling one of her neighbors, whose ideas of style correspond more nearly with her own, what *she* thinks of the airs of Mrs. Angle 'and *that* set,' who, living in small houses with 'really common furniture,' yet affect not only napkins but silver forks and finger-glasses!

Mrs. Pensile is a serious lady, a pattern-woman; but she means

to maintain her reputation and satisfy her conscience by just as little self-denial as will answer the purpose. She will be careful not to give up any thing that is not absolutely inconsistent with her profession of sobriety. She sometimes indulges in expenses which she feels to be scarcely in keeping with her theories, but she is always able to come off triumphant by proving to you that one of her neighbors, who makes a still higher profession, goes farther than she ever does.

'It does really hurt my feelings,' says Mrs. Pensile, 'to see Miss Evergreen, who is a member of our church, wear a shawl that cost her, to my certain knowledge, three hundred dollars.'

'But Miss Evergreen is a woman of fortune, and has nobody to provide for.'

'True; but it *does* seem to me that there is *some* limit to the expenses in which serious people may lawfully indulge! My shawl now cost but ninety dollars, and I am sure it is as good as any body *ought* to want!'

The visitor who has assented to this proposition goes off to her own coterie, and there gives vent to the 'exercise' of her mind by telling Mrs Pensile's idea of a standard for shawls.

'To think that woman actually takes credit to herself because she wears a shawl that cost *only* ninety dollars! I rather think if she would look round her own church, she would see many people whose wardrobe needs very much the aid of a part of the money! For my part, my best shawl cost scarcely half as much, and even that went against *my* conscience!'

Upon this a certain lady whispers to her companion on the sofa, at the same time looking very hard at the last speaker:

'That is a good deal more than you ought to afford, Madam, on my certain knowledge! Do you know, Mrs. Burn, that that lady's husband is my husband's partner, and I never think of giving over twenty dollars for a shawl. There's my *broché* cost but eighteen.'

'And after all,' says an ancient dame who overhears her, 'my good Paisley blanket, which cost but five, is warmer than either, and looks as well as any body need wish, if it were not for pride.'

Now if it were supposable that one of our thrifty, tidy western housewives could be present at so refined a colloquy, she might cap the climax by adding:

'If you would all do as I do, make comfortable wadded mantillas out of your old dresses, for yourselves and your children, you would have more money to pay your husband's debts with, and something to give to the poor beside. Mine is made of the skirt of my wedding-gown, and cost me nothing but the batting and the quilting!'

Who shall draw the line for these good ladies?

Miss Long, during a stroll up Broadway, late on a pleasant afternoon, happens to see Miss Hauton trip daintily down her father's marble steps to the carriage which is to convey her to a dinner-party. It is but a glimpse, yet Miss Long had time to take an inventory of Miss Hauton's decorations. The hair was elegantly

dressed; the robe, of the latest Parisian make and the most exquisite delicacy of color, and the satin shoe and the splendid *mouchoir* completed a costume which would have been pronounced faultless by the best judges, and which Miss Long secretly decides to be 'perfectly angelic!' From this moment she never rests until she has persuaded her indulgent papa to allow her an outfit as nearly like Miss Hauton's as possible. But Miss Long is not invited to dinner-parties, nor does her papa keep a carriage; what then shall she do with her beautiful new dress and its accompaniments? She wears them to walk the streets and make morning visits. Mrs. Sharp, after bowing out Miss Long, turns to her daughter with a compassionate smile, and the remark:

'What a pity that poor girl will make herself ridiculous by dressing so conspicuously in the streets!'

Miss Long has no conception of any thing like propriety in dress. With her, dress is dress, be time and place what they may. She has been accustomed to think that a gingham wrapper, or perhaps something not so neat, is quite 'good enough' for a morning at home; but there her distinctive perceptions of proprieties in costume are at an end. The idea of a 'beauty of fitness' in dress, or any thing else, has never been presented to her mind.

A lady of clear understanding but no particular accuracy of expression happens to observe to her friend: 'Your daughter is just now at the right age to begin music.'

'Do n't you think she's rather young?'

'No; it is the best time for whatever depends much on habit or requires manual dexterity. Beside, her time is worth nothing for any other pursuit.'

The friend looks up from her worsted-work in horror. 'Time worth nothing! You surprise me! I consider time a sacred trust.'

'Oh, certainly; but comparatively, I mean; there is very little use in urging books at so early an age.'

'Time worth nothing!' pursues the moralizing dame, who has got hold of a fruitful topic; 'that is the last sentiment I should have expected from a woman of your principles! I look upon even a little girl's time as very valuable. I am teaching Viola to sew. I consider sewing much more necessary than music. A woman who does not know the use of her needle is good for nothing. You've no idea how beautifully Viola can work already! Here is a pair of *manchettes* she is finishing for me; look at the lace-work. By the way, have you seen my new collar? Mrs. Taft says she could not distinguish it from Paris embroidery. Indeed, I stole the pattern from a French one. And there are my ottomans, just come home; beautifully mounted, are they not? The unconscionable wretch charged me forty dollars for that mounting. But they ought to be handsomely set, when I have bestowed so much labor upon them. I worked at them five weeks, and we had company part of the time too, so that I could not work *all* the time.' The friend takes the opportunity of a pause, to observe politely: 'I cannot imagine how you find time for so much!'

'Oh! it is by making use of every moment. I never allow myself to be idle. I keep this screen-frame at hand, so that while I am receiving calls I may be busy.' And, full of self-approval, the lady continues her devotion to the embroidered screen, wondering how so sensible a woman as Mrs. — could say that even a child's time is worth nothing.

A year or two ago, Mr. Howard, a city merchant, finding business unprosperous, through the changefulness of the times or the failure of some correspondent, resolves to quit while it is yet time; and wishing to alter his style of living, thinks he can do it with smaller sacrifice of feeling if he changes his place of residence and his plan of life. He has always had, like many of his city brethren, a green dream floating far away in the back-ground of his imagination; an incipient calenture, under the influence of which fields and forests have looked particularly enticing to his mind's eye. Now is the time to try this new spring of happiness. So he follows his friend Allbright into the country, and buys a farm, and hires a farmer to manage it for him, as Allbright has done. But Allbright is of a quiet turn, and fonder of reading than any thing else; and Howard is a person of overflowing activity, who cares nothing for books, and whatever he may suppose, really loves only society and bustle.

During the first month after the effort and turmoil of becoming settled in a new residence are over, Howard yawns and stretches until dislocation seems inevitable. But harvest is approaching, and then there will be some stir, and Howard suspends his judgment of rural life until then. Harvest begins, and all is animation; and Howard walks about the fields, with his hands in his pockets, until he begins to long to be busy too. After two or three days, looking on has lost its charm, and he resolves to try his hand at this new form of energy. He works furiously for a day or two, quite flattered that the men declare he does his share, and more. And then one morning he wakes up with a fever. After a tolerable seasoning, he quietly moves his forces townward again, being thoroughly convinced that ruralizing is not his forte. He had judged himself by his friend, when in fact no two can be more different. He resolves to face manfully his altered style of living, and with conscious honesty to sustain his self-respect, he finds the world's dread eye not half so terrible as he thought it.

The Reverend Doctor Deal, pastor of a city congregation, with a large salary and only two sons, not only sends his boys to the most expensive colleges, but allows them private instruction from the best masters, to fit them for the arena. The good Doctor has been heard to remark, with a disapprobation not unmixed with contempt, upon the absurdity of his friend Mr. Berrington's attempting, with his family, to send his sons to college.

Now Mr. Berrington, a member of Dr. Deal's church, and no illiberal contributor to the large salary above-mentioned, is a salaried man too, but his income is not so good as the Doctor's, and he has, moreover, six sons instead of two. Yet he feels that his posi-

tion in society, his connections, his own education and habits, all make it very desirable that his sons should be liberally educated. Charles, the eldest, has mastered the school-course, and is very anxious to go to college with his young companions. The father, after much deliberation and some misgiving, concludes that the attempt must be made. It is only choosing a college where expenses are moderate, retrenching a little at home, and enjoining strict economy upon Charles; and he will be nearly through college before John's turn comes. Charles leaves home with heroic resolutions of hard study; then goes to college, and does as most other boys do. Retrenchments at home are trying, and Mr. Berrington has almost resolved against another so inconvenient attempt. But John, who is of a more quiet turn than his brother, makes so many fair promises, and seems so likely to keep them, and Charles, under pain of his father's displeasure, takes hold of his studies so manfully at last, and comes off with the honors; that John is, after all, allowed to take his brother's place when Charles is put into a law-office to learn his profession. And this is the history of some three or four of the elder sons, until Charles, having set up for himself, finds that he has a great many competitors. The next tries medicine, but finds it hard to make bread of calomel. The next—we will not, even for a supposition, say that out of the whole six one takes to the church as a mere livelihood—the next, we may find teaching in some school or college, and he continues poor, almost of course. One has some talent as an artist, and he makes a support, though it is a slender one. Another thinks this being a poor gentleman is but a poor business after all, and he resolves to try farming. But the education of his father and brothers is against him. He feels so painful a distinction between himself and the rest, that his courage fails, and he studies a profession after all. It is not until the youngest has witnessed the struggles of pride and poverty and pangs of 'hope deferred,' wearing the very life out of the whole family, that he resolves upon a more manly course. He is regularly apprenticed to an architect; learns the business thoroughly, and has during his time of service the advantage which may be enjoyed in many other branches of business, a constant familiarity with objects of taste and refinement. He has also the advantage of a means of living which is referrible to rules, and can be judged of with certainty. He thrives, marries, lives respectably, and is happy. His brothers have an air, when speaking of him, as if he had rather lost *caste*, yet they are not averse to borrowing money of him *sub rosa*, and their unprosperous condition proves no small drawback upon his comfort. He has chosen one of many professions which, though connected with mechanical effort, do not necessarily imply any lack of intellectual culture or social refinement; and he has secured competence, peace, ability to assist others, in place of that grinding poverty which is imbibited by a constant effort at concealment, and that close application of every dollar to purposes connected with *appearance* which allows nothing to spare in any emergency; a condition more inevitably *belittling* (if we may be allowed the use of a

kitchen word in a utilitarian discussion) than any mechanical employment, stitching not excepted.

Do we not need standards sadly? Or is it only a little more self-reliance, self-recollection, self-respect? a more distinct perception of our true interest and dignity? a clear-sighted preference of reality to mere appearance, of the inward to the outward? Something is lacking, certainly; and the inquiry is worth making, '*What is it?*'

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T H O U G H T S   A T   S E A .

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NUMBER ONE.

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ON EASTER MORNING.

Wave follows wave in ceaseless roll  
 Borne by the gale along;  
 Thus, thus, with notes of joy, my soul,  
 Let Love inspire thy song!

Thy Saviour rose to Life this day,  
 Saviour, Creator, Friend;  
 Cast every worldly care away  
 And to thy God ascend!

Redeemer, Sanctifier, King,  
 Who art all praise above!  
 Teach us an offering to bring  
 May speak, to THEE, of love!

Wretched, abject, and lost we are,  
 Except Thy Spirit move;  
 Yet let us still Thy favour share,  
 'Thou knowest that we love!'

And every choral strain of Joy  
 On Earth, in Heaven above,  
 This fountain-thought may well employ —  
 THOU KNOWEST THAT WE LOVE!

Oh warmer, holier, be the glow  
 Of love, throughout our days,  
 In memory of Thy goodness now  
 That then shall speak Thy praise!

The Waves, obedient to thy Will,  
 Toward our Haven move —  
 As Thou hast been, oh be Thou still  
 The Haven of our Love!

And as our Bark within the bay  
 Its anchor soon shall cast;  
 Let every storm this thought allay —  
 WE REST IN THEE AT LAST!

JOHN WATKES.

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

**Harry Harson.**

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

IN the neighborhood of Wall-street, in that part of the city where the hum of the moving crowd is greatest, and the tramp of hurrying feet is unbroken, stood a high, narrow house, between two others, as tall and narrow as itself, with windows crowded in every part of it, for the purpose of admitting light into numberless small rooms, which filled its interior. The color of this house had once been bright red; but the dust had settled in its gutters, through which, they being leaky and out of repair, the rain had trickled in tears of mud down its ruddy front; so that, although a house yet in its teens, it had the dusty look of ripe age. From top to bottom, it was occupied. Its vaults were filled with condiments of various kinds, belonging to the keeper of a refectory, who tenanted its basement; on the first floor a tailor flaunted his sign-board; and thence heavenward, cramped, dusty rooms, begrimed with dirt and cobwebs, and otherwise dark and dingy, with dim entries, and steep stairs to get to them, and doors with tin signs nailed on them, indicated that lawyers made it their haunt. By lawyers of every class were they tenanted; by veterans, hard pressed by clients; by those newly launched, and as yet only hard pressed by tailors and other duns, whose offices were usually locked, with a notice on the door, reading thus: 'Gone to the Hall,' or, 'Gone to Court;' being professional terms, used by neophytes of the bar when going for an indefinite period to some equally indefinite place. In the upper rooms, the desperadoes of the profession made their roost; men who lock their doors against all clients; smoke incessantly; talk loudly; fight, quarrel, play cards, and offer to bet dollars by never less than the thousand; thereby showing that they are rich; sing boisterous songs, and dance hornpipes and other fanciful performances over the heads of 'the lower floors;' whose offices are redolent of tobacco and brandy, and have an atmosphere resembling a bottled fog; who go in and out in squads, taking the key in their pockets, and affixing notices for nobody; passing through the entry like a drove of horses, and leaving the world at large in profound ignorance as to their whereabouts and what-about.

Such were the tenants of this building; but amid them all, was a single office on the second floor, whose inhabitant differed from all the rest. On the door was the simple name, MICHAEL RUST; no intimation of his profession. None knew him, nor what he did, nor who he was, nor where he went, nor whence he came. Sometimes



for weeks the office was locked, and none entered it. Then again, a single man came, unlocked the door, took out the key, and locking it on the inside, shut himself in; remained there sometimes ten or twelve hours, and then went out, locked the room, put the key in his pocket, and was absent again, sometimes for a day, or a week, or a month. Even John Smith, the black man in the garret, with a 'hammered-in' hat, who kindled the fires, and with a broom smeared the dust over the carpets of the rooms and called it sweeping, whereby he gained a dollar a month, even he got nothing at his hands. His room was usually locked; and when John once accidentally got in and found the owner there, he was invited to retire, and not call again. The very mystery of the man created quite an excitement among the 'desperadoes,' one of whom, happening to meet him on the stairs, determined to worm his way into his acquaintance, and by way of commencing the attack, remarked to him that 'it was a fine day.'

'Who said it was n't? I'm sure I did n't, did I?' demanded Michael Rust, stopping short, and fixing his coal-black eye on the face of the startled speaker, who, not a little abashed, replied: 'Oh, no! certainly not.'

'Very well,' said the other; 'then go to those who deny it, and tell it to them.'

Saying which, he turned on his heel and deliberately descended the stairs. This brief dialogue got noised about, until it reached the ears of others of the 'desperadoes,' who, incensed that any man should presume to keep his own concerns to himself, forthwith beset him in his office. But he was immovable. They danced hornpipes at his door, in the most frantic manner; smoked there by the hour; howled mournfully, and yelped, and hooted, until the neighborhood of that room was a perfect pandemonium, and several gray-headed lawyers in the neighboring rooms were nearly demented. One of them in particular, who at the time was drawing up a will for a blind man, became so much bewildered, that he inserted his own name instead of that of the residuary legatee mentioned by the testator, whereby he acquired a large property; never having detected his error until the death of the latter, when of course it was too late to remedy, and therefore useless to mention it. But Michael Rust took no notice of them. He seemed perfectly indifferent, or totally deaf. He made neither remonstrance nor complaint, but went in and out the same as ever; staid there as long as ever; and seemed to suffer no inconvenience, until, brazen-throated as they were, their voices grew husky, and they were finally compelled to raise the seige, and leave him unmolested in his mystery.

He had a single visiter, equally taciturn with himself, and equally impregnable, who came occasionally, gave a single knock at the door, muttered a few indistinct words in the key-hole, and was instantly admitted. He too, in his passages to and from the office, had been way-laid by the desperadoes, and perplexed with knotty and penetrating questions. For some time he met them with the same reserve which characterized Michael Rust; but having been

one day closely beset and sorely annoyed by a solitary desperado whom he encountered on the stairs, and being a brawny, square-built fellow, he answered in so sudden and astounding a manner, that his questioner, on recovering his composure, found himself reposing on the bottom step of the stairs, somewhat bruised in person, and not a little disfigured in countenance. The precise nature of the reply never leaked out; but from that hour the stranger passed to and fro free of question.

On the evening of Christmas night, Michael Rust sat in his office, wrapped in a blue camblet cloak, a red silk handkerchief bound round his head, and an old hat on the top of that, pressed down tightly and far, so that his shaggy brows and twinkling black eyes could scarcely be seen beneath the level of its brim. He was yet in the prime of life, but his face was thin and wrinkled, his eye glowing, and his complexion sallow, though not sickly. There was however a dark, sinister look about him, not at all diminished by his shaggy, black brows, and the gipsy-like hair, tinged with gray, which here and there stole from beneath his strange head-gear. In his office was a single table, covered with green baize; an ink-stand, pen, and wafers, and two chairs. These constituted all its furniture; and on one of these chairs, and at this table, sat Michael Rust, engaged in writing. There was no fire in the grate; and as the dim light of the single candle flickered through the room, a more dismal place could scarcely have been hit upon.

Scratch, scratch went Rust's pen, down one page and over to the next, and down that. He was a slow, deliberate, untiring writer; and his pen was a stubborn, obstinate stump, which seemed to have an eternity of endurance about it. Occasionally he varied his occupation, by putting the stump in his mouth; drawing the candle close to him, and poring over the paper. Having at last concluded his writing and perusals, he folded it up, and placed it under the ink-stand. 'Prime!' muttered he, 'prime! He's old; and I—I'm deep!'

After this discriminating remark, as to the relative situations of himself and the other person of whom he spoke, he leaned back in his chair. 'Hallo!' said he, in reply to a knock at the door, which brought the chair rapidly forward, and him to his feet; 'who's there?'

'Me!' responded a gruff voice, from the outside; 'me, and somebody else.'

'Oh! very well,' answered Mr. Rust, without moving, '*you* can come in; but '*somebody else*' must go about his business. This is n't his office, and he's no acquaintance of mine.'

'But he *must* come in,' returned the voice from without.

'He *must*, must he?' replied Mr. Rust; 'well, let him;' and saying this, he again seated himself, and drawing from a port-folio, which he took from a drawer in the table, a small slip of paper, renewed his writing, without paying the slightest regard to the person in the passage, whose knocking now became extremely violent. Rust however had received too much treatment of that

kind at the hands of 'the desperadoes,' to be put down by what could emanate from a single individual; and with his mouth pursed up to a point, and his sharp black eyes intent on his paper, he wrote on, as unconcerned as if there were no person within a mile. A foot was soon called to the assistance of the knuckles; and these, being unsuccessful, the visiter demanded a parley:

'Can't I exchange a word with you, Mr. Rust?' he asked, with more deference than he had hitherto used.

'Of course you can,' replied Rust, with great suavity, but without discontinuing his writing; 'of course you can; always happy to exchange civilities with my friends. Go on.'

'I can't speak with a door between us,' replied his visiter, angrily. 'Bless my soul! no more you can't!' replied Rust. 'There's the key-hole; speak through that; the slide's down; but that does n't matter; I'm very quick of hearing. Go on. I'm quite impatient.'

Here Mr. Rust chuckled to himself; and laying down his pen, rubbed his hands cheerfully together, after which he resumed his pen and writing. A muttered exclamation escaped the man on the outside; but apparently he saw no alternative save the dismissal of his companion; and perhaps he knew not a little of the unpromising character of the person whom he had to deal with. So he yielded the point, and spoke in an under tone to the person with him, who slowly descended the stairs and went out of the building, shutting the door heavily after him.

When the noise caused by his departure had ceased to echo through the still house, Rust arose, and taking the light in his hand, opened the door, and looked down the passage, then drew the stranger in the room and turned the key.

'What's the meaning of this, blast ye!' exclaimed he, every trace of merriment vanishing from his face; his black eye flashing, and his lips working with anger; 'what's the meaning of this, I say? Who was that? Why did you bring him? Answer me! Have I not forbidden the entrance of a soul? Have I not been beset, from the day that I first came to this house, by those wishing to penetrate my secrecy? Has not this room been made a very hell on earth by those who would force themselves into my acquaintance? Ha! ha! they would know Michael Rust!' 'They would know him, would they? Few care to do that, do they, good Enoch? None love him, but good Enoch Grosket. He loves him, does n't he? Ha! ha! He hates to see Michael alone, and solitary, and he brings a friend to keep him company, and make him merry. Oh! he's very kind, *very* kind, good Enoch is. Hark ye, sir!' exclaimed he, suddenly changing his tone; 'I know not why you brought that man here, whether as an eaves-dropper or as a witness to conversations which it might suit you to have remembered and me to have forgotten, or merely as a casual friend; or because you thought that he might suit my purpose; but *this* let me tell you, you'll be a bold man if you venture it again.'

It was not a pleasant thing to have two such eyes flashing in

one's very face; and to have a voice, husky with passion, hissing in one's ear; but on Mr. Grosket they seemed to produce no effect; for after eyeing Michael Rust for a moment or two, apparently to learn what he had to say, and whether he had got through with it, without reply, he walked to the table, and throwing off the cloak which was wrapped about him, drew from his pocket a bundle of papers, and proceeded leisurely to untie them.

Rust stood in the middle of the room, watching him with a sharp, anxious eye, for there was much in his face to perplex him. Its great characteristics were sternness and resolution, yet not unmixed with an expression of honesty; perhaps a certain bluntness of manner might have added something to this last expression, for many who lack the former adopt the latter as a substitute; and although spurious, it is much more convenient, and passes nearly as currently. At last Rust went to the table, and sat down opposite him, pulling his hat even lower over his eyes than before; with his feet on the front round of the chair, and his hands folded and resting on the table before him; his thin lips working in and out, but without speaking. There was a strong contrast between the sharp, fierce face of Michael Rust; his thin frame and gaunt, wire-like figure, and that of the ponderous, brawny fellow who sat opposite to him, coolly looking over his papers; so confident in his own muscular force and indomitable will of disposition, that notwithstanding the outburst of passion which had just escaped his associate, he did not deem it worth while to bestow even a look or thought upon his proceedings, or to guard against him.

'Count that,' said he, taking from his papers a roll of bank-notes, and placing it in front of Rust. 'Count that; there should be five hundred, with interest for five years, which makes it six hundred and seventy-five.'

He threw himself back in his chair as he spoke, and folding his arms, looked steadily in the face of his companion. Michael did not move a finger toward the money, but said, in a quick, hurried manner: 'How now, Enoch; what's this?'

'Count it first,' replied the man, sternly; 'then I'll answer your question. Not a word,' said he, raising his finger, seeing that Rust was preparing to interrupt him; 'don't speak. I'll not answer till you've counted that.'

Michael paused a moment, with his sharp black eyes twinkling and flashing, and then wetting the end of his fore-finger, proceeded to run over the bills.

'Six hundred and seventy-five,' said he, as he finished.

'All right,' said Grosket. 'Now,' added he, placing in front of him a paper, 'sign that.'

Rust took the paper and read it from beginning to end; and then pushing the money back, said to Enoch: 'This is a receipt for five hundred dollars, loaned to you to pay off a judgment against you, in favor of John Collins, with interest to date. Poh! Enoch; I don't want the money, and you *do*. Return it some other time — some other time; a year hence, or two years — or any time.'

'I'll pay it *now*,' replied Grosket, coldly. 'Sign that receipt, will you?'

'Well, well, Enoch, if you insist on it, I will,' said Rust, taking up his pen, and dipping it in the ink, and signing his name to the receipt. 'There,' said he, pushing the paper to him. 'I'm glad you're able to pay it; indeed I am, for your sake.'

A strange smile curled the lip of the other, as he folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. 'Now, Michael Rust,' said he, in a stern voice, 'you and I *split*. Five years ago, when I was in want, on the very verge of ruin; when there was nothing before me but starvation, to my wife and child; you stepped in between me and my creditors, loaned me this money, and kept them at bay until I could get along.'

'Do n't speak of that,' said Rust; 'forget it, Enoch; I had almost, I assure you. I——'

'Do n't interrupt me,' said Grosket, striking his fist on the table; 'hear me out. At that time, I would have died for you. There was nothing so low, nothing so vile, that I would not have done it for you.'

'You were always grateful, Enoch — always. Well.'

'Well,' said the man, speaking slowly, and in a tone which, though low, was so distinct that even when it sank to a whisper, which it did at times, it was perfectly audible. 'I *did* serve you. Deeds, which have caused my cheeks to tingle with shame, for their very meanness; deeds which have made me loathe myself, and hate him who could take advantage of the best feelings of a grateful heart to prostitute them to his own evil purposes, have I done for you. I have followed you in a course of crime; aided you in your foul deeds; never swerving, never shrinking back. Whatever my heart might have felt, my actions never faltered. I was true to you in all you did. If at times a feeling of misgiving came over me, I thought of my wife and daughter, and of what they would have been but for you, and I went on.'

'Well?' said Rust, impatiently, 'well?'

'When I first met you,' continued Grosket, 'that daughter was a mere child, but in five years she became a woman; and with all a woman's warm confidence of heart, those whom she loved she loved well.'

'Well, and she married,' interrupted Rust. 'I know all that.'

'Ay! she *did* marry!' said Grosket, setting his teeth, and speaking in a low, fierce tone; 'she *did* marry, but *not* the man she loved. You, for your own evil purposes, and with a falseness which I have since detected, blackened his character; persuaded me, your blind tool, into the belief that he was a scoundrel. I forbade him the house; and at your instigation, compelled the girl into a marriage which she abhorred; I—I, her father, forced her, with a loathing heart, to the bed of a man whom she hated! God! was n't that a noble act for a parent! Was n't it? Michael, was n't it glorious?' exclaimed he, shaking his hand at Rust, 'was n't it! Well,' continued he, 'what came of it? It turned out as might

have been expected; she had broken her vows to the man she loved; she forgot her faith to the man she hated. Well, she died; and *then* it was better that she should. My wife followed her, Michael Rust; but I was a strong, iron-hearted man. It did not kill me. I was left; left, still bound to you, ay, fettered and bound, hand and foot, in chains like iron; for I knew that the moment I broke with you, would seal my ruin. I was reckless, Michael; I was desperate; but I was *cool*. I could even play the hypocrite, and pretend to lend myself to your plans; but there came a limit at last. When you commenced your designs on that young girl, Katharine Rhoneland; young, innocent as my own child once was, then we broke; *then* I resolved to shake you off. I have found the means. I have done so; and now, Michael Rust, I am your enemy; one who will thwart you in your evil purposes, though it cost him his life. When a man has lost all in the world but life, he cares very little how soon *that* goes too.'

Rust sat opposite to him, with his eyes fixed on his face, and his thin lips pressed together; but he suffered nothing to escape him, until Enoch had finished; and then he said in his quiet, sneering tone:

'Good Enoch is excited; good Enoch is candid. He tells his story straight and strong. There is no glossing over his words; no prevarication. His tender heart warms toward a young girl, especially if she be good looking. Oh! he is *very* disinterested to a beautiful girl; only because she resembles his daughter; only for that reason — *only* for that reason! He has no *other* reason. Oh! no! He's very kind, good Enoch is; *very* kind, *very* kind; and now,' said he, in even a smoother voice than he had hitherto spoken, 'there is the door. Good Enoch will please to march out of it. Michael Rust does not like enemies in his room. He prefers being alone. There's the door, good Enoch; go, *do* go!'

The visiter rose, and stood opposite him for a moment; and to judge from his fierce, flashing eye and quivering lip, Michael Rust ran no small risk at that moment; but even were it so, he never quailed. Upright, front to front and eye to eye, he rose and stood before the man whom he had so deeply wronged. There was indeed a momentary but powerful struggle in the breast of Enoch; but it might have been that the basilisk eye of the man to whom he had so long surrendered his free-will, fixed on his own, or a secret dread of the stern, unbending spirit which animated the feeble frame before him, had its influence; for he gradually mastered his feelings, and turning to the door, said: 'I know how we stand now, Michael Rust. The worst hate which a man feels, is hate toward one whom he has wronged. I know *that*, Michael. Now do *you* recollect *this*: There's no enemy so much to be dreaded as a desperate man. You were wise in wishing no witness to our conversation.' Without waiting for a reply, he turned on his heel and left the house.

'Ho ho! good Enoch! so you've bolted!' said Mr. Rust, standing with folded arms in front of the table, and apparently

apostrophizing the candlestick, for on it his gaze was fastened; 'you've bolted! Good Enoch, *kind* Enoch! Enoch, who could fawn, and grub, and lick the very dust from my feet; *amiable* Enoch; considerate, *very* considerate, *conscientious* Enoch! Ho! ho! ho! conscientious, conscientious! What is conscience?' muttered he; 'what is that strange whispering demon, that sometimes starts up in the breast, and holds up all our past misdeeds to view, shaking them over our heads until the cheek grows pale and the heart sinks? I've heard of it; I've heard of it. Enoch knows it; ho! ho! Fool!' exclaimed he, with a loud deriding laugh; 'fool! he thinks to fling me off! He knows not that I have a hold on his heart, and with a single grip can crack its life-strings. Fool! he must bend, or I'll crush him; but not now. He's fairly hooked, and I can afford to let him play, before I drown him!'

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## CHAPTER SIXTH.

WITH his head full of his schemes, Michael Rust extinguished the solitary candle which had been overtaking itself in an effort to illuminate the room; went out, shut the door, and forgetting to lock it, put the key in his pocket, sought a small room in an out-of-the-way part of the city, where he was in the habit of roosting; and flinging himself on a bed which occupied a corner of it, tossed and dreamed and started till day-break.

On visiting his office at an early hour of that morning, he was not a little surprised to find the door unlocked, and the room occupied by a person, who, after an attentive and careful conning over of all the strange characters which lay hid in out-of-the-way corners of his memory, he was fully convinced had never before crossed his path. He was a queer-looking fellow, clad in a suit of rusty black, here and there faded into a dusky red, and variegated with occasional rents, through some of which might be caught casual glimpses of a dingy white under-garment, while through another, a small end of the same vestment hung pendant, like a pocket-handkerchief. A bell-crowned hat, dusty, faded and storm-worn, roofed an odd looking face, apparently set in a frame of uncombed locks, and garnished with a black beard of several days' growth, so stiff and stubborn that a hedge-hog might have envied it.

It was the employment of the man, as much as his appearance, which surprised Michael Rust; for *there*, in the middle of Rust's own office, with one foot on Rust's own chair, and with Rust's blacking and brush, kept for his own special use, when either inclination or policy required an unusual degree of neatness in his appearance, stood this man, cleaning his boots with as much nonchalance as if he were owner of the room, and the brushes, blacking, and chair were his own appurtenances. On the same chair with his foot was a large snuff-box, from which he from time to time refreshed himself during the progress of his operations.

He did not observe Rust, as he came in; but kept on snuffing and rubbing and muttering; sometimes pausing and laughing to himself, and winking at nobody, and shaking his head, and favoring his trowers with a dab from the same brush with which he was polishing his boot, whenever his eye rested on a spot which he thought would be benefited by such an operation. Nor did he cease, until Rust touched him on the arm, and said, in a peremptory manner: 'Hallo! Sir! who are you? and what are you doing here?'

'Thunder! man, how you made me jump!' exclaimed the stranger, verifying his remark, by dropping his brush and starting up. 'When you are going to startle a man in that way, just let him know before hand, will you? Suppose my nerves had been weak? or I had been in a delicate way? or any thing of that sort? What might have been the consequence? Think of that!'

Rust, in no wise mollified by the peculiar light in which the stranger viewed his interruption, again demanded: 'What are you doing here?'

'Can't you see?' replied the other, pointing to his boot; '*that's* what I'm doing.'

'Ho! ho!' exclaimed Rust, his usual sneer playing around his thin lips, 'you mistook this room for a boot-black's shop, did you? It looks like one; *very* like one, does n't it? but it is *n't*; upon my word it is n't. Now, Sir,' said he, 'since you have discovered your error, be good enough to go; or I may be obliged to do what I should be very sorry to — *very* sorry to — put you out.'

The stranger looked at him for a moment or two, as he stood bowing and pointing to the door, with his lips curled in anger and derision, and then suddenly thrusting his hand in his pocket, and smirking and winking, he sidled up to Rust: 'Come, come,' said he, 'I know what you're at. I take. *There.*' Thrusting a sixpence in Rust's hand, he favored him with a succession of sudden winks and shakes of the head; at the same time indulging a kind of inward laugh. 'Say nothing more,' said he; 'we understand each other.' With this remark, he took a pinch of snuff from his box, picked up the brush, and resumed his labors.

Rust was puzzled; for his guest was evidently one of those impracticable fellows who neither get angry themselves, nor believe others when *they* are so. Had he been a little less strongly built, he might have been thrust out by main force; but there was a squareness about his shoulders, indicative of strength; his hands too were large, and his wrists thick and bony. So that Rust was fain to moderate his tone; and going to him, he said: 'Come, come, my good fellow, you'd better go.' As he spoke he placed his hand on his back, as if to urge him toward the door.

'No I had n't — no I had n't,' replied the other, again turning and winking. 'Don't be frightened; I won't desert you; never desert any body; got plenty of friends — never desert any of 'em. Catch me at it! — would n't hurt their feelings for the world.' He shut his eyes, and laughed inwardly for more than a minute, at the bare thought of it.



Rust, seeing that his companion had determined to have his own way, and thinking that perhaps it might be best to humor him, took a seat, and looking at him, said :

'Well, Sir, since you wont quit the room, perhaps you'll at least tell me who you are?'

'To be sure I will; my name is Kornicker; Edward Kornicker; K-O-R-N-I-C-K-E-R,' replied the stranger, spelling it. 'Ah! I see, you don't want that sixpence,' continued he, pointing to the coin which he had just tendered to Rust, and which Rust had placed on the chair. 'Well, if you're proud, others ain't; that's all.' Saying which, he quietly deposited the piece in his vest-pocket. 'As for the matter of my being in your office, I don't see that is so wonderful a room, that you need be chary of it; not but what I am as good, if not better, than that fellow Grosket, whom I met coming out of it last night.'

Such had been the nature of the conversation between Rust and Grosket, that even the bare mention of his name caused him to start up; and scarcely knowing that he did so, he went to the door and locked it.

'Come, come, man!' exclaimed Kornicker, not a little startled by this equivocal movement, 'what are you at? I'll stand no nonsense. I'm not frightened, Sir; I'm afraid of no man; and if you intend to come any of your tricks over me, I'll cram this brush down your throat. Yes, I will; yes, I will. If I don't——'

He concluded his remark by a pantomime, in which flourishes of the brush, shakes of the head, and winks at Rust, bore a prominent part. 'I hope you understand,' added he; 'if you don't, and want to come to extremities, you'll find your ideas polished in a way that will astonish you; let me tell you that.'

Saying this, he threw himself in a defensive attitude, with the brush grasped in one hand, and the fist of the other clenched, as if ready to fulfil either of his menaces. Michael Rust eyed him without any appearance of apprehension; and then, crossing his hands behind him, walked up and down the room in deep thought; coming in close proximity to the article which Kornicker still held up, but without any attempt to enforce his threat. At last he said:

'Sit down; I want to talk with you.'

Kornicker, after looking at him for some time, and apparently coming to the conclusion that he had no ulterior views respecting himself, threw the brush on the floor, and having seated himself, held his snuff-box in his hand, at the same time looking at him to begin.

'So your name is Kornicker?' said Rust, for the purpose of opening the conversation. 'It's an odd name.'

Kornicker gave a loud rap with the knuckle of his middle finger on his box; removed the cover; took a pinch between his thumb and finger, and leaning forward refreshed his nose in a vociferous manner; after which he said that he had heard others make that same remark.

'You're a lawyer, I suppose?' said Mr. Rust.

Mr. Kornicker nodded.

'Much to do?' inquired Mr Rust.

Kornicker shook his head, and said: 'Not much; every body's gone to smash; and I among the rest. It's the fashion; I always follow the fashion.'

'You have an office?' said Rust.

'Have I?' said Mr. Kornicker, in a tone of surprised inquiry. 'If I have, I'll be glad if you'll find it, for *I* can't. When you *do*, be good enough to send me the key, and the number of the house.'

Rust rose abruptly, and folding his hands behind him again walked up and down the room, with his brows bent. Indeed, so long did he continue this exercise, that Kornicker, who had at first watched him, under a vague apprehension that he either might have something to say relative to the office just mentioned, or might be harboring a secret purpose to commit a sudden assault upon him, came to the conclusion that he cherished neither of these intentions, and lapsed into a fit of profound abstraction, staring with eyes exceedingly wide open into the black grate, and apparently thinking of nothing.

For ten or fifteen minutes at least, Michael Rust paced that room; at intervals pausing, and scanning from head to foot his guest, who no longer noticed him; dwelling with a look of earnest and intense scrutiny upon his face, and then turning off, and resuming his walk, only to pause at another short interval, to resume his investigation of Mr. Kornicker's countenance and person. During that short walk he had formed and was maturing a plan which in any other person would have seemed strange indeed, but which was nothing unusual with him, who frequently formed and carried out purposes on the spur of the moment, and seemed to have an almost intuitive knowledge of the character of those who fell under his eye.

The rupture between Grosket and himself had taken place at a most inauspicious season for him; for he had schemes on foot in which a tool was needed, who had neither eyes, nor ears, nor conscience, except that of his employer, and who had energy sufficient to carry out his purposes, whatever they might be. All this Grosket had been, until the night previous; but now that all further connection between them was broken off, he knew him too well to suppose for an instant that it would be renewed. The recollection of the cause assigned by Grosket for this step, and his parting threat, coupled with the daring character of the man, occasionally swept across Rust's mind like a dark shadow; but still he did not shrink from carrying out his old schemes. Long-cherished plans were not to be relinquished for a single threat; nor was he, who had hitherto been his slave, to rise up and dictate to him what course to pursue. Rust's thin lips worked nervously, and his eye flashed at the thought; as it did so, it again rested on Kornicker; and his mind was made up to secure *him*, to supply as far as possible the place of Grosket. It was true that he knew nothing about him, and what little he saw was not in his favor; but he appeared to be a thoughtless, thriftless fellow, out at the elbows; probably poor, and one who would snatch

at any opportunity of improving his condition. Moreover, he seemed to lack that energy which would induce him to resist his will. 'As to his being a stranger,' he muttered, glancing about the room; 'or suppose him to be dishonest, what then? There's nothing to steal; and he will be less scrupulous in doing what I want. Perhaps I can make it to his interest to keep faith with me, and if so, what care I though he play rascal with all the rest of the world? I need not trust until I've tried him.' Full of this purpose, he sat down beside his visitor.

'Mr. Kornicker,' said he, in a friendly tone, 'I'm a plain man, and will speak plainly what I have to say. Should it not meet your views, you must not take it amiss. It's well meant.'

Mr. Kornicker made no other reply than the very indefinite one of looking him very full in the face.

'From your appearance, and from what you have just said,' continued Rust, 'I am led to believe that times are not as well with you as they have been. Now I have a proposal to make. I want a person to attend to certain business of mine; a kind of agent. I think you might suit me. Will you accept the situation? There's the offer—plump.'

'Do I know any thing about the business?' inquired Kornicker, arousing himself, and looking very much in earnest.

'I'll risk that,' answered Rust.

'What are the terms?'

'Twenty dollars a month, and your meals; but not lodging,' replied Rust, laconically.

'Any objection to my sleeping here?' inquired Kornicker, looking about the room. 'It's small, though.'

'None,' replied Rust; 'but there's no bed, and no room for one.'

'Leave that to me,' said Mr. Kornicker. 'I've experience in that line. Now then, as to the other items. Where am I to dine?'

'There's a refectory in the basement of this house. You can dine there.'

'Good!' said Mr. Kornicker, taking a pinch of snuff. 'I suppose you would n't object to a friend or two dining with me.'

'I would decidedly,' replied Mr. Rust, in a peremptory tone; for he saw from the manner of his listener that he could afford to be strict in the terms.

'Say *one*, one at long intervals,' added Kornicker, seeing Rust preparing to refuse; 'at *very* long intervals; little eternities.'

'You must have none,' replied Rust, bluntly.

'Would a small boy, setting on the opposite side of the table, merely to be looked at, be open to the same objection? I hate a solitary dinner. I'm gregarious in my habits and feelings.'

'Mr. Kornicker,' said Rust, abruptly, 'if you come into my service, you must come on my terms, not on yours. I've made an offer; accept or reject it, as you please. I sha n't vary it.'

'Thunder! man, how hot you are!' exclaimed Kornicker; 'well, a meal by one's self is a dull affair; but nevertheless, with wine, beer, and brandy-and-water, it may be tolerated.'

'Stop,' said Rust, in the same peremptory tone, 'these are not in the agreement. Drink of all kinds, except water, I do n't pay for.'

'Oh! come! that's too much! I'll not stand that!' said Mr. Kornicker, indignantly. 'You're running your pony too hard, my man. No drink, no bargain.'

'Be it so,' replied Rust, rising. 'Then our agreement is at an end. Good day, Sir.'

Kornicker, however, made no motion to go; but after looking at Rust for a few moments, in an irresolute manner, said in an insinuating tone:

'Do n't you think we might compromise about the drinks? They might be taken quite weak, and at long intervals. It does n't look respectable to dine without calling for something.'

One of his usual sneering replies was rising to Rust's lips; but he had an end to gain; so he checked himself, and answered in a serious manner: 'I am afraid, Mr. Kornicker, from what I see, that you are too much in this very habit of calling for wine; and I am too much your friend, to aid you in injuring yourself. Therefore I must persist in my refusal.'

'Then I am to understand,' said Mr. Kornicker, in a slow, deliberate voice, 'that friends in every variety, including a small boy, and drinks of all kinds, excepting miserable, meagre, undiluted water, are all prohibited? I suppose,' said he, with a wo-begone attempt at a smile, 'I may put a little salt in it, to destroy its unpleasant freshness?'

'Oh! yes,' replied Mr. Rust, with a sneer, 'or even add mustard.'

'How is it about snuff?' asked Kornicker, abruptly; 'I *must* have snuff.'

'I'll supply you with that,' said Rust.

'Well, there's a comfort in that. I agree to the terms. And now, Sir,' said he, with more energy than he had hitherto shown, 'what am I to do?'

'You are to stay here when I am absent. If any one calls, hear what he has to say, though you'll be seldom troubled in that way. As you're a lawyer, I may also want your services in a professional way. In short, you are to do whatever I ask, without hesitation and without question.'

'The saving clause to that contract is very comprehensive,' said Mr. Kornicker; 'but,' *thought* he, 'if he comes it over me too strong, I'll bolt. Let him sue me for a breach of contract.' The idea of such a step passed through Mr. Kornicker's mind in such a ludicrous light, that he laughed and winked and shook his head, until the tears fairly ran down his cheeks. After recovering from this paroxysm, he again expressed his determination to accept the terms.

'Very well,' said Rust; 'I'm going out now, and may not return to-day; perhaps not for a week, nor a month. You must be here every day, from nine in the morning until seven in the evening. Whenever I come, you must be found here.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Kornicker; 'I understand. You'll not forget to speak to the man in the refectory. The contract dates from now.'

'I'll stop as I go out,' said Rust.

'And the twenty dollars?'

'Shall be forthcoming at the end of the month,' replied Rust. 'If I am not here, the money will come in a letter on the very day.'

'There's no objection to my making a fire, I suppose?' said Mr. Kornicker, pointing to the grate, which was filled with all the necessary materials, and required merely the application of a match to ignite them. 'Must be kept warm; *must* be; that's part of the contract.'

'Make what fire you please,' said Rust, as he was turning to go. 'You'll find coal in the vault.'

'You're quite certain we can't arrange our little differences about the trimmings to the dinners, and the friends?'

'Quite,' said Rust, abruptly; and shutting the door, he went out.

'A queer dog,' said Kornicker, shaking his head; 'but small about the liquor; *damned* small! But let's look to the fire: there's nothing here to help one. Perhaps there is, next door.' Taking up the candlestick, and going into a neighboring office, which he was fortunate enough to find open, he obtained a light, and with its assistance soon had a bright fire blazing in the grate, and seated himself in front of it.

Probably few persons could contemplate any object for a greater length of time without knowing it, or caring about it, or thinking about it, or any thing else in particular, than Mr. Edward Kornicker, provided he was warm. And this being the case at present, he sat with his hands in his pockets, his legs straight in front of him, his feet resting on the ash-pan under the grate, and his eyes fixed upon his own boots with a desperately wide-awake stare, but utterly unconscious of every thing about him, except that he was snug and comfortable. This state he occasionally diversified by a short nap, which he enjoyed without any change of position or variation of any kind, except that of closing his eyes. Awaking from one of these slight interludes, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about the room, then at the fire, and relapsed into a profound reverie.

'Not a single gentleman of my acquaintance excepted,' soliloquized he, thoughtfully; 'liquors prohibited, even an embargo laid on beer. Food, plain, vulgar *food* alone, at discretion. Well, the eating-house is near the door,' said he, looking about him; 'there's a comfort in that. The bane and antidote cheek by jowl; very handy. Even a call from the window would bring a boy from the refectory. Let's try, for the fun of it.'

By way of making the experiment, Mr. Kornicker raised the sash, and thrusting his head out of the window, called in a loud voice, 'Hallo!'

His call was answered from every part of the building; and with particular emphasis from the region of the desperadoes.

'A wonderful spot for echoes,' said he, meditatively. 'I should think there were twenty at least. There's plenty of angles; perhaps that makes 'em; or perhaps the stove-pipes or chimneys; there's plenty of *them*, too; or the windows, or ——'

His farther investigation of the cause was interrupted by the head of a boy, which was thrust from a window on the ground-floor, with the face turned upward.

'Are you the refectory boy?' inquired Mr. Kornicker, looking down in turn.

The head nodded.

'Very well, come up here; I want you.'

The head nodded again, and was withdrawn; an example which Mr. Kornicker immediately followed. Scarcely had he resumed his seat at the fire, when there was a rap at the door. 'Come in,' said he; and without even turning to look at the door, as it opened, he said:

'You're the boy I saw just now, are you?'

The boy nodded; a gesture which his questioner took for granted, as he did not even look round.

'And you belong to that eating-house below, do you?'

Again the boy nodded; which reply, as before, was taken for granted.

'Well, my little fellow,' said Mr. Kornicker, now turning, 'did any gentleman call in there to-day, and say any thing about paying the score of any other gentleman, whenever he chose to stop there, or call for any thing, or some trifle of that sort?'

Again the boy nodded, and said: 'Oh! yes; the gentleman, Mr. Rust,' said he, pointing to the name on the door; 'and he said, whenever a man named Kornicker, that's you, I suppose,' said he, with an inquiring nod.

'Yes, that's me; well?'

'Well, whenever you came, you was to have just what you wanted, except liquors or ale; wittles, whenever you liked; and he would pay the shot. That's what he said.'

'You're sure it was n't the dinner that was restricted, and the liquor and ale at discretion?'

'Very sure,' said the boy; 'he was very particular; and he said too it was only meals for one; no friends.'

'I know it,' replied Kornicker, with a melancholy shake of the head; 'I know it. It was n't considerate, nor delicate; but I suppose it's his way; and I suppose another one of them is, to let nobody have *their* way but himself. Well, well! Did he say any thing about the cooking?'

The boy shook his head.

'Very well; go down and order me a beef-steak stewed in wine; plenty of the wine. I'll be down presently. That's all. Make the sauce strong; do n't forget *that*.'

The boy nodded, showed his teeth, and closing the door, clattered down the stairs.

'Wine diluted with steak is a miserable beverage, very miserable; but it's better than nothing,' said Kornicker, resuming his seat at the fire. 'I wonder who this Rust is; what he does, and what he wants of me? Well, I suppose he'll let me know some day. He's a strange fellow; twenty dollars, fire and meals; and all for sitting in front of a fire, with nothing to do but look at one's toes, and put on coal: but he was small about the wine and friends; decidedly small. Snuff however, *ad libitum*; that's something.' This having called to his recollection that he had a supply of that article about his person, he drew out his snuff-box, and proceeded to extract from it sundry small pinches, which he deposited in various parts of the office; this being one of his peculiar modes of distributing his stock of that article, so that he might always find it wherever he went, without the trouble of drawing out his box. This employment he continued, until it struck him that the order which he had sent to the eating-house must be executed; and he accordingly locked the office, and went out for the purpose of ascertaining the fact.

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S E A - S I D E   N I G H T   T H O U G H T S .

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*Fra la notte, allor ch' alto riposo  
Han l'onde, e i venti, e pareo muto il mondo.*

Tasso: 'GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.'

THE sky is cloudless, and its host  
Move rhythmic in their silent march;  
The sea is tideless, and its coast  
Winds far beneath the glittering arch.  
The spirit of Repose hath breathed  
O'er all the deep his slumb'rous spell,  
Save where the wavelets, lightly wreathed,  
Heave landward with a gentle swell.

Behold, how each self-balanced star  
Wears proudly his imperial crown,  
Whence through those shining wastes afar  
A solemn light comes travelling down!  
At midnight, on this lonely beach,  
By ocean laved since ocean's birth,  
I hear a low, sidereal speech  
Breathe softly in the ear of earth.

At that sweet voice wild passion's thrill  
Is chained 'neath reason's holy sway,  
And Thought, though all unfettered still,  
Moves calmly on his sober way:  
'Turn, weary earthling! turn thine eye  
On these immortal spheres above,  
And read, inscribed on all the sky,  
The lessons of eternal love.

'And as, of all our 'golden urns,'  
That gather and diffuse the day,  
Not one but at his hour returns  
Unwearied on his blazing way:

And as, throughout this vast profound,  
Our squadron'd millions move like one,  
Each in his cycle, wheeling round  
Some glorious, far-off, central sun :

' So should *thy* spirit day and night  
Its destined orbit still pursue,  
And still effuse the holy light  
Which from the infinite Source it drew :  
So should each intellectual sphere,  
As part of one great system, roll  
Unceasing in its bright career,  
Around Creation's central soul.'

Oh! could our spirits bear away  
What midnight earth and ocean teach,  
Or could our organs hear by day,  
Ye stars! your firmamental speech ;  
'T would light with hues of Eden's prime  
Our cold, gross, storm-dark atmosphere,  
And pour into the moulds of Time  
The bliss of Heaven's eternal year!

W. H. H.

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### T O L E R A T I O N .

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'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO UNTO YOU.'

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'HE is a skeptic!' says one; 'have nothing to do with him!' Yes, he is a skeptic, and *therefore* it is the duty of all good Christians; of all who have the welfare of their souls at heart; of all unchangeable believers in established forms and creeds, to shun him as they would the plague! They deem him the victim of a moral pestilence, and fancy that he scatters disease and death wherever he goes. Is Truth then so weak, and her influence on her followers so enervating?

But who is this skeptic? Is he honest? 'Oh yes; no one doubts that he is sincere, honest, and desirous of being truly virtuous; but all this makes him only so much the more dangerous. He is Satan in the garb of an angel.' How do you *know* he is a devil? You do *not* know it; but I will tell you why you think as you do; why you judge thus harshly of your brother. It is because he is not a Christian *according to your creed*. And who made *you* a ruler and a judge over him? He believes in God, and that Jesus is the CHRIST; he believes it to be his duty, and feels it to be his privilege, to love God with all his heart, and *also* to love his neighbor as himself; but he does *not* believe some other things which you *do*; he does not subscribe to every item of your church creed, and therefore he is to you a heathen! Be not so uncharitable, or you may disgust him at the outset with what you deem Christianity. He has already, through much toil, comprehended and received the above four cardinal articles of your faith; speak kindly to him, encourage him, and he



may in due time understand and embrace the remaining and minor articles.

But how came you with your creed? Were you educated to it? Did you take it on the authority of your teachers? Ah, indeed! Then if you had been born a Turk, it would have been a sin in you to have questioned the truth of Islamism. It is now a sin for you to ask a Turk to doubt the authority of his teachers. If it is right to believe all that our early spiritual guides have taught us, and a sin to doubt the infallibility of their authority, then all those are right who unhesitatingly receive the religion of their fathers; then are all mankind right, except skeptics and renegadoes; and even the skeptics are right, if their parents and teachers were skeptics before them. Call home your missionaries; abolish your societies for the conversion of the heathen! You ask them to sin when you invite them to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of authority.

This is slavish. To be a saving, yours must be a living faith: you must work out your own salvation; others cannot do it for you. You may build up your own faith, and breathe into it the breath of life from your own soul. You must begin by doubting; you must be a skeptic; a skeptic, but not a mere caviller. Be earnest, be truth-loving. 'Seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' And look not askance on others who seek truth in a different path from your own, for the castle of Truth hath many approaches; nor on those who knock not at the same door with yourself, for it hath many portals; ay, and many a postern and private entrance, by which those whom you despise may chance to obtain an audience, before you with your crowd shall have reached even the ante-room of the castle.

You believe in a certain creed and certain forms of worship; and if you believe with all your heart, I say God speed you on your road to heaven! I will never attempt to swerve you from what you deem the path of duty, by denunciation and threats of the penalties of hell-fire. Believing as you do, it would be a sin to act otherwise; it would be a sin in me to ask you to belie your conscience. I may indeed question your belief, and inform you of mine; but I have no right to condemn you if you cannot yield yours and adopt mine.

Have charity, dear brother! have charity for those who differ from you. All stomachs cannot digest the same kind of food; all souls cannot draw nourishment from the same spiritual aliment. All eyes cannot see through the same spectacles; all souls cannot worship through the same forms, cannot discern God through the same medium. He who is honest and earnest is on the road to heaven; and whether his progress be slow or rapid, he will surely reach it, be he Jew, Gentile, or Christian; and he will find a little charity no burthen on the road.

The human mind is a kind of telescope; the elemental faculties are the glasses; and as in no two are these found alike, so no two persons see with equal readiness, distinctness, and power. The vision of some is distorted; of others, clear and piercing for distant objects, but useless for their immediate neighborhood; of yet others,

almost microscopic, perceiving with surprising minuteness objects near at hand, but blind to those which are distant; discerning the near flower, but failing to comprehend the entire landscape. This will account for the different manner in which we view things. Where I see a plain natural fact, you see a miracle; where I see a simple truth, and reverentially state it, you hold up your hands in horror and exclaim: 'Falsehood and blasphemy!' Verily, friend, we resemble two persons standing on a cliff, observing the distant ocean; the one with a pocket-glass, the other with a powerful telescope. What appears a schooner to one is a cockle-boat to the other; and where this sees nought, the other beholds a distant fleet; and as each believes his own glass the best, or (if he be *very* modest) at least as good as his neighbor's, let them endeavor as earnestly as they can to convince each other, each obstinately remains of his own opinion; the one believing in his cockle-boat, the other in his schooner.

Which has the best glass, you or I, I will not undertake to determine; though I am fully as much inclined to think you have it as that I have. Could we but exchange for a moment, as the ocean-gazers might easily do, what a light would break in upon the short-sighted one! What a clearing up of doubts would there be! What a doing away with disputed questions! But unhappily, as every tub must stand on its own bottom, so every man must see with his own mental telescope; hence there must needs be doubts and disputations to the end. Or rather, I should say, this is happily contrived; for what a sleepy world were this, if all saw alike; or what an unhappy man would he be, who, after enjoying a friend's fine telescope, should be again reduced to his own old horn-spectacles!

After all, it must be best as it is; for God made every thing; and I must even be contented with the pocket-glass which He gave me, although you may have your heaven-searching telescope.

But we are a proselyting race, and though we are perfectly well-satisfied with our own spy-glasses, we are continually endeavoring to improve the faulty ones of our neighbors; and certainly this is a laudable undertaking, if conceived and executed in a proper spirit. But when I would restore sight to a blind man, I must not begin by charging him with blasphemy because he says the sun shines not, or he will be apt to avoid me, and so prevent me from doing a good action. Thus without finding fault with this man or that, for beholding according to the faculties which God hath bestowed upon each, I would merely desire the same privilege myself; and if, in my blindness, I should honestly aver there is no sun in the sky, do not open on me the cry of 'falsehood' and 'blasphemy,' seeing that to me no sun exists.

Are you undecided between the Trinity and the Unity? Are you fearful that you shall not render due honor to each member of the God-head? Worship the Almighty Spirit of the Universe, the great God of Nature; and be assured that in adoring the Whole, you are adoring each part. Are you lost in the mazes of the doctrine of atonement; are you unable to comprehend it, and at the same time fearful of condemnation in not accepting it? Go and do a kind ser-

vice to a suffering brother-man, and your path shall be enlightened, your heart made easy, and you shall go on your way rejoicing. Do you doubt of your own salvation? Go, repent of your sins; forgive all who have offended you, as you desire to be forgiven; do unto others as you would that others should do unto you; and, as you fear the judgment of God, judge kindly of your fellow mortals. Quarrel with no man on account of his honest belief; for if you are wise, you will bethink you how likely it is that you yourself may be in error; nay, how impossible it is that, on many points, you should be otherwise.

Thus, whenever you are lost in the mazes of theoretical theology, go and practice that which you *know* to be right; and fear not the issue; for, 'If any man will do His will, he shall *know* of the doctrine.'

J. K.

Portsmouth, (N. H.)

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S T A N Z A S .

## I.

THERE is a hope, the only one  
That I have nursed through life,  
That, ere the world's hard race be run,  
A soothing partner in its strife  
May cheer me with her looks of love,  
And bless me with her tender words:  
The first, a smiling heaven above,  
The last, a woodland chant of birds.

## II.

And many a one I've met, who seemed  
To me less human than divine:  
But none, oh! none like her I've dreamed  
Was meant to link her fate with mine.  
I've trembled when that form did gleam  
Amid the pauses of the strife,  
Lest I might always *only* dream —  
Doomed to a lone and loveless life.

## III.

A loveless life, unblessed by her,  
The star of life's ideal zone;  
Whose every fancied look can stir  
My heart, as if it were her own.  
That angel-form, so bright and fair,  
Those tender eyes' delicious blue,  
The beauty of that auburn hair —  
Away! the dream will ne'er prove true!

## IV.

Thus thought I once in life, but then  
This heart had never met with thine;  
Hope had not breathed, nor had love's pen  
Traced the sweet name of CAROLINE.  
I thought that heaven had formed no hand  
To smoothe in age my aching brow;  
My soul to live alone was planned  
I thought—but it is not so now!

## v.

My breast is now untouched with pain,  
 My quickened pulses madly run,  
 As if they struggled to maintain  
 Two hearts with life, instead of one.  
 There is a Mecca in my breast,  
 And at the silent hour of prayer  
 Sweet thoughts of her I love the best,  
 Like peaceful pilgrims, journey there.

## vi.

Star of my soul! my thoughts will turn  
 To thee, with every changing hour;  
 My love-sick soul will fondly yearn  
 Toward thee, despite cold reason's power;  
 And as each changing day doth part,  
 Will call a blessing from above  
 On thee, unto whose gentle heart  
 Fate turned the current of my love.

## MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAYFELLOW.'

'For here more than in any other case, it is verified that the heart sees farther than the head.'

CARLYLE'S REVIEW OF VOLTAIRE.

WE may be spared the particulars of the gradual decline of business, enterprise, and prosperity in the native village of Rufus Gilbert, in consequence of that sure destroyer, Intemperance. Nor did his father's family refuse its victims to the blinded, or worse than blinded, avarice of their head. Daniel, the father, escaped; for he knew too well the nature of the poisonous compounds he sold, under various names, to taste them himself; and Rufus felt too deep a disgust for the traffic, and saw too plainly the effects, to be easily led into the vice; but his brothers, educated abroad, very early fell into the habits of the place. The first son, George, died a sot at thirty. Charles became a maniac; and is, at this day, wandering about the country, a beggar. Two others, of slower and more sluggish temperaments, are *respectable* hard-drinkers, and will probably remain such to the day of their death. They boast of never being drunk; can always walk and talk, and look after their personal and pecuniary safety; but they hesitate in their speech; have treacherous memories, and fiery red noses. They are moreover petulant, exacting, and hard-hearted; oppressive of the poor, scoffers at religion, and spend their lives in bitterly opposing all efforts to reclaim the drunkard. They pretend to feel insulted by the name of temperance, when the subject is introduced in their presence, and refuse to listen to the eloquent advocates of reform, even John Hawkins himself.

It seemed necessary that Daniel should die a sober man, that to him the work of retribution might be complete, and that he might see clearly the ruin he had caused about him. In his last hours, beside the harrowing thought of the uncertain fate of his own children, there stared at him from the walls of his room many a pale face of weeping wife, with ragged little ones clinging to their skirts, and looking up piteously for bread ; and Smith, the murderer, who went home intoxicated from his store on the night that he killed his wife, seemed to be swinging from the gallows just over his head. No thought of good deeds, done or planned, soothed the death-bed of the avaricious old man ; no timely charity, no sacrifice of self, became in turn the messenger of mercy, peace and hope to his parting soul. He died wretched and despairing ; and feeling for the first time the truth of the text he had often uttered at prayer-meetings and revivals : ' What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? '

The traveller, as he passes through this forlorn village, may or may not be attracted to the blackened walls of what was once a large establishment, the remains of a brick building and the half-consumed rafters of many out-houses and barns. But there they stand as they have stood for years ; no one venturing to meddle with them ; it may be through apathy or superstitious fear. Be the cause what it may, there they are, the ruins of Daniel Gilbert's residence, consumed by lightning on the day of his funeral. Hardly was the body carried from the house, when a violent storm came up, and before any rain had fallen, one fierce bolt burst over the buildings, and they were soon a mass of flame. No effort was made to extinguish the fire. The conflagration seemed the doom of Heaven, and the story of it is current in the place to this day, and is always mentioned with solemn wonder, as a just mark of God's displeasure with the way Daniel had amassed his property. In little country towns, and in some large ones, every remarkably sad accident and every instance of notoriously good fortune, are called *providential*, while the countless everyday blessings of life are enjoyed by men unmindful of the Author of them all.

Rufus stood by and looked calmly and thoughtfully at the raging flames. He discouraged some who were about to make effort to save the buildings, by saying : ' Let them burn ; your efforts will be useless ; would to God that this day might see a new life begun by us all ! ' Men thought his conduct and words very strange, but no one questioned him, not even his brothers, who were as much strangers to his character at that time as the others. The influence he had acquired was the greater because it was secret. It was a very different power he had over the minds of men, from the bustling importance of the village politician, or the dreaded sway which the moneyed man has over the affairs of his neighborhood, by small loans and accommodations to the struggling and the needy. No ; the power Rufus Gilbert possessed was from Heaven ; the power of superior virtue, the majesty of an elevated mind, a dictatorship derived from God.

And let Heaven be thanked for this law of nature, that the best and the purest and the highest, are our real governors and judges and leaders, whatever may be the decision of the polls. How the heart of the philanthropist may thrill to know it, that though persecuted, fettered, and even slain, his spirit, his life and sacrifices, are more potent than all the trappings and insignia of worldly rank and office. Let no other name be cited to prove this law, than the hallowed name of PENN, who in the confidence which virtue always inspires, threw himself into the midst of savages, and with this 'shield of the spirit,' his head covered with this 'helmet of salvation,' felt more secure than if surrounded by battlements and coated in steel.

Rufus had grown up, in such a place as we have described, to the age of twenty-three, and he was one among a thousand who had become the firmer, the purer, from the instability and debasement of those about him. The wicked and debased work mischief to themselves surely; but, in the designs of Providence, they are made the means of good to those they would ruin by their example. Every man, whether he will or not, helps along in the establishment of good principles. If he be virtuous, he proves them in the happiness of his life; if vicious, he illustrates the insecurity of any other course. Our hero was an instance of how much the heart has to do in forming the intellect. Deprived, by the accident of ill health, of the advantages of a college course, and left to waste his time in the trifles of a country town and the contracted employments of a country store, the peculiar tenderness of his nature led him to view with pity the condition of the poor and degraded about him. His sympathies with this class of his fellow-creatures increased, the more he became acquainted with them. In a course of active benevolence, to which he was prompted by his feelings, he was led into trains of thought which did far more for his mind than any study of history or language could have done. Instead of studying mental philosophy in Brown or Locke or Stewart, he studied it in living subjects; and in the village lyceum, when he argued a question, it was not merely a fictitious matter for which he contended, but the cause of real persons, whose happiness or misery more or less depended upon the view society might take of their condition.

It has been thought mysterious that, in the late temperance reform, men, who for years had been sunk in loathsome vice, should rise suddenly to occupy the place of orators and apostles of sobriety and decorum; that they should be able to move masses of men to action, whom the educated and appointed teachers of religion and virtue had appealed to in vain. But the mystery is easily explained: the latter have had but a theory to state; the cases they alluded to were supposititious; their arguments were general, formal and cold; their appeals affected, and their oratory often pompous; while the former stated real occasions, no fictitious sufferings, and irresistibly impressed men with the conviction that what they said was true. Without any knowledge of grammar or elocution, or any book-lore or training, they felt suddenly gifted to speak as never men spake

before; and they have converted a nation. Is not this like the language that was given to the Galileans, 'when suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance?'

Rufus, as has before been said, was deeply interested in this reform. Alone and unaided, he had worked in its behalf long before the Goddess of Temperance entered the grocery in Baltimore, and touched the six inebriates with her wand, and in a moment converted them from a condition little above the brute into eloquent and sober men. And the heart here educated the head. Let any man, however illiterate, become deeply touched with any of the great questions that affect humanity; let the question be one of liberty or temperance, and his intellect will grow to meet this enlargement of his heart, and he will, as it were miraculously, be able to collect facts, and arrange arguments, with suitable illustrations, in such a form of rhetorical beauty and clearness, that men will call him eloquent; and he *will* be eloquent and persuasive, in a manner that all rule shall strive in vain to attain. Upon what other principle can the eloquence of a Patrick Henry be accounted for; and the eloquent acts, if not words, of the men of the days of the revolution, who suddenly, as by inspiration, became sages and heroes, statesmen and generals?'

Many are the men in these modern days who are trained in these schools of philanthropy, as Rufus Gilbert was, and who date their moral and intellectual life from the time when they first began to do something for the good of others. And we are almost prepared to say, that the temperance reform is quite as valuable for having taught men this confidence in their natural powers, if only nobly directed, and for a new illustration of the principle, that men are moved by love rather than threats and stripes, as for the specific results of that movement.

Our tale has little to do with the fate of Daniel Gilbert's property, his buildings, or the distillery which stood back of his dwelling; but it is necessary the reader should know that they were all consumed, and that Rufus witnessed the fire with pleasure. He felt that an offering was made for a part of the evil his father had caused, and that another manufactory of *fire-water*, as the Indian expressively terms it, would not be erected very soon to supply its place.

The sons and daughters of Daniel Gilbert, in due course of law, took possession of his property, well or ill got; and it *cut up* very handsomely, (to borrow the common figure upon such occasions, derived from the putting down of pork for the winter,) as much as three thousand dollars a piece — a large fortune for the country.

'A fortune' is a relative term; and how the country people live upon their apparently small means is a great wonder to the inhabitants of the city; and we propose, in a few words, to let them into the secret. In some parts of the country we have heard it said: 'Such a man is very well off; he is worth his place,' meaning a small farm,

with the appurtenances, 'which is worth fifteen hundred dollars.' His affairs may stand thus :

FIFTY acres of land at \$20 per acre, . . . . .	\$1000 00
House and other buildings, . . . . .	400 00
A yoke of cattle, . . . . .	60 00
Two cows at \$20 a head, . . . . .	40 00
A horse and wagon, . . . . .	120 00
	<hr/>
	\$1640 00

With a much smaller establishment than this, many a man brings up a family respectably ; helps to pay the minister and schoolmaster ; takes the country newspaper, and gives something to the missionary cause. Now how does he do it ? He does his own work, except in haying time. His wife and daughters take care of his household, and add to the purse by the dairy, the poultry-yard, the knitting-needle. No female help is ever hired, and no one of the family is ever idle. The afternoon tea-drinking with a neighbor lengthens out the stocking which the good woman knits as she talks, and pleasantly fills up awkward pauses in the conversation.

The farmer raises his own pork and beef ; and all the provision they consume. He may buy a barrel of flour, if his farm does not grow wheat, but then he pays for it in eggs and poultry and hose, or in pork and corn. His small account for tea and sugar is easily met by the female fingers of his house. Perhaps he sends a fine horse to market, or a fat ox, and realizes enough to buy his wife and daughters silk dresses, which female vanity will contrive to alter and dye and make over into all shapes and fashions for a series of years. Home-spun is good enough wear for the farmer and his boys, and five years' service from one pair of cow-hide boots is a fact to which a cloud of witnesses can be brought to testify. The farm produces as follows, perhaps :

Two hundred bushels of corn at seventy-five cents per bushel, . . . . .	\$150 00
Three hundred " " oats " twenty-five " " . . . . .	75 00
Thirty tons of hay at ten dollars per ton, . . . . .	300 00
Potatoes and other roots, . . . . .	100 00
	<hr/>
	\$625 00

With this sum, to which one hundred dollars may properly be added, for butter and cheese, eggs, poultry, and cloth, above their consumption, the farmer yearly puts out a little money at interest, which answers a good purpose in times of sickness ; years of scarcity ; when he marries off a daughter, or buries any member of his family. The secret of his being rich upon so small a capital is, that, being occupied in a healthy way, he expends little for medicines and nothing for superfluities and pleasures. Idleness is notoriously expensive, and he escapes that tax. When others are exhausting their means, he is either adding to his or keeping them from diminution.

The reader can now understand how three thousand dollars may be considered quite a fortune in the country ; and how Daniel Gil-



bert was said to 'cut up' handsomely when he died possessed of thirty thousand dollars. His sons and daughters were glad of such a 'windfall,' as they called it; all but Rufus, who immediately set about thinking how he could repay to society what had been so immorally taken from it.

CHAPTER THIRD.

\* THERE needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love.

'DANEBROOK,' BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

PHILIP WELTON was the bosom friend of Rufus, though some years his senior. He was the son of a widow, left with himself and two sisters when they were quite children, to struggle on in the world as she best could. His father had died of intemperance before the age of forty. The widow Welton had some little means, and she devoted them to the education of her children. Philip she hoped would be a minister; and accordingly he was sent to college, and was supported by his mother, who, when he was graduated, found herself quite destitute by the expenses of his education.

Until this time Philip had thought little about money. He was living very easily and pleasantly, and thought not of the future; so that when he became acquainted with the situation of his mother, and how much she depended on him, he at once determined to try some desperate means of repaying her; for he would not listen to any proposal of continuing his studies while her fate was so uncertain. His sisters offered to go to the city and seek service in the houses of the opulent, if he would consent to enter the divinity school, for the whole hope of the family was in seeing him a minister. Philip proved himself worthy of being a teacher of Christianity by refusing all their offers. He immediately left his home and sought employment as teacher, clerk or scribe, and finally advertised for any place of reputable labor. It was all in vain. Nobody heeded his notices, or if they did, they read as the words of one above his business. If he presented himself personally for employment, his anxiety and desperate fortunes gave an excitement to his manner, which invariably resulted in his rejection. The means with which he left home were exhausted; he was in a strange city, and at last, to escape starvation, he shipped as a sailor on a whaling voyage of three years, and obtained one hundred dollars in advance of his wages, which he remitted to his mother. The hour when he wrote his last letter, enclosing the money, was the first happy time he had known since he had left his home.

The ship returned with a rich cargo, and Philip hastened home to place all his share in the hands of his mother, whom he found well and comfortably situated. His sisters had grown up to be handsome young women; and the eldest, Ruth, had a pensive air, which led him to expect that there was some story in store for him touching

the young lady's heart. And he had not been in the house ten minutes before the youngest, Clara, whispered in his ear, 'that Ruth was engaged, and that she would tell him all about it presently.'

And Philip learned that Rufus Gilbert was the lover, and that he had been their friend during his absence; that the hundred dollars which he had sent, and which were placed in Rufus's hands, were not yet exhausted; the true statement of which latter fact Philip somewhat doubted. But he was willing the girls should be deceived in such a case, and he sought the man whom he felt he must ever consider his friend.

The young men fell easily and naturally into the most pleasant relation. They found mutual benefit in the very dissimilarity of their temperaments. Rufus was all forethought, prudence, and decision. Philip by nature was improvident, rash, and wavering. Both were affectionate in disposition, of pure moral principle, and Philip was religious, in the popular sense of the term; that is, he was a member of the church. Rufus was not a member of any church, and not religious in the popular sense, but he did to others as he would they should do to him; he was the friend of the widow and the fatherless; and he kept himself unspotted from the world.

Philip had been at home but a few weeks; and he arrived soon after Daniel Gilbert's death; when he inclined to make another effort to retrieve the fortunes of the family, in a wiser way than his first attempt. The two friends were walking together, and Rufus was endeavoring to dissuade Philip from going from home again, on some Quixotic scheme of money-making.

'You are older than I, Philip,' he said, 'but you will pardon me for saying that your plan seems wild and visionary. Now let me tell you, that though I have lived all my life in this country seclusion, and have hardly had cases enough from which to draw general principles, yet I have observed, that no man has ever done any thing to better his fortunes, who hoped to do it in a moment, in a day, or a year. For myself, I believe that the only way to do any thing, to arrive at any great result, is by beginning on the very spot where a man may happen to be, at the time effort becomes necessary; by making the best of present circumstances; by being willing to labor in a small way, to do that which your hand findeth to do.'

'But,' said Philip, 'it is with this design, that I might be something better than a day-laborer, that my mother expended her all in my education; and shall I now stay here, and barely be able to furnish them shelter and bread by my exertions, when my acquirements fit me to occupy a higher place?'

'High places, Philip,' said the other, 'are not found by seeking; they come to men who are worthy of them, in due time. No man was ever great who made greatness his aim. It is only the humble who are exalted; it is only those who are willing to be obscure, who are destined to be famous and renowned. Unless Cincinnatus had been found at the plough he would not have been fit to lead the Roman arms to victory. The ambitious man may be famous for his

crimes, for bloody victories, as were Napoleon and Alexander, but never for his virtues. No; I think it is true in small calculations as in great, that success will only crown that enterprise which is prepared for defeat.'

'You talk with reason, Rufus,' said Philip, gloomily; 'but what can I do here? This village is without life; it seems to have lost its soul.'

'Do?' said Rufus; 'why, *work* man, if you can find nothing better; work with your hands; plough and dig the soil; but I have something to say to you upon an important subject, when I am convinced you are thoroughly sane; but not now;' and the friends approached the cottage of the widow Welton.

The residence of the widow and her daughters was a humble building, off of the main street of the village. It stood by itself on a little eminence, amid a clump of sycamores. A modest gate-way led into a walk bordered with box, on each side of which were beds of flowers and neatly-trimmed shrubbery. Vines of various kinds almost concealed the color of the house, among which the thrifty girls had not forgotten the hop-vine, than which none is more luxuriant and beautiful, nor the less so for its value to the careful housewife. 'I have been thinking, Philip,' said Rufus, as they paused at the gate to admire the beauty of the walk, so neatly arranged, and to inhale the delicious odor of the flowers now in bloom, for it was an evening in June, 'I have been led to believe, by the feelings I always have when I approach this place, that if our people had more comfortable homes they would love to stay in them better, and would not seek the tavern and store so much.'

'Why, yes, you have particular reasons,' said Philip, banteringly.

'Oh fudge! no, not that; I've no romance in my nature: reality is too delightful and absorbing to allow any place to it. I feel very serious upon this point, and really believe that before our people will become temperate and industrious, lovers of their homes and their wives and children, those homes must be made more alluring by a new style of country architecture. Beauty must not be sacrificed to utility; and I believe that if we knew the whole subject, we should find them always to go together. Did you observe Bill Blake's house as we came round the corner? The pigs were in the front yard; the windows were stuffed with old hats; and the cow evidently spends the night just before the gate. The house looks as if a strong wind would tip it over. I dare not look within; probably the matter is still worse there than without. Now Blake is a drunkard; and in my opinion will always remain so, so long as he occupies so cheerless an abode.'

'Well, who is to blame? How will you help it?' said Philip.

'To blame! help it! you are to blame, and I too. My father was to blame, and all people who put up these little shanties for the poor, at small expense, and then charge them exorbitant rent for them. Every body is to blame who says nothing of the evil when he sees it staring him in the face. If I were as sanguine as you are,

I should long ago have set out on a crusade against mean houses; have preached the one idea of a better architecture for the farms and villages, from Maine to Georgia. It is quite as worthy a topic for a public excitement as many things people make a stir about.'

'I do not see precisely the bearing of what you say.'

'I mean,' continued Rufus, 'that one step towards making men good is to make them happy and comfortable; as one of the leading men of these days has said: 'You must give the man, you pick up from the gutter, a breakfast before you preach him a sermon.'

'With all my heart, I agree with you,' said the other; 'let us make the experiment on Blake tomorrow; I want to see the matter tested.'

'What! and give up your new scheme for making a fortune?' said Rufus; 'but see, your sisters wait for us at the door.'

The appearance of Ruth and Clara in the light dresses of the season, their heads decked with wild flowers, but partly seen through the luxuriant vines of the door-way, put an end to all farther conversation, if not to all thought, for the time concerning country architecture.

The evening tea 'that cheers but not intoxicates' was partaken of by all except Rufus and Ruth, who drank only water at the repast, after the blessing of Philip, who no more thought of eating without grace than of omitting his morning ablution.

'Now for *your* plan,' said the curious Clara. 'Ruth said we were to hear all about it this evening; not a word can I get from her.' 'After our grace I will gratify you,' said Rufus, as Ruth took up her guitar. And then they sang together some of Burns's touching melodies, the songs of the cottage poet of the world, and all future time. The sun was just setting behind the Green Mountains, throwing long shadows over the landscape; the smoke curled up from the farm-houses on the hill-side; there seemed to be a gentle whispering among the trees and the banks of flowers; every thing denoted that nature was about to repose. The voices of the lovers rose swelling on the air, in most perfect harmony; for their thoughts and hearts were one, and their gratitude to Heaven for life and health and peace was heard distinctly by their Father, though the angels around the throne cease not, day nor night, in singing glory and power and majesty to him that sitteth on the throne and unto the Lamb for ever.

It might seem incredible that a young man, in the seclusion of an inland village, should originate a scheme upon principles which have made the name of Fourier immortal; for at this time doctrines of association had hardly gained a hearing abroad, much less in this country. But it must be remembered that the same circumstances impressed the mind of Rufus which had impressed the minds of others; the same evils existed in his village as in other places, and the pervading spirit of the age touched him and guided his thoughts, though he knew it not. Rufus lived in obedience to his conscience; and he knew he never could be happy in the possession of the prop-

erty his father had left him, unless he devoted it to the good of those who had suffered by the selfish course of his sire. Filled with this idea, soon after his father's death he had proceeded to make overtures to several of the young men of his neighborhood, to join him in conducting a farm upon an extensive scale, conceiving that by their joint labors, they would be able to realize enough time and money to attend to the cultivation of their minds, and place their parents in comfortable situations.

Those to whom he applied were mostly the children of intemperate parents ; and in some cases, where he felt sure of his influence over the parents themselves, they were invited to join him. With his own three thousand dollars and other funds which he commanded, he had already purchased a large tract of land in the town of Landsgrove, suitable for his purpose. The number of his contemplated community was almost full, and he was especially anxious to secure Philip, both on account of his superior education and the relation he was about to hold to him. Beside, the practical mind of Rufus saw at a glance that Philip never would succeed in life alone, his enthusiasm and rashness leading him constantly into plans whose only fault was their impracticability. His love for the sister embraced the brother, and beside, Philip would be invaluable to fill the place of teacher in the establishment.

Fearful that his proposal to his friend would appear like a project of burying him alive in obscurity, he now began to open his scheme, which the progress of our story will explain to the reader.

MUSIC : FROM THE GREEK .

Σκαίους δὲ λίγον, καὶ δὲν τι σοφούς  
Τοὺς πρῶτος βροτοὺς, οὐκ ἂν ἀγμάτοις,  
Οὐτὶν ἐμῶν.

π. τ. λ.

Oh ! why, when the heart was blithe and gay,  
At the joyous feast, on the festal day,  
Did the foolish bards of the olden time  
Charm the gay crowd with their notes sublime ?  
And why did the heavenly sounds advance,  
On the raptured ear in the giddy dance ?  
Better, far better, could Music's power  
Lend its sweet aid in the trying hour,  
When the soul on the billows of grief is tossed,  
And all that is dearest is lost — is lost.  
When the heart is tortured with agony,  
Oh ! then would the sounds of Music be  
A cordial drop in the bitter bowl,  
Making the wounded spirit whole.  
But when with other raptures gay  
The throbbing pulses madly play,  
What need of Music can there be  
To swell the wild torrent of ecstasy ?

FREDERICK W. SWELTON.

## D I E S I R A E .

THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day !  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
As David and the Sibyl say.

How terrible that hour will be,  
When the whole world their Judge shall see,  
Judging all things most righteously !

The trumpet, scattering fearful sound,  
Shall wake the slumberers under ground,  
And summon all the throne around !

Nature and Death shall start with fear,  
When from their graves the dead appear,  
The sentence of that day to hear.

Then shall the book be opened ; nought  
Be secret, but each deed and thought  
Of all men into judgment brought.

And when the Judge his seat has ta'en,  
Each hidden thing shall be made plain ;  
Nothing unpunished will remain.

Whom shall I, wretched, then adjure,  
How speak, my safety to insure,  
When scarce the righteous are secure ?

King of tremendous majesty !  
Thou savest all who come to Thee !  
Fountain of Mercy, rescue me !

Jesus ! remember me, I pray ;  
For me thou camest on earth to stay ;  
Let me not perish in that day !

Thou hast redeemed me from the stain  
Of sin, with blood, and toil, and pain ;  
Let not such suffering be in vain.

Just Judge of Vengeance ! ere thy throne  
Is set in wrath, for me atone,  
Ere my eternal doom be known !

I groan, as one with guilt oppressed,  
In shame my countenance is dressed ;  
Lord, give a suppliant sinner rest !

Thou ! who didst pardon Mary's sin,  
And had'st the thief to enter in  
With thee to heaven, my trust hast been.

My prayers unworthy are t' aspire  
To Thee, yet grant my soul's desire,  
And save me from eternal fire !

Among thy sheep oh ! let me stand,  
Far from the goats, amid that band  
Whose place is at thine own right hand.

And when the Accursed are put to shame,  
And driven to devouring flame,  
Among the Blessed be my name!

Suppliant, and in the dust, I pray  
With contrite heart; oh! in that day,  
Be Thou my guardian and my stay.

Fearful and dread that day will be;  
How shall we from its terrors flee!

Sinners for judgment are arrayed;  
Lord! spare the beings thou hast made!

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## SKETCHES OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

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### NUMBER FOUR.

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No SKETCHES of any Southern State of the Union can faithfully present its features to the reader without bringing into view the great population of slaves. Of South Carolina is this especially true, for there not only do the bond-men outnumber the free, but the customs of society, the laws, the daily pursuits, the very habits of thought and expression and life, are all inwrought and interwoven with this great institution so intimately, that it is recognized in every movement and forced upon you at every hour. The bell that sends its loud summons over the city at night and morning; the twilight reveillé of the city guard; the clanking of the musket under your window in the depth of midnight; the trained-bands mustering at every alarm of fire; the loud cry of the watchman sounding from ward to ward at each quarter of the hour until it dies far away in the distance; all declare to you that you live and walk and sleep in a land of slaves. You see it in the market, where the German soldier strides up and down through the long, crowded avenue the live-long day. You hear it on the bustling mart, in the excited exchange, through the rattling streets. You find it every where; and at the buoyant party or the social dinner, in your morning stroll or evening siesta, there is upon you a restraint awkward and irksome beyond endurance.

And yet if the picture can be varied by lighter shades, why not so regard it? The heart which would oftentimes be repelled from the hideous deformity of human misery, is attracted by some fair proportions which ally it to its species, and by gazing upon what does not revolt the feelings, becomes itself partaker of the untoward lot, and bound by new ties to aid the sufferer. For myself, it has not been in the shocking descriptions of itinerant enthusiasts or the revolting vignettes of newspaper and pamphlet that I have found my sympathies most awakened for the slave; but in his quiet cabin, at his allotted task, by the way-side or on the water, where I have

learned his happy nature, and recognized him as a fellow-man and brother.

There is no one trait of character which the colored race possess that is so remarkable as their *habitual cheerfulness*. Wherever you find the negro, in city or country, at the house or plantation, eating his scanty meal in the pine forests of North-Carolina, or following the lumbering wheels of the Kentucky wagon to the distant market, at play or work, hungry or satiated, he is ever disposed, with philosophic equanimity, to make the best of his condition. Even at the auction-sale, that place of all others where slavery appears in its naked deformity, he rarely loses his hilarity; and if he can but manage to be sold at a price below his real value, he is abundantly contented. Were it not that the better feelings of one's nature suffer so rude a shock at these marts of human flesh, the contest that is constantly going on between the auctioneer and slave, the seller and sellee, would be sufficiently amusing. To bring a low price; to stand his master in a sum so small that he shall feel no necessity to overtask his laborer, is the constant object of the party being sold; while the auctioneer is equally strenuous to gain the highest offer. The one of course recommends; the other depreciates; the latter extols the capacities and excellence, the honesty and virtues of the slave he offers, while the former meets him at every step with the flattest contradictions.

'Here, gentlemen,' cries the auctioneer, 'here is something you don't often see! Look at this man and woman, and just see those children! The finest lot I ever offered for sale! What will you give?'

The last words are not out of his mouth, when men, women, and children cry out, simultaneously:

'Aint a fine lot! aint a fine lot!'

'Well, gentlemen,' continues the auctioneer, 'come, give us a bid! This is a prime fellow!'

'Aint a prime fellow!'

'Why, yes you are a prime fellow, Cæsar!'

'No! aint a prime fellow, either!'

'What's the reason you are not a prime fellow? What's the matter?'

'Got a lame leg, and never able to finish my task in time, Sir. Massa knows me aint a prime fellow!'

'Oh, pshaw! nonsense, Cæsar! You're lazy, that's all the difficulty. What will you give, gentlemen? One hundred dollars! Only one hundred dollars for this prime lot of negroes!'

'Aint a prime lot! Aint a prime lot!'

'One hundred dollars! One hundred and fifty! fifty! fifty! One hundred and fifty dollars! — only one hundred and fifty! Why, gentleman, you don't know what you are losing! Look at that woman! Is n't she a prime wench? Only one hundred and fifty dollars a-piece for this prime lot of negroes!'

'Aint a prime wench! aint a prime wench! aint a prime lot! aint a prime lot!' comes up in tones so shrill and rapid from the



parties to be sold, that the auctioneer is oftentimes forced to cease his recommendations, and to cry only the prices that may be offered.

In this contest between the seller and the slave, it often happens that the latter, by insisting upon his defects, gains the advantage, and is sold far below his real value. Then the congratulations of his fellows upon his success, after he has left the stand, know no bounds, and the fortunate chattel becomes the hero of the morning.

I remember stepping, last summer, into the 'Vendue Range,' (the chief market for slaves in Charleston,) while a large sale of plantation-hands was going on, to look up a person whom I wanted to see. As I came within the enclosure, an old man had just been put upon the stand for sale. My attention was drawn toward him from the extreme decrepitude he manifested, as he stood, withered, bowed down, and almost helpless, upon the table of the auctioneer. A shudder seemed to run through the crowd of buyers, in seeing so aged a person exposed for sale; and even the auctioneer himself, little accustomed as he was to manifest a sympathy for his victims, seemed shocked as he reluctantly cried out: 'Well, gentlemen, what will you give for the old man?' A moment's silence followed, when a gentleman, taking compassion upon the poor fellow, answered: 'I'll give you ten dollars for him!' 'Knock him off! knock him off!' cried several voices; 'don't keep the old man up there!' and the auctioneer knocked him down at ten dollars. No sooner had his hammer struck the board, and the words 'sold! take him down!' fallen upon the old man's ear, than a perfect metamorphosis took place in his whole appearance! Straightening himself up, with a nod of gratitude to his buyer, he clapped his hands together with a hearty 'Good! good! me hab easy times now!' and with an agility that a moment before would have seemed miraculous, sprang from the stand to the ground, and running to a corner of the Range, received the congratulations of his fellows upon his successful and well-managed *ruse*.

That there are *instances* of extreme personal abuse of the slaves, of wanton cruelty in their treatment, of reckless violation of domestic ties, and of egregious wrong for base and mercenary purposes, cannot be denied. Unlimited power is always subject to abuse. But to represent these instances as examples of the whole, and to draw from them conclusions against the great majority of the masters, is manifestly unjust. It is not from the physical condition of the slave that the great argument against the institution is to be drawn. Custom all over the world is infinitely stronger than law, and custom in the slave States prescribes less labor from the servant and better treatment from the master, than in any free country in the world. Lord Morpeth remarked, with his characteristic simplicity and plainness, after he had passed several weeks upon the plantations of the Cooper and Ashley rivers: 'I am an Englishman, and cannot be expected to yield my strong predilections for free labor; but yet I will frankly say, that I have never seen in Europe, a class of peasantry, exposed to so few deprivations, or apparently so happy in their condition, as are the slaves of South-Carolina.' The testimony of every unprejudiced traveller over the

Southern States has ever gone to corroborate the same; and he who doubts that, as a class, the slaves are cheerful, contented, and happy, should mingle with them during their work-hours upon the plantation, or visit them in their humble cabins, or listen to their merry laugh ringing from house to house in the afternoons of summer, or through the winter evenings.

It is not in the physical condition of its subjects that the great argument against the institution of slavery is to be found. It is the moral and intellectual degradation in which the slaves are found, and which is not incidental only, but essential to the very existence of the system, which constitutes the true argument against it. Here is its weakness; here lies the whole gist of its wrong. It stupefies the soul, and does it purposely. It blinds the eye of reason, and shuts truth from the heart. It pampers the body, and starves the mind. And the very last trace of God's image in his creature man is defaced and blotted out. For all this the master is not to be blamed, but the system; and hundreds of thousands of good men at the South mourn over it as an evil which they cannot cure. Let us thank God that they *do* so mourn it, and, like brethren good and true, lend them our hearts and hands to banish it from our land!

The slaves upon the plantations are far more ignorant than those who live in the cities. The latter, from their constant intercourse with the whites, become shrewd, acute, and oftentimes very intelligent. Indeed, it is not unfrequent that the favorite house-servants are taught to read and write, and even to cipher in the fundamental rules of arithmetic. As a general thing, however, their intelligence is manifested in conversation only; and the efforts made to instruct them in what Mrs. Malaprop calls the 'obnoxious sciences,' are entirely thrown away. Especially in *numbers*, even in those simplest combinations which we teach our children in their earliest years, are they ignorant beyond belief. My attention was first called to this surprising deficiency in their knowledge, in the first settlement I ever made with my laundress, a very respectable, middle-aged woman, whose conversation and manners were much above her class. 'Well, Minta,' I asked, 'how much do I owe you now?' She replied by stating, that on such a day she had washed a dozen and two pieces, on another a dozen and three, on another a dozen and one, and so on, reckoning by a dozen and fractions of a dozen, and leaving me to make up the amount. She then enumerated the moneys she had received; as, for instance, once a dollar, next half a dollar, then seven-pence, then four-pence; specifying *coins* each time, until I had put upon paper the full sum she had received. Casting up the several columns and subtracting the difference, I said: 'You want just one dollar and sixty-nine cents, Minta, do you not?'

She looked at me with a half-amazed stare, and replied: 'Me don't know what you mean, Massa!'

'Why, I mean that I owe you one dollar and sixty-nine cents!'

'Me don't understand you, Massa; me don't know what you mean!'

Supposing she had made some mistake in her own reckoning of the bill, I again enumerated the items and stated the result, but

with no better fortune than before. Minta still replied : ' Me don't understand you, Massa !'

' Well, Minta,' I said at last, as the only hope of an amicable settlement, ' tell me what you think I owe you, and I'll pay it.'

She reckoned a moment upon her fingers and said : ' You owe me, Massa, *one dollar, half a dollar, seven-pence, and four-pence !*'

' Well done, Minta !' said I, ' that is just what I told you myself !'

' No, Massa !' was the characteristic reply ; ' you no tell me dat ! *You say sixty-nine cents ; me say half dollar, seven-pence, and four-pence !*' And yet Minta was a house-servant, more than usually bright and intelligent, and had always lived in Charleston.

Among the market-men and women, however, and in the mechanic trades, there is generally great quickness in reckoning and making change, and rarely an error in the result. Some few, indeed, extend their knowledge even beyond what the necessities of their business require, and become distinguished in their caste as literary *savans*. I once saw a communication which had been sent for insertion to the editor of a southern literary magazine, and which, malgré the orthography, contained all the elements of a well-told tale, that had been composed and written by a slave. Above all others however, in the literary line, stands BILLY the Jew ; the blackest, raggedest, shrewdest, quickest, richest, and honestest slave in the whole State of South Carolina. Billy is not only a Jew in name but by descent, and, claiming through the African Israelites the paternity of Abraham, he is admitted to all the rights and enjoys all the privileges of the wealthy synagogue. In Hebrew and Arabic, Billy is an accomplished scholar ; and there are few who excel him in a thorough and critical knowledge of the Old Testament scriptures. With the true instinct of his race, he has hoarded up from his little earnings no small amount of money ; but with a penuriousness that one can hardly understand, he utterly refuses to purchase his freedom, and daily performs his allotted task. To one curious in such matters, Billy has secrets in regard to the African Jews that would while away many a long summer's day, and which a golden key would not fail to unlock for the benefit of his generation.

But these instances of intelligence are found only in the city. Over the whole territory of the South, the slave is elevated in intelligence and intellect but a little above the brutes that perish. Every avenue to knowledge is shut out from him. His place of residence, his origin, his country, his age, his rights, he knows nothing of. Alas ! he knows not even his destiny ! There is his task, and he performs it ; there his food, and he eats it ; there his humble cabin, and he lies down to sleep. But the *spirit* within him, the home prepared for it by a SAVIOUR'S love, the God who bends the blue sky above him, he knows not of. For the wealth of worlds I would not be the owner of such a slave. Not that I *blame* the master, for with the kindest feelings of a brother's heart I *pity* him. And if the petition of an erring soul can reach the sanctuary of the Great Spirit above, in the utter inability of human reason to devise a remedy for this great evil, mine could only be, ' God look in mercy alike upon the master and the slave !'

## M Y . E A R L Y   D A Y S .

Aber wohl dir! — köstlich ist dein Schlummer,  
 Ruhig schläft sich's in dem engen Haus;  
 Mit der Freude stirbt hier auch der Kummer,  
 Reichen auch der Menschen Qualen aus.

SCHILLER: 'ELKÖIG.'

My early days! my early days!  
 Oh draw the friendly vale between,  
 And hide from my unwilling gaze  
 The sunshine of that joyous scene!  
 To him who ne'er again may be  
 The guileless boy he once hath been,  
 It makes the spirit sick to see  
 Its devious path of shame and sin.

From childhood's fresh and dewy dawn,  
 When life lay full before my view,  
 In Folly's reckless course I've gone,  
 Still panting for the strange and new.  
 And I *have* met the new and strange,  
 And varied with the varying hour,  
 And found, alas! that chance and change  
 O'er time and sorrow have no power.

Wealth has no splendor in my eyes,  
 Fame no allurements for my gaze;  
 I care not for Ambition's prize,  
 Or Fashion's vain and gaudy blaze.  
 I have no wisdom; know not how  
 To follow Fortune's shining track,  
 And all behind, before me, now  
 Seems cold and sad, forlorn and black.

Why do I live these weary years,  
 And wear this cumbrous load of life,  
 Where budding joy is drowned in tears,  
 And peace devoured by care and strife?  
 Oh! were it not a glorious thing  
 To dash these shackles all away,  
 And in the grave lie slumbering,  
 A crumbling mass of senseless clay!

To him whose fount of tears is dry,  
 Or bitterer than Mara's spring,  
 On whom each hour, in flitting by,  
 Sheds poison from its dusky wing,  
 How sweet to drop this daily load  
 Of listless heart and throbbing head,  
 And mingle in that still abode  
 Unwept, unweeping, with the dead!

No morning dawns upon *their* eyes,  
 To rouse them with its hateful light,  
 Nor sun, and moon, and stars, and skies,  
 Grow irksome to their aching sight.  
 No fawning, false-soul'd friend shall greet,  
 No glaring foe defy them now,  
 But all in that pale kingdom meet,  
 With peaceful eyes and marble brow.



Ah! cease these words of fretful pride,  
 And bathe thy heart in contrite tears;  
 So shalt thou 'scape the slimy tide  
 Slow ebbing with the dregs of years.  
 Go! read in faith that glorious page  
 Traced by the pen of heavenly truth,  
 And garner in the heart of age  
 The holy memories of youth.

If pious sorrow soothe the woe  
 By thine own hands upon thee brought,  
 A soft, celestial light shall glow  
 Through all thy darkling sphere of thought.  
 Its morning sun, by clouds o'ercast  
 And shrouded to the gates of even,  
 Will melt their folds, and set at last  
 Resplendent with the hues of heaven.

PENSIVOSO.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

### *The Young Englishman.*

#### CHAPTER FIFTH.

'As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambique, off at sea, northeast winds blow  
 Sabeen odors from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest, with such delay  
 Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league,  
 Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.'

'Oh! rest me here upon this flowery bank,  
 Where bloom the jasmine and the violet;  
 Beneath the fragrant orange which displays  
 Above its golden fruit, while all around  
 The birds of sweetest song are warbling forth  
 Their grateful melodies—oh! rest me here!'

BEAUTIFUL HESPERIA! latest discovered but grandest, loveliest, most romantic portion of creation; how must the sight of thy shores have burst upon the great Navigator, after his long and wearisome voyage, and filled his heart with gratitude and admiration and awe! Wild indeed were thy beauties; but oh! how luxuriant, how enrapturing, how like Paradise itself! What balmy perfumes, wafted upon the air, what mellow notes from birds of golden wing! What a heavenly clime, with its unrivalled cloudless sky, invited the sea-tossed mariners to disembark and seek delicious respite and repose! What marvel that, ravished with the account of such a wondrous land, VASCO DE GAMA should have braved the terrible storm Phantom of the Cape, or that the indomitable De Soto should have held on his course, undismayed by the perils that surrounded him, until he discovered the mighty father of the western waters, the exhaustless Mississippi; discovered indeed, but only to find a resting place within its bosom. Even now as I write, the scenes of other

times come up to view. I see the lofty cacique, with his chieftains and followers around him, free as the air that breathed through their native forests, generous and unsuspecting of danger, welcoming the Children of the Sun to their shady shores, and showing to them all the hospitality of generous hearts. I see this hospitality abused, and the peaceful denizens of the forest, who proffered it to the stranger, inhumanly butchered, without regard to age or sex. Then the scene changes; the white man turns upon his brother, and they fight again; the ebon son of Africa is dragged from his sun-burnt home to be their bondman and their slave.

The years roll round. In one part of the great continent, freedom is proclaimed; in another, discord and civil commotion fill the land with violence and blood: while other portions retain their connection with the parent state as peaceful and submissive colonies. The great God above works his mysterious purposes in every change. His almighty decrees must be performed. He will overturn and overturn, until all is accomplished. Why then fear the result, when His hand directs and governs? Have faith, oh! trembler in the power and justice of the great CREATOR! Believe, *believe*, and thou canst not fear!

The adverse appearance of the weather, which caused so much solicitude on board the 'Samuel Adams,' soon gave way to a more agreeable prospect. The wind was baffling a few hours, and finally, after boxing the compass, settled into its former quarter, and blew steadily from the north. Soon we felt the mild influences of a warmer clime; and as we advanced, the air, which had been exceedingly cold and unpleasant, became soft and gentle, bearing on its breezes the fragrant odors from the land, which are always so grateful to the voyager after a long confinement upon the ocean, away from every genial influence of earth; and which at this time seemed like the balmy perfumes of some fairy shore. None can estimate the blessings which Providence gives to man in the pleasant green fields, the delightful landscape, the lovely foliage of the forest and the fragrant flowers which bloom every where around, unless he has spent some part of his life upon the desert ocean, where all in view is but one dreary waste of waters; then indeed will he welcome with eagerness the returning signs which tell of earth again, and the sight of the distant shore will fill his soul with peculiar transport.

The Young Englishman continued to grow weaker, notwithstanding every favorable circumstance. He could not even leave his berth; but the unremitted care of his mother and sister, aided by the wonderful composure of the youth, preserved the brittle thread of his existence, and he lived on. I did not again visit him after the interview last described; for he was quite too weak to converse, and my presence could be of no service, while it might prove an injury; but I inquired almost every hour how his strength held out, until I became myself restless with anxiety for him.

The progress of the 'Samuel Adams' was rapid toward her destined port. The captain determined to pass to the southward of

the Great Antilles, and then steer due west for Jamaica, as the northern passage between the Western Islands and the main land is rendered extremely dangerous by the force of the Gulf-stream, which, as is well known, rushes through the Bahama channel with such impetuosity that it is even perceptible on the northern coasts of Europe. The Great Bahama Bank, interposed between Cuba and these islands, increases the difficulty of the navigation; and beside, that quarter was at this time infested with great numbers of pirates, and sea-rovers of every description, to whom the peculiar character of the times, as before remarked, lent great encouragement.

Keeping then to the south of the whole group which make up the western archipelago, we sailed within sight of the lofty mountains that divide the island of Porto Rico, and which, from their great height on the east, are visible at considerable distance. They were the first signs of land which we beheld. Rising some four thousand feet above the level of the ocean, they seem like mighty monuments of the great continent which lay beyond. Soon we lost sight of these distant summits, as we continued our course for Jamaica. It was nearly sixty days since we had left England. The new year had dawned upon us; but instead of the cold bleak wind of an English January, accompanied with unpleasant sleet and hail, we were enjoying the charming atmosphere of June, and inhaling the warm land-breeze which at this season is so delightful within the tropics. As we voyaged along the sunny waters of the Caribbean sea, I was tempted for the time to forget my situation, and yield myself to the pleasing influence of the scene. But the thought of the dying youth below operated to check any exuberance of feeling; and my sympathy for those who watched over him so tenderly, forbade any thing like a high enjoyment of the surrounding prospect. On the third day after losing sight of Porto Rico we came in view of the southeastern coast of the island of Jamaica. Every heart beat quick at the thought of so soon stepping upon the 'firm-set earth;' while the pleasant weather which had so long favored us continued as delightful as ever.

The nearest harbor of any importance was Port Royal, in the southeastern part of the island. This unfortunate town was formerly the most opulent city of the New World, but had three times been destroyed; first by an earthquake, near the close of the seventeenth century; about ten years afterward by fire; and, being again rebuilt, it was once more thrown in ruins by a dreadful hurricane, which passed over it in 1722, destroying most of the buildings, and nearly all the shipping in port. It was then abandoned as a place of commercial importance, and at this time contained only some two or three hundred houses. Yet the harbor was strongly fortified, and so secure and spacious that the navy-yard was continued there. The captain of the 'Samuel Adams' concluded to enter this port, and our course was laid accordingly. On the succeeding day, toward sunset, we made the harbor, and came to anchor just at twilight. It was a delightful evening, that first night of our arrival; and never, never shall I forget it, nor the occurrences of the suc-

ceeding day. The mild zephyr from the shore breathed gently over us; the moon was at its full, and threw a silvery light around, softening the landscape in the distance, and making the waters on which we rested appear like the smooth surface of a mirror, resplendent and beautiful. The whole produced a soft and subdued influence upon the spirit, till imperceptibly one yielded to the impression, as if under a spell of enchantment. A few lights gleamed from the town, and a larger number twinkled from the different ships in port, and gave something of the appearance of life to the scene.

The Young Englishman still lived. Contrary to our expectations, however, as we neared the land, and felt the influence of a change of atmosphere, he seemed to sink still lower; and on the evening of our arrival, lay in a state of exhaustion bordering upon stupor. Communication was held at once with the proper authorities, who, on learning from the captain of the 'Colon' the circumstances of the preservation of his passengers and crew by the American vessel, granted us every facility in landing, without subjecting us to the ordinary annoyances of the custom-house, health officers, and quarantine regulations. Arrangements were also made for the removal of the invalid early in the morning to the house of an English gentleman of fortune, delightfully situated a little out of the town, and where Mrs. — was assured she should find a home as long as she remained on the island.

Not one moment did the mother close her eyes that night. She sat in the state-room by the side of her son, holding his hand within her own, and watching every breath that he drew. The young man was scarcely conscious of his mother's presence, except at occasional intervals, when he would open his eyes and strive to smile, and return the pressure of her hand. But he spoke not, nor seemed in any way sensible that we had anchored in the harbor.

The morning dawned, and the sun rose for the *last time* upon the dying youth; beautifully it rose, displaying to the highest advantage the rich scenery of the island. Every thing had been arranged the evening previous, for conveying the invalid to the house I have mentioned; and very early in the morning several gentlemen came on board for the purpose of attending him thither.

The Young Englishman was brought upon deck, when he became for the first time apparently conscious of his situation. He gazed wonderingly around, and then, as if fearful that it was but a dream, looked wistfully at his mother, as if to be assured of the reality. Nothing, however, was said, as it was thought expedient to keep him as tranquil as possible; and conversation at this moment, even if he had strength to speak, would prove particularly exciting. He was carefully lowered into the small boat, and in a few moments was conveyed safely to the shore. Here a number of blacks were in attendance, with a litter made like an open palanquin, which no pains had been spared to render comfortable. He was borne gently onward, and after turning through a few narrow streets we emerged into the open country. Here a scene burst upon our view which



defies all description. It was yet early, and the beauty of the surrounding landscape was heightened by the fresh dews of the morning. In the distance was the lofty range of the Blue Mountains, covered with their ancient forests, presenting a magnificent and sublime spectacle; upon the other side was the spacious harbor, from which we could look far away upon the sea; while immediately around, the land was nearly level, and afforded to the eye every variety of vegetable life in profuse luxuriance. On all sides our path was lined with shrubbery and shade-trees of every description. The stately mahogany, the wide-spreading mimosas, the silver-plated trumpet-tree; the fig, the pimento, and the flowering orange, were intermingled in luxuriant confusion; while the air was loaded with the perfume of the nutmeg, the cassia, and the myrtle, together with a great variety of sweet-scented shrubs and plants, for which the Western Islands are so remarkable. The songsters of the grove were all awake; the wonderful mocking-bird, with its thousand varied notes, the crimson-throated maize-bird, and the brilliant hang-nest, filled the air with their songs; and the emerald-crested humming-bird would ever and anon dart across our path, pursuing her sweet labors from flower to flower.

And *could* Death intrude upon such a scene! Were the glorious sun-light, the picturesque landscape, the shady bower, the delicious perfume, the sweet melody of the birds, and the delightful clime, all, *all* insufficient to check his fatal course, and stay the hand of the destroyer?

As we turned an abrupt corner of the road, we came upon a spot of peculiar beauty. A cluster of orange-trees grew on one side, filled with buds and blossoms and ripe fruit, and almost overhung the path; while on the other the view was unobstructed, and we could look across the luxuriant fields covered with the richest verdure, the fragrance of which was borne gently toward us by the morning breeze. A small stream from the highland crossed the road, and added its soft murmurs to increase the enchantment. On reaching this spot, the Young Englishman motioned us to stop. We paused at once, and the litter was placed upon the ground. The youth appeared to summon all his remaining strength for one last effort. He raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed around in apparent ecstasy. Once more, and for the last time, his eye brightened, and his countenance glowed with singular intelligence. 'And this is *THE NEW WORLD*!' he at length exclaimed, 'the land of the evening star, of which I have heard, and read, and dreamed! Lovely, glorious, heaven-like! Great God, how wonderful are thy works! Can it be that sin finds a place here? Beautiful! beautiful!' murmured he, twice or thrice, and then sunk back upon his couch.

Even now I cannot prevent the tears from starting, as I think upon the scene that followed. The mother bent over her son as he appeared to swoon away; a look of intense anguish sat upon her brow, yet she remained composed, almost frightfully so; while the sister knelt at her brother's feet, and burying her face in her hands,

sobbed aloud. In a few moments the young man partially recovered, but there was a wildness in his look that told of unsettled reason. 'Mother!' he whispered, hoarsely, 'come nearer! Yes — yes! The fields are green, and I shall have a grassy grave; and the shark will not disturb me, and that frightful thing, the peterel, will not flitter and chirp over me, as I go down, down, down! Oh! 'tis a blessed thing to have earth to sleep on. Mother, I care not for the worm; no, no; he is our brother; but the boisterous howling sea, those restless rolling waves; do n't let them swallow me up!'

'My son! my son!' exclaimed the agonized parent, 'do n't go on thus; consider where you are; we have landed; here are the pleasant, bright fields, and we shall soon be in a nice, quiet room, where you can enjoy it all. Speak, my son,' exclaimed Mrs. —, as she saw his countenance change again; 'speak to your mother, love;' and she bent over him a second time, in indescribable agony.

'Mother,' exclaimed the dying young man, in a tone so faint that it was almost inaudible, but which was quiet and composed, 'mother, I have been dreaming; I know it, for every thing seemed to whirl around me. First, I saw the ship; and then I was on the land, and then in the midst of the waters; but it has passed away. Mother, I must die — I feel it here!' putting his hand to his heart. 'I am resigned; I am willing, I am happy to die. Dear mother,' added he, in a still fainter tone, 'you will remember my last request; bend closer to me,' he whispered; 'you will soon go back to our dear home again. I like to look upon this land; 'tis pleasant to my eyes, but it is not my own. Dear mother, I want to rest near you in the land of my fathers, where you can come and sit near my grave, and our spirits may commune together; and — and — where my Mary can sleep by my side; for — for *it will be so*. You will take my remains to our own home?' 'I will, I *will*, my son!' groaned the wretched parent. 'Father, I thank Thee for all thy mercies!' continued he; 'and now forgive me, my dear, dear mother, for all the anxiety I have caused you: for I have been often wayward and unkind.'

'Oh, you have never been so — *never*!' exclaimed Mrs. —.

'And sister — dear Ellen — come near to me. Do not weep for me; *I do not weep*: will you always be kind and gentle to our only parent, Ellen? *I know* you will; (for the poor girl sobbed too violently to answer him;) comfort her, dear sister, for you alone will be left to soothe and console her. I would like —' Here his voice grew husky, and a fearful change came over his countenance. 'No, I am on land; I am — nearer, nearer — Mother, raise the curtain; it grows dark — dark! Oh, now it is light again! *JESUS*, my Saviour! I come!'

Thus died in his twenty-third year WILLIAM HENRY ST. LEGER, a person of promise so remarkable, that at this day his death is mourned among the friends of his family as an almost irreparable

loss. Some of the best articles which appeared in the *Reviews* were from his pen; and he was fast acquiring a brilliant reputation among the scholars of his age, when this insidious disease laid low his strength.

Little remains to be told, which would interest the reader in this branch of my narrative. Arrangements were soon made for the return to England of Mrs. St. Leger and her daughter, with the lifeless remains of her darling son, in a ship which was to sail for Liverpool in a few weeks. My object in visiting Jamaica was to meet an old and dear friend, my former companion in arms, who had taken refuge in that island. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been dead four weeks. This seemed the crowning blow to my misfortunes; but I trust I submitted to it without a murmur. The time soon arrived for the sailing of the English ship; and our mournful company stepped on board. The voyage eastward was a long one, but without incident; and after a passage of nearly forty days, we anchored in the Mersey. On landing, I gave Mrs. St. Leger and her daughter into the hands of their friends, who had assembled to receive them, and, declining the pressing invitation of the former to proceed to her country residence, I hastened at once to throw myself into the stirring scenes which were enacting on the Continent.

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LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

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A THOUGHT BY GARRICK.

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I.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

II.

Use the man whom you wed like your fav'rite guitar;  
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!  
Not played on too roughly, nor handled too much.

III.

The linnet and sparrow that feed from your hand  
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command;  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your will.

IV.

Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind;  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:  
'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,  
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

## C A M P E R D O W N .

A BALLAD WRITTEN AT WIMBLEDON, BY THE DESIRE OF MR. PITT, IN THE LAST WEEK OF OCTOBER, 1797, AND  
 SONG AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY TO LORD DUNCAN,  
 IN HONOR OF THE VICTORY OF CAMPERDOWN.

BY THE LATE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

## I.

ENROLLED in our bright annals lives full many a gallant name,  
 But never British heart conceived a deed of prouder fame,  
 To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our Sovereign's crown,  
 Than noble DUNCAN's mighty arm achieved at Camperdown.

## II.

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,  
 The British signal flew '*To break their close embattled line.*'  
 Their line he broke — for every heart, on that auspicious day,  
 The bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.<sup>1</sup>

## III.

At three o'clock, nine gallant ships had struck their colors proud,  
 And three brave Admirals at his feet their vanquished flags had bowed;  
 Our DUNCAN's British colors streamed all-glorious to the mast,  
 For, in the battle's fiercest rage, he nailed them to the mast.<sup>2</sup>

## IV.

Now turning from the conquered chiefs to his victorious crew,  
 Great DUNCAN spoke, in Conquest's pride to heavenly faith still true,  
 'Let every man now bend the knee, and here in humble prayer<sup>3</sup>  
 'Give thanks to God, who, in this fight, has made our cause his care.'

## V.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that bright day's renown,  
 Brave DUNCAN with his gallant crew in thankful prayer knelt down,  
 And humbly blessed His providence, and hailed His guardian power,  
 Who valor, strength, and skill inspired, in that dread battle's hour.

## VI.

The captive Dutch the solemn scene surveyed in silent awe,  
 And rued the day when Holland crouched to France's impious law;  
 And felt how virtue, courage, faith unite to form this land  
 For victory, for fame, and power, just rule, and high command.

## VII.

'The Venerable' was the ship that bore his flag to fame,  
 Our veteran Hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name:  
 Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,<sup>4</sup>  
 For fifty years, through winds and waves, he holds his dauntless way.

<sup>1</sup> The mutiny of the fleet at the Nore happened a short time before the Victory of Camperdown.

<sup>2</sup> This is a fact, well known at the time.

<sup>3</sup> Lord DUNCAN received the swords of the three Dutch Admirals on the quarter-deck of 'The Venerable'; and immediately, in their presence, ordered his crew to prayers. The scene was most animating and affecting.

<sup>4</sup> Lord DUNCAN was of very noble and venerable appearance, with a fine complexion, and long gray hair.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

EUROPE IN THE BEGINNING OF 1842. *Lettres sur L'inauguration du Chemin de Fer de Strasbourg à Bale.* Par MICHEL CHEVALIER. In one volume. pp. 124. Paris. Librairie de CHARLES GOSSELIN.

THE ingenious author of the daguerreotype thinks he shall succeed in rendering his plates sufficiently sensitive to arrest the exact features of moving bodies. Some power like this is needed now by the political and moral historian, if he would give the true form and impress of the times in which he lives. In Europe there seems nothing constant but change. The volume named at the head of this article, written by one well known for his minute descriptions of the internal improvements in the United States, performs for the region of the Upper and Lower Rhine the office of the daguerreotype in relation to facts growing out of the inauguration of the rail-road between Strasbourg and Bale. After giving a brief history of the province of Alsace and its neighbors, it describes the public works already finished and those now in progress. In relating the particulars of the opening of the rail-road, our author takes occasion to allude to the spirit of the age in other countries, and pays a tribute to American enterprise. Next come descriptions of the fêtes at Mulhouse and Strasbourg; and of the speeches and toasts at the two banquets. The religious services, always performed on such occasions in Europe, give our author the opportunity of speaking of the extended influence of Christianity. He has written so well on some of the great topics now before the cabinets of Europe, that we wish he had on this occasion given us something more than a thin pamphlet. It is not our intention to make an abstract of this work; but, as a specimen of its tone and aim, we quote a few of its closing lines:

‘ PAR les chemins de fer, la sphère des relations s’agrandit. Par les chemins de fer une immense fusion des intérêts, des idées, et des mœurs se prépare. C’est que les chemins de fer offrent à la civilisation un instrument supérieur de concert et d’unité; c’est qu’ils viennent à propos pour aider le genre humain à accomplir ses plus sublimes destinées. La sainte alliance des peuples se constituera, et l’humanité s’acheminera vers le sanctuaire de la fraternité universelle; rêve des philosophes, promesse des révélateurs.’ \*

After an abstract of what was said by the various orators at the dinner-table, our author remarks:

‘ DANS tous les discours ont éclaté le dévouement à l’ordre comme à la liberté, le vœu d’une union sincère et cordiale entre les gouvernements et entre les peuples de l’Europe, l’amour de la paix, la nécessité d’ouvrir aux nations à deux battants, la carrière de l’industrie, et le désir de voir

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\* By rail-roads, the sphere of relations is enlarged. By means of rail-roads an immense fusion of interests, of ideas, and of manners, takes place. Rail-roads offer to civilization a superior means of concert and union. They serve to aid the human race in fulfilling their most sublime destinies. The sacred alliance of nations will by them be made closer, and humanity will march on and toward the sanctuary of a universal brotherhood: the dream of philosophers, the predictions of prophets. FINEA TRANSLATION: EDITOR.

le gouvernement Française prendre enfin un parti à l'égard des grandes lignes de chemin de fer. Sous tous ces rapports, les orateurs du banquet de Mulhouse ont été les organes de la France et de l'Europe entière.\*

Speaking of the importance of religion to the laboring classes, he says: 'Unless there be an intervention of religion, there will spring up from the manufacturing population a reign of brutal anarchy and degrading oppression. Under the protection of religious faith, labor will, on the contrary, give birth to that practical liberty for which the people hunger. The law of CHRIST was always a law of deliverance as well as of discipline.' France is now in the transition state. Having, as a nation, thrown off the Roman Catholic religion and taken none other in its place, it has lost one of the elements of national thought and the best cement of social virtue. Divided, moreover, by a thousand conflicting theories, it has lost its unity of view in respect to moral objects. Having tried infidelity and found it to be nothing, many of the best minds in the kingdom, urged by the impulses of our common nature, are now beginning with anxiety to ask, 'Who will show us any good?' Would that the enterprises on which they enter with so much enthusiasm might help to bring them the elevated Christian faith of their neighbors; and that as their rail-roads make them approach so near to others, truth might make them approach nearer to Heaven, and induce them to run with new speed the divine course of piety and holiness.

The little pamphlet before us has one of the characteristics of genius; it suggests much more than it records. As a proof of this, we must say that its perusal led us into the following meditations on the present state of Europe; meditations which we hope our readers may not find uninteresting, while we assure them that our conclusions are drawn from official documents, and from facts within our personal knowledge.

SOCIETY will not consent to come to a stand-still on any of the great topics of individual right or social improvement. Progress is the evidence which a nation gives of life. Government, in order to answer its loftiest aims, should be paternal; with a heart that can feel, a head that can legislate, and a hand that can execute. Where sentiment, intelligence, and power are not combined, there will be compulsion either in the moral, mental, or physical efforts of a people. To develop all the affections of the heart, all the faculties of the mind, and all the energies of the body, should be the sacred duty of government. Where this natural equilibrium exists, there the machine of government works with the least possible friction. Tried by these common maxims, the different states of Europe may be compared together, with some hope of arriving at just conceptions of their relative prosperity. To institute extended comparisons is, however, not our present purpose; but we would merely signalize as examples a few particulars which have come under our notice during a long sojourn in the midst of these States.

I. Among the new movements now observed in Europe, we may record the efforts of the various sovereigns to introduce elementary instruction among the people; and also the extraordinary efforts of learned men to extend science and literature.

Heretofore, kings considered the education of the people as a secondary object; taking rank below that of military tactics. Each class of citizens exhibited ideas and habits which had come to them by a sort of hereditary descent; as some minerals are always found in certain strata. This movement of kings for the instruction of their subjects is eminently politic. Since war has ceased to call for soldiers, it has become necessary to provide for the safety of the state by enlightening the public mind and fortifying public morals. Hence the attention which the celebrated school-systems of Holland and Prus-

\* In all these discourses, there flashed forth a devotion to order as well as to liberty; a desire for a sincere and cordial union between the governments and the people of Europe; the necessity of laying open to the nations, by two united efforts, a career of industry; and the wish of at last seeing the French government take an active part in extensive lines of rail-roads. In all these respects, the orators of the banquet of Mulhouse have been the organs of France, and of the whole of Europe.

sia have recently received. In 1806, M. VANDEN-ENDE, of Holland, completed his plan for popular instruction; and by the establishment of Normal Schools, commenced a course of means which spread good learning through the realm. He was a celestial pattern of a school-master, and by his own superintendence rendered his success so signal as to attract the attention of FREDERICK WILLIAM the Third of Prussia, who sent delegates to him with the view of transplanting his excellent modes into the Prussian soil. This consequence followed; and in 1819 a system much resembling that of Holland was introduced, with the Baron VON ALTEINSTEIN at its head. As it came from the sovereign it was carried into that unquestioning execution so common in military despotisms, so uncommon among us. One of its features will show the temper of the system; it compels the attendance at school of every child from four years old to fourteen. These schools are kept by purposely-prepared teachers; and the result is, that in the whole kingdom of Prussia there is not an adult who has not education, intellectual and moral, sufficient for all the wants of the laboring classes. A maxim among them seems to be this; whatever we would have in the state we must first introduce into the school-room. Thus by providing self-government for every mind they save the expenses of an armed police, while they render the people industrious, peaceful, and happy. Germany entire has come into this system, modified in each State by peculiarities. Even Austria has made such improvement in her modes of instruction as to introduce Normal seminaries through the empire, and her sovereign has issued a decree in these words: 'After such a time, no male or female shall be married who cannot read, write, cipher, make out and cast up a common account.' In France there is great interest on the subject of primary instruction; and recently schools for the people have been attached to some colleges. Norman schools furnish good teachers, and generous appropriations begin to be made. In England they are doing much in a different way. The fast-anchored isle does not like to become copyist; and the Borough Road School of London, though the best, is not so good as the best preparatory schools on the continent. They are trying more experiments in education than all Europe put together, and we therefore have the greatest hopes, knowing the sound common sense of our father-land. In most of the smaller northern kingdoms there is a general excitation of the public mind on this great topic of elementary culture, and the good heaven of Holland will ere long lighten the whole lump.

It would be strange if defects could not be discovered in the operations of systems so vast and so varied. That these exist, all the friends of general education acknowledge. Among those which have particularly arrested our attention are the following: Take France as an example, and we find that popular instruction is not based on morality. Religion and morality, as inculcated in the schools, only 'play round the head, they come not near the heart.' The absence of this fundamental sanction in such a country is seen in the mournful fact, that falsehood is almost a fashionable appendage to a human being. Violation of truth is found in the streets, heard in the parlor, seen on the stage, and proclaimed by the press. The social ills of which this is the cause have become national calamities. A sensible author, who has lately published more severe things on this subject than we dare to copy, says: 'Our systems of education are theoretic, not practical.' They do not meet the wants of the soul, and therefore they can never meet the wants of society.

Another defect is a sort of consequence of the foregoing; namely, the stimulus of emulation is applied to its utmost extent. Examinations for prizes are considered of the first moment. The exhortations of the teacher to his pupils, from the simplest elementary schools to the highest university, are all based upon this spirit of rivalry; and the images drawn from the battle-field are those most employed; the best literary combatant being crowned with the richest laurel, and compared to NAPOLEON at Austerlitz. This begets among some students the liveliest feelings of envy, and among others the rankest spirit of hatred. We have seen one of the first scholars in Europe distribute his official kisses,

and oaken garland-crowns to the young victors in the University of France, the immense crowd of privileged spectators violently applauding meanwhile ; and we have watched with inexpressible sympathy the tear as it fell from the eye of one who for the last year had been struggling with all his force to gain the honor which he now saw bestowed on his rival.

We have said there are new movements among men of science. Never was the desire of extending scientific research so strong as at this time. Every new fact is immediately put into the fiery alembic, and Nature is all but tortured to extract her secrets. In agriculture, new modes of examining soils reveal new treasures in the earth ; in mechanics, new laws of motion present points of support in the air, which may at length wholly change the face of commercial life ; in astronomy, extended applications of known laws lead to new inferences, of the most astonishing magnitude ; in chemistry, new agents under improved modes ascertain the exact combinations of the atmosphere, and correct numberless mistakes in the theory of colors and the action of electricity. In one word, Curiosity with its eagle eye and strong hand, hungering and thirsting after knowledge, goes forth into creation, now ascending in its balloon above the mountains and the clouds to measure the increasing cold, and now boring its tube into the centre of the solid ground to measure the increasing heat ; now taking wing with exploring expeditions to the secret corners of the earth, casting its net for every different fish in the sea, and springing its snare upon every new bird in the sky, and now sitting down to toil day and night in the application of a true alphabet to the hieroglyphics of antiquity.

II. Another new movement in European States is that for the maintenance of international peace. Society, as a whole, gravitates toward peace. There are two reasons for this. First, they who formerly pursued war as their proper trade and lawful calling have, during the long vacation of twenty-five years, become engaged in commerce, manufactures, arts, and agriculture. They have amassed wealth, and have educated their sons in these habits of peaceful enterprise and labor. This large and comparatively new class in Europe see that war will not only deprive them of their influence and shorten their incomes, but may also take from them their children. This substitution of the spirit of trade for the spirit of war, this conversion of swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, tends every where toward pacific policy. It has had the effect of drawing together nations heretofore alienated. To carry on the commerce and arts of peace, rail-roads, canals, and steam-boats have been introduced, thus bringing distant kingdoms so near together that their several markets seem not unlike the different shops of the same great city. These circumstances again modify in their turn the current principles of exchange, and compel governments to adopt a general scale of duties, which becomes an additional guaranty for peace. This fusion of interests is peculiarly a bond of union between those states whose juxta-position was anciently the chief cause of rupture. To mention one example ; the German confederation and their new system of custom-houses. This is a social movement entirely novel in Europe, and it promises to have imitators, for already the question of removing the custom-houses of France to the outer borders of Belgium has been discussed in both kingdoms, and the confirmation it would give to the principles of peace is one of the great arguments urged for its adoption. This measure, it is said, originated with the King of the French, whose efforts to secure tranquillity to Europe has obtained for him the title of the *Napoleon of Peace*.

Europe as a whole, wishes peace ; wishes to adopt common principles, and march at the head of modern civilization. Leaving each state its proper individuality, it would encourage between them all a free interchange of moral sentiments, of scientific discoveries, and industrial products. Thus extended wars become every day less probable, as the interests of the people become more and more an element in the calculations of kings. The ancient baron had not to ask his serfs if he should go to battle with his neighbor ; but modern kings, before they enter on this perilous work, must ask permission of the bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturalists. The people begin to



apprehend that in this game of war, at which kings play, the blood and treasure come eventually out of them, and they therefore hold their hand on the sword to keep it in its scabbard. In one word; it is evident that the higher interests of human life are superceding the claims of royal ambition and party politics, and that henceforth the commercial relations and general welfare of different communities will give to a war between them the appearance of a duel between brothers.

The second reason why European states will maintain international peace is, that each sovereign has now as much as he can do to keep his own people from engaging in parliamentary reforms and political revolutions. We speak from knowledge when we say, that in every kingdom of Europe there are numbers of intelligent and patriotic citizens, who, though opposed to collision with foreign nations, are ready for a struggle with their own government. Their rallying word is not revolution but *reform*. They have come to the apprehension of their inalienable rights, and they mean to assert them, 'peacefully if they can, forcibly if they must.' The kings see that war lifts this whole class of citizens into perilous consequence, and opens to them the very best occasions for presenting their claims. This is the true state of things; and it constantly reminds us of those earlier times when the feeble remains of Roman civilization went out from the communal liberties of the middle ages. A few sparks, preserved under the ashes of revolutions, sufficed then to rekindle the flame of progress, giving it a force heretofore unknown. The cities and villages, which fatigued with feudal domination rose to resist oppression, obeyed a natural impulse, and gave emphasis to the social tendencies of the epoch. They waited long and patiently for the signal of regeneration, and when it sounded, all were girt and road-ready for the movement. Republics were formed in Italy and meridian Gaul, commercial leagues in Germany, and communes in France. So also, Parma and Plaisance, Toulouse and Marseilles, Hamburg and Lubec, Cambray and Le Mans, Laon and Amiens, declared themselves ready for emancipation; the electric commotion seized the multitude at once, and the insurrectional idea propagated itself through every part of Europe. A process not unlike this, having political reform for its object, is at this hour travelling over the same route; and from what we often read and know of its aims, we should suppose that its patrons considered the noble efforts of the mass in throwing off feudal tyranny but as an eloquent preface to the epic they would prepare for the nineteenth century.

In proof of all this, mark the restlessness of the people in every kingdom of Europe! How this restlessness showed itself even during the troubles in the Ottoman empire; an empire which is for a moment secure only because so many stand ready to devour it; and which is rent with religious divisions and popular commotions! In Italy the same fact meets us every where. Crumbled into little dominions, which are kept at variance to prevent amalgamation, she has exiles in every quarter of the globe, who sympathize with the many friends of reform they have left at home. Their common saying we have often heard: 'We like our French conquerors better than our Austrian protectors.' Passing over the Alps, even republican Switzerland has recently shown the spirit of her neighbors in suppressing the convents of Argovie. The light of her example, set on an hill, cannot be hid. If Russia and Austria bring their iron laws to bear with a well-adjusted pressure, and preserve with few interruptions their internal quiet, this is not so true of their friend Prussia, whose last king had a quarrel with the Pope, in which five millions of his subjects took part against him; and whose present sovereign finds it extremely difficult to evade the urgent petitions of his subjects for new constitutions, and for an extension of municipal privileges. An important concession lately made, is in an order given by him to his Minister of State, commanding him to allow the censors of the press 'all the liberty of free publication which can in any manner be wise or right.' Most of the small states of Germany have obtained so nearly what they want, that their rulers have become the servants of the people. To show exactly what this last remark

means, we need only look at Hanover, whose rash and obstinate king is preparing for himself every form of suffering by his senseless opposition to the will of his people. They speak the language of the masses in Europe, when, in their address to His Majesty they tell him they will not surrender those natural rights which the nineteenth century guaranties to citizens. In their sister-realm, England, the people have freedom, but want bread; and the peculiar legislation of that country has armed Ireland and the poor with a terrible hostility to the existing institutions. The frequent meetings of reformers alarm the civil authorities, and the principles of the Chartists have made such progress as encourages reformers to hope that by new alliances they shall be able before many years to control the elections. It is well known that this sad condition of things constituted one of the strongest objections to a war with the United States. France is always in a state of political inflammation; always dreaming of something better; always gazing at an unreachèd paradise. Uneasiness there is reduced to a science; and the secret societies which exist through the whole length and breadth of the land, give it embodiment and form, in their murderous attacks on the life of the king and his sons, whenever favoring opportunities occur. It is very evident that the revolutionary lava which was thrown up from the Parisian volcano in 1530 is not yet wholly cooled. There are many standing topics of complaint. Out of thirty-four millions of inhabitants there are but two hundred thousand electors, and half of these are in some manner connected with the government. The resolution of the people to extend the electoral franchise cannot be frustrated much longer. Spain at this moment presents a moving example of the state of things above alluded to; and is of itself sufficient to prove the position we have taken. With no wish to break the peace with other nations, Spaniards seem to have none to keep it among themselves. Civil revolutions succeed by a kind of fixed scale, or geometrical series. Reform is their watch-word, a word stereotyped ten years ago by them. The people act responsive to the great European pulsation; and to show, in concluding these remarks, what that is, we will give a few facts as examples. The Cortes of Madrid, a few months since, voted to report the following bill for the sale of the property of the Catholic clergy in Spain. 'Article I. All the property of the secular clergy shall be national. Article II. The annual revenues of the Catholic church derived from seats, etc. shall be national. Article III. All church property shall be sold. Article IV. All said revenues shall be placed in the hands of the government.' In November last, we found the following account in a Madrid paper: 'Last week the Grand Staff of the garrison of Madrid offered a splendid banquet to the Grand Staff of the National Guards of the city. In this meeting were united the élite of both of these most respectable corps. At the dessert, a lieutenant of the National Guards offered the following toast: 'The happy day when we shall drink the blood of tyrants as we drink the liquor from this cup.' Another gentleman gave this: 'Should the Pope excommunicate the Duke de la VICTOIRE, let Spain instantly shake off the yoke of the court of Rome.' Another gave this: 'The speedy advent of pure democracy.' Another pertained to the King of the French, who was supposed to have favored Queen Christine's cause: 'May the SUPREME BEING soon glorify the King of the Barricades.' There were many more in like strain. After this, we ask if the case be not made out, that international wars in Europe are not at present improbable, from the fact that kings have their hands more than full in keeping their people quiet? They need all their armies for the repose of their capitals and large cities.

To these reasons for the maintenance of international peace in the old world, some would add the almost bankruptcy of the leading powers; but we find that however much their straitened condition may be a source of complaint in time of peace, it is all forgotten in a moment, so soon as a real cause of war presents itself. Others would add a yet stronger reason; namely, the greater prevalence of Christian principle in diplomatic affairs. That there are many among the most distinguished philosophers

in Europe who are penetrated with the great moral argument against war, and who are strongly in favor of the system of arbitration, is a consoling fact to the philanthropist; but observation has convinced us that the truth on this head, as applied to Europe, may be illustrated by a fact which took place near where we once lived. A straight Quaker, of choleric temperament, was insulted by a market-man near his door. He rushed with fury on his enemy. His good wife, hearing the noise of the conflict, hastened to the spot, threw herself between the combatants, exclaiming: 'John, stop! stop! remember your religion.' 'What's that to me when I'm mad?' was John's reply.

III. The last new movement that we would mention pertains to labor. We do not mean the labor bestowed on rail-roads, canals, and public buildings; but we see in Europe a question touching the laboring classes which grows every day of deeper import. The increase of population in comparison with the extent of territory is so great, that some begin to calculate how long it will be before the last acre of land will become indispensable to human subsistence. In many places the population is already so dense and the markets so high that the poor are forced to live on potatoes, bread, and the coarsest food. The merchants and landholders have become the successors of the ancient barons, and with this difference, that the barons took care of their laborers; they cherished the young, shielded the old, and nursed the sick; while the modern landholder does none of these things to his hired laborer. He employs a man or woman while they are in sound health and in full strength; and at the end of the day, month, or year, dismisses them for ever to the bleak mercy of the world. The accumulation of the truly indigent in the old world is frightful. The houses of relief are thronged, and thousands must be rejected. The funds of charitable associations are not half sufficient for the demand, and the consequence is, extreme suffering and oftentimes death. The poorer the laboring classes become, the poorer they *may* become; for they grow less independent and less able to resist the oppressions they meet in their employers. It is now an established fact, that in proportion as the merchants, manufacturers, and landholders have become rich, their laborers have become poor. What then must be the actual state and social tendency of a country where this fact exists? Looking at the matter narrowly, we find it to be this; that a new relationship has grown up between the poorer classes among themselves, and also between the rich among themselves. They have both, so to speak, become clannish; and what is the nature of these alliances? They are, on the one hand, alliances of the rich to sustain each other against the poor; and on the other hand, alliances of the poor against the extortions of the rich. The natural consequence of this state of things is a well-settled hostility between the parties. Thus situated at this hour, the poor becoming more poor and the rich more rich, the new question has been started, where shall a radical change of relationships between the parties begin? This is one of the deepest questions of domestic policy now before the statesmen and philanthropists of Europe; and it somewhat resembles that concerning the increase of slaves in the United States. No solution has yet been fixed upon; although many learned commissioners have had the subject under examination; and to any plan it will be easy to oppose serious objections, for this simple reason, that any reforms, which justice and humanity may ask, will be opposed to the legal statutes and hereditary logic which an artificial state of society has created and sanctioned.

We feel ourselves among the last who should decide where so many are in doubt; but as foreigners, we hope to be pardoned in bringing without pretention our modest stone, while we leave to others the plan and erection of the edifice. If the following hints provoke discussion, their whole aim will be answered: It will be neither advisable nor just to divide the property of the community in order to feed the poor. This would be nothing more nor less than universal plunder, ending in universal ruin. Equally impolitic would it be to impose an income-tax on the rich in order to erect asylums where the poor

could be sustained. What then can be done? We answer, *employ the poor*. But who shall employ them? Shall we compel you or your neighbor to employ laborers when you have no work to be done? Such a tax you would object to; but we must tax you in another way; and here we would make our suggestions.

FIRST. We would have the governments of Europe undertake great works of internal improvement, such as the erection of public edifices, the digging of canals, and the opening of rail-roads; and for all these the rich must pay.

SECOND. The governments may institute agricultural establishments in different parts of the country, where all may labor who cannot find employment elsewhere. There is not a kingdom in Europe where such uncultivated lands do not exist. This plan would bring these lands into productiveness and lessen the prices of provisions; for it is not the richest soils which now sustain the greatest population, but rather those which have had their natural resources most fully developed.

THIRD. Where landholders own the soil in perpetuity they must be obliged to submit it to cultivation at prices established by law. This extreme case will not, we presume, soon happen; but when the time comes that human beings are suffering for want of food, no statutes must continue to exist which say that they shall starve. This is that last necessity which knows no law. A government has no right to legislate death to its innocent citizens.

FOURTH. There must be new bonds of union between masters and laborers. The infinite distance at which laborers are kept from their employers, in these countries, is productive of two evils to the master. First, to his interest, because the laborer will do as little as he can for his wages, and feel no interest to do that little well. Secondly, to his security; for when the strikes and lawless tumults break out, they always endanger his peace and often his life. The need of the application of the Christian standard to this relationship of master and servant cannot be overstated. We see it existing in some places, and it is productive of almost an entire change in the character and condition of the poor.

FIFTH. The standing armies of Europe should be employed in labor. These armies, in the beginning of 1840, amounted to two and a half millions; now, in the beginning of 1842, they are nearly double that number. Most of the soldiers have trades; let each one be obliged to work when not on military duty. Take the best example in Europe, the French army. There are three hundred thousand men now under arms daily, and all doing nothing. They are able and willing to work, and could be employed in agriculture, either in France or Algiers. Let the government but strike this rock of national industry, and it would pour forth streams to gladden the whole land. The law now requires each young man to spend in the standing army eight years, entering at the age of twenty-one. Thus the best eight years of his life are spent in utter listlessness and inanity; and when he returns to private life he finds himself unfitted by habits and tastes for proper and severe duty. Let these three hundred thousand consumers be turned into producers, and a change would go over the face of society which would make the poor man leap for joy, since it would reduce prices so as to make him able to support himself. The King of Prussia has let the horses of his army to the farmers for labor, on the condition that they be ready to return them at a moment's warning. We hope this small beginning may lead to farther applications of the principle.

That something must be done, every provident man admits. M. THIERS, on the fourth of March 1840, then at the head of the French cabinet, said from the tribune: 'Gentlemen, it will not suffice at this day to be content with an order purely material; we must have a *moral* order; that is, a union of minds tending to a common end. To unite all minds in the promotion of this common end is the great mission now imposed on government. The hour has come to comprehend it. Let us give our hands to this demanded renovation.' These words contain truths which many in Europe are slow to understand.

But proofs gather in fearful crowds. Pauperism is a deep plague-spot on the surface of the body, and ignorance a deeper plague-spot in the depths of the mind, and both are growing into causes of revolution and crime. Hunger when fierce is eagle-eyed ; and Ignorance when it gets an idea, acts upon it in terrible obstinacy. Poverty among the poor, increasing as wealth does among the rich, has given rise to a popular logic which masters that of the forum. What said the workmen at Manchester, in England, in their recent call for higher wages ? *'How happens it that we, who produce every thing, HAVE NOTHING ?'* And what was the motto on the flag of the same class of persons at Lyons, in France, on a similar and recent occasion ? *'To live working, or die fighting.'* Workmen in Europe are willing to brave iron, fire, and fatigue, but they must have bread !

It is not in England and France alone that pauperism exists. A recent statement says, that in Belgium one sixth of the population are poor, and most of these in extreme want. In Holland there are twelve paupers to every hundred inhabitants. In Prussia, since 1815, the number of the poor has quadrupled. In Austria the numbers are rapidly increasing. In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom the official statements are appalling, it being said of Venice that half its inhabitants are destitute. In Germany the advance of pauperism is the motive which drives so many of its citizens to our country. At Copenhagen the poor tax has just doubled within the last ten years. At Stockholm the increase of paupers, taking the last hundred years, is one to fifteen. In some of the cantons of Switzerland the peasants have renounced their rights of citizenship, in order to escape the payment of the enormous poor-rates. The same facts are officially stated of Piedmont, Italy, Spain, and Portugal ; and are corroborated by the bandits who levy contributions on travellers and sometimes on villages. Take individual cities, and the same inference follows. Paris, for example, has eighty thousand paupers registered at its Bureau of Beneficence ; and sixty thousand more are said to live on the products of crime. The city of Lisle has twenty-five thousand poor among seventy thousand inhabitants. Mentz, Strasbourg, Lyons, Bordeaux, are also devoured by this lamentable evil. Russia alone seems to be exempt, and this is owing to the peculiar relation in which the servant stands to his master. We could cite pages more of official documents ; but these are sufficient to justify our remark that something must be done ; and though the people are willing to wait with angel patience, yet they cannot wait for ever ; and if governments ultimately refuse to give to the great humanity a free and equal chance of action and enjoyment, they may be assured that sinister complots, organized in darkness under ground, will be ready at the signal to explode in earthquake convulsions. Although the sovereigns of Europe see all this, yet we fear they will do, as timid men are apt to do, resort to temporary expedients. This will be a misfortune to the world ; for when a machine is old and worn, and works badly, it is not sufficient to put here and there a screw, a pivot, or a wheel ; these partial repairs do not remedy the general imperfection of the thing ; it is still an old machine, and the smallest matter throws it into its former confusion.

After enumerating the new movements now observed in Europe on the subjects of education, peace, and labor, it may be asked how these movements affect a population so heterogenous ? That the effects are very various is most true ; and we think they may be described by dividing society into three classes :

FIRST ; they who represent THE PAST. This class is composed of the tories of England, the legitimists of France, the barons of Germany, the nobles of Spain, and the clergy of all these countries. They keep their eye on the summit of the social pyramid, a summit which the lightnings have struck and blackened. They sincerely believe that the ills which now afflict society arise mainly from neglect of the ancient ideas. They are therefore particularly opposed to modern innovations. They point to former prosperity, when the possessions of the rich were not assailed by vulgar cupidity, and when noble prerogatives were not rashly questioned by parliamentary reformers. They love to fre-

quent the ancient castles, and count their heraldic armory, and muse on the good old days of tilts and tournaments. We half pardon this mistake of theirs, when, we remember that the *past* was the season of their joy, their action, and their glory. *That* season has gone by. Their souvenirs are those belonging to age. The sun has passed its meridian, the shades of declining day begin to gather in the forests, and soon they will be called to watch the last lingering rays. Shall we blame them that they are not young? Shall we even blame them that they have so little sympathy with the rising generation? The old man must have great vitality to keep up with the athletic steps of youth.

SECOND; they who represent THE PRESENT. These are the stationary adults of the social order. They covet not change. They are the conservatives in all these states; the rich citizens of France, the Christinos of Spain, the whigs of England, the ministers of all cabinets, and the rich of every country. These are the men whose points are made, whose wealth is gained, whose rank is acknowledged; and who, persuaded that they have marched long and far enough, wish now to sit down in the calm enjoyment of the results of their toil. To them the sun is in its zenith, and shielded from its burning rays, they sit in the cool bowers of their prosperity, tasting the sweet fruits which hang on the branches within reach, listening to the mingled music of birds and the murmur of fountains, gazing on extended landscapes, made doubly beautiful by the union of nature and art; and thus with every sense regaled, they add still to these outward charms the refinements of taste, the society of the fashionable, and the flattery of dependants. Very difficult is it to persuade them, thus environed by all that they love, to quit these luxurious retreats, and go forth to new labors. They are satisfied with the present, and are deaf to all appeals for radical alteration. They feel secure, and therefore care the less for those who do not. They shut their door against all poetic schemers, and leave the young soldiers in life's campaign to bivouac without, on the sands of the desert, exposed to the burning simoom, or the more burning sun.

THIRD; They who represent THE FUTURE. These are the vigorous youth of the nations, whose patrimony is in the rich Hereafter. They are by far the most numerous, and have 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' This party is very differently constituted from the two preceding. While they comprehend themselves, know what they prefer, and know how to sustain their pretensions, this third class is by no means homogeneous. It is much divided, and therefore leaves the conservatives to seize power. They are all agreed upon one point, and that is *progress*. But though all wish to march, they are in complete discord about the way they should take. They wish to reform old abuses, remodel ancient institutions, and erect a system which shall meet the wants of the age; but so soon as they descend to the details of operation, they separate into manifold parties, and then use against each other the force which should be reserved for a common cause. One party, as in Prussia, wants a constitution; another, as in Hungary, asks a complete disbanding of the army; another, as in Hanover, demands the restoration of all lost privileges; another, as in Italy, wants the introduction of newspapers; another, as in France, calls loudly for universal suffrage; another, as in England, claims the admission of dissenters to the two national universities; and another, as in Spain, would establish a republic. In every country they call for a melioration of imposts, extended commercial facilities, protection against monopoly, and the right of being heard. This is the party which makes the *stir* in Europe; the party that does so many good and so many bad things; and it is its existence and action which constitute one of the new phases of the old world on which we have remarked. It is this party which is growing with uncounted force, and will at some future day shape the destinies of that continent. Their great central idea of progress strengthens and expands in the common mind every time it is attacked. It will at length bring them together and give them a leader, who, like JAMES OTIS or PATRICK HENRY, will know how to strike for them the grand key-note, and anon they will be ready to join all voices in harmony. Divided now into many sects

and opposing schools, little can be inferred with certainty of their immediate action. They would have us believe that society is very near its next climacteric; but we venture to say they must wait awhile before they begin to chant their hallelujahs. Some insects must creep a long time before they get wings. It is true that in every legislature they have their representatives, like the great ARAGO and ODILON BARROT; and the journals which speak their sentiments have the widest circulation, and have scattered to the right and left ideas so penetrating and so just that cabinet councils have advised a severer censorship of the press. But it is also true that some journals, claiming to belong to the class of which we speak, do any thing but favor the cause of good. Unfortunately for freedom and virtue, there exists in Europe a swarm of empty and hungry journalists and pamphleteers, creatures as ravenous as the beasts of the desert, and endowed with just about as much reason as Heaven gives an ape. They seem the very impersonation of evil—civil, social, and religious. Without principle, without faith, and without fear, they deluge some places with their infamous publications, advocating a partition of goods, universal suffrage, a great social communion, and all the kindred topics. Their tongues would set on fire the course of nature, and seem themselves set on fire of hell. They are despised by all sound thinkers and genuine patriots. The best journals which advocate progress are of a very different character. They seem anxious to find the causes of existing evils, and then to apply with wise caution the true remedies. With their principles and temper we should generally accord, though some of their views we deem unsound. For example, they sum up their complaints thus: 'The people suffer—they are in want; bread is dear—work fails; let us have our political rights.' We apprehend that the remedy here demanded would not work the miracle assigned to it. If the people should be clothed with these political rights to-day, and should be called to exercise them by dropping a ball into the electoral or legislative urn, and by taking their seats on the bench of grand jurors, there would not, we think, be a shower of two-penny leaves to-morrow morning.

Some good and intelligent men, disciples of the generous LAFAYETTE, maintain in private that the establishment of republics would be a cure for all political evils. We cannot but think they also would be disappointed in this expedient. Look at the differences between our country and the old world. A republican is an intelligent, virtuous, self-governing man, who has learned the art of choosing rulers and making laws. This trade of politics was commenced by him when ten or twelve years of age, and when arrived at twenty-one, he had gone through a quiet but powerful system of training, which, while it had inspired him with the love of liberty, had also taught him the supreme value of order and justice. He therefore came prepared for the exercise of his civil rights. There is no such education for the masses in Europe. They who have resided there will feel the force of this statement. The only fit way of making genuine republicans in any country is, to begin their training in the school-house and end it in the church. To develop the powers of man in their natural order, proper time and due proportion is the shortest direction for creating Christian freemen. Now look at Europe. An almanac for 1841 lies before us, on whose outside cover are quoted the words of a cabinet minister: 'Fifteen millions of Frenchmen do not learn except from almanacs the destinies of Europe, the laws of their country, the progress of science, arts, and industry.' The late official report in that country states that 'about one half of all the inhabitants of France can neither read nor write.' An edict sent forth by the King of the French in November last begins thus: 'Seeing that in many of the chief places of the departments where there are six thousand inhabitants, there exists no school for primary instruction; therefore ordered, etc.' As that country has once been a republic, and is now jealously watched by all the kings of Europe on account of its political aberrations, it may be interesting to state, that official documents place France, in respect to its patronage of elementary instruction, the eighteenth on the list of forty-seven states. Our country is

placed first in this regard ; then come Prussia, Holland, Austria, the states of the German confederation, Norway, Scotland, Belgium, and England. In France there is one pupil to every fifteen inhabitants ; in the canton of Zurich one to every five ; and in the last census it was ascertained that our Connecticut contained but one adult who could neither read nor write ! A jury of twelve men was collected last summer in a country village in England on some emergency, and when called upon to sign their names, the Leeds paper says, 'there was but one who could write !' Few of our countrymen who reside in Europe will say that the people there are prepared for a republican form of government ; and therefore we must think that this third class of whom we are speaking, by mistaking their wishes for principles and experience, have been led to a violence of action which has put off the day of those political reforms and social ameliorations which they so earnestly and so honestly desire.

In closing this article, it may be timely to draw a few inferences from the state of Europe as above described. What we have to say in this regard may be included in answers to these two questions : First ; What have the United States taught Europe ? Secondly ; What have the United States to fear from Europe ?

FIRST : What have the United States taught Europe ? One of the first scholars in France recently said to us : 'The success of your government frightens our King, and your puritanism frightens our Pope.' This is the briefest answer to the above question. The ideas of association and organization against hereditary privileges have made rapid strides within the last ten years ; and the times hang out signals at which kings have reason to be frightened. The capacity of man for self-government had been doubted, had been positively denied, and is still denied by vast numbers. Men of distinguished ability have been sent, by consent of European governments, to explore our institutions, in order to write books against our republican theories. These books have had some influence with the conservatives, but have failed of their aim with the masses ; for the people have held them up in one hand, while with the other they have pointed to our unparalleled success in commerce, arts, manufactures, agriculture, etc. It is common to hear official men say that 'the example of the United States has no influence in Europe ;' this very mention of the subject proving of itself the refutation of the statement. The truth is that our country is having an immense influence in Europe ; and if we had conducted our moneyed institutions so as to have kept our engagements with foreign creditors, there would have been within ten years an emphasis in our national character and position, which would have astonished even ourselves. We have now long to wait for the renewal of this era. Nevertheless we still preach to the nations from that grand, majestic text of humanity, 'All men are born free and equal ;' and our country says to every citizen of a monarchy, whether high or low, what the immortal DANTE said so well : 'I repulse as odious the privileges of birth ; there is but one nobility, and that comes from talents and virtue ;' and to kings it says what the great THOMAS AQUINAS said : 'Titles of nobility originate in human pride and injustice. A government ceases to be legitimate when it becomes despotic ; that is, when it prefers the personal satisfaction of the prince to the happiness of the people.' The steady assertion of any great principle finally recommends it to the world. This is verified in the concessions so unwillingly made to our national character by most of the foreign journals. Take a very recent example. The *Journal des Débats*, the ablest newspaper in Europe, speaking of our astonishing growth and indomitable perseverance, said, that in a moment of national danger our different States would unite as one man ; and then adds : 'It is true beyond any doubt that the American Union centralized would become the first maritime power of the world ; and that old England will ere long be obliged to strike her flag before her children on the other side of the Atlantic.' We wish no collision with our mother country ; we only say that the seeds of peace and freedom which our republic is sowing broad-cast among the nations of Europe will not be lost. The plants may be regarded as exotics for a while,



and be cherished only by the intelligent as curiosities ; yet at last, their virtues will be discovered, and then all men will be anxious to have them in their fields.

Another truth which Europe is receiving from our country, regards the institution of labor. Our nation belongs emphatically to the working-men's party. Labor is with us the lever that moves the world. Ours was the mission of labor from the first. No one by birth or riches is excluded from this category. Every thing is put in requisition ; head and hands, beast and earth, wood and mineral. But it is the labor of freedom, as well as the freedom of labor. Every one has his natural chance, without let or hindrance. In Europe how different ! Look at Russia, with the body of a lion and the head of a man ; her feet yet having for their base the thirteenth century, while her head is in the nineteenth ; her people are part and parcel of the soil, and are taught only one lesson, and that is, to work, not for themselves, but for their masters. The process there reminds us of that pursued by the peasant of our western states with regard to wild bees. When these busy insects have toiled away the whole summer in storing a hollow tree with their winter's food, he goes and quietly 'relieves' them of most of their treasure, granting them only wherewith to starve through the season. But take a milder case ; say in Austria, or even in England. A boy born in poverty can seldom choose his trade or profession. His taste is not the first thing to be consulted ; because this taste might fix on pursuits already secured to privileged children, or bound down by hereditary prescription. The field of labor in head or hand which a boy might prefer, is enclosed, and has a guarded door, and no one can enter but under the secret countersign. The poor boy is not admitted unless he has some extraordinary talent which his masters can turn to their profit. We have heard of boys who have watched for years without being able to catch even a stray glance of powerful patronage. Our countrymen have no idea of this state of things. To live in a certain street, to work with certain tools, to converse with certain men, is a fortune in Europe ; and they who can command these advantages will be vigilant to keep out all intruders. The golden gift of opportunity therefore does not come to all ; and consequently the whole talent of a country is not ordered out. He who should be prefect is only constable, and he who should make telescopes is kept cleaning horses. A captain in the standing army has recently published in France a work in which he says : 'The average wages of a day-laborer in France is twenty-five cents, and in the United States sixty-two cents. In France the tax on each person is six dollars and eighty cents ; while the same tax in the United States is three dollars and twelve cents.' MICHAEL CHEVALIER, now professor of political economy in the University of France, says in his journal of travels in the United States, that 'nothing surprises a stranger more, or lowers his national pride, if a European, than to see the general-comfort pervading all classes.' And speaking of workmen, he has these words : 'Work,' says American society to the poor man, 'work, and in eighteen years you will gain more, you a simple day-laborer, than a captain does in Europe. You will live in plenty, you will be well clothed, comfortably lodged, and you will have many stores. Be assiduous in work, sober and religious, and you will find a wife devoted and respectful ; you will have a domestic hearth better furnished with comforts than that of the bourgeois of Europe. From being laborer you will become master ; you will have apprentices and servants ; in your turn you will be manufacturer, or great farmer, and will end with becoming rich.'

But it is not these high wages or agricultural prospects which make the most interesting fact on the subject before us ; it is the peculiar connection between the laborer and the employer. In Europe the distance between these two persons is all but infinite ; while with us they are all but familiar companions. In Europe it is a connection of pure selfishness on both sides ; with us it is a union of kind feelings and generous sentiments ; in the one case, of oppression and distrust ; in the other, of justice and confidence. The different effects upon a country which these different conditions produce, are great beyond computation. The loss is on the side of Europe ; the gain is on ours. The

kingdoms of the old world have yet one foot in the middle ages ; we stand both feet in the new. It is the province of our country to set forth, in regard to labor, a bright example of Christian equity. Our present, is the hoped future of semi-feudal Europe. We have not had like them to struggle through centuries of war and persecution in order to gain the two prizes of industry and peace. We began two hundred years ago about where they are now. We have nothing to undo ; they have almost every thing to reform. When they shall have adopted the highest Christian philosophy, which teaches us to regard *all* men as brethren, and introduced an improved organization of labor, then they will establish schools to educate all their children ; thus giving to all both the ability and inclination to turn into the peaceful channels of industry those energies, which for want of wise instruction and timely encouragement, are now wasted in profitless experiments or desperate crime. We are aware that many object to providing instruction for the lower classes, from the fear of elevating them to an equality with their employers. To this objection Prussia, as we know, offers a conclusive refutation, it being there found that education, instead of rendering the poor either proud or disobedient, is the surest guaranty of their fidelity and submission. The fruits of the genuine tree of knowledge have often been analyzed, and no one yet has discovered poison in them. Happy will it be for the old world when it adopts the American maxims on the subject of labor. It will put an end to that senseless logic by which some predict a fearful crisis between masters and servants. That time will never come. Always will there be the rich and the poor, as inevitably as there will be the intelligent and the simple, the strong and the weak. The more the laboring classes are elevated, the more some suppose they will contend against the rich. We apprehend the exact reverse of this is the truth. The more they are *properly* educated the more will they respect themselves, and thus be led to respect others. They come to be veritable human beings, and cease to be circumstances. Instead of declaring for social war, they would be foremost for peace. When all the poor are fitly educated, we shall see a yet more vigorous adhesion to the rights of property, for it will be the kind of right which one has to his own nerves and muscles. Let this fact be well weighed by those who predict social revolutions from the growing power of the laboring classes. Let these prophets be prepared for disappointment ; for be assured, the long labors and sacrifices through which these classes must go to arrive at the proper revolutionary power, will have thoroughly convinced them that they have nothing to gain, but every thing to lose, by a system of violent subversion. If society either in America or Europe promises in this respect any changes at present, we think they will be those of peace, health, and enlargement, resembling that beautiful process in the animal kingdom where some cast off their old skin only to grow larger in a new one.

We have but a word to say on the other question we proposed to consider ; namely : What have the United States to fear from the kingdoms of Europe ? Little from their navies ; less from their armies ; little from their commercial competition ; less from their political creeds. But we must fear, watchfully and profoundly fear, their moral and political corruptions. To take but one example ; what Christian patriot would not mourn to see repeated in his own country the infamous proceedings of the late elections in England ? Bribery and crime were carried to their last limit by both parties, and even human life was wantonly sacrificed in the brutal conflict. It is the utter absence of all moral restraints and high religious principle in this transaction, which shows the real character of the electors. For two months the leading newspapers of the realm teemed with disclosures of treachery, venality, and fraud. What must be the effect on the lower classes, who are not voters, when they see those above them giving themselves with an unquestioning abandonment to all the schemes of craft and ambition ? Sad will it be for the liberties of our republic when it goes across the Atlantic for political maxims on elections. The giving of a vote is a sacred act ; and if there be among men one individ-

ual who is, above all others, bound to make his vote expressive of his own deep convictions of truth and patriotism, that individual is the citizen of a republic.

We have also to fear the European vices of social life; especially those prevailing in the great capitals. American parents send their sons to Germany or Paris to continue or complete their professional studies. There, unattended by any protector, they are exposed to temptations of the most fatal kind; and though we have known many examples of assiduous study and exemplary moral conduct, yet we grieve to say there have been examples of a far different character. Unless parents accompany their son, or are sure that his character is definitely formed, we advise them to keep him from the great cities of Europe.

We have something to fear, also, in the possibility that our countrymen may separate science from religion, and thus run headlong into the wildest dreamings. Nothing gives such palpable definiteness to true religion as the results of science. He indeed sees God, who looks through nature up to Him. Every ray from the great luminary of science sheds light upon the neighboring provinces of religion; and it gladdens the heart of the Christian philanthropist to read what the first astronomer in the world has lately said. The words of Sir JOHN HERSCHELL are these: 'The moment seems to have arrived, the admirable moment of which our children gather the fruits, and which our fathers only foresaw, when SCIENCE and RELIGION, eternal sisters, join hands; and when these noble sisters, instead of engaging in a deadly and dishonorable warfare, conclude together a sublime alliance. The more the field of true philosophy enlarges, the more its results favor religious belief; and the demonstrations of an eternal creative intelligence become numerous and irresistible. Geology, mathematics, astronomy, all have brought their contributions to the grand temple of science, a temple elevated by JEHOVAH himself. All their discoveries coincide; each new conquest of science is a new proof of the existence of God. We have come in our day to an all but perfect certitude on those great truths which Rome and Greece did not suspect, or could not foresee.'

We have more still to fear from the second-rate writers of Europe, who seem in the absence of greater luminaries to shine with captivating splendor. These legislators in the republic of letters, or rather these marshals in the intellectual empire, are the authors of dramas and vaudevilles, poems and romances, often exhibiting great ingenuity, and occasionally some learning, and often also displaying the boldest defences of immorality and revolution. Many of these find their way to our country, where they perform the part which the serpent did in Paradise. These are the writers who separate knowledge from virtue; and instead of the sublime and heavenly principles of evangelical truth, they give you the cold syllogisms of skepticism; instead of planting your foot on the Rock of Ages, they push you into the open sea of infidelity, whose winds are chance, whose waves are accident, and whose shores are annihilation.

While therefore we are grateful to the philosophers and poets, the historians and divines of Europe, for their invaluable works in science, literature, and religion, let us distinguish between things that differ, and henceforth not only borrow from all, but improve whatever we appropriate. Our country must make its own character; and if it would draw others within the sphere of its attraction, it must, free of all foreign disturbing influence, majestically decree its own orbit in time and space. While therefore we cordially present the right hand of fellowship to all true scholars and true patriots in both hemispheres, and hope the only rivalry or question among them all will be, which shall study most deeply the great problems of human nature and human government, of physical science and revealed religion, we may be allowed to hope for our own country that she may fulfil her mission to the world; that she may be faithful to her great political creed, and faithful to her pious forefathers: then we cannot doubt her glorious future. We are sure that with the four stars of knowledge and virtue, liberty and peace, in her diadem, she will go on triumphantly, and settle down at last among the nations in the collected majesty of her power.

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM:** a Lecture delivered before the Berean Institute in the Broadway Tabernacle: with four Discourses upon the same general topic, delivered in New-York and Brooklyn. By Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, of Charlestown, (Mass.) New-York: C. L. STICKNEY, Fulton-street.

THE great length of the leading paper in this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* prevents us from doing that 'reasonable service' to three or four works which we could well desire to render them; and the one whose title stands at the head of this notice is especially in this category. We have read these discourses of Mr. CHAPIN with great pleasure. They breathe the true spirit of 'love to God and love to man;' and enforce upon the reader, in language of fervent sincerity, the most humane and Christian duties. The sketches of the social and religious 'conservative,' 'reformer,' and 'radical' are forcibly drawn and well discriminated. As an example of Mr. CHAPIN's style, we segregate a passage or two from their context. The subjoined is from 'The Philosophy of Reform,' and follows the declaration that the noblest plans for human melioration have been based upon Christianity: 'Is it not so? Come HOWARD, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do, when imbued with the spirit of JESUS. Come ELIOTT, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life; come PENN, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory; come and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarism and the fiercest hearts. Come RAIKES, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number, ye nameless ones, who have done good in your narrower spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on high, come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak.' Mr. CHAPIN regards the benevolent movements of the age as revealing the true ground of Christian union, the practical unity of heart and life. 'Men,' says he, 'have been prone to limit religion to the church, to the closet, to reading, meditation, and retirement, and to think too little of taking hold of the evils of humanity; of visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction; of cherishing a loving heart and manifesting a loving life. But the age is correcting this error. The dark clouds of strife and smoke are breaking away. Far through the opening vista of rent devices and broken symbols, like the heaving billows of a mighty sea, the tide of Christian philanthropy is rolling on. Men of all sects are there. The Catholic is there, with his crucifix pressed to his bosom. The Methodist comes on, singing the sweet hymns of WESLEY. The Baptist brings his robe of immersion. The Presbyterian stands upright, as his iron fathers did of old, to pray in simple reverence and freedom. The Universalist chants his anthem of restoration and holiness; but they all stand shoulder to shoulder. They all point earnestly upward to that great banner which waves over all, whose device is the crucified JESUS, and its inscription his last command: 'Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; keep yourselves unspotted from the world.' Mr. CHAPIN's style is not always in as good taste as the foregoing. He sins in the matter of 'progressing' and 'to progress;' speaks of having 'sweet music enough *up among the harps and angels*;' and of a 'sickle *whispering* to the bending corn, as ships of war go *sheeting* by,' etc. His literary manner strikes us as an imitation of Mr. DEWEY's, though it lacks the eloquence and elegance of that fine writer. But the *matter* is the thing; and no reader of candor will rise from a perusal of the work before us without being entirely satisfied with that. The volume discusses, and discusses well, questions of immediate interest to our country and age, and which are connected with the great principle of Reform.

A GALLOP AMONG AMERICAN SCENERY: or Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure. By AUGUSTUS E. SILLIMAN. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Philadelphia: GEORGE S. APPLETON.

HERE are twenty-four gossiping letters from one who feels acutely, and participates joyously in nature in all its phases; an American, who loves his native scenery, his country's deeds, traditions, and the 'perils she has past;' who is *au fait* at hunting, gunning, fishing, and most other sports; and who has a style that takes the hue of the moment, and stands the author in stead of a pencil. As these epistles appeared originally in the 'New-York American' and other metropolitan journals, and are not altogether unknown to the public, we shall content ourselves with calling attention to the very tasteful little volume in which they are collected together. We must advert however to a defect of commission, in one or two of the letters, which greatly mars the interest of the scene which the writer intends very graphically to describe. We mean the inordinate *dashing* of almost every word in a sentence, which occurs, for example, in the sketch of 'Bass-Fishing off Newport.' A writer whose ideas are always in an insane jumble, may be pardoned for connecting every two words with a dash, like Mr. JOHN NEAL; but one who does not depend upon such a shallow artifice for a night's lodging in the memory, should eschew this bad practice of indifferent scribblers. It can serve the purposes only of such writers as are compelled to simulate soul; to palm off the drudgeries of memory for the ebullitions of imagination; 'the coinage of the counter for currency hot from the mint of fancy.' Sketches drawn in this rambling slipshod style are to legitimate, life-like descriptions what 'the Goward's' pictorial pen-and-ink signs are to a respectable crayon-drawing, to say nothing of a good painting. But, *revertens à nos moutons*: We trust the 'Gallop' will 'go off' at a galloping rate.' It deserves to do so, for various merits. Two pretty wood-engravings, the one representing a colored servant bringing up two fine-spirited horses, and the other the same party leading them wayworn to the stable, appropriately begin and end the volume.

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HISTORY OF EDUCATION: WITH A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION. By H. J. SMITH, A. M. Professor of Modern Languages in Pennsylvania College. Family Library: No. 156. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume, the author informs us, is 'based on Christian principles, and designed to aid in the right education of youth, physically, intellectually, and morally;' and a cursory examination of its pages has brought us to the conclusion that the design of the writer has been well carried out. His aim was, to present a 'complete system of *pedagogics*, its principles and its methods, in a compass as narrow as might be consistent with clearness and due copiousness of detail.' No similar attempt it is believed is extant in the English language. The writer makes no pretensions to originality, as regards the general plan and matter of his work. In the days of his academic study he heard a few lectures on pedagogics, (from 'pädagogick' and 'pädagogisch' of the Germans, terms implying the science of education in its whole compass,) from which notes were taken at the time, and which constitute the ground-work of the volume before us, of which they furnish the plan and a greater part of the matter. They have been very considerably expanded, and have received numerous additions, to adapt them to the wants and peculiar circumstances of the American public. Judicious use has also been made of the large and excellent work of SCHWARZ, 'Erziehungslehre, in drei Bänden,' the contents of which have been abridged and condensed, so as to bring them within the compass of our author's design.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE 'NOCES AMBROSIANÆ': CHRISTOPHER NORTH. A very remarkable place, in the minds of tens of thousands, is the oyster-cellar of AMBROSE, in Edinburgh, where were held those world-renowned gatherings of choice and various spirits, whose 'sayings and doings' were so long chronicled in the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine. These shadowy characters 'rolled into one' take form in the person of old CHRISTOPHER NORTH. 'Few find any difficulty,' says the Edinburgh Review, 'in calling up before the mind's eye, with nearly the same vividness as that of an ordinary acquaintance, the image of this venerable *Eidolon*; who unites the fire of youth with the wisdom of age, retains an equal interest in poetry, philosophy, pugilism, and political economy; in short, in all the outgoings of the world around him, in which either matter or spirit have a part; and who passes from a fit of the gout to a fit of gymnastics, and carries his crutch obviously less for purposes of use than of intimidation.' The rankest possible of Tories is 'old KIRK,' and yet no heart so readily overflows for the sorrows of the poor and the lowly; no one sympathizes so deeply with the loves, hopes, and all pure affections of the humble peasantry of his native Scotland. In short, bitter as he often is, when his prejudices are nettled, and violently abusive, moreover, of those who are politically or otherwise opposed to him, we cannot resist the conclusion, while reading his pages, that he is one of the kindest and best-hearted creatures in the world. The four volumes before us contain copious extracts from the '*Noctes*' for the last thirty years. Many of the political discussions, of local interest at the time of their publication, and now *passé*, even in Great-Britain, might have been omitted by the compiler with advantage. Full of beauty as the volumes are, we yet cannot commend them as well calculated for *consecutive* perusal. They are capital take-down-able books from one's library-shelf, for an hour's daily reading; and in this manner should we recommend them to be gradually devoured. But our purpose was to introduce to the reader some of the many passages we have segregated from the volumes for their entertainment. The recent tragedy in this city, connected as it was in the outset with gaming and gambling-houses, gives a fresh force to the following vivid picture by the 'Etrick Shepherd,' who thus replies to a remark of NORTH that 'many good and great men had shaken their elbows':

'COME, come now, MR. NORTH, and dinna allow paradox to darken or obscure the bright light o' your great natural and acquired understandin'. 'Good and great' are lofty epithets to bestow on any man that is born o' a woman; and if any such there have been who delivered themselves up to sin and shame and sorrow at the gaming-table, let their biographers justify them; it will give me pleasure to see them do't; but such examples shall never confound my judgment o' right or wrong. 'Shake the elbow!' What mair does a parricide do but 'shake his elbow' when he cuts his father's throat? The gamester shakes his elbow, and down go the glorious oak trees planted two hundred years ago, by some ancestor who loved the fresh smell o' the woods; away go thousands o' bonny braid acres, ance a princely estate, but now shivered down into beggarly parcels, while the old house seems broken-hearted, and hangs down its head when the infatuated laird dies or shoots himself. O, man! is na it a sad thought to think that my leddy, aye sae gracious to the puir, should hae to lay down her carriage in her auld age, and disappear frae the Ha' into some far-off town or village, while he that should ha' been the heir is apprenticed to a writer to the Signet, and becomes a money-scrivener in his soul!'

The colloquy that ensues leads to the relation by the Shepherd of a remarkable dream which he once had, and which is the most powerful picture of the 'horrors o' gaming' that we have ever encountered :

'I FOUND mysel' suddenly, without warnin' and without wonder, (for wha wonders at changes even in the laws o' nature hersel' in dreams?) in a lamp-lighted ha', furnished like a palace, and fu' o' weel-dressed company, the maist o' them sittin' round a great green central table, wi' a' the paraphernalia o' destruction and a' the instruments o' that dreadfu' trade. Although the faces were new to me, I didna feel as if they were new; but I joined among them without askin' questions wha they were, and was in a manner whirled about in the same vortex. Some o' the company I took a likin' to—fine young, tall, elegant chieks; some o' them wi' black stocks, like officers out o' regimentals; and oh! Sir, wad you believe it, twa or three that I was sure were o' the clergy, and ane or twa bairns, that could na be aboon sixteen; a' these and others beside, I felt my heart warm toward, and melt too wi' a sensation maist sickenin' o' kindness and pity; for although they tried to be merry and careless between the chances o' the game, their e'en and their features betrayed the agitation o' their souls; and I couldna but wonder why the puir deluded creatures put themselves voluntarily into such rackin' misery. Mixed among these were many middle-aged men, wi' a steady dour look, no to be penetrated, and a callous cruelty in their e'en, sic as I once observed among a knot o' Englishers at an execution in Embro', who aye kept 'whisperin' to ane anither, when the Forger was stannin' on the scaffold, and then lookin' at him, and then rather laughin', though he had been ane o' their ain gang before condemnation. Then oh, Sir! oh, Sir! only think on't; white, silvery-haired heads belonging to men atween seventy and eighty years o' age, or perhaps ayont fourscore, were interposed among the sitters round that terrible table. Some o' them auld men had as reverend countenances as ony elder o' the kirk; high and intellectual noses and foreheads; some wi' gold-mounted specs; and they held the cards in their hands just as if they had been Bibles, wi' grave and solemn, ay, even pious expression. And ever and anon great shoals o' siller were becoming theirs, which they scarcely pretended to look at; but still they continued and continued playin' like images. But now a' the scene began to break up into irregularity; for the soul in sleep is like a ship in an arm o' the sea among mountains. The wind comes a hundred opposite ways, and gin she hasna' let drop her anchor, (equivalent to the soul lying dreamless,) she has sair work to get back to the open sea. The goblins a' began to rage without ony apparent cause, and the hail party to toss about like trees in a storm, frae the bairns to the auld men. And a' at ance, there was the flash and the crack o' a pistol, and a bonnie fair-haired boy fell off his chair in a blaze, for the discharge had sit him on fire; and bluidy was his pale face, as his ain brither lifted his shattered head frae the floor. Nane o' the auld gray-headed men moved a muscle; but they buttoned up their pouches and took their great-coats off pegs on the wa', and without speakin' disappeared. Sae did the rest, only wi' fear and fright, and nane but me and the twa brithers was left; brithers I saw they were, for like were they as twa flowers, the ane o' which had its stalk broken and its head withered, while the ither, although unburt, seems to droop and mourn, and to hae lost maist o' its beauty. I heard him ravin' about his father and his mother, and the name o' the place the auld folk lived in, and ane he ca'd Caroline! His dead brither's sweetheart! We were on our knees beside the corpse, and he tore open the waistcoat and shirt, and put his hand to his brither's breast, in mad desperation o' hope to hear his heart beatin'. But the last sob was sobbed; and then he looked up in my face and glowered at me like ane demented, and asked me wha I was, and if it was me that had killed his brither. A' the time our knees were dabbled in the bluid, and a thousand ghastly lights and shapes and faces wavered afore my e'en, and I was sick as death. I cried out to the puir fellow that I was the Ettrick Shepherd, and would tak him to Altrive, far awa' fra' a' the horrors o' hell and Satan. And then I thought, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! what would I gie if this were but a bluidy dream!' And thank God! a dream it was; for I brake through the trammels o' sleep wi' a groan, and a shriek, and a shiver, and a shudder, and a yell; and a happy man was I to see the sweet calm moon in the midnight lift, and to hear the murmur o' the Yarrow glidin' awa' through the silent beauty o' reposin' Nature.'

Well might CHRISTOPHER respond to this eloquent picturè, 'JAMES, you have affected me!' So he has us; and we pass to another speaker, discoursing upon the power of art. 'After all, TICKLER,' says NORTH, 'what equals Nature? I can sit here with my cigar in my mouth, and as the whiff ascends, fancy sees the spray of Stonebyers, or of the Falls of Beaully, or the radiant mists of the Dresne. Nature is all in all for the purposes of poetry; Art stark naught.' To which remark, 'thus then TICKLER:'

'Who planted those trees by that river-side? Who pruned them? Who gave room to their giant arms to span that roaring chasm? Art. Who reared yon edifice on the cliff? Who flung that stately arch from rock to rock, under which the martens twitter over the unfear'd cataraet? Art. Who darkened that long line of precipice with dreadful or glorious associations? Art, polity, law, war, outrage, and History, writing her hieroglyphics with fire on the scarred visage of those natural battlements. Is that a hermit's cell? Art scooped it out of the living stone. Is that an oratory? Art smoothed the floor for the knee of the penitent. Are the bones of the holy slumbering in that cemetery? Art changed the hollow rock into a tomb, and when the dead saint was laid into the sepulchre, Art joined its music with the torrent's roar, and the mingled anthem rose to the stars which Art had numbered, and sprinkled into stations over the firmament of heaven! Is a great military road over a mountain groaning with artillery, bristling with bayonets, sounding with bands of music, trampling with cavalry, red, blue, and yellow, with war-dresses, streaming it may be with blood, and overburdened with the standards of mighty nations, less poetical than a vast untrodden Andes, magnificent as may be its solitudes beneath the moon and

stars? Is a naked savage more poetical than with his plume, war-mat, and tomahawk? Is a log of wood, be it a whole uprooted pine, drifting on the ocean, as poetical as a hundred-oared canoe? What more sublime than the anchor by which a great ship hangs in safety within the roar of the whirlpool?—than the plummet that speaks of the rock foundations of the eternal sea? What is the chief end of man? Art. That is a clench!

What a picture is this by the Shepherd of the counterpart of THOMPSON'S 'round, fat, oily man of God,' swimming in the sensuality of one and all the appetites:

'O MAN! gin you but saw him eatin'! He helps himself at ither folks' tables wi' a long arm to the sappiest dishes, and never calls on the lass for bread. He is nae bread-eater, nor potatoe, either; naething but flesh will satisfy the carnal chiel within him; and before he's half done dinner, what wi' cleanin' his hands on it, and what wi' wiping his greasy chops, the napkin ahort his knees is crumpled up like a night-cap frae an auld gentleman's pow that wears powder and pomatum. Then to see him sittin' a' the time beside the verra bonniest bit lassie in a' the party! leaning his great broad, yellow, sweaty cheeks within an inch of her innocent carnations! Sweet, simple girl! she thinks him the holiest of men, and is blind and deaf to his brutalities. O save the liltwhite from the owlet's nest! But the puir bonny boardin'-school lassie has siller, a wantie o' siller; thousands o' pounds, aiblins five or six; and in twa-three years ye see her walkin' by her lane wi' a girlish face, but white and sorrowful, leadin' a toddlin' bairn in her hand, and anither visible aneath her breast; nae husband near her, to gie her his arm in that condition; nae decent servant-lass to help her wi' the wean, but quite alone; no very weel dressed, and careless, careless; speakin' to nane she meets, an' saunterin' wi' a sair heart down the unfrequented lanes, and awa' into a field to sit down on the ditch-side weepin', while her wee boy is chasing the butterflies amang the flowers.'

In a farther discourse upon this general theme, NORTH remarks as follows upon the tendency of small clerical intellects to impertinent assumption and dogmatical ill-manners. We have encountered some memorable illustrations of the justice of his animadversions: 'It requires that a man should have a strong mind to get into a pulpit every seventh day, and keep prosing and preaching away either at people in particular, who are his parishioners, or at mankind at large, who are merely inhabitants of the globe, without contracting a confirmed habit of general impudence.' But once more to our extracts. Here are two passages 'of and concerning' the ladies; the one by TICKLER, the other from the sarcastic CHRISTOPHER:

'THE female mind knows intuitively all that is worth knowing; and the performance of duty with women is simply an outward manifestation of an inward state agreeable to nature; both alike unconsciously, it may be, existing in perfect adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of life. Books may or may not cherish and direct the tendencies of a female character, naturally fine, delicate, pure, and also strong; but most certain is it, that books are not the sine-quâ-non condition of excellence. The woman who never saw a book may be infinitely superior, even in all those matters of which books treat, to the woman who has read, and read intelligently, ten thousand volumes. For one domestic incident shall teach more wisdom than the catastrophes of a hundred novels; and one single smile from an infant at its mother's breast may make that mother wiser in its love than all the philosophy of PLATO, and the poetry of WORDSWORTH.' . . . 'The most speculative genius is often at a loss to conjecture the species of a human being foreshortened by a young lady. It is not an unusual thing with artists of the fair sex to order their plumed chivalry to dash down precipices considerably steeper than a house, on animals apparently produced between the tiger and the bonassus. When they have succeeded in getting something like the appearance of water between what may be conjectured banks, they are not very particular about its running occasionally up hill; and it is interesting to see a stream stealing quietly below trees in gradual succession, till, disappearing for a few minutes over one summit, it comes thundering down another, in the shape of a water-fall on the head of an elderly gentleman unsuspectingly reading in the foreground.'

We do not know how the subjoined sketch of one of the early loves of the Ettrick Shepherd may affect our readers; but excepting BURNS we know not the man save WILSON who could have written it:

'OH! Sir, she was only twa months mair than fifteen; and though she had haply reached her full stature, and was somewhat taller than maist o' our forest lasses, yet you saw at once that she was still but a bairn. Her breast, white, and warm, and soft, and fragrant as the lily, whose leaves in the driest weather you'll never find without an inklin' o' Heaven's dew, nor perhaps what you would ca' a dew-drop, but a balmy freshness, that ever breathes o' delight in being alive beneath the fair skies, and on this fair planet; wha that ever saw, wha that ever touched that bosom, would not hae been made a poet by the momentary bliss! Yet as God is my judge, her mother's hand busked not that maiden's bosom wi' mair holy love than did I place within it, mony and mony a time, the yellow primroses and the blue violets, baith o' them wi' but single leaves, as you ken, amang the braes, but baith alike bonnier, oh! bonnier far, when sometimes scarcely to be seen at allween the movings o' her breast, than when she and I pulled them frae amang the moss and tufts o' lang grass, whispering saft and dream-like thoughts, as the hill-



breezes went by on a sudden, and then a' again were as still as death. I was a little aulder than her; and as she had nae brither, I was a brither to her; neither had she a father or mither; and ance on a day, when I said to her that she wad find baith in me, wha loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the puir britherless, sisterless, parentless orphan had her face in a single instant as drenched in tears as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a flood frae the far-off hills. The simmer afore she died she didna use to come o' her ain accord; and without being asked in aneath my plaid, when a skirring shower gaed by, I had to wind her within its folds, and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast; and when I spak to her, half in earnest, half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to laugh sae much as to greet! As sure as God's in heaven, the fair orphan wept. There, beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that would now be enough for years! I should fear now to face sic happiness as used to be there beside that well; sic happiness would now turn my brain: but nae fear, nae fear o' it's ever returnin'; for that voice went wavering awa' up to heaven from this mate earth, and on the night when it was heard not, and never more was to be heard, in the psalm in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this life was disenchanted for ever, and the place that held her grave a paradise no more!''

NORTH remarked at one of the 'Noctes,' that when he came to die, it was his intention in his last will and testament to leave his skull to the Shepherd; to which HOGG replied: 'I'll have it silver-mounted; the top of it, that is, the organ of veneration, which in you is so enormous, sawn off like that of a cocoa-nut, and then fastened on for a lid by a hinge, and I'll keep all my manuscripts in it.' The Shepherd is in his grave; but if, when CHRISTOPHER 'hops the twig,' ('lang and late may it be' ere that sad event!) his executors shall carry out the will of the testator, we should like of all things to look upon that vast treasure-house of wit, humor, pathos, philosophy, poetry, and passion; much preferring at the same time, however, that CHRISTOPHER should bring it over here on his own shoulders, ere yet it has become the mere 'cage of the flown bird,' the shell of the soul.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF VOLTAIRE: SOME INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE.—Familiar though some of our readers may be with the more eminent works of VOLTAIRE, we question whether many of them are aware of the great extent and variety of his writings, or the violent vicissitudes of his strangely-checked life. As introductory to an original epistle from his pen, the annexed running sketch may not prove unacceptable. VOLTAIRE was intended for the law; but circumstances diverted his genius into its more natural channel; as his 'Henriade,' 'Ædipe,' and 'Siccle de LOUIS Fourteenth,' early bore witness. His reputation for bitter sarcasm had the usual draw-backs of that gift; many enemies, and not unfrequent punishments by imprisonment. At one period he was exiled from Paris for a political intrigue, but obtained leave to return and produce his tragedy of 'Artemise,' which was hissed on its first representation; nor did his 'Epître à Uranie,' produced soon after, meet with much better success. The 'Henriade,' however, now first given to the world by the Abbé DESFONTAINES, (who stole the MS. and published the poem as his own, under the title of the 'Ligue,') added greatly to the renown of the veritable writer. 'L'Indiscret,' a short but admirable comedy, still farther enhanced his fame. Indeed he was now a lion of the first water, and was found every where in the society of the great and noble. About this period, however, a painful incident taught him that eminence has its dangers as well as its pleasures:

'DURING one day at the house of the Duke de SULLY, (we translate from the 'Biographie Universelle,') he argued strenuously against an opinion advanced by the Chevalier de ROHAN-CHABOT, a haughty, proud man, and unworthy of his noble birth, which he disgraced by his shameful conduct. 'Who,' asked the chevalier, 'is this young man who speaks so loud?' 'I am,' replied VOLTAIRE, 'the first of my name, and you the last of yours!' A few days afterward, VOLTAIRE was again at dinner with the Duke de SULLY, when a servant announced that some one was waiting to see him at the door. He left the room; when a man in a hackney-coach, under pretence that he had something of importance to communicate, asked him to take a seat for a moment beside him. As he was ascending the steps, the stranger seized him by the collar, and a man struck him from behind five or six blows with a whip. The Chevalier de ROHAN, who was posted

at a short distance in his carriage, cried: 'That will do!' With a heart bursting with rage, VOLTAIRE returned to the Duke de SULLY, recounted his fatal adventure, and conjured him to aid him in revenging an insult which seemed to recoil upon himself. The duke refused. VOLTAIRE immediately left the house, swearing that he would never again cross the threshold of its door. This just resentment was the cause of the disappearance of SULLY from the 'Henriade,' to give place to MORNAY. VOLTAIRE, disdaining to claim legal retribution, or in despair of obtaining it, resolved to seek redress with his own hands. He shut himself up, and learned fencing, to contend for his life, and English, that he might live out of France, should the chances of the combat compel him to leave his country. When he conceived himself in a situation to measure swords with his adversary, he sent him a challenge, in terms the most insulting. It was accepted for the following day. In the interval, steps were taken by the family of the chevalier against VOLTAIRE, which would perhaps have been unsuccessful, had not some one shown the duke, then prime minister, a poem in which the young poet had written an epigram against his person, and a declaration of love for his mistress! He was arrested and a second time confined in the Bastille for six months. Upon regaining his liberty, he received an order to leave the kingdom, and repaired to England. A short time after his arrival in London, he returned secretly to Paris, and made many efforts to meet his adversary. Not succeeding in this, and fearful of being discovered, he hastily re-crossed the Straits. England at this time was laboring under a dogmatical irreligion, which was founded on an erroneous erudition, a rash philology, and dangerous metaphysics. It was the era of WOLSTON, CHUBB, COLLINS, and BOLINGBROKE. Until now, the careless scholar and mocker of the epicures of the temple and the roués of the court of the regent, VOLTAIRE had never shown his impiety, except in occasional sallies; the doctrines and mysteries had as yet only inspired him with *bons-mots*. At the school of the English philosophers, he learned to reason upon his infidelity. It was in their society, and from their works, that he imbibed all the facts and all the arguments which afterward served him to contend against Christianity; without altogether renouncing, however, his attacks upon it through pleasantry or satire; a species of warfare which best accorded with his genius, and which promised better success among his fickle and trifling countrymen. Twice imprisoned without a trial, then banished from his country by despotic authority, it would have been natural that the hatred of arbitrary power should have received additional strength by the intercourse of VOLTAIRE in England with people justly jealous of their civil liberty; but it was not so. The despotism of power offended him less than the empire of religion. To write with impunity against it was almost the only liberty he desired. He therefore studied the philosophy of the English rather than their constitution, and frequented the assemblies of the unbelievers rather than those of the whigs. Thus the tragedy of 'Brutus,' conceived in England, was more a college reminiscence than an inspiration from the places in which his fortune had cast him. The heir, the descendant of HENRY the Fourth had scorned the dedication of the 'Henriade.' It was accepted by a queen, seated upon the throne once occupied by ELIZABETH. 'It is,' says he, 'in my destiny, as in that of my hero, to be protected by a queen of England.' This edition of the 'Henriade,' the first which he himself produced, was published by subscription. The profits, which were considerable, are regarded as the foundation of the large fortune which he afterward acquired. He remained in England three years. While there, he acquired a profound knowledge of the language and literature of that country. He gathered from the lips of a man who had passed many years at the court of CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden, the facts which enabled him to write the history of that celebrated monarch. He also sketched those philosophical epistles, known as the 'English Letters,' the reception of which, when published a few years later, attracted against him one of the most violent persecutions to which he was ever exposed. Time had softened the bitterness of his chagrin and calmed the violence of his resentment. His friends recalled him to Paris; and his own desire, added to their solicitations, induced him to return. For a long time, lodged in a retired faubourg, he led an obscure and almost isolated life, occupying himself alternately with literary works and speculations in the finances. Having invested a large sum in a lottery, which the Comptroller General DESFORTS had established for the liquidation of the city debt, he was so fortunate as to draw prizes of considerable amount. He then engaged in commerce with Cadiz, and imported corn from Barbary; operations in which he was not less fortunate. At length, PARIS-DUVERNEY gave him an interest in the supplies of the Army of Italy, which produced him nearly eight hundred thousand francs. He then secured a considerable revenue by investing his funds in annuities. It is true that among the noble lords to whom he lent his money many did not pay him, and others left the capital; but he knew how to repair these breaches in his fortune; and, after having lost much, given much, and expended much, he was at the close of his life in possession of an income of sixty thousand livres.\*

For other interesting events in the life of VOLTAIRE, connected with the history of several of his works; the 'Philosophical Letters,' 'History of CHARLES the Twelfth,' 'Euriphyle,' 'Zaire,' the opera of 'Samson,' etc.; we must refer the reader to the admirable and comprehensive paper in the 'Biographie Universelle.' Meanwhile, the following autograph-letter from VOLTAIRE, written soon after his return from England, for which we are indebted to a friend whose liberal kindness we have had the pleasure to acknowledge on more than one occasion, will arrest and fix the attention of the reader:

'Paris, 13th May, 1732.

'I THANK you heartily for your enchanting letter, and for the 'Craftsman' you send me. I am not wholly displeased to see that my works are now and then the ground upon which the republicans point their artillery against ministry. But never I would utter a single word that would be shocking to a free and generous nation, which I admire, which I regret, (*respect was doubtless intended*), and to whom I am indebted. It is to be imputed to the printer that these words are to be found in my preface: 'Ces Anglois d'aujourd'hui ne ressemblent pas aux Anglois de CROMWELL;' he should have printed 'aux *fanatiques* de CROMWELL;' and thus it is to be read in the errata, and in the late editions. I entreat you therefore to clear me from that aspersion, for your friend's and for truth's sake.

'The Abbot ROTELIN, to whom I speak of you as often as I see him, desires you would be so kind as to get him the collection of all the 'Craftsmen,' and to send him for the future every one that shall come out. He does not understand English, and he says he asks it for one of his friends, who is a great master of the English language. Tell me by which way you will send him that collection he desires so earnestly: he will be very punctual in returning the money.

'Yesterday I went to your divinity, Miss SALE, whom I found musing with your brother and the young BERNARD. She complained of my negligence toward her picture. BERNARD swore he had wrote nothing about so fair a subject. I was inspired suddenly by her presence, and I broke out in these verses:

'Les feux du dieu que sa vertu condamne  
Sont dans ses yeux a son coeur reconnus;  
En s'aspirant on la prend pour Diane,  
Que vient danser sous les traits de Venus.'

'Euriphile' has not been rewarded with a great success. I was ready to give it to the press; but this very hour I am determined not even to print it; at least to let it wait in my closet till I may turn a fresh eye upon it, and make new corrections with a cool head.

'Tell me what way I may send you the tragedy of Julius Cesar, for you have not the right copy. As to the English Letters, be sure I'll put the last hand to them in a very short time. I have nothing at heart but the pleasure of study, and the desire of your return. I never go out of doors; I see nobody but at home. I hope to employ such a studious leisure with 'Euriphile,' the English Letters, and the Age of Louis the Fourteenth.

'Meanwhile, my dear friend, do not forget my plates; remember me to all my English friends, lords, players, marchants, priests, w....s, poets, and generally to all who may think of me. Farewell! I love you for ever!'

'*Turnez*' leads us to a postscript on the last page:

'I know BERNARD has secretly copied the compliment which was uttered by DUFRESNE to the lords of the pit. I am sorry BERNARD has deprived me of the pleasure to send it to you; but I should complain more of you if this copy of verse, hastily written and unworthy of you, should ever be published.

'They say here the new opera is written by BERNARD: if it is true, I wish him success. Others say VOX is the author: if so, may it be hissed! Farewell again, my friend!'

V.

WE have given the above letter *verbatim et literatim*, as it stands in the hand-writing of its author. The 'Craftsman' to which it alludes so often, was a journal established to oppose Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and his adherents. The name of its editor was NICHOLAS AMHERST. There is reason to believe that this letter of VOLTAIRE was addressed to BOLINGBROKE; but the envelope having been lost, before it came into the possession of the gentleman from whom we derive it, the fact cannot be established with positive

certainly. It is pleasant to look upon a personal memento of such a man as VOLTAIRE; for although the world must lament and condemn his infidelity, it cannot but reverence his great intellect. 'VOLTAIRE!' exclaims CHRISTOPHER NORTH; 'Heavens! what a genius was his! So grave, so gay, so profound, so brilliant! His name is worth all the rest in French literature.'

SCENES IN GOTHAM, 'LONG TIME AGO.'—The friend of the late lamented SANDS, to whom we were indebted for the early and unpublished writings of that true child of genius, recently given in the KNICKERBOCKER, (and who kindly promises us more from the same source,) is the author of the following daguerreotype-sketch of scenes in this metropolis, what time it was ravaged by the yellow fever, some twenty-three years ago. The writer depicts, as with the colors of an artist's pencil, the scenes which he encountered in a 'Ramble through the Infected District.' The malady had been raging for a month in the lower part of the city; and all the seats of business had been removed to Greenwich. He was fortunate enough to secure a small apartment of a washerwoman, who kept for the time a boarding-house; and being determined to 'make hay while the sun shone' had let out her garret as a printing-office and her cellar to a blacksmith. 'We had beside in the family a half-starved lawyer, a play-actor in the same predicament, two bank-clerks, and a Methodist parson; and what with the printer's-devils over head, who worked all night, the Vulcan below, who kept hammering all day, and the Methodist, who gave gratuitous exhortations at all times, MATTHEWS'S mail-coach was a faint idea of the medley of strange noises thus produced.'

The writer sallies out from these pleasant lodgings, and proceeds down the street; the throng of carriages and pedestrians becoming less and less dense, and the bustle and hum of business gradually fading on his ear, until he finds himself, almost solitary and alone, brought up by a high board-fence, stretched across the way from house to house, near the head of Liberty-street. 'Now a plain board-fence,' says the writer, 'is one of the commonest objects in nature; but associated as this was with disease, and death, and desolation, and placed across the grand thoroughfare of business and pleasure, its incongruous appearance, and the melancholy cause of its erection, could not fail to render it an object of interest, although one of deep aversion. It seemed a feeble barrier, behind which some terrible and unknown being was lurking, ready to spring forth upon the unwary. The idea was heightened by some vagabond boys, who were trying to gratify their curiosity by peeping through the crevices and knot-holes of the fence, as if to get a sight of the monster.'

Maiden-Lane was deserted. An old apple-woman alone remained; but her apples had lost their fragrance, her fly-blown 'cookies' tempted no passer-by, and her baked pears were withering on the broken plate which contained them. The guardian of the Hesperides herself seemed to have relaxed in her usual vigilance, and a starveling urchin who was busy in filching a decayed peach from the stand was suffered to carry off his prize unheeded. A yellow man near by, 'who opened oysters on week-days and the French church on Sundays; who used to whip little boys out of the church-yard, on Sundays, and put the doctor's patients in; and who beside united in his person the different functions of street-sweeper, carpet-shaker, and waiter-general upon the living as well as the dead, was sitting disconsolately on his cellar-door, gazing ruefully on a bowl of sickly-looking oysters. He told me with a sigh that business was at a stand; that people came no more to eat oysters, hear sermons, or be buried; that carpets were shaken no longer; and that there was not even an idle urchin in the church-yard for him to switch out of the enclosure with his rattan. His nine means of obtaining a livelihood had all failed him. The hand of the dial on the old Dutch church in Nassau-street had stopped; the rooster on the spire was becalmed; the deep-toned bell forgot to chime the hour; it seemed as if time itself had paused. A tall, grave-looking personage, in

yellow slippers, was superintending some laborers who were sprinkling lime in the church-yard. I entered into conversation with him on the prevailing topic, the origin of the fever. He told me that beyond a doubt it was produced by numberless little bugs, with red bellies and yellow wings, that came out in swarms from the chinks and cran-nies of the grave-yard, which he was now busy stopping up. He showed me a pewter basin, containing water, which he said was filled with those he had caught that morning. He said they were 'extremely minute,' which I could readily believe, for it was quite beyond the power of unassisted vision to behold them. On a sudden I was startled by a grievous caterwauling; and turning my head, saw with amazement a host of cats, headed by an old black Tom, coming round the corner of Pine-street in solemn procession, and slowly marching up Nassau-street. I was at a loss to account for this phenomenon at the time, but have since learned that they were going to get their daily rations of milk from a benevolent black woman near by.'

Oppressed with the contemplation of objects, all tending toward one great 'public thing,' the writer seeks the Battery, where he had taken 'many a pleasant walk on a summer's morning, and inhaled the pure breezes that came sweeping up the bay, with health-imparting freshness, as if to greet the sun on his rising. Every thing now seemed changed. The grass was parched for want of moisture; the weather was close and sultry; and although thick clouds rolled over head, no rain fell. Not a breath of air stirred. All was calm, and still, and lifeless. It seemed like the awful pause preceding the earthquake. Not a living creature was to be seen; but far down the bay might be observed some little vessel rolling in the calm, with sails flapping, as if panting for breath. The scene was like the wild pageantry of some gloomy dream, in which a different aspect is given to well-known places; when the mind is filled with vague apprehensions of impending danger, and the soul subdued by a deep and dreary sense of desolation. I was sore sick at heart, and right glad to leave the spot and retrace my steps homeward.'

THE LATE MARQUESS WELLESLEY: BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.—The stirring lines upon the '*Battle of Camperdown*,' copied by an esteemed friend and correspondent from the MS. of the late MARQUESS WELLESLEY, and published elsewhere in the present number, will arrest the attention of the reader. Descended from an illustrious ancestry; connected by consanguinity with the royal house of PLANTAGANET, and the most noble families of England and Ireland; an eminent statesman and scholar; a brother of the Duke of WELLINGTON, and kindred to him in genius and public virtue, as in name and lineage; a brief reference to the character and career of the late Marquess will not, it is believed, be deemed inappropriate in this place; the more, that several near relatives of the illustrious deceased are American citizens of distinction, known to many of our readers in the United States and the Canadas. The Marquess WELLESLEY devoted fifty years of his life to the service of his country. His position was one of eminence from the first. He was the friend of PITT, DUNDAS, BATHURST, SIDMOUTH, and others of that class of statesmen. As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Ambassador to Spain, and Governor-General of India, he was alike distinguished. His administration especially of the government of India was brilliant in the extreme. He arrived there at a period when it was exposed to imminent danger from within and without. It was his destiny to place the empire of Britain in that country in a position of honor and safety which it had never before attained. He added to her possessions forty millions of subjects, and ten millions sterling annually of revenue, while he greatly elevated British character in native estimation. The wisdom of his councils, the vigor of his government, and the enlarged policy of his administration, have become historical. 'It exceeds,' says ALISON, 'in the brilliancy and importance of the events by which it was distinguished, any administration recorded in British history. In the space of seven years, triumphs were accumu-

ted which would have given lustre to an ordinary century of success. He added provinces to the British empire in India larger than the kingdom of France; extended its influence over territories more extensive than the whole of Germany; and successively vanquished four fierce and warlike nations, who could bring three hundred thousand men into the field, whereas the empire itself never had twenty thousand European soldiers under its banners.' Beside his brilliant victories in Hindostan, he subdued the formidable French force at Hyderabad, without shedding a drop of blood, and he utterly destroyed the power of TIPPOO SAIB. It was to his foresight and patriotism that his country was indebted for the junction of an English and Anglo-Indian army on the plains of Egypt, for the expulsion of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and a formidable French army. He planned the capture of Bourbon and the Isle of France, of Java and Manilla; and he swept the Indian seas of French privateers. As Minister for Foreign Affairs, he planned the northern alliance, which ended in detaching Russia and Sweden from the power of France — the first prelude to the downfall of NAPOLEON. While Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, he commenced measures for recognizing the independence of South-America; and this and other questions of his policy were subsequently followed up and acted on by Lord CASTLEKEAGH and Mr. CANNING. But the peaceful triumphs of religion, learning, and morality were not less undeniably his own. He founded a church in India, and supplied it with ministers, and caused the Scriptures to be translated into every language, and offered for sale at a low price. He gave countenance to the missionaries, yet allowed no forcible interference with the religion of the natives. He suppressed infanticide and human sacrifices at the mouth of the Ganges. He established a college and endowed it; and he did good service with his pen. To say nothing of his belles-lettre compositions, his writings on the agriculture and natural history of India, and on the improvement of the great cities of the East, are warmly commended by the best authorities. As some reward for his labors in the public service, the minister of the crown offered him on his retirement one hundred thousand pounds sterling, which he magnanimously refused. Such a man was the late Marquess WELLESLEY; and well did he deserve the honorable orders that were heaped upon him, and the statues raised to his memory by a grateful people. He was one of the most illustrious men of his age and nation.

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THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. — It is not long since we noticed at some length the superb illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels, now publishing every fortnight in parts, by Mr. ROBERT CADELL, Edinburgh, Messrs. HOULSTON AND STONEMAN, London, and Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, New-York. By the last steamer we received six more 'Parts;' concluding 'The Antiquary,' 'The Black Dwarf,' and running for into 'Old Mortality.' The paper and typographical execution of this edition are superior to any other English serial with which we are acquainted; while the illustrations (there are more than *seventy* in number in the six 'parts' before us!) both on steel and wood, are not more interesting from their subjects than remarkable for the beauty with which they have been rendered, both by the pencil and the graver. We can easily perceive that this expensive and very rich and tasteful series is with Mr. CADELL a 'labor of love.' The possessor of all the Waverley Manuscripts, and numerous works of art and vertu associated with the author; his intimate friend, moreover, for many years; it is not surprising that he should feel a warm interest and an honorable pride, in handing down to and from this generation an edition of SCOTT's immortal works, in a garb and with pictorial accompaniments befitting their character. We are sincerely glad to know that the demand for the 'Parts' is gradually but surely increasing in this country; and we trust our readers will do *themselves* the favor of still farther enhancing the sales. They can do so at a cost very trifling, in comparison with the advantage and pleasure they will secure. We say '*advantage and pleasure*;' for it is almost like being personally among the scenes depicted by the novelist, to read his works as here illustrated. We have just finished a re-perusal of 'Guy Mannering,' for example; and there is not a scene or person in the work in which the reader is interested, but stands before him, a copy of the author's original; Ellangowan Castle, Meg Merrilies, Dirk Hatterræck and his cane, views on the Solway, Dominie Sampson, and scores beside.

**LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.**—A very humble-looking pamphlet is before us, containing a 'Lecture on the Advantages of Associations for Literary Purposes;' delivered before the 'De Kalb Lyceum' of Camden, (S. C.), in February last, by Rev. FRANCIS P. LEE, A. M. The scope and variety of this production, and the important truths, illustrated by interesting facts, which it presents, should have secured for it a dress more befitting its merits than that in which it is presented to the public. Literary associations are traced by the writer from the very infancy of letters down to the present time. Indeed, but for these associations it is doubtful whether the knowledge of letters themselves would not at one time have been altogether lost in Europe, amid the less ennobling pursuits of war, conquest, and 'chivalry.' The ignorance of the era of the Foundation Charter is truly remarkable. 'This ancient writing bears the names of thirteen commanders who came over into England with WILLIAM the Conqueror; and in this list of illustrious persons, from whom many of the best families in England now trace their descent, there is not a single one who was not content to make his mark, because he had not that small degree of learning which was needful for the signing of his name.' Mr. LEE enforces, with earnestness and sound argument, the necessity of literary associations, to enable men to resist the dominant prejudices and occupations of the hour, in a country where labor for subsistence and the desire to amass wealth prevails to such a degree as in the United States. We should be pleased to see this well-considered and matter-full lecture given to the public entire in some of the mammoth weekly journals. It would occupy a scarcely perceptible space in their ample folds.

#### T H E   D R A M A .

**PARK THEATRE.**—Our donkey the public was flattered in our last number on the supposition that it was about to evince itself a reasonable quadruped, by returning to its old familiar stall, and to its natural and wholesome food. But lo! its vagarious disposition did not permit it to poke its susceptible olfactories farther than a few inches within the stable-door, when away it shambled again, with a snort, a bray, and a whisk of its posterior appendage, quite shocking to behold. But we must be mild and easy in our management, and coax him back again if possible to his senses:

'If I had a donkey as would n't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop him?  
No! no! no!'

Better to 'lure the gentle jack-ass back again.' 'Billy can be coaxed, but he can't never be dray,' WELCH AND COMPANY 'being gone,' the long ears of our quadruped were pricked up to hear the announcement of their successors; when behold! the much-admired, truly classical, and most 'Greek' drama, known as 'Tom and Jerry,' ushered before a Park audience the scientific Mr. T. BELCHER KAY, one of the great knock-downs of foreign celebrity. The averment that our best dramatic talent is imported, has ever been used as a sort of argument to prove the dearth of the American article. We have been obliged to acknowledge the truth of this assertion; but never before have we submitted to it with such a feeling of deep humiliation as came over us on the appearance of this celebrated man of science. In the different departments of art, America can boast of names that are not so completely overshadowed by those of foreign repute, but that an evidence of their existence can still be discerned. In almost all the sciences, too, we have heretofore rejoiced in tolerable professors. Our alchemists, it is true, have not yet exactly discovered the philosopher's stone, but they are probably making as fair progress toward it as are those of other climes. But alas! and to our shame be it heralded to the world, in the 'science' of which Mr. T. BELCHER KAY is a professor, we are, to use the classical language of his college, obliged 'to knock under.' We are pigmies, where our English neighbors are giants. To us, and with a deep blush of mortification mantling our visage do we confess it, to us even a *display* of the science was a novelty; and to Mr. T. BELCHER KAY be paid our thankful orisons, for an exhibition which has enlightened our ignorance. To a mind imbued with a taste for the refined and beautiful, nothing can be more gratifying than a display of the noble science of Pugilism. There is something in the sight that warms the best feelings of our nature; and to the professors themselves there must be in the *practice* of their art something that (to use an expression which has never before been quoted) 'comes home to their business and bosoms.' Not agreeing with our donkey, we

did not affect the circus. There appeared to us to be something in it bordering (in the very slightest degree, it is true,) upon the physical. It presented exhibitions that were not altogether replete with mind. The workings of the intellect, except indeed in the rich sallies of Mr. Gossin, were not apparent; and for this reason, we repeat, we did not 'cotton to' the circus. In the new science, however, through the mazes of which we have been inducted by the genius of a T. BELCHER KAY, there is all that the most enthusiastic worshipper of mind could ask or seek for. And what place so fit for its display as the boards of the Park Theatre?—where, to use another novel quotation,

‘Young Genius wings his eagle flight  
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light!’

a spot consecrated by the muse of SHAKESPEARE and but slightly desecrated by the mews of WELCH AND COMPANY? Who so proper an audience of the ennobling display as our dear donkey?—and right merrily did it wag its ears and eke its tail upon the happy occasion, and with a gentle bray announce its sensible approbation. But Mr. T. BELCHER KAY has retired pro tempore, and the Genius of Pugilism bewails his absence!

MR. BOOTH.—LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH! thou erratic star in the theatrical firmament, stand forth; while here, in the glowing pages of this Magazine of immortality, we blend thy name with its eternal destiny! Such honors as the grateful hearts of all admirers of the ‘true legitimate’ can bestow, have been showered upon this son of genius during his engagement of the past month at the Park Theatre; and right well were they merited. If a deep insight into character; if a moulding not only of the outer expression, but of the very soul and spirit of the man into the object to be personated, impelled and fashioned by the force and impulse of genius, can give claim to the possession of the requisites of an actor, then has Mr. BOOTH a full and acknowledged title. We do not wish to be enthusiastic, but to speak the words of soberness and moderation, when we say, that since the days of KEAN we have seen no actor who so completely imbodied the meaning of his author, who so fairly set before the mind the character he attempted to portray, as has Mr. BOOTH in all the personations which he has exhibited to the Park audiences; and without entering into any criticism of his performances, we will say generally, that they are of such a character that we believe it to be in the power of this man absolutely to resuscitate the drama in this country. A series of such performances, faithfully and steadily kept before the Park public for a season, with short intervals of good comedies, will do more to revive our long-dormant taste for the drama as it should be, than would all the fanciful representations of opera and spectacle that money can produce. We have noticed the good effects of Mr. BOOTH's fine acting upon many of his chief assistants in the play. Our old friend Mr. ABBOT, for example, has never displayed to better advantage the talent which he always possessed. Mr. BARRY, always good, seemed to have received a new spur to do better still. Mrs. VERNON, upon whose shoulders so much has fallen since the retirement of Mrs. WHEATLY, has nobly sustained herself. Miss BULOID has only to smile at any time, to make herself welcome; but during Mr. BOOTH's engagement, and indeed from the commencement of the season, she has acted with a grace and spirit which have made her a greater favorite with the public than we have known any performer to become within so short a period. We believe the Park Theatre to be advancing at this present slowly but steadily upon that enviable turnpike called ‘the high-road to prosperity;’ and we wish it a safe journey.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S PICTURES.—One of the first books, beyond the Book of books, in which our boyhood took delight, was ‘The Pilgrim's Progress’ of BUNYAN; and we at once ‘cotton to’ a taste that can find in that admirable work material either for the illustrative pen or pencil. We hoped to have been able in the present number to offer a few remarks upon the two paintings by Mr. HUNTINGTON, (‘CHRISTIANA and her Children, and their companion MERCY, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death,’ and ‘MERCY's Dream,’) now exhibiting at the Granite Buildings, corner of Broadway and Chambers-streets. Our limits, however, almost before we are aware, are again circumscribed; and we can only counsel such of our readers as may have the opportunity, to lose no time in visiting these felicitously-conceived and carefully-executed productions of a young yet already eminent American artist. No criticism could add to, as none can detract from, the interest which these pictures cannot fail to excite in the mind of every thoughtful observer. They must be seen, to be adequately appreciated.



**GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—Let no one be deterred from reading, because of its length, the profound and eloquent article which opens the 'Literary Notice' department of the present number. It is one of the most masterly papers we have ever given to the public; and there is no true American but will read it with pride and exultation. The writer is a distinguished American, long resident abroad, whose name, were we permitted to give it, would add if possible to the interest which his correspondence will not fail to excite. . . . **THERE** are eloquent truth and beauty in the subjoined passage from the '*Lessons of Autumn*,' by the Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD, whose admirable picture of 'the Sea' we quoted in a recent issue:

'THE very grass itself as it withers, and the flower as it fades, seem to express a trust, in their humble manner, and to memento to us on their withering and fading human brethren. How quietly the grass withers! How submissively the flower bows its head on its stalk; how sweetly it exhales its last odors; how peacefully it fades! Nature dies gently. Listen! Do you hear any discordances in her parting sighs? They are all harmonious; as musical, though with a different character, as the melodies of Spring. You may be affected with sadness as you listen, but it is a sadness which soothes and softens, not disturbs and terrifies. I can sympathize with the man who relieves his full heart by weeping amid the autumnal emblems of human dissolution; but I must only wonder at him if he weeps tears of anguish or despair. I could not weep so, surrounded by such mild and uncomplaining monitors. I perceive that the honors of the forest are resigned without a struggle. Wherever I turn, all is acquiescence. There is no questioning the will of Heaven. There are no cries when the leaves part from their stems, and sink to the ground. How can I do violence to the spirit of submission and trust which is diffused about me? It rebukes my misgivings, if I have indulged any; it silences my repinings, if unthinkingly I have uttered any; it steals into and hushes my heart. Why should we not receive the lessons which nature is, even though unconsciously, teaching us? Why should we break the general peace? Let us trust in the word of God, though it sends forth the decree, 'Return, ye children of men!' Frail, fading, perishing—what are we without trust?'

Once to us the Autumn was of the four seasons 'the saddest of the year.' It is not so now. In awakening thoughts of frail mortality; of the loved and lost who have gone before us to a 'better country;' it now seems to us to fall far short of the Spring. Oh! this wide-abounding LIFE!—in the air, on the earth, on the bosom of the glad waters! The fair Spirit walks forth in her beauty to testify to the goodness of the FATHER of all Mercies; yet Memory, growing wondrously bright amid the brightness of Nature, goes back to one who only a little while ago worshipped her with a poet's fervent affection; but who, heedless now of the reviving verdure, or the gentle rain from heaven; of the fleecy clouds, rolling through depths of blue; of soft airs, redolent of balm, that come wooingly from the west; sleeps in his untimely grave!

'Yea! there they left him; roses grow  
Upon the turf that wraps his bosom,  
And round the evening breezes strew  
The willow's silver blossom.'

**THERE** is a capital article in the last number of the London 'Quarterly Review' upon the '*Modern System of Advertising*.' We have gathered together a few examples, selected by the reviewer from the English journals, which we think will amuse our readers. The subjoined reminds us of the advertisement for a 'pious coachman,' mentioned by SIDNEY SMITH: 'Wanted, a coachman, to take charge of a carriage and pair of horses of a religious turn of mind!' 'BAKER's antidote for the sea-sickness is certified by Mr. WILLIS, steward: 'It was taken by a young lady going to Rotterdam in the Ocean, who found great relief from a single dose, having a heavy sea on at the same time and likewise several gentlemen.' 'Mr. WILLIS,' says the reviewer, 'is apparently not much used to writing, but the statement is highly satisfactory.' Advertisements 'To the charitable' and 'To the LORD's People' are abundant in the London journals. A pretty specimen of the latter ensues: 'A dear Christian tradesman is in want of forty pounds, to pay all demands upon him, ere he accepts a call to the ministry of the Everlasting Gospel, which he believes his Heavenly FATHER is about to make known unto him. A lady, his friend in CHRIST the LORD as revealed, in the power of (God the Holy Ghost, thus ventures in simple faith to try the door of Providence in his behalf; and would leave the issue in the hands of HIM who has heart, hand, breath, and purse of men at sovereign command.' 'Need we say,' adds the reviewer, 'that this 'dear Christian tradesman' with his lady friend 'in CHRIST the LORD as revealed,' deserved to be whipped at the cart's-tail for their impudence and profanity?' An advertisement for RATS will be admitted to be an anomaly: 'Wanted immediately, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited in the same plight and condition in which I found it, five

hundred LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds. The rats must be full grown and no cripples.' This was a thoroughly conscientious tenant, fully aware of the obligations imposed upon him by the ordinary covenant, to leave the premises in the same state in which he found them. One of the testimonials to CONOREVE's 'Balsamic Elixir' runs thus: 'Notwithstanding I had been lately married, I found it impossible to sleep on the same pillow with my husband, but was obliged to be supported with bolsters in nearly an upright position. This, to a person in the situation I then was, was extremely unpleasant!' Her husband attests, that after taking a bottle of the Elixir, she was 'enabled to lie down in bed once more!' . . . Our readers will agree with us, we think, in deeming the following a very neat version of an interesting occurrence:

THE BEES OF SAINT SIMON'S.

For several years the bees have deposited their honey in the tower of the church on Saint Simon's island, off the coast of Georgia. The rector, Rev. Mr. WALKER, has regularly sold the honey, and sent the proceeds to the missionary funds.

THERE lies, far in the bosom of the seas,  
     An island fair;  
 All summer long the patient little bees  
     Are busy there.  
 The honey which they gather in their round,  
     Buzzing from flower to flower,  
 They hoard it in a quaint bee-hive they've found  
     In the old church-tower.

Their store is taken every year, nor do  
     The bees complain;  
 They know that God will send, next spring, a new  
     Supply again.  
 The produce of their careful gatherings goes  
     To men in lands abroad,  
 Who preach 'glad tidings of great joy' to those  
     Who know not God.

Like Jonathan, when fainting he did roam  
     The hungry waste,  
 How was he quickened when an honey-comb  
     He did but taste!  
 So to those weary laborers on lone shores,  
     This humble hive supplies  
 The luscious droppings of its annual stores  
     To light their eyes.

Poor Christian! e'en in such small folk as these,  
     A lesson see:  
 Doth God take such good care for tiny bees,  
     Yet none for thee?  
 Then say not, Little-faith, thou hast no power  
     To gather honey too;  
 All round thee bloom the flowers, and every flower  
     Is filled with dew.

Savannah, Jan. 22, 1843.

J. H. H.

ONE of our daily journals, (the '*Tribune*,' if we rightly remember,) in a notice of WILSON'S '*Noctes Ambrosianae*,' took occasion to rebuke the KNICKERBOCKER for having stated, on the authority of 'a distinguished gentleman from abroad,' that COLERIDGE was 'a portentous bore,' and at the same time to quote LAMB, HAZLITT, and NORTH, as expressing great admiration of his 'conversations.' But all these writers had other opinions afterward. When COLERIDGE asked LAMB if he had ever heard him *preach*, LAMB replied, that he had 'never heard him do *any thing else*!' And NORTH's praise of COLERIDGE's 'speaking' and his 'inspired genius,' is *rather* neutralized by numerous passages from the same pen: 'I could cut with a blunt knife,' he writes, 'the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him, especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth;' yet he mentions COLERIDGE among others, as one to whom he could not listen five minutes 'without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces the yawn.' Elsewhere he says: 'Mr. COLERIDGE does not seem to be aware that he cannot write a book, but opines that he absolutely has written several, and set many questions at rest. There is a *want*, of some kind or another, in his mind; but perhaps when he awakes from his dream, he may get rational and sober-witted, like other men who are not

*always asleep.*' There is a satire upon his 'conversations' too, in the sketch of 'idealism, as explained by KANT:.' 'It antagonizes with the spirit of carnality developed in the idiosyncrasy arising from the peculiarity of affinities, indisputable in the individualism of perfectible power. Keeping this plain axiom in view, we shall be able to explain the various results,' etc. But CHRISTOPHER, speaking through one of his dramatis personæ, brings a more serious charge against COLERIDGE than simply that of being a bore. These be the words: 'He is not only a plagiarist, but a bonâ-fide thief. SHAKESPEARE stole from Nature, and she forebore to prosecute. COLERIDGE has stolen from a whole host of his fellow-creatures, most of them poorer than himself; and I pledge myself I am bound over to appear against him. If he plead to the indictment, he is a dead man; if he stand mute, I will press him to death under three hundred and fifty pounds' weight of German metaphysics.' The truth is, that COLERIDGE was a bore; and if we may believe what we have been told, and what has been written, WORDSWORTH is another. Hark again to old CHRISTOPHER: 'Many of the poets of our days are, with all their genius, a set of enormous spoons. WORDSWORTH walks about the woods like a great satyr, or rather like the god Pan; and piping away upon his reed, sometimes most infernally out of tune, he thinks he is listening, at the very least, to music equal to that of the spheres, and that nobody can blow a note but himself.' Even though we had never heard with our own ears eminent witnesses testify to the character of COLERIDGE's interminable 'talks,' (what time he paced his room like an oracle, with bended body, and the fingers of one hand in motion over his head, as if sprinkling snuff upon his silvery hair,) we should deem our case made out by the foregoing passages from the 'Noctes.' . . . 'Our Many Medicals' we suspect is not altogether free from personality; indeed we have reason to know that it is not, S.'s assurance to the contrary notwithstanding. The paper is not without its merit, certainly. 'Seeking a connection,' especially, is very felicitously hit off. The manner of the young doctor, however, is 'a part of the system,' as poor POWER used to say. 'An extreme gravity of deportment is indispensable; and it is generally expedient to wear spectacles. He ought not to go to church above once a quarter, and then be called out in the middle of the sermon or the communion service. An oddness or surliness of manner sometimes succeeds, but care should be taken that it be not overdone.' They have very primitive disciples of ESCULAPUS at the West, and their 'practice' is sometimes particularly haphazard and unique. A friend of ours in that region illustrates this by a pleasant anecdote. An ignorant quack, who had accidentally assisted nature in effecting a cure or two in a certain prevalent complaint, was called to attend a lady who was in great agony from inflammation of the bowels. He administered the specific, with an assurance that it would restore her. 'Are you sure it will cure me?' asked the patient, still in intense pain. 'Well no, not *that* won't exactly, but it'll *throw you into fits* pretty soon now, and I'm *death on fits*! I hav'n't lost a case o' fits in two months!' This creating a new and not altogether *distinctive* disease, for the purpose of curing an old one, must be considered as rather 'sharp practice.' . . . THE following lines, derived from a Methodist clergyman, who had repeated them in the course of an impressive discourse, but who could not remember from what source he obtained them, we clip from the selections of a western country journal. They strike us as very beautiful; nor can we imagine any thing more effective than stanzas like these, sung by a thousand voices at a night camp-meeting, when between the host of worshippers and the 'whole hosts of stars' nothing is interposed but the pillars of God's first temple, 'lifting their blossomy boughs in summer air:'

'HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.'

In the silent midnight watches,  
 List—thy bosom-door!  
 How it knocketh, knocketh,—  
 Knocketh evermore!  
 Say not 'tis thy pulses beating:  
 'Tis thy heart of sin;  
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth  
 'Rise, and let me in!'

Death comes down, with reckless footstep,  
 To the hall and hut:  
 Think you death will tarry knocking,  
 Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth—  
 But the door is fast:  
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;  
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
 CHRIST to let thee in;  
 At the gate of heaven beating,  
 Waiting for thy sin;  
 Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!  
 Hast thou then forgot?  
 Jesus waited long to know thee,  
 Now HE KNOWS THEE NOT!

WE promised in our last to make room for the too truthful sketch of '*House-Hunting and Board-Seeking*' in advance of May, 'if on a more careful perusal we deemed it presentable.' We have decided against its acceptance. Does the writer suppose we are going to take part against

our own dear little people, by holding up 'the likes of them' to ridicule, for the benefit of children-haters in general, and himself in particular? Guess not! Let 'F. P.' once look into the eyes and read the thoughts of innocent life-full children of *his own*, and instead of denouncing them as an 'unmitigated annoyance,' he will 'bless them unaware.' 'It seemeth strange,' says the Opium-Eater, speaking of his little ones, 'the time when as yet those spirits were not in the body, and the air which I breathed partook not of that blessedness which now to me is my life. Another sun, another moon, other stars, since the face of my first-born! Another earth, another heaven!' In my inner spirit there was once a dearth, which Providence hath now amply, and richly, and prodigally furnished with celestial food; which is also music to the ears, and light to the eyes, and the essence of silken softness to the touch; a family of immortal spirits, who but for me never had been brought into the mystery of accountable and responsible being! Of old I used to study the Spring; but now its sweet sadness steals unawares into my heart, when among the joyous lambs I see my own children at play. The instincts of all the inferior creatures are now holy in my eyes; for, like reason's self, they have their origin in love. Affection for my own children has enabled me to sound the depths of gratitude. Gazing on them at their prayers, in their sleep, I have had revelations of the nature of peace, and trouble, and innocence, and sin and sorrow, which, till they had smiled and wept, offended and been reconciled, I knew not—how could I?—to be within the range of the far-flying and far-fetching spirit of love, which is the life-of-life of all things beneath the sun, moon, and stars.' Now if you ever use a pipe, friend 'F. P.,' just put the above in its bowl, smoke it, and pass it round to the other members of the 'bachelor gang' you speak of, as a pipe of peace; a token of suspended hostilities against all 'lactiferous animalculæ,' and the more mature babyhood at which they so soon arrive. . . . THERE is a touch of a very common species of 'disinterested humanity' in the following capital anecdote, which proceeds from the pleasant pen that sketched the story of the benevolent old lady and her spoiled custards, which we gave some twelve months since, and which was copied into almost every newspaper in the United States. Many a pseudo-philanthropist's charities are performed 'through hook or by crook,' as in the present instance: 'At a meeting recently of the 'Universal Benevolent Society' of Pigwicket, it was voted that a new desk and settees for the Society should be procured, provided they did not cost more than twenty dollars. After the vote was passed, there arose a contention between two of the most prominent members of the Society for the job, each wanting to give it as an act of charity to a beneficiary under his own special care. Mr. A—— contended stoutly for the work, on the ground that Mr. CROOK, on whose behalf he pleaded, was one of the most pious and virtuous of citizens. He had a wife and nine small children, and a prospect of more; and moreover had been idle all winter, while others had had work; he trusted therefore that the president would take these facts into consideration, and bestow the job where it would do the most good. Here Mr. B—— interposed. He was not disposed to dispute the claims of his brother A——, but he thought *he* could present a still stronger case for the consideration of the president. He then drew a moving picture of the poverty-stricken condition of his beneficiary, Mr. HOOK; until the president, moved to a divided compassion, suggested a compromise to the contending parties, by proposing that the work should be given to whichever of the two artizans would do it the cheapest. This was reluctantly agreed to, and Deacon C—— appointed a 'committee of one' to ascertain that fact. 'Tell them,' whispered the president in the ear of the committee, 'that already several have offered to do the job for ten dollars.' It was well worth thirty, as proposed to be done. The deacon vanished, but soon returned with a blank countenance. 'They are gone, both on 'em!' said he, after a moment's pause to get breath; 'Mr. CROOK ran away last night, and Mr. HOOK this morning!' 'Gone!' 'run away!' exclaimed both our humane philanthropists, as they started to their feet simultaneously: 'Gone!' repeated A——, who first 'caught the eye' of the president, and consequently 'held the floor;' 'Mr. President, CROOK is a d—d scoundrel! He owes me five dollars, and promised to pay me out of the first job I should get for him. And now he's gone! Sir, there's a species of ingratitude that cuts deeper than a large knife. I beg leave, Sir, to offer the following motion——' Here he was interrupted by B——, who could no longer suppress his feelings: 'Mr. President, brother A—— has been rather hardly used, I must confess, but I have been treated still more scurvily. Mr. CROOK is a d—d scoundrel, no doubt; but Mr. HOOK is a d—der! He owed me ten dollars, and said on his honor he would pay me out of this very job! Brother A—— talks of ingratitude. Sir, I could say much on that p'int, but I forbear; and will content myself by simply seconding whatever motion brother A—— was about to make when I interrupted him.' And at this stage of the affair I left.' . . . WE will with pleasure publish the '*Stanzas to Memory*,' by 'C. D. R.' of Saint Louis, if he will assure us, after perusing the annexed, that he does not consider his *own thoughts* better expressed in prose than verse: 'There is something chil-

ling in that sad, inevitable word, the past! Although in looking through the thronged rolls of history, and reading of all the dead passions, the fruitless anxieties, the vain, unproductive yearnings of beings that were once as full of life and feeling as ourselves, and now are nothing, we gain but the cold moral of our own littleness; still, the very indistinctness of the distance softens and beautifies the objects of a former epoch that we thus look back upon; and in the far retrospect of the day gone by, a thousand bright and glistening spots stand out and catch the last most brilliant rays of a sun that has long set to the multitude of smaller things around them.' . . . THE London 'Quarterly' is down upon MR. DICKENS's 'Notes' almost as savagely as BLACKWOOD. 'The work,' says the reviewer, 'has very little of MR. DICKENS's peculiar merit, and still less, we are sorry to say, of any other. It seems to us an entire failure.' The reviewer attributes the 'general insipidity of his work' to honorable causes; 'an ingenuous embarrassment between sincerity and gratitude.' The reviewer complains that he mentions no individual names, 'save that of his 'dear friend, MR. WASHINGTON IRVING,' whom he accidentally saw at the President's levee, when he was presented on receiving a diplomatic appointment.' This sneer of the reviewer is unfortunate. MR. IRVING, as we can state from personal observation, met MR. DICKENS constantly in society, private and public; and he held him, both as a man and an author, in the most friendly regard and admiration. There is much more justice in the following animadversions; yet as to the Croton enterprise, our friends across the water can scarcely conceive of its vastness. In a few years, beside the abundant streams spouting freshly up in every quarter of the metropolis, there will be innumerable fountains playing on the lawns and amid the verdant trees and flowering shrubs of rich country-seats, stretching for forty miles along the line of the great aqueduct. To adopt an expressive phrase, 'it will be a sight to see.' 'MR. DICKENS's account of the beautiful metropolis of New-York is as barren as if he had been bivouacking for a single night in some embryo village of the western wild; and this is the more extraordinary, because New-York is not only, as he admits, a very remarkable city, hitherto imperfectly described, but it has recently received, and is still receiving, a vast extension, not merely of commerce and population, but of public works of great utility and magnificence: for instance; there is, we are informed, just on the point of completion a very fine church in the Gothic style — a *minster* indeed we may almost call it — erected by our Anglican brethren of New-York; and there is also nearly finished, at the cost, we are told, of three millions of pounds sterling, an aqueduct for conveying an enormous supply of water from a distance of above forty miles into the city, which rivals the solid utility of the old Roman works, and promises to vie in its ornamental details and adjuncts with Parisian splendor. No private delicacy can be alleged as an excuse for his silence on such subjects as a cathedral and an aqueduct; which from their appearance and their *character*, and the taste in which they are executed, seem to mark an era in the architectural and even the moral history of the States. It would not have been indifferent to the inhabitants of London to have heard by whose suggestions and designs, from what funds, and under what regulations and management this great aqueduct has been erected and is to be maintained; and still more interesting would it have been to have had some account of the state of the Anglican Church in America; of the means by which, and the congregation for which, so noble a temple has been erected. Instead of any thing of this kind, MR. DICKENS tells us with much detail that he saw in New-York, beside the 'mulatto landlady' and 'a black fiddler,' 'one barrel-organ,' 'one dancing monkey,' and he adds, by way of climax, 'not one white mouse.' All this we presume is meant for pleasantry; but indeed the utter inanity of MR. DICKENS's pages as to all topics of information is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts at jocularity with which he endeavors to supply their places.' 'These be very cruel words,' Sir Reviewer! . . . MORE than three hundred May-days have come and gone, since these fanciful lines were written in praise of a noble lady 'gone a-Maying.' We hope the reader will like them; *we* do, they are so graceful and knightly:

SIR Painter! are thy colors ready set?  
My mistress cannot be with thee to-day:  
She's gone into the field to gather May,  
The timely primrose and the violet;  
Yet that thou may'st not disappointed be,  
Come draw her picture by my fantasia.

Draw first her front: a perfect ivory white,  
High, spacious, round and smooth, on either side  
Her temples branched with veins, blue, opening wide  
As in the map the Danube runs in sight:  
Color her semi-circled brows with jet,  
The throne where Love triumphantly doth set.

Regard her eye; her eye, a wondrous part,  
It woundeth deep, but cureth by and by;  
It drives away, and draweth courteously,  
It breeds and calms the tempests of the heart;  
And what to lightning-Jove belongeth to,  
The same her looks with more effect can do.

Her lovely lip doth others all excel;  
On whom it please (ah, me!) a kiss bestow,  
He never tasteth afterward of wo,  
Such special virtue in the touch doth dwell:  
The color tempered of the morning red  
Wherewith Aurora doth adorn her head.

Few, we believe, who have attentively perused the story of '*The Young Englishman*,' from the '*Reminiscences of an Old Man*,' as it has proceeded in these pages, but must have been struck with the life-like character of the events recorded. The following note from the author will explain why this could not well be otherwise: 'The Reminiscent observes that several of the public prints which have noticed '*The Young Englishman*,' speak of the narrative as touching in its *imaginary* incidents, evidently regarding it purely as a work of fiction. To the remarks upon the 'merit' of the 'story,' although sufficiently flattering, the Reminiscent will make no allusion; for he is alike indifferent to the censure and to the praise which critics are wont to bestow; but he feels it proper to say, that the scenes which have been described in the foregoing pages are scenes of real life, which will sufficiently account as well for the absence of all high-wrought incident, as for the melancholy termination of the last chapter. To put down what has occurred, without selection, or coloring, or partiality, is the part of the historian; to select from the occurrences of life the romantic, the melancholy, and the joyful, makes the novelist. As the whole merit of the former consists in narrating with truthfulness *all* that actually has been, so the only praise of the latter is in preserving throughout a *verisimilitude*, from which if he make departure, he is sure to fail. The Reminiscent has lived a long and checkered life: his youth was clouded with misfortune, and his manhood darkened by disappointment and sorrow; in his old age he seeks some relief from the workings of the 'busy, restless mind unfathomable,' by giving to the world some of the incidents which have befallen him, or those with whom it was his lot to be associated. If the world care for them, the world is welcome; if it scorn them, it is welcome equally to scorn:

'Was Kann die Welt mir wohl gewahren?'

WE are not quite certain whether we may not already have mentioned an anecdote of a Frenchman who had been passing some weeks in London, and who, when crossing the channel in a steamer, disgusted all observers, by occasionally repeating to such as would listen to him, as he stood by a handsome carriage: 'Vell, that's a good vehicle; but them there scratches on the pannel, *that's* the vorst of it, though!' Being a very *distingué* person in his exterior, these vulgar sentences excited no little amazement, until it was ascertained that he was sporting the little English he had learned from his groom in London, in order to excite the admiration of some of his less accomplished countrymen on board. A clever writer in a late Irish periodical records an amusing incident in this kind, in the person of a German whom he met on the Scheldt. The writer, who is seeking his way to his hotel, accosts him in French: 'English?' said he, in a thick, guttural tone. 'Yes, thank Heaven!' said I; 'do you speak English?' 'Ya, mynheer,' answered he. Though this reply didn't promise very favorably, I immediately asked him to guide me to my hotel, upon which he shook his head, gravely, and said nothing. 'Do n't you speak English?' said I. 'Ya!' said he, once more. 'I have lost my way,' cried I; 'I am a stranger.' He looked at me doggedly for a minute or two, and then, with a stern gravity of manner, and a phlegm I cannot attempt to convey, he said: 'D — n *my* eyes!' 'What!' said I; 'what do you mean?' 'Ya!' was the only reply. 'If you know English, why do n't you speak it?' 'D — n *his* eyes!' said he, with a deep, solemn tone. 'Is that all you know of the language?' cried I, stamping with impatience. 'Can you say no more than that?' 'D — n *your* eyes!' ejaculated he, with as much composure as though he were maintaining an earnest conversation. The narrator finally succeeds, by certain melo-dramatic signs, in making the linguist understand him. He reaches his hotel and his bed; saying, as he dismissed his guide, 'There, that will do; good night; I am much obliged to you.' 'D — n *your* eyes!' replied the conjugating Dutchman; adding some thing in his native tongue, which the writer was justified in hoping was of a more polite and complimentary import than his parting benediction in English. . . . We are thankful to our Balti-

more correspondent for his paper upon '*Domestic Architecture and Interior Decoration*.' We have no means of *knowing*, of course; but from certain remarks of his, we are led to believe that he has had an opportunity of examining in detail the chaste and delicate fabrications, in the latter branch, of our townsman Mr. GEORGE PLATT, whose rooms are in Spruce-street near Nassau. For our own part, we never thought to have seen in this country so much beauty, grace, and delicacy of carved, gilded, and mould-work, of every variety, and in every form, as may be seen at Mr. PLATT's establishment. He is an artist of true genius, and *the* artist, par excellence, in his particular line. That this verdict renders him but simple justice, can easily be tested by examination; indeed it *has been* tested, in a more substantial manner, by the orders that crowd upon him, not only from our own wealthy citizens, but from those of our sister cities, south, north, east, and west. It were a labor of supererogation *now* to invoke success to the refined arts which Mr. PLATT introduced and is so widely extending among us. The PUBLIC has 'ta'en order for *that*.' . . . We have known persons who plumed themselves upon their good manners; who even dwelt with great self-complacence upon the superior refinement of the section of the country whence they came, and where one might infer that kindred manners abound; such persons have we known, who possessed not a single one of the indispensable attributes of good manners named in the ensuing passages from an excellent article upon this theme, in a late English periodical:

'THE three sources of ill-manners are pride, ill-nature, and want of sense; so that every person who is already endowed with humility, good-nature, and good sense, will learn good manners with little or no teaching. A writer who had great knowledge of mankind, has defined good manners as 'the art of making those people easy with whom we converse;' and his definition cannot be mended. The ill qualities above mentioned all tend naturally to make people uneasy. Pride assumes all the conversation to itself; ill-nature makes offensive reflections; and folly makes no distinction of persons and occasions. Good manners are, therefore, in part negative: let a sensible person but refrain from pride and ill-nature, and his conversation will give satisfaction.' . . . 'True gentility, when improved by good sense, avoids every appearance of self-importance; and polite humility takes every opportunity of giving importance to the company; of which it may be truly said, as it was of worldly wealth, 'it is better to give than receive.' In our commerce with mankind, we are always to consider, that their affairs are of more importance to them than ours are; and we should treat them on this principle, unless we are occasionally questioned, and directed to ourselves by the turn of the conversation. Discretion will always fix on some object in which the company have a share. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats his company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.'

THE translation of the '*Dies Irae*,' by a new (and welcome) contributor, will not pass unnoticed. It is one of the most famous hymns of the Catholic church, and forms a principal part of the requiem, or service for the dead. The poem is ascribed to THOMAS DE CELANO, a Minorite of the thirteenth century. GOETHE has introduced some stanzas of it into his '*Faust*.' SCOTT has a paraphrase of parts of it at the close of the '*Lay of the last Minstrel*,' from which we perceive the translator has adopted the first two lines. The translation is not an exact one, but it is very nearly so; it will at all events serve to give a good idea of the character of the original. The sybilline verses, which had been interpolated and corrupted during the early ages of Christianity, contained allusions to the coming of the MESSIAH, and to other parts of the history of the true faith, and from that circumstance were looked upon with respect, even at the late period at which this hymn was composed. How solemn, how thrilling would be the effect of the '*Dies Irae*,' illustrated and enforced by the genius of MOZART, that RAPHAEL of the lyre, filling the arches and dome of Saint Peters with 'awful melody,' lingering and wandering on, as loth to die! . . . Oh! what turmoil, what 'confusion of tongues,' furniture, discarded nick-nacks, 'things lost on earth,' attend the advent of May in Gotham! Wagons heaped to the windows of the first floor of a gutted house, going forth to furnish one standing solitary in dust and ashes, with an empty stomach! We could hug 'old KIT' with a large embrace, for so forcibly expressing our sentiments in the matter of annual 'moving.' 'Home's deepest delight,' says he, 'is undisturbance. Sofas, ottomans, chairs, foot-stools, screens, and above all, beds, all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognositive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. All our affections toward lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed. What sacrilege therefore against the Lares and Penates to turn a whole house topsy-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May-flowers deck the zone of the year!' . . . An old contributor has sent us from on ship-board a playful poetical epistle on '*Going to Sea*,' from which we cannot resist the incli-

nation to select a few spirited stanzas. 'Gentl reder, av you ever bin on the otion?' If you have, you will judge the following to be scarcely less vivid than Mr. 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH's' memorable description:

THE heavy, rolling swells have now  
To a reeling stagger brought her,  
As if the ship had gone to sea  
In wine instead of water.

And with the see-saw motion now  
Begin, in earnest, all  
Disquietudes of various kinds  
To attack both great and small.

For when at table down you sit,  
You scarce begin, before  
You measure backward all your length  
Upon the cabin-floor.

And if at last you should commence,  
In spite of this mishap,  
A fowl slides plump into your soup,  
And the soup into your lap!

But bid good-bye to 'feeding,' if  
Your qualms are coming on;  
For when the stomach's rising up,  
The dinner can't go down.

At length you fain would go to rest,  
To sleep away your sorrow,  
And in the land of dreams forget  
The troubles of the morrow.

But the 'Land of Nod' is not at sea;  
For soon you find yourself  
In a cramped-up room, with double berths,  
And laid upon a shelf.

Instead of slumbering, you are forced  
A wakeful watch to keep;  
You're rocked from night till morning light,  
But never rocked to sleep.

And long ere dawn of day you're sure  
Upon your luckless sconce  
To find new bumps enough to make  
A genius of a dunce!

Nor music fails all night to lend  
Its sweet somnific aid,  
For coal-box, shovel, tongs, and chairs  
Perform a serenade.

They slide, roll, rattle, rumble round,  
They rap, clap, bang and batter;  
Until you wonder such small space  
Can hold so great a clatter.

Nor can a man, when up and dressed,  
E'en walk across the cabin,  
Unless by door-knobs holding fast,  
Or at the table grabbing.

It will be admitted to have been not particularly pleasant to have *désagréments* like these terminate in the manner recorded below:

BUT hark! far to the leeward side  
We hear the long-drawn roar  
Of the surf as it rolls along the shoals  
And sands of Jersey shore.

When straight there comes a calm so smooth,  
For glass you might mistake it;  
With this small difference, that it is  
Impossible to break it.

And when you've rolled about, and are  
In sight of land at last,  
Not even Sandy Hook itself  
Can hold your vessel fast.

But down a stiff nor'-wester comes,  
As cold as cold can be,  
And you once more must slip the shore,  
And out again to sea!

WHY did not some one beckon back poor MONROE EDWARDS from the lip of the whirlpool of iniquity, which has gradually engulfed him? Perhaps it *might* have been done, at one period, by judicious counsels and parental restraint. Villain as he is, and accomplished in the arts of vice, it is yet sad to think on the wretched fate of one so young in years, though old in crime. Incarcerated for a life-time almost, in a gloomy prison, and feeling every day the iron enter deeper into his soul, he endeavors to regain his liberty. He fails; and fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails leave the impress of four hundred and fifty stripes upon his quivering flesh; and he remains, with new restrictions, and in pain and sorrow, the victim of his own evil deeds. Oh! that the young and the gifted were wise; that they understood those things which make for their temporal and eternal peace! A blessed petition is that in the prayer of our LORD: 'Abandon us not to temptation!' . . . THE subject of '*Pulpit Eloquence*' has heretofore been elaborately treated of in these pages, in a series of articles from a capable pen; and we should reluct at again renewing a discussion of the theme. Still, we agree with our Philadelphia correspondent, that there is need enough of reform in the exercises of the sacred desk. We sat out a discourse the other evening by a reverend person, whose style of speaking was almost precisely like the open-air huckster of four-penny nick-nacks, who 'stops the way' with his little table in Nassau near Spruce street; with 'damnable iteration' announcing, with the air of an automaton: 'A-a-ny article on the board four, four cents; take 'ch-ever you like—four, four cents; a-a-ny article on the board, four, four cents,' etc., and so on in one endless round. Now a clergyman, in a city like ours, who has no better 'school' than that of such an orator as we have glanced at, certainly needs instruction and practice in 'pulpit eloquence,' and what is of more importance, some *feeling* in the cause he espouses, all



LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS. — A very humble-looking pamphlet is before us, containing a 'Lecture on the Advantages of Associations for Literary Purposes;' delivered before the 'De Kalb Lyceum' of Camden, (S. C.), in February last, by Rev. FRANCIS P. LEE, A. M. The scope and variety of this production, and the important truths, illustrated by interesting facts, which it presents, should have secured for it a dress more befitting its merits than that in which it is presented to the public. Literary associations are traced by the writer from the very infancy of letters down to the present time. Indeed, but for these associations it is doubtful whether the knowledge of letters themselves would not at one time have been altogether lost in Europe, amid the less ennobling pursuits of war, conquest, and 'chivalry.' The ignorance of the era of the Foundation Charter is truly remarkable. 'This ancient writing bears the names of thirteen commanders who came over into England with WILLIAM the Conqueror; and in this list of illustrious persons, from whom many of the best families in England now trace their descent, there is not a single one who was not content to make his mark, because he had not that small degree of learning which was needful for the signing of his name.' Mr. LEE enforces, with earnestness and sound argument, the necessity of literary associations, to enable men to resist the dominant prejudices and occupations of the hour, in a country where labor for subsistence and the desire to amass wealth prevails to such a degree as in the United States. We should be pleased to see this well-considered and matter-full lecture given to the public entire in some of the mammoth weekly journals. It would occupy a scarcely perceptible space in their ample folds.

#### T H E   D R A M A .

PARK THEATRE. — Our donkey the public was flattered in our last number on the supposition that it was about to evince itself a reasonable quadruped, by returning to its old familiar stall, and to its natural and wholesome food. But lo! its vagarious disposition did not permit it to poke its susceptible olfactories farther than a few inches within the stable-door, when away it shambled again, with a snort, a bray, and a whisk of its posterior appendage, quite shocking to behold. But we must be mild and easy in our management, and coax him back again if possible to his senses:

'If I had a donkey as would n't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop him?  
No! no! no!'

Better to 'lure the gentle jack-ass back again.' 'Billy can be coaxed, but he can't never be driv.' WELCH AND COMPANY 'being gone,' the long ears of our quadruped were pricked up to hear the announcement of their successors; when behold! the much-admired, truly classical, and most 'Greek' drama, known as 'Tom and Jerry,' ushered before a Park audience the scientific Mr. T. BELCHER KAY, one of the great knock-downs of foreign celebrity. The averment that our best dramatic talent is imported, has ever been used as a sort of argument to prove the dearth of the American article. We have been obliged to acknowledge the truth of this assertion; but never before have we submitted to it with such a feeling of deep humiliation as came over us on the appearance of this celebrated man of science. In the different departments of art, America can boast of names that are not so completely overshadowed by those of foreign repute, but that an evidence of their existence can still be discerned. In almost all the sciences, too, we have heretofore rejoiced in tolerable professors. Our alchemists, it is true, have not yet exactly discovered the philosopher's stone, but they are probably making as fair progress toward it as are those of other climes. But alas! and to our shame be it heralded to the world, in the 'science' of which Mr. T. BELCHER KAY is a professor, we are, to use the classical language of his college, obliged 'to knock under.' We are pigmies, where our English neighbors are giants. To us, and with a deep blush of mortification mantling our visage do we confess it, to us even a display of the science was a novelty; and to Mr. T. BELCHER KAY be paid our thankful orisons, for an exhibition which has enlightened our ignorance. To a mind imbued with a taste for the refined and beautiful, nothing can be more gratifying than a display of the noble science of Pugilism. There is something in the sight that warms the best feelings of our nature; and to the professors themselves there must be in the practice of their art something that (to use an expression which has never before been quoted) 'comes home to their business and bosoms.' Not agreeing with our donkey, we

did not affect the circus. There appeared to us to be something in it bordering (in the very slightest degree, it is true,) upon the physical. It presented exhibitions that were not altogether replete with mind. The workings of the intellect, except indeed in the rich sallies of Mr. Gossin, were not apparent; and for this reason, we repeat, we did not 'cotton to' the circus. In the new science, however, through the mazes of which we have been inducted by the genius of a T. BELCHER KAY, there is all that the most enthusiastic worshipper of mind could ask or seek for. And what place so fit for its display as the boards of the Park Theatre?—where, to use another novel quotation,

‘Young Genius wings his eagle flight  
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light!’

a spot consecrated by the muse of SHAKESPEARE and but slightly desecrated by the mews of WELCH AND COMPANY? Who so proper an audience of the ennobling display as our dear donkey?—and right merrily did it wag its ears and eke its tail upon the happy occasion, and with a gentle bray announce its sensible approbation. But Mr. T. BELCHER KAY has retired pro tempore, and the Genius of Pugilism bewails his absence!

MR. BOOTH.—LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH! thou erratic star in the theatrical firmament, stand forth; while here, in the glowing pages of this Magazine of immortality, we blend thy name with its eternal destiny! Such honors as the grateful hearts of all admirers of the ‘true legitimate’ can bestow, have been showered upon this son of genius during his engagement of the past month at the Park Theatre; and right well were they merited. If a deep insight into character; if a moulding not only of the outer expression, but of the very soul and spirit of the man into the object to be personated, impelled and fashioned by the force and impulse of genius, can give claim to the possession of the requisites of an actor, then has Mr. BOOTH a full and acknowledged title. We do not wish to be enthusiastic, but to speak the words of soberness and moderation, when we say, that since the days of KEAN we have seen no actor who so completely imbodyed the meaning of his author, who so fairly set before the mind the character he attempted to portray, as has Mr. BOOTH in all the personations which he has exhibited to the Park audiences; and without entering into any criticism of his performances, we will say generally, that they are of such a character that we believe it to be in the power of this man absolutely to resuscitate the drama in this country. A series of such performances, faithfully and steadily kept before the Park public for a season, with short intervals of good comedies, will do more to revive our long-dormant taste for the drama as it should be, than would all the fanciful representations of opera and spectacle that money can produce. We have noticed the good effects of Mr. BOOTH's fine acting upon many of his chief assistants in the play. Our old friend Mr. ABBOT, for example, has never displayed to better advantage the talent which he always possessed. Mr. BARRY, always good, seemed to have received a new spur to do better still. Mrs. VERNON, upon whose shoulders so much has fallen since the retirement of Mrs. WHEATLY, has nobly sustained herself. Miss BULOID has only to smile at any time, to make herself welcome; but during Mr. BOOTH's engagement, and indeed from the commencement of the season, she has acted with a grace and spirit which have made her a greater favorite with the public than we have known any performer to become within so short a period. We believe the Park Theatre to be advancing at this present slowly but steadily upon that enviable turnpike called ‘the high-road to prosperity;’ and we wish it a safe journey.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S PICTURES.—One of the first books, beyond the Book of books, in which our boyhood took delight, was ‘The Pilgrim's Progress’ of BUNYAN; and we at once ‘cotton to’ a taste that can find in that admirable work material either for the illustrative pen or pencil. We hoped to have been able in the present number to offer a few remarks upon the two paintings by Mr. HUNTINGTON, (‘CHRISTIANA and her Children, and their companion MERCY, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death,’ and ‘MERCY's Dream,’) now exhibiting at the Granite Buildings, corner of Broadway and Chambers-streets. Our limits, however, almost before we are aware, are again circumscribed; and we can only counsel such of our readers as may have the opportunity, to lose no time in visiting these felicitously-conceived and carefully-executed productions of a young yet already eminent American artist. No criticism could add to, as none can detract from, the interest which these pictures cannot fail to excite in the mind of every thoughtful observer. They must be seen, to be adequately appreciated.

**GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—Let no one be deterred from reading, because of its length, the profound and eloquent article which opens the 'Literary Notice' department of the present number. It is one of the most masterly papers we have ever given to the public; and there is no true American but will read it with pride and exultation. The writer is a distinguished American, long resident abroad, whose name, were we permitted to give it, would add if possible to the interest which his correspondence will not fail to excite. . . . **THERE** are eloquent truth and beauty in the subjoined passage from the 'Lessons of Autumn,' by the Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD, whose admirable picture of 'the Sea' we quoted in a recent issue :

'THE very grass itself as it withers, and the flower as it fades, seem to express a trust, in their humble manner, and to inculcate it on their withering and fading human brethren. How quietly the grass withers! How submissively the flower bows its head on its stalk; how sweetly it exhales its last odors; how peacefully it fades! Nature dies gently. Listen! Do you hear any discordances in her parting sighs? They are all harmonious; as musical, though with a different character, as the melodies of Spring. You may be affected with sadness as you listen, but it is a sadness which soothes and softens, not disturbs and terrifies. I can sympathize with the man who relieves his full heart by weeping amid the autumnal emblems of human dissolution; but I must only wonder at him if he weeps tears of anguish or despair. I could not weep so, surrounded by such mild and uncomplaining monitors. I perceive that the honors of the forest are resigned without a struggle. Wherever I turn, all is acquiescence. There is no questioning the will of Heaven. There are no cries when the leaves part from their stems, and sink to the ground. How can I do violence to the spirit of submission and trust which is diffused about me? It rebukes my misgivings, if I have indulged any; it silences my repinings, if unthinkingly I have uttered any; it steals into and hushes my heart. Why should we not receive the lessons which nature is, even though unconsciously, teaching us? Why should we break the general peace? Let us trust in the word of God, though it sends forth the decree, 'Return, ye children of men!' Frail, fading, perishing—what are we without trust?'

Once to us the Autumn was of the four seasons 'the saddest of the year.' It is not so now. In awakening thoughts of frail mortality; of the loved and lost who have gone before us to a 'better country;' it now seems to us to fall far short of the Spring. Oh! this wide-abounding LIFE!—in the air, on the earth, on the bosom of the glad waters! The fair Spirit walks forth in her beauty to testify to the goodness of the FATHER of all Mercies; yet Memory, growing wondrously bright amid the brightness of Nature, goes back to one who only a little while ago worshipped her with a poet's fervent affection; but who, heedless now of the reviving verdure, or the gentle rain from heaven; of the fleecy clouds, rolling through depths of blue; of soft airs, redolent of balm, that come wooingly from the west; sleeps in his untimely grave!

'Yes! there they left him; roses grow  
Upon the turf that wraps his bosom,  
And round the evening breezes strew  
The willow's silver blossom.'

**THERE** is a capital article in the last number of the London 'Quarterly Review' upon the 'Modern System of Advertising.' We have gathered together a few examples, selected by the reviewer from the English journals, which we think will amuse our readers. The subjoined reminds us of the advertisement for a 'pious coachman,' mentioned by SIDNEY SMITH: 'Wanted, a coachman, to take charge of a carriage and pair of horses of a religious turn of mind!' 'BAKER's antidote for the sea-sickness is certified by Mr. WILLIS, steward: 'It was taken by a young lady going to Rotterdam in the Ocean, who found great relief from a single dose, having a heavy sea on at the same time and likewise several gentlemen.' 'Mr. WILLIS,' says the reviewer, 'is apparently not much used to writing, but the statement is highly satisfactory.' Advertisements 'To the charitable' and 'To the Lord's People' are abundant in the London journals. A pretty specimen of the latter ensues: 'A dear Christian tradesman is in want of forty pounds, to pay all demands upon him, ere he accepts a call to the ministry of the Everlasting Gospel, which he believes his Heavenly FATHER is about to make known unto him. A lady, his friend in CHRIST the LORD as revealed, in the power of God the Holy Ghost, thus ventures in simple faith to try the door of Providence in his behalf; and would leave the issue in the hands of HIM who has heart, hand, breath, and purse of men at sovereign command.' 'Need we say,' adds the reviewer, 'that this 'dear Christian tradesman' with his lady friend 'in CHRIST the LORD as revealed,' deserved to be whipped at the cart's-tail for their impudence and profanity?' An advertisement for RATS will be admitted to be an anomaly: 'Wanted immediately, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited in the same plight and condition in which I found it, five

hundred LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds. The rats must be full grown and no cripples.' This was a thoroughly conscientious tenant, fully aware of the obligations imposed upon him by the ordinary covenant, to leave the premises in the same state in which he found them. One of the testimonials to CONGREVE's 'Balsamic Elixir' runs thus: 'Notwithstanding I had been lately married, I found it impossible to sleep on the same pillow with my husband, but was obliged to be supported with bolsters in nearly an upright position. This, to a person in the situation I then was, was extremely unpleasant!' Her husband attests, that after taking a bottle of the Elixir, she was 'enabled to lie down in bed once more!' . . . Our readers will agree with us, we think, in deeming the following a very neat version of an interesting occurrence:

THE BEES OF SAINT SIMON'S.

For several years the bees have deposited their honey in the tower of the church on Saint Simon's island, off the coast of Georgia. The rector, Rev. Mr. WALKER, has regularly sold the honey, and sent the proceeds to the missionary funds.

THERE lies, far in the bosom of the seas,  
An island fair;  
All summer long the patient little bees  
Are busy there.  
The honey which they gather in their round,  
Buzzing from flower to flower,  
They hoard it in a quaint bee-hive they've found  
In the old church-tower.

Their store is taken every year, nor do  
The bees complain;  
They know that God will send, next spring, a new  
Supply again.  
The produce of their careful gatherings goes  
To men in lands abroad,  
Who preach 'glad tidings of great joy' to those  
Who know not God.

Like Jonathan, when fainting he did roam  
The hungry waste,  
How was he quickened when an honey-comb  
He did but taste!  
So to those weary laborers on lone shores,  
This humble hive supplies  
The luscious droppings of its annual stores  
To light their eyes.

Poor Christian! e'en in such small folk as these,  
A lesson see:  
Doth God take such good care for tiny bees,  
Yet none for thee?  
Then say not, Little-faith, thou hast no power  
To gather honey too;  
All round thee bloom the flowers, and every flower  
Is filled with dew.

J. H. H.

Savannah, Jan. 22, 1843.

ONE of our daily journals, (the '*Tribune*,' if we rightly remember,) in a notice of WILSON'S '*Noctes Ambrosianae*,' took occasion to rebuke the KNICKERBOCKER for having stated, on the authority of 'a distinguished gentleman from abroad,' that COLERIDGE was 'a portentous bore,' and at the same time to quote LAMB, HAZLITT, and NORTH, as expressing great admiration of his 'conversations.' But all these writers had other opinions afterward. When COLERIDGE asked LAMB if he had ever heard him *preach*, LAMB replied, that he had 'never heard him do *any thing else*.' And NORTH's praise of COLERIDGE's 'speaking' and his 'inspired genius,' is *rather* neutralized by numerous passages from the same pen: 'I could cut with a blunt knife,' he writes, 'the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him, especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth;' yet he mentions COLERIDGE among others, as one to whom he could not listen five minutes 'without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces the yawn.' Elsewhere he says: 'Mr. COLERIDGE does not seem to be aware that he cannot write a book, but opines that he absolutely has written several, and set many questions at rest. There is a *want*, of some kind or another, in his mind; but perhaps when he awakes from his dream, he may get rational and sober-witted, like other men who are not

*always asleep.*' There is a satire upon his 'conversations' too, in the sketch of 'idealism, as explained by KANT:' 'It antagonizes with the spirit of carnality developed in the idiosyncrasy arising from the peculiarity of affinities, indisputable in the individualism of perfectible power. Keeping this plain axiom in view, we shall be able to explain the various results,' etc. But CHRISTOPHER, speaking through one of his dramatis personæ, brings a more serious charge against COLERIDGE than simply that of being a bore. These be the words: 'He is not only a plagiarist, but a bonâ-fide thief. SHAKESPEARE stole from Nature, and she forebore to prosecute. COLERIDGE has stolen from a whole host of his fellow-creatures, most of them poorer than himself; and I pledge myself I am bound over to appear against him. If he plead to the indictment, he is a dead man; if he stand mute, I will press him to death under three hundred and fifty pounds' weight of German metaphysics.' The truth is, that COLERIDGE was a bore; and if we may believe what we have been told, and what has been written, WORDSWORTH is another. Hark again to old CHRISTOPHER: 'Many of the poets of our days are, with all their genius, a set of enormous spoons. WORDSWORTH walks about the woods like a great satyr, or rather like the god Pan; and piping away upon his reed, sometimes most infernally out of tune, he thinks he is listening, at the very least, to music equal to that of the spheres, and that nobody can blow a note but himself.' Even though we had never heard with our own ears eminent witnesses testify to the character of COLERIDGE's interminable 'talks,' (what time he paced his room like an oracle, with bended body, and the fingers of one hand in motion over his head, as if sprinkling snuff upon his silvery hair,) we should deem our case made out by the foregoing passages from the 'Noctes.' . . . 'Our Many Medicals' we suspect is not altogether free from personality; indeed we have reason to *know* that it is not, S.'s assurance to the contrary notwithstanding. The paper is not without its merit, certainly. 'Seeking a connection,' especially, is very felicitously hit off. The *manner* of the young doctor, however, is 'a part of the system,' as poor POWER used to say. 'An extreme gravity of deportment is indispensable; and it is generally expedient to wear spectacles. He ought not to go to church above once a quarter, and then be called out in the middle of the sermon or the communion service. An oddness or surliness of manner sometimes succeeds, but care should be taken that it be not overdone.' They have very primitive disciples of ESCULAPIUS at the West, and their 'practice' is sometimes particularly haphazard and unique. A friend of ours in that region illustrates this by a pleasant anecdote. An ignorant quack, who had accidentally assisted nature in effecting a cure or two in a certain prevalent complaint, was called to attend a lady who was in great agony from inflammation of the bowels. He administered *the* specific, with an assurance that it would restore her. 'Are you *sure* it will cure me?' asked the patient, still in intense pain. 'Well no, not *that* won't exactly, but it'll *throw you into fits* pretty soon now, and I'm *death on fits*! I hav'n't lost a case o' fits in two months!' This creating a new and not altogether *distinctive* disease, for the purpose of curing an old one, must be considered as rather 'sharp practice.' . . . THE following lines, derived from a Methodist clergyman, who had repeated them in the course of an impressive discourse, but who could not remember from what source he obtained them, we clip from the selections of a western country journal. They strike us as very beautiful; nor can we imagine any thing more effective than stanzas like these, sung by a thousand voices at a night camp-meeting, when between the host of worshippers and the 'whole hosts of stars' nothing is interposed but the pillars of God's first temple, 'lifting their blossomy boughs in summer air:'

'HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.'

In the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom-door!  
How it knocketh, knocketh,—  
Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating:  
'Tis thy heart of sin;  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth  
'Rise, and let me in!'

Death comes down, with reckless footstep,  
To the hall and hut:  
Think you death will tarry knocking,  
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth—  
But the door is fast:  
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;  
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
CHRIST to let thee in;  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin;  
Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!  
Hast thou then forgot?  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
Now HE KNOWS THEE NOT!

WE promised in our last to make room for the too truthful sketch of '*House-Hunting and Board-Seeking*' in advance of May, 'if on a more careful perusal we deemed it presentable.' We have decided against its acceptance. Does the writer suppose we are going to take part against

our own dear little people, by holding up 'the likes of them' to ridicule, for the benefit of children-haters in general, and himself in particular? Guess not! Let 'F. P.' once look into the eyes and read the thoughts of innocent life-full children of *his own*, and instead of denouncing them as an 'unmitigated annoyance,' he will 'bless them unaware.' 'It seemeth strange,' says the Opium-Eater, speaking of his little ones, 'the time when as yet those spirits were not in the body, and the air which I breathed partook not of that blessedness which now to me is my life. Another sun, another moon, other stars, since the face of my first-born! Another earth, another heaven!' In my inner spirit there was once a dearth, which Providence hath now amply, and richly, and prodigally furnished with celestial food; which is also music to the ears, and light to the eyes, and the essence of silken softness to the touch; a family of immortal spirits, who but for me never had been brought into the mystery of accountable and responsible being! Of old I used to study the Spring; but now its sweet sadness steals unawares into my heart, when among the joyous lambs I see my own children at play. The instincts of all the inferior creatures are now holy in my eyes; for, like reason's self, they have their origin in love. Affection for my own children has enabled me to sound the depths of gratitude. Gazing on them at their prayers, in their sleep, I have had revelations of the nature of peace, and trouble, and innocence, and sin and sorrow, which, till they had smiled and wept, offended and been reconciled, I knew not—how could I?—to be within the range of the far-flying and far-fetching spirit of love, which is the life-of-life of all things beneath the sun, moon, and stars.' Now if you ever use a pipe, friend 'F. P.,' just put the above in its bowl, smoke it, and pass it round to the other members of the 'bachelor gang' you speak of, as a pipe of peace; a token of suspended hostilities against all 'lactiverous animalculæ,' and the more mature babyhood at which they so soon arrive. . . . THERE is a touch of a very common species of 'disinterested humanity' in the following capital anecdote, which proceeds from the pleasant pen that sketched the story of the benevolent old lady and her spoiled custards, which we gave some twelve months since, and which was copied into almost every newspaper in the United States. Many a pseudo-philanthropist's charities are performed 'through hook or by crook,' as in the present instance: 'At a meeting recently of the 'Universal Benevolent Society' of Pigwicket, it was voted that a new desk and settees for the Society should be procured, provided they did not cost more than twenty dollars. After the vote was passed, there arose a contention between two of the most prominent members of the Society for the job, each wanting to give it as an act of charity to a beneficiary under his own special care. Mr. A—— contended stoutly for the work, on the ground that Mr. CROOK, on whose behalf he pleaded, was one of the most pious and virtuous of citizens. He had a wife and nine small children, and a prospect of more; and moreover had been idle all winter, while others had had work; he trusted therefore that the president would take these facts into consideration, and bestow the job where it would do the most good. Here Mr. B—— interposed. He was not disposed to dispute the claims of his brother A——, but he thought *he* could present a still stronger case for the consideration of the president. He then drew a moving picture of the poverty-stricken condition of his beneficiary, Mr. HOOK; until the president, moved to a divided compassion, suggested a compromise to the contending parties, by proposing that the work should be given to whichever of the two artizans would do it the cheapest. This was reluctantly agreed to, and Deacon C—— appointed a 'committee of one' to ascertain that fact. 'Tell them,' whispered the president in the ear of the committee, 'that already several have offered to do the job for ten dollars.' It was well worth thirty, as proposed to be done. The deacon vanished, but soon returned with a blank countenance. 'They are gone, both on 'em!' said he, after a moment's pause to get breath; 'Mr. CROOK ran away last night, and Mr. HOOK this morning!' 'Gone!' 'run away!' exclaimed both our humane philanthropists, as they started to their feet simultaneously: 'Gone!' repeated A——, who first 'caught the eye' of the president, and consequently 'held the floor'; 'Mr. President, CROOK is a d—d scoundrel! He owes me five dollars, and promised to pay me out of the first job I should get for him. And now he's gone! Sir, there's a species of ingratitude that cuts deeper than a large knife. I beg leave, Sir, to offer the following motion——' Here he was interrupted by B——, who could no longer suppress his feelings: 'Mr. President, brother A—— has been rather hardly used, I must confess, but *I* have been treated still more scurvily. Mr. CROOK is a d—d scoundrel, no doubt; but Mr. HOOK is a d—der! He owed me *ten* dollars, and said on his honor he would pay me out of this very job! Brother A—— talks of ingratitude. Sir, I could say much on that p'int, but I forbear; and will content myself by simply seconding whatever motion brother A—— was about to make when I interrupted him.' And at this stage of the affair I left. . . . WE will with pleasure publish the '*Stanzas to Memory*,' by 'C. D. R.' of Saint Louis, if he will assure us, after perusing the annexed, that he does not consider his *own thoughts* better expressed in prose than verse: 'There is something chil-

ling in that sad, inevitable word, the past! Although in looking through the thronged rolls of history, and reading of all the dead passions, the fruitless anxieties, the vain, unproductive yearnings of beings that were once as full of life and feeling as ourselves, and now are nothing, we gain but the cold moral of our own littleness; still, the very indistinctness of the distance softens and beautifies the objects of a former epoch that we thus look back upon; and in the far retrospect of the day gone by, a thousand bright and glistening spots stand out and catch the last most brilliant rays of a sun that has long set to the multitude of smaller things around them.' . . . THE London 'Quarterly' is down upon MR. DICKENS'S 'Notes' almost as savagely as BLACKWOOD. 'The work,' says the reviewer, 'has very little of MR. DICKENS'S peculiar merit, and still less, we are sorry to say, of any other. It seems to us an entire failure.' The reviewer attributes the 'general insipidity of his work' to honorable causes; 'an ingenuous embarrassment between sincerity and gratitude.' The reviewer complains that he mentions no individual names, 'save that of his 'dear friend, MR. WASHINGTON IRVING,' whom he *accidentally* saw at the President's levee, when he was presented on receiving a diplomatic appointment.' This sneer of the reviewer is unfortunate. MR. IRVING, as we can state from personal observation, met MR. DICKENS constantly in society, private and public; and he held him, both as a man and an author, in the most friendly regard and admiration. There is much more justice in the following animadversions; yet as to the Croton enterprise, our friends across the water can scarcely conceive of its vastness. In a few years, beside the abundant streams spouting freshly up in every quarter of the metropolis, there will be innumerable fountains playing on the lawns and amid the verdant trees and flowering shrubs of rich country-seats, stretching for forty miles along the line of the great aqueduct. To adopt an expressive phrase, 'it will be a sight to see.' 'MR. DICKENS'S account of the beautiful metropolis of New-York is as barren as if he had been bivouacking for a single night in some embryo village of the western wild; and this is the more extraordinary, because New-York is not only, as he admits, a very remarkable city, hitherto imperfectly described, but it has *recently* received, and is still receiving, a vast extension, not merely of commerce and population, but of public works of great utility and magnificence: for instance; there is, we are informed, just on the point of completion a very fine church in the Gothic style—a *minster* indeed we may almost call it—erected by our Anglican brethren of New-York; and there is also nearly finished, at the cost, we are told, of three millions of pounds sterling, an aqueduct for conveying an enormous supply of water from a distance of above forty miles into the city, which rivals the solid utility of the old Roman works, and promises to vie in its ornamental details and adjuncts with Parisian splendor. No private delicacy can be alleged as an excuse for his silence on such subjects as a cathedral and an aqueduct; which from their appearance and their *character*, and the taste in which they are executed, seem to mark an era in the architectural and even the moral history of the States. It would not have been indifferent to the inhabitants of London to have heard by whose suggestions and designs, from what funds, and under what regulations and management this great aqueduct has been erected and is to be maintained; and still more interesting would it have been to have had some account of the state of the Anglican Church in America; of the means by which, and the congregation for which, so noble a temple has been erected. Instead of any thing of this kind, MR. DICKENS tells us with much detail that he saw in New-York, beside the 'mulatto landlady' and 'a black fiddler,' 'one barrel-organ,' 'one dancing monkey,' and he adds, by way of climax, 'not one white mouse.' All this we presume is meant for pleasantry; but indeed the utter inanity of MR. DICKENS'S pages as to all topics of information is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts at jocularity with which he endeavors to supply their places.' 'These be very cruel words,' Sir Reviewer! . . . MORE than three hundred May-days have come and gone, since these fanciful lines were written in praise of a noble lady 'gone a-Maying.' We hope the reader will like them; we do, they are so graceful and knightly:

SIR Painter! are thy colors ready set?  
My mistress cannot be with thee to-day:  
She's gone into the field to gather May,  
The timely primrose and the violet;  
Yet that thou may'st not disappointed be,  
Come draw her picture by my fantastic.

Draw first her front: a perfect ivory white,  
High, spacious, round and smooth, on either side  
Her temples branched with veins, blue, opening wide  
As in the map the Danube runs in sight;  
Color her semi-circled brows with jet,  
The throne where Love triumphantly doth set.

Regard her eye; her eye, a wondrous part,  
It woundeth deep, but cureth by and by;  
It drives away, and draweth courteously,  
It breeds and calms the tempests of the heart;  
And what to lightning-Jove belongeth to,  
The same her looks with more effect can do.

Her lovely lip doth others all excel;  
On whom it please (ah, me!) a kiss bestow,  
He never tasteth afterward of wo,  
Such special virtue in the touch doth dwell:  
The color tempered of the morning red  
Wherewith Aurora doth adorn her head.

Few, we believe, who have attentively perused the story of '*The Young Englishman*,' from the '*Reminiscences of an Old Man*,' as it has proceeded in these pages, but must have been struck with the life-like character of the events recorded. The following note from the author will explain why this could not well be otherwise: 'The Reminiscent observes that several of the public prints which have noticed '*The Young Englishman*,' speak of the narrative as touching in its *imaginary* incidents, evidently regarding it purely as a work of fiction. To the remarks upon the 'merit' of the 'story,' although sufficiently flattering, the Reminiscent will make no allusion; for he is alike indifferent to the censure and to the praise which critics are wont to bestow; but he feels it proper to say, that the scenes which have been described in the foregoing pages are scenes of real life, which will sufficiently account as well for the absence of all high-wrought incident, as for the melancholy termination of the last chapter. To put down what has occurred, without selection, or coloring, or partiality, is the part of the historian; to select from the occurrences of life the romantic, the melancholy, and the joyful, makes the novelist. As the whole merit of the former consists in narrating with truthfulness *all* that actually has been, so the only praise of the latter is in preserving throughout a *verisimilitude*, from which if he make departure, he is sure to fail. The Reminiscent has lived a long and checkered life: his youth was clouded with misfortune, and his manhood darkened by disappointment and sorrow; in his old age he seeks some relief from the workings of the 'busy, restless mind unfathomable,' by giving to the world some of the incidents which have befallen him, or those with whom it was his lot to be associated. If the world care for them, the world is welcome; if it scorn them, it is welcome equally to scorn:

'Was Kann die Welt mir wohl gewahren?'

We are not quite certain whether we may not already have mentioned an anecdote of a Frenchman who had been passing some weeks in London, and who, when crossing the channel in a steamer, disgusted all observers, by occasionally repeating to such as would listen to him, as he stood by a handsome carriage: 'Vell, that's a good vehicle; but them there scratches on the pannel, *that's* the vorst of it, though!' Being a very *distingué* person in his exterior, these vulgar sentences excited no little amazement, until it was ascertained that he was sporting the little English he had learned from his groom in London, in order to excite the admiration of some of his less accomplished countrymen on board. A clever writer in a late Irish periodical records an amusing incident in this kind, in the person of a German whom he met on the Scheldt. The writer, who is seeking his way to his hotel, accosts him in French: 'English?' said he, in a thick, guttural tone. 'Yes, thank Heaven!' said I; 'do you speak English?' 'Ya, mynheer,' answered he. Though this reply didn't promise very favorably, I immediately asked him to guide me to my hotel, upon which he shook his head, gravely, and said nothing. 'Do n't you speak English?' said I. 'Ya!' said he, once more. 'I have lost my way,' cried I; 'I am a stranger.' He looked at me doggedly for a minute or two, and then, with a stern gravity of manner, and a phlegm I cannot attempt to convey, he said: 'D — n *my* eyes!' 'What!' said I; 'what do you mean?' 'Ya!' was the only reply. 'If you know English, why do n't you speak it?' 'D — n *his* eyes!' said he, with a deep, solemn tone. 'Is that all you know of the language?' cried I, stamping with impatience. 'Can you say no more than that?' 'D — n *your* eyes!' ejaculated he, with as much composure as though he were maintaining an earnest conversation. The narrator finally succeeds, by certain melo-dramatic signs, in making the linguist understand him. He reaches his hotel and his bed; saying, as he dismissed his guide, 'There, that will do; good night; I am much obliged to you.' D — n *your* eyes!' replied the conjugating Dutchman; adding some thing in his native tongue, which the writer was justified in hoping was of a more polite and complimentary import than his parting benediction in English. . . . We are thankful to our Balti-



more correspondent for his paper upon '*Domestic Architecture and Interior Decoration.*' We have no means of *knowing*, of course; but from certain remarks of his, we are led to believe that he has had an opportunity of examining in detail the chaste and delicate fabrications, in the latter branch, of our townsman Mr. GEORGE PLATT, whose rooms are in Spruce-street near Nassau. For our own part, we never thought to have seen in this country so much beauty, grace, and delicacy of carved, gilded, and mould-work, of every variety, and in every form, as may be seen at Mr. PLATT's establishment. He is an artist of true genius, and *the* artist, par excellence, in his particular line. That this verdict renders him but simple justice, can easily be tested by examination; indeed it *has been* tested, in a more substantial manner, by the orders that crowd upon him, not only from our own wealthy citizens, but from those of our sister cities, south, north, east, and west. It were a labor of supererogation *now* to invoke success to the refined arts which Mr. PLATT introduced and is so widely extending among us. The PUBLIC has 'ta'en order for *that.*' . . . We have known persons who plumed themselves upon their good manners; who even dwelt with great self-complacence upon the superior refinement of the section of the country whence they came, and where one might infer that kindred manners abound; such persons have we known, who possessed not a single one of the indispensable attributes of good manners named in the ensuing passages from an excellent article upon this theme, in a late English periodical:

'THE three sources of ill-manners are pride, ill-nature, and want of sense; so that every person who is already endowed with humility, good-nature, and good sense, will learn good manners with little or no teaching. A writer who had great knowledge of mankind, has defined good manners as 'the art of making those people easy with whom we converse;' and his definition cannot be mended. The ill qualities above mentioned all tend naturally to make people uneasy. Pride assumes all the conversation to itself; ill-nature makes offensive reflections; and folly makes no distinction of persons and occasions. Good manners are, therefore, in part negative: let a sensible person but refrain from pride and ill-nature, and his conversation will give satisfaction.' . . . 'True gentility, when improved by good sense, avoids every appearance of self-importance; and polite humility takes every opportunity of giving importance to the company; of which it may be truly said, as it was of worldly wealth, 'it is better to give than receive.' In our commerce with mankind, we are always to consider, that their affairs are of more importance to them than ours are; and we should treat them on this principle, unless we are occasionally questioned, and directed to ourselves by the turn of the conversation. Discretion will always fix on some object in which the company have a share. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats his company as the *stork* did the *fox*, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.'

THE translation of the '*Dies Irae*,' by a new (and welcome) contributor, will not pass unnoticed. It is one of the most famous hymns of the Catholic church, and forms a principal part of the requiem, or service for the dead. The poem is ascribed to THOMAS DE CELANO, a Minorite of the thirteenth century. GÖTTER has introduced some stanzas of it into his '*Faust*.' SCOTT has a paraphrase of parts of it at the close of the '*Lay of the last Minstrel*,' from which we perceive the translator has adopted the first two lines. The translation is not an exact one, but it is very nearly so; it will at all events serve to give a good idea of the character of the original. The *sybilline verses*, which had been interpolated and corrupted during the early ages of Christianity, contained allusions to the coming of the MESSIAH, and to other parts of the history of the true faith, and from that circumstance were looked upon with respect, even at the late period at which this hymn was composed. How solemn, how thrilling would be the effect of the '*Dies Irae*,' illustrated and enforced by the genius of MOZART, that RAPHAEL of the lyre, filling the arches and dome of Saint Peters with 'awful melody,' lingering and wandering on, as loth to die! . . . Oh! what turmoil, what 'confusion of tongues,' furniture, discarded nick-nacks, 'things lost on earth,' attend the advent of May in Gotham! Wagons heaped to the windows of the first floor of a gutted house, going forth to furnish one standing solitary in dust and ashes, with an empty stomach! We could hug 'old Kit' with a large embrace, for so forcibly expressing our sentiments in the matter of annual 'moving.' 'Home's deepest delight,' says he, 'is undisturbance. Sofas, ottomans, chairs, foot-stools, screens, and above all, beds, all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognoscentive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. All our affections toward lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed. What sacrilege therefore against the Lares and Penates to turn a whole house topsy-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May-flowers deck the zone of the year!' . . . An old contributor has sent us from on ship-board a playful poetical epistle on '*Going to Sea*,' from which we cannot resist the incli-

nation to select a few spirited stanzas. 'Gentl reder, av you ever bin on the otion?' If you have, you will judge the following to be scarcely less vivid than Mr. 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH's' memorable description:

THE heavy, rolling swells have now  
To a reeling stagger brought her,  
As if the ship had gone to sea  
In wine instead of water.

And with the see-saw motion now  
Begin, in earnest, all  
Disquietudes of various kinds  
To attack both great and small.

For when at table down you sit,  
You scarce begin, before  
You measure backward all your length  
Upon the cabin-floor.

And if at last you should commence,  
In spite of this mishap,  
A fowl slides plump into your soup,  
And the soup into your lap!

But bid good-bye to 'feeding,' if  
Your qualms are coming on;  
For when the stomach's rising up,  
The dinner can't go down.

At length you fain would go to rest,  
To sleep away your sorrow,  
And in the land of dreams forget  
The troubles of the morrow.

But the 'Land of Nod' is not at sea;  
For soon you find yourself  
In a cramped-up room, with double berths,  
And laid upon a shelf.

Instead of slumbering, you are forced  
A wakeful watch to keep;  
You're rocked from night till morning light,  
But never rocked to sleep.

And long ere dawn of day you're sure  
Upon your luckless sconece  
To find new bumps enough to make  
A genius of a dunce!

Nor music fails all night to lend  
Its sweet somnific aid,  
For coal-box, shovel, tongs, and chairs  
Perform a serenade.

They slide, roll, rattle, rumble round,  
They rap, clap, bang and batter;  
Until you wonder such small space  
Can hold so great a clatter.

Nor can a man, when up and dressed,  
E'en walk across the cabin,  
Unless by door-knobs holding fast,  
Or at the table grabbing.

It will be admitted to have been not particularly pleasant to have *désagremens* like these terminate in the manner recorded below:

BUT hark! far to the leeward side  
We hear the long-drawn roar  
Of the surf as it rolls along the shoals  
And sands of Jersey shore.

When straight there comes a calm so smooth,  
For glass you might mistake it;  
With this small difference, that it is  
Impossible to break it.

And when you've rolled about, and are  
In sight of land at last,  
Not even Sandy Hook itself  
Can hold your vessel fast.

But down a stiff nor'-wester comes,  
As cold as cold can be,  
And you once more must slip the shore,  
And out again to sea!

WHY did not some one beckon back poor MONROE EDWARDS from the lip of the whirlpool of iniquity, which has gradually engulfed him? Perhaps it *might* have been done, at one period, by judicious counsels and parental restraint. Villain as he is, and accomplished in the arts of vice, it is yet sad to think on the wretched fate of one so young in years, though old in crime. Incarcerated for a life-time almost, in a gloomy prison, and feeling every day the iron enter deeper into his soul, he endeavors to regain his liberty. He fails; and fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails leave the impress of four hundred and fifty stripes upon his quivering flesh; and he remains, with new restrictions, and in pain and sorrow, the victim of his own evil deeds. Oh! that the young and the gifted were wise; that they understood those things which make for their temporal and eternal peace! A blessed petition is that in the prayer of our LORD: 'Abandon us not to temptation!' . . . THE subject of '*Pulpit Eloquence*' has heretofore been elaborately treated of in these pages, in a series of articles from a capable pen; and we should reluctant to again renewing a discussion of the theme. Still, we agree with our Philadelphia correspondent, that there is need enough of reform in the exercises of the sacred desk. We sat out a discourse the other evening by a reverend person, whose style of speaking was almost precisely like the open-air huckster of four-penny nick-nacks, who 'stops the way' with his little table in Naassau near Spruce street; with 'damnable iteration' announcing, with the air of an automaton: 'A-a-ny article on the board four, four cents; take 'ch-ever you like — four, four cents; a-a-ny article on the board, four, four cents,' etc., and so on in one endless round. Now a clergyman, in a city like ours, who has no better 'school' than that of such an orator as we have glanced at, certainly needs instruction and practice in 'pulpit eloquence,' and what is of more importance, some *feeling* in the cause he espouses, all

evidence of which is hidden from the hearer. . . . OUR readers will enjoy with us '*Another Lay of Ancient Rome*,' in preceding pages. It is an admirable companion-picture to the kindred sketches of MACAULEY, just now making a little eddy in the public taste. Beneath the humor of the dialogue there is a vein of satire and sententious criticism, which will not pass unobserved. The *classicalities* are well preserved; as may be ascertained by consulting the Ninth Book of LIVY. Scholars may open at Cap. xxx., and smile *ad regulam*. The characters in the opening colloquy come before the reader in primitive simplicity, thus saving the writer much troublesome painting of costume. We think the '*Lay*' will add to the laurels won by the author of '*Three Passages in the History of a Poet*,' which the reader will not have forgotten. . . . You saw the comet, reader, of course. Was it not a most sublime spectacle, what time the mind attempted to grasp the vast space it had traversed, since last it 'streamed its horrid hair' upon the firmament of our hemisphere! 'From spheres beyond Uranus,' that sad isolated sentinel on the outskirts of our system, it had 'swept its awful cycle!' In the great wilderness scanned thoughtfully by the solitary pioneer; on the solemn ocean, fixing the gaze of the wondering seaman, in the dead waste and middle of the night; in crowded cities, along wide-expanded coasts, arresting the eyes of millions of people; glaring at the same moment upon the dwellers of earth's isles and spreading continents! Oh! whence and whither, thou '*flaming minister*' of the Most High! . . . THE French being possessed of an intense power of palate, and having reduced the *art de cuisine* to the last touch of refinement, lose no occasion to lampoon the cookery of other nations, and especially the English. 'JOHN BULL,' says a recent Parisian writer, 'has three hundred *religions* and no *cuisine*!' The enthusiasm of the French pedants of the kitchen is not less characteristic than ridiculous. Observe the 'outpouring of soul' in the annexed rhapsody upon the *paté de foie gras*, from the '*Almanach des Gourmands*:' 'The Strasbourg goose is fixed near a great fire, with its feet nailed upon a plank, crammed with food, and deprived of drink; yet when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, loaded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific paste, will, through the instrumentality of M. CONCALLET, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow!' . . . Is n't there a world of truth in this heart-warm tribute of Professor WILSON to the 'great pulse of humanity?' 'Let us be born and bred as we may; black, white, red, or a deep, bright-burnished copper; in spite of the division of tongues, there 's no division of hearts; for it is the same blood that circulates through our mortal tenements, carrying along on its tide the same freightage of feelings and thoughts, emotions, affections, and passions; though like ships of different nations they all hoist their own colors; and proud are they of their leopards, or their crescent moons, or their stars, or their stripes of bunting; but see! when it blows great guns, how they all fling overboard their storm-anchors; and when their cables part, how they all seek the sheltering lee of the same mighty break-water—a belief in the attributes of the ONE LIVING GOD!' . . . THE following is one of the '*Answers to Imaginary Correspondents*,' with which poor OLLAPON ridiculed the transparent efforts of a Philadelphia contemporary to imitate, in long columns of notices to contributors, some of the large weekly journals of London: 'A TEAMSTER' is informed, that the usual position of one who has a pair of oxen to attend to, is at their *left* side; that is, if they are *driving* anything; if he wishes them to incline toward him, he admonishes them with his goad, and ejaculates '*Haw!*' If, on the contrary, he desires the reverse, he vociferates '*Gee!*' The effect is instantaneous. Great care should be taken, however, that in pronouncing the first word, he does not *repeat* it, consecutively. It then loses the dignity of a word of *command*, and degenerates into a laugh—haw-haw! The offer of compensation from our correspondent for this trifling intelligence we of course refuse. Knowledge truly is power; but it never was made to be obnubilated under a half-bushel.' The correspondence of the '*London Charivari*,' from quarters near and far, is amusing enough. Its imitations of East-Indian intelligence are especially rich. We subjoin an item or two, domestic and foreign: 'The overland cab from Hounslow Heath has arrived since our last, bringing letters up to the latest dates, and a passenger up to Picadilly. The turnpike was in possession of the British, who were selling to every one who passed in vehicles a ticket of safe conduct. There was a dreadful variance between some of the district clocks, and on a show of hands being taken, the result was fearfully contradictory.' 'There seems a desire on the part of the inhabitants of Brompton to cultivate friendly relations; for the people are flocking to the pawn-brokers, whom they address by the endearing title of '*Uncle*.' 'We beg leave to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that the noble lion of the Lyceum Theatre is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful Bengal tigress of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.' . . . A HIGHLY-esteemed and popular correspondent, 'whose praise is praise indeed,' is kind enough to say in a recent most welcome communication to the Editor: 'In regard to the due commixture of HORACE's '*utile cum dulci*,' or POPE's '*grave with*

gay; (take your choice; they are both sterling ore,) you have observed, I think, a very happy medium. In general a melancholy man has a hankering for the mirthful, and the light-hearted experience their hours of tender sadness. Therefore, a popular magazine must be a medley, modelled after our own lives; a tragi-comedy, an April day. For one, my heart and hopes are buried in the grave of the past; my anticipations of the future are few and feeble. The world is already full of unpractised wisdom; and I request from Apollo a laughing oracle, and from the Muses a sportive lay. But I wish for no jeering laughter, no frivolous or hollow mirth. I wish for humor informed by sense, and satire sweetened by humanity.' . . . *THERE* 's a 'chiel takin' notes' in the great 'world of London,' who is an acute observer and a formidable satirist. In his last paper he shows up the pseudo gentility of the fashion-seekers in that metropolis; and the limning will suit other meridians: 'His house is very stylishly furnished; that is to say, as unlike the house of a true gentleman as possible; the latter having only things the best of their kind, and for use; the former displaying every variety of extravagant gincerackery, to impress you with a profound idea of combined wealth and taste, but which to an educated eye and mind only conveys a lively idea of ostentation.' The writer presents us with a graphic picture of a gentleman condemned to pass an afternoon in dining with 'prosy, unintellectual, selfish, stupid' persons of this class; 'assisting at the ostentatious exhibition of vulgar wealth, where gulosity is not relieved by one single sally of wit, humor, good-nature, humanity, or charity; where one comes without a welcome and leaves without a friend.' . . . *WE* do not very much admire that species of writing generally designated now-a-days as 'striking.' It is often over-labored and almost always false. There is something of this character in the *style* of these brief sentences; but the solemn monition which they convey demands our heedful regard: 'Are you tempted to commit a wrong? Look away into the future, and fancy you see your own grave, with the head-stone ready for the inscription! What would you have the passer-by read of him who crumbles beneath?' . . . *THANK* heaven the dramatic 'straits' recorded below cannot be predicated of *this* era! Our male actors are for the most part not *over-graceful* or elegant; and in what manner they would assume the prerogative of the more delicate sex, is a problem not difficult of solution: 'In the time of *CHARLES* the Second, such was the paucity of actresses at one of the royal theatres, that it sometimes became necessary to put the handsomest young men into petticoats. A ludicrous event, arising out of this sort of *shifts*, occurred on one occasion. The king, coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin; and His Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his subjects, sent to know the meaning of it; upon which the manager came to the king's box, and judging that the truth would form the best excuse, frankly told His Majesty that 'the queen was not yet *shaved*!' The king doubtless thought with *SHAKESPEARE*: 'I like not when a 'oman has a great peard!' . . . *THE* following sublime 'conversation' of *NAPOLEON* at St. Helena, upon the religion and character of our *SAVIOUR*, is related by his faithful friend and companion, Count *MONTHOLON*, in a recent foreign journal:

'I know men,' said *NAPOLEON*, 'and I tell you that *JESUS* is not a man! The religion of *CHRIST* is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. *JESUS* borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect example of his precepts. *JESUS* is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles; and from the first, his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and *JESUS* came into the world to reveal the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of the Spirit.

'Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. *JESUS CHRIST* alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

'It was not a day, nor a battle, that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side; on the other I see no army, but a mysterious force; some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

'I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called 'the great *NAPOLEON*.' What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of *CHRIST*, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather?'

PARDON us, reader, (it is twelve at night, and we are where that hour has found us for the last three weeks, at our never-ending still-beginning labors for your entertainment,) if we by a paraphrase give vent to an aspiration that lies very near our heart: 'We desire no other monument than a bound set of the *KNICKERBOCKER* in the library of every subscriber. Yes; our immortal ambition is, to live in the libraries and liberties of this 'our own, our native land.' Some fair or bright image, some tender or pure feeling, some high or solemn thought, encountered in our pages,

must survive; and enough for us, if in hours of gay or serious memories, some mirthful or melancholy emanation of the KNICKERBOCKER be restored to being, even though the dreamer knows not that it was our own, but believes it to have arisen for the first time in his own imagination. . . . THE writer of '*Wealth as a Means, not an End*' might be the 'great original he draws,' but we can assure him that there are few such in the great world, be their coffers never so overflowing. Benevolence at heart may not perhaps be wanting; but 'circumstances alter cases.' With wealth usually come wants, like a troop of clamorous beggars at the heels of a generous man. . . . A FRIEND of ours now in Rome, writes as follows to his correspondent in this city. The associations of trade in 'American domestics' with the imperial city are ridiculous enough: 'Being a commercial man, 'doing a flourishing business down town,' a few remarks relative to the market here will be acceptable. A small lot of 'Chickopees' were knocked down in the Forum this morning at nine *baiocchi*; but there was a dull sale for 'Merrimack blues.' 'Fenizio's silk, red letter,' is scarce, and brings five piastres *quick*. 'Pork' is in first hands; dealers are waiting for later advices from Cincinnati. There is some animation in lard, in consequence of the illuminations during the approaching carnival. Brandy is much inquired for on the Corso. Other articles are without change.' . . . A VERY shrewd and acute observer has said, that 'in one minute an observant person, who possesses some knowledge of the world, can see through the face into the heart. Two or three words, though they should be but about the weather, the sound of the voice itself, a certain look about the eye, the manner of walking, the way one draws up a chair, any the merest trifle in short, makes us acquainted with the inner man, as well as if we had known him for fifty years.' A very important 'item' is omitted in the foregoing denotements. The *mouth*, the most expressive feature of all, is the surest criterion by which to judge of the heart from the face. Its lines cannot deceive a practised observer. We had heard, we remember, that EDWARDS the forger was 'quite the gentleman' in his air and general bearing; possessed great urbanity and self-possession, etc. And there *was* a thin varnish of the true character about him, well calculated to deceive the mass; yet 'his speech bewrayed him.' Cunning and falsehood flitted and flickered in the expression of *his lips*, though his practised eye defied scrutiny. . . . In the 'St. Tammany Magazine,' for which poor SANDS used to write, some twenty years and more ago, we find a satirical poem entitled '*St. Nicholas*,' from which we clip this stanza:

'AND many other truths did NICHOLAS learn,  
Abroad into the fields whene'er he strayed;  
All tribes gregarious, there he did discern,  
The imitative principle obeyed:  
He always marked that when a jackass brayed,  
The other donkeys all took up the strain;  
And when one goose its guttural gobbling made,  
The other geese to gobble all were fain—  
The reason of which fact he could not well explain.'

The 'natural habits of the jackass' are still farther traced, in one of the many questions which 'old KIT' was wont to ask and to answer himself: 'Do you know that it's a curious fact in nature that the bray of an ass has no echo? If it had an echo, such is the disposition of the creature, that it would keep braying till it dropped down dead, forgetful of its thistles; whereas, by the present constitution of the breed, no long-continued braying can take place, except when there are a multitude of asses by some strange chance collected together; and then indeed each one imagines that all the rest are but his echoes, and thus in pride of heart the gang do astonish the heavens!' . . . A FRIEND and correspondent at Niagara, late in April, writes us as follows: 'The Great Green Cataract is still in motion. Just at this time it presents a most sublime spectacle. Every tree on the island is covered with frozen spray, as white as the snow; and from the top of the bank to the bottom huge pendants of ice glitter and glare in the sun, bewildering the eye of the spectator. The contrast of the green current with this mass of ice and spray renders the scene beautiful and magnificent beyond all description. I wish you could see it but for a moment! You would never forget the sight.' . . . Here is a sentence from the last London 'Quarterly Review,' which is most honorable to the heart of the writer: 'As we grow older, the knowledge of the pain which even one harsh word can inflict on a sensitive mind, seeking, after the best of its ability, to win respect from the respected, perpetually gives us pause.' If this feeling were more prevalent in *this country*, it would not be amiss; but our critical homunculi are not so generous. For ourselves, we hope we are intolerant to none but humbugs; yet it is by no means a rare sight to see a struggling son of genius assailed, because he has been guilty of endeavoring to *amuse* or entertain the public. What baseness, to be sure! . . . We had an impression that an imperfect version of the following *ruse*, which we condense from a passage in WILSON's 'Notes,' was inserted in an early number of the KNICKERBOCKER, yet we have been unable to find it. We

have heard it before, at all events, but it may nevertheless be new to many of our readers. *Apropos* of this; what has become of all the phrenologists? Among the thousand-and-one other 'ologies of the day, we hear very few accounts of the progress of their favorite science. An ingenious person in Edinburgh met with a Swedish turnip of more than common foyness in his field; he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological Society, with his compliments, as the *fac simile* of the head of a celebrated *Suede*, by name Professor TORNHIFPSON. They bit! A committee was appointed; a report was drawn up; and the whole character of the professor was soon made out, completely *secundem artem*. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr. TORNHIFPSON had been distinguished for his 'inhabitiveness,' 'constructiveness,' 'philoprogenitiveness,' etc.; nay, even for 'tunc,' 'ideality,' and 'veneration!' And the worst of the whole was, that a couple of the leading members fell into rather a keen dispute as to which of their two organizations bore the greater resemblance to that of the enlightened defunct! . . . We have often enough remarked the tendency in inferior and unintellectual actors to extravagant and inappropriate jesticulation; but we were not aware until recently that that eminent artist, JOHN KEMBLE, was addicted to this grave fault. In delivering SHAKESPEARE'S 'Seven Ages,' he is said to have pronounced the word 'mewling' with a sort of a mew like that of a kitten, raising his arms up and down as if nursing; upon which a fine critic observes: 'If that was right, then I maintain that it was incumbent on him, in common consistency, to have given us the 'puking' too; for what reason in the nature of things, or the art of acting, could there possibly be for stopping short at the mewling?' Sure enough! . . . THANKS to 'W. H. H.' for his most entertaining epistle. It is 'booked' for a reply on a large sheet, so soon as this number is off our hands, and 'copy' placed in the hands of the printer for the June issue. Such letters as those of our friend (that is the term between two who have so much in common of thought and feeling) take their place at once in a conspicuous pigeon-hole of the memory. They cannot be too long to be pleasurable, nor come too often to be welcome. . . . A CORRESPONDENT desires to know when the sketches of actors, singers, etc., which were 'thrown into our Gossip' in May last, are to be continued. Couldn't say, really: the writer perhaps may enable us to answer the query satisfactorily. *Apropos* of this: wait for Mr. ABBOT'S 'Life and Times,' now nearly ready for the press. It will be by far the rarest book of the season. *Nous verrons*. . . . PETER VON GRIST, who opens the present number, remarks, that 'thirty years ago we were doubtless 'gravely smoking our meerscham, and superintending the growth of Dutch cabbages.' Time in the Primer! we were at that remote era just three years old! PETER hints, moreover, that our 'good vrouw was younger then than she is now.' Probability favors the conclusion that she *was*, rather. She lacked exactly three years of being born! . . . We are indebted to the courtesy of a friend for some curious facts in connection with the late trial and sentence of WHITE for the murder of his father in Genessee county, in this State. 'WHITE,' says our correspondent, 'is a singular animal. The defence raised by his counsel was *monomania*; but he laughed at them, and said he was never crazy a minute in his life. The only question he asked them during his trial was, whether they thought any body would steal his hat (a 'shocking bad' one, worth perhaps eighteen pence,) which lay on a table in a distant part of the room. He was as calm and unmoved, from first to last, as any spectator. A few days since, he caught a mouse in his cell; and immediately set to work, erected a regular gallows, and hung him, just as he himself expects to be hung! Yet there is nothing of the villain or bravado about him; he is by far the most quiet and orderly criminal in the jail.' . . . THANK you! Mr. INCOGNITO; thank you! But we were too old a cat for that straw. The 'Stanzas' for which you desire 'the usual compensation afforded for similar productions' were *original* in ALARICK A. WATTS'S 'London Souvenir' twelve years ago. And this leads us to inquire, whether 'your mother, your kind, excellent mother, she who watched o'er your couch in infancy, is she aware of your absence from the paternal roof?' . . . 'WHERE are you going?' said GEORGE SELWIN to an acquaintance. 'To see a friend.' 'Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet.' 'A Man that hath had Losses' will appreciate the force of this satire. His excellent and admirably-written article is filed for early insertion. We shall omit, as he suggests, the scene in Pearl-street. HARRY FRANCO'S 'dry-goods drummer' cannot be improved upon. . . . We do *not* admit the justice of the reproof of 'A Layman,' nor acknowledge the correctness of his reasoning. We stand culpate of no error. We still hold with one 'whose judgment cries in the top of ours,' that the best way to root out the seeds of vice is to let a man see how *ridiculous* it makes him; for such is the depravity of human nature, that a man will dare to be wicked when he won't venture to be ridiculous. In the passage from our 'Gossip,' to which our correspondent alludes, there is nothing which can bear, without perversion, the construction which he seeks to put upon it. We are more and more convinced every day that the most censurable are the most censorious. We happened to remember 'A Layman's' hand-writing! . . . We *will* 'be frank' with our young correspondent at Memphis. We will not say that he may not in time wing

a sustained flight into the realms of poesy; but his 'second attempt' is merely an Icarian flutter. Try again. . . . THE correspondent who sends us '*The Crossings-Sweepers*' seems to suspect that humor is his forte; but he would raise no such suspicion in the mind of any other reader. We agree with him, however, that the exotic custom of sweeping the crossings is one not likely to be interpolated upon 'our institutions.' It is not found to be a 'good speculation,' we fancy, and that will amount to a prohibition. It is a business easily established, since it requires neither capital nor apprenticeship. 'It may be said of the crossings-sweeper as of the poet, *Nascitur non fit*; whoever likes the nasty business, is fit for it!'—but we hope to see few American children engaged in this degrading employment. . . . 'P.' will only need to look at our departments of the present number, to find an ample excuse for our neglect of his request. We have been so arduously engaged, day and night, that we have scarcely had time to finish our dreams. . . . PEK-  
HAPS we are wrong; but it really seems to us that the 'arguments' of 'M.' in the matter of '*Well-conducted Theatres*' have been exhausted long ago. There would be few to doubt such 'incontrovertible facts,' for they have been canvassed a hundred times, and often in these pages. The writer's premises are as undeniable as the famous 'position' of JEREMY BENTHAM, touching the skinning of cels. 'The cel,' said the sage, 'is not used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several cels!' . . . THE progress of English literature in France is remarkable! The last reproduction is *Chants de Madame L'Oie*; and as a specimen of the French rendering of 'Mother Goose's Melodies' we annex the well-known quatrain of 'Jack and Gill':

Jacques et Gill ascendent le mont  
Pour apporter de l'eau du font;  
Mais Jacques tombe du haut en bas,  
Et Gill le suit, au même pas !

THE 'companion picture' of 'S.' who so much admired '*Neck-Nothing Hall*' is rather a fancy-sketch, we suspect. At any rate, his is the first American steeple-chase we ever heard of, and if it actually occurred, we hope it will be the last. 'A steeple-chase,' says the London Quarterly, 'is bad in every point of view; cruel, dangerous, and useless; cruel to horses, dangerous to riders, and useless in all its results; except indeed the frequent riddance it makes of fools.' . . . OUR esteemed friend 'N. S. D.' shall be heard in relation to the ancient Quakers and the Puritans, and 'Old Put.', in our next. His epistle was mislaid. . . . THE answer to the mathematical problem, 'Given C. A. B. to find S. X.', is: 'Take your *cab*, cross the Jersey ferry, and you have *Essex* before you.' Don't let it go any further! . . . WE have never, since the first existence of the KNICKERBOCKER, had before us so many unread communications, received during a single month, as at the present moment. The large list mentioned in our last was but a trifle in comparison. Another month, and 'May-day' over, we shall hope to render them all attention and justice. 'The Dying Flower,' a charming poem by W. P. PALMER, Esq., and 'The Son of NAPOLEON,' were in type for the present number. They will certainly grace our next issue. Several books, periodicals, and pamphlets, also awaiting perusal, will receive due regard in our next. Among many which reached us too late for notice in the present number, we may mention the following: STRAUSS's *Life of Jesus*; an Address by Rev. GEORGE W. EATON, of Hamilton College; Mr. G. HUNTINGTON's poem; Report of the New-York Deaf and Dumb Asylum; and 'State of the New-York Hospital and Bloomingdale Asylum,' for the year 1842.

PUBLICATIONS FROM THE 'TRIBUNE' PRESS.—The public are indebted to Messrs. GREENLEY AND M'ELRATH for the commencement of a series of cheap and useful works for the people, which certainly thus far deserves, and will not we think fail to secure, a very general circulation. The first, Mr. FARNHAM's *Travels*, was noticed in our last number; the second embraces 'Improvements in Agriculture, Arts, etc. of the United States, by Hon. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, Commissioner of Patents; to which is added a 'Treatise on Raising Swine, and the best Methods of Fattening Pork,' by HENRY COLMAN, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of Massachusetts; and 'Geology as connected with Agriculture,' by WILLIS GAYLORD, Esq. All these are very valuable treatises, and calculated widely to diffuse useful knowledge. The same publishers have issued, in a similar neat form and kindred cheapness of cost, 'A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon, by DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P. ;' and also the 'Defence of ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, Commander of the United States' brig Somers, before the court-martial held at the navy-yard, Brooklyn,' by GEORGE GRIFFIN, Esq.

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

PLUMER'S 'MANHOOD.'—'Manhood, or Scenes from the Past,' is the title of 'a series of poems' by WILLIAM PLUMER, JR., of New-Hampshire. It is the continuation of a former poem on Youth, by the same writer, and is to be followed by another from his pen, on Age. Although connected in design, yet each forms a separate work. We had accidentally mislaid the volume under notice, and came across it again at so late an hour as to preclude a careful perusal. We saw enough, however, in a very cursory examination of the book, to satisfy us that Mr. PLUMER has a heart to appreciate the beauties of nature, and to feel the greater beauty of human affections. Much of his versification is easy and flowing: the greatest defect of his style is an undue elaboration, we had almost said dilution, of a thought, after it has 'satisfied the sentiment.' It is easy to perceive, however, that with Mr. PLUMER 'poetry is its own exceeding great reward;' and that he seeks rather the tranquil pleasures which it is so well calculated to afford, than the applause of his compeers or the bays of the bard.

THE 'SPORTING CHRONICLE.'—We ask attention to the advertisement of this new paper, on the second page of the cover of the present number. It were enough to say that the Editor of those unsurpassed journals, the '*Turf Register*' and '*Spirit of the Times*' will also have the charge of the new work; for where do we find such enterprise, such correspondence, such editorial labor, and above all, such costly and beautiful embellishments, as in those periodicals? No where, we venture to assert. To say nothing of 'lots' of superb horse-portraits, painted and engraved from and to the life, look for example at the late picture of the 'NAPOLEON of the Turf.' No publication of the character of '*The Spirit*,' at home or abroad, ever gave to its subscribers a finer engraving. If there be a man who doubts that Mr. PORTER will make a '*Chronicle*' worth double its small subscription-price, we should like to see him—'say some day about three.'

'BANKRUPT STORIES.'—'Stand by,' good reader, for something rich and rare! A company of broken merchants and speculators held a meeting recently in a lawyer's office near the City-Hall, while undergoing the legal process of being washed from the taint of debt, and on comparing notes, found that all their 'prospects' consisted in rather a hazy kind of apprehension that the times would change for the better. Something more substantial was hit upon by the conclave; namely, to club their intellects, and present the world with a series of 'BANKRUPT STORIES;' the editorship of the numbers to be confided to the very capable hands of HARRY FRANCO. The 'introductory chapter,' an admirable foretaste of the editor's qualifications for his task, introduces '*The Haunted Merchant*,' of which our readers already know something, and will be glad to know more.

'SARGENT'S MAGAZINE.'—We are glad to learn from this handsomely embellished and well-written periodical, that it is floating on the 'full tide of successful experiment.' That it is an entertaining and carefully-conducted work, in the hands of its editor, EPHES SARGENT, Esq., our readers will not need to be informed. One or two paltry attacks have been made upon it, and the editor accused of being in his own person three or four of his best contributors, male and female. The 'rejected contributor' was too short-sighted to perceive that this was the highest compliment he could pay to the talents and industry of the gentleman whom he sought to assail. We wish the work abundant success.

GOETHE'S 'POETRY AND TRUTH: FROM MY OWN LIFE.'—We are glad to learn from a correspondent, that an accomplished American scholar has nearly ready for press the '*Dichtung und Wahrheit, aus meinem Leben*,' of GOETHE. There is already a pretended translation, he informs us, of the first three volumes, published in one; 'but half of the work is left out, and the other half so unfaithfully rendered, that twelve consecutive lines *well* translated cannot be found in the book.' The fourth volume of the original, being a posthumous work, has never been translated into English.

MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.—Two more numbers of this excellent and most comprehensive work have recently been issued by the publishers, Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. We have already given the general character and plan of this publication. The main subjects of the numbers before us are, eclipses, comets, principles of geography, meteorology, hydrology, geognosy, botany, etc., etc.



DR. CARUTHER'S LECTURE, recently delivered before the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, although not over-clear in arrangement, being rather desultory in its topics, and *sitting* in its treatment of them, is nevertheless infused with a true spirit. The style though florid is sententious; and the inculcations of the writer are patriotic and good, and worthy of heedful note. The remarks upon our literary progress are excellent, as we designed more specifically to show; but our limits, as we have elsewhere explained, render this impossible. We can but commend the lecture to the favorable regards of our Southern friends. Dr. CARUTHER'S mind is incapable of conceiving a production, brief or elaborate, which will not prove to be well worth reading.

'THE ARTIST.'—This 'Monthly Lady's Book' for April contained a very beautiful and splendid engraving of the Park Fountain, with the City Hall and the avenues of the Park in the background. It is the only representation which we have seen, that did any thing like justice to the original. The colored illustration of the pink is a neat and tasteful decoration, and the plate of the fashions is naturally colored. The services of a competent editor have been secured, and Mr. QUABRE, the proprietor, will hereafter devote his whole time and attention to the pictorial department. 'The Artist' is very neatly executed; but as yet we have not found leisure to peruse a single one of its handsome pages.

'THE BOSTON SPECTATOR.'—We have received two issues of a very handsome quarto sheet of sixteen pages, published weekly in Boston by Messrs. O'BRIEN AND COMPANY, and edited by FITZGERALD TASTETRO, Esq., late editor, for a brief period, of the 'Boston Notion.' Mr. TASTETRO makes a strong and manly appeal to the public to sustain him in his endeavors to build up a weekly periodical which shall be untinctured with politics, full and fearless in its criticisms, independent in its principles, and exalted and intellectual in its character and tone. We wish the editor success in so laudable an enterprise; and this he bids fair to win, as well as deserve, since his first number secured two thousand names to his subscription-list.

'NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.'—The 'North-American' for the April quarter comes before us in a new and handsome typographical dress, and well stored with instructive and entertaining papers. There are reviews of WILKES'S 'Synopsis of the Cruise of the Exploring Expedition,' the novels of PAUL DE KOCK, HOWITT'S 'Student-Life in Germany,' DILLAWAY'S edition of the 'Tusculan Questions' of CICERO, MULLER'S Elements of Physiology, and a searching criticism upon Mr. ALISON'S 'History of Europe,' in so far at least as it touches upon this country. The remaining papers are upon 'Meteors,' HITCHCOCK'S 'Geology of Massachusetts,' and the 'Treaty of Washington;' with one or two briefer critical notices, and the usual quarterly list of new publications. Mr. C. S. FRANCIS is the agent in New-York for the sale of the 'North-American.'

THE 'Annual Report of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane,' for 1842, presents a very satisfactory picture of the condition of, and mode of treatment in, that institution. In a healthful location, with pure mountain air; with gardens of flowers, enclosed walks for pedestrian, and homes and carriages for equestrian and other exercises; with well-furnished tables, fruits, etc., and various amusements; and moreover, with constant paternal regard and attention on the part of the officers of the establishment, we are not surprised to learn that nearly nine-tenths of the recent cases have recovered. Only one third of the *old* cases were restored, which should induce those interested in the insane to place them early in some well-conducted asylum.

HINTON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. WALKER, of Boston, will issue in the course of the summer, in two volumes quarto, with forty-five steel engravings, 'HINTON'S History of the United States,' edited by Rev. JOHN O. CHOULES, and brought down to the present time. Of the first edition of this capital work, edited by the late Colonel KNAPP, more than ten thousand copies were sold. The present edition, we may predict, under the capable direction of its editor, will speedily find a still larger sale.

THE HARPER'S SERIALS.—Three additional numbers of ALISON'S 'History of Europe' have been issued by the Brothers HARPER, in the same style of excellence as those already noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' with plates, up to the last 'part' received, is published by the same house, for a *sixpence*! The 'New World' office has also issued it, with *five* other popular serial works, for a shilling! 'Dirt-cheap' cannot fall far back of these prices of entertaining and popular works.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1843.

No. 6.

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## THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER NINE.

'GRAMMATICI certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.' HORACE.

'An improved compilation of almost all the errors which grammarians have been accumulating, from the time of ARISTOTLE down to our present days of technical and learned affectation.'

TOOK'S DIVERSIONS OF FURLER.

AMONG the various subjects which during the last century have afforded so rich materials for system-weavers, grammar is not the least. The aspirants to grammatical fame appear to take a periodical revision of the science of language, and on the downfall of one philological edifice, another architect erects *his* lingual wind-mill, in the full belief that it will immediately catch the breezes of glory, and in the buzz of its gyrations will syllable his name and his genius in the ears of far-off generations. Now when I hear of any great discoveries made in the various branches of natural philosophy or in the exact sciences, I am inclined to doubt neither their truth nor their magnitude. The former are illustrated by the examination and comparison of facts; and the greater the mass and the more exact the investigation of the facts, the more numerous, of course, and the more important, are the advances which may be made. The exact sciences commence with certain axioms or self-evident truths, and proceeding along a chain of rigid reasoning, in which each link is seen and handled, they conduct the inquirer to infallible results. There is no timid conjecture, no sly assumption, no bold assertion, no begging of the question here. Every inch of that scientific road is paved and cemented more firmly than the Appian Way, and nowhere has the traveller to turn and see whether his premises be strong. One generation of mind may continue that magnificent highway of knowledge from the point where the preceding generation left it, and there is no assignable term to its progress short of the farthest star which the most powerful telescope of earth's last century shall explore. But I am disposed, both by

experience and by reason, to look with incredulity on all great discoveries in religion, morals, and grammar. (Laugh not at the oddness of the juxtaposition.) The first is the express and unchangeable declaration of the will of God; a declaration meant to be intelligible to all, and asserted to be operative to the end of time; and consequently, although here, as elsewhere, man may 'seek out many inventions,' he cannot rationally look to make any radical discoveries. The science of morals is connected with religion, and drawing its main precepts from that unalterable code, and resting, moreover, on the constitution of our nature and the interests collective and individual of the whole human race, the system of its rules has generally been understood, if not observed. As regards grammar, it has been more universally studied than any other science, since every one, who has ever spoken or written a sentence, has, in so far, been a student of its laws. As, therefore, the entire human mind has for thirty centuries been turned upon this subject, examining its nature and canvassing its facts, I conceive it highly improbable that it can yield much novelty to the present or to any future age.

Induced by the lavish eulogies of others, I have at various times purchased some twenty or thirty grammars of our own and other tongues, comparing their relative merits, and weighing their pretended improvements. Many of them claimed to have discovered the true principles of the structure of language; principles unknown before, and the application of which was to bring this branch of the 'humanities' to the character of an exact and rational science. I found that whatever they contained of useful and true was, in general, common to them all, while the additions and supposed improvements of each particular one were mostly either superfluous or false. In our periodicals, also, I occasionally see strictures, declaring that our grammars are miserably defective and scandalously erroneous, and hinting that the writers have the ability, if not the will, to produce something more comprehensive and correct. As one instance out of many, I remarked several years since, in one of our most influential journals, an essay over the signature of 'Apollo,' in which the critic asserted that 'some of the most important principles in the structure of language have been mistaken from time immemorial; and in English grammar children have been instructed in rules at variance with truth; as absolutely erroneous as to say 'hail is made of rock crystal.' Now I have always entertained the deepest reverence for the anonymous. When a voice falls upon my ears, issuing from the thick darkness of a *nom de plume*, I reflect that I may be 'entertaining an angel unawares;' conversing with some Homer in a cloud, or confabulating with a Porson in masquerade. Consequently, without the faintest idea of 'Apollo's' personality, and utterly ignorant whether he were inspired by his namesake of Delphi, or whether his were but a false oracle, muttered only in his own brain's 'prophetic cell,' I was nevertheless so struck with the boldness of the assertion that I copied it, and have often since been engaged in a painful examination of its cor-

rectness. Wedded to no particular grammatical creed, and sometimes wofully puzzled in the effort to harmonize the anomalies visible in various languages, I have endeavored to ascertain the gross errors declared to exist hitherto in all philological doctrine. I have failed in the attempt, and from a view of the whole subject have concluded that the inconsistencies and obscurities of grammar are attributable to the deficiencies and errors of language itself, and to the dimness, complexity, and confusion of human thoughts.

I shall not, indeed, assert that no new and superior light has descended from the etherial regions on the modern mind. I shall not say that its eyes have not been opened, and the scales dropped off, and its clear and penetrating vision pried farther into the abstrusities of language than the mole-eyed sight of its predecessor could pierce. But I shall doubt it till I see the proof. In Murray's grammar, and in all our best grammars, which are constructed on Murray's model, there are doubtless some errors in definition, some defects in arrangement, and in some minor points they may have mistaken the syntax of the language. But that they are in any great measure erroneous or capable of any very extensive improvement, I do not believe. They seem to me in the main rational, intelligible, lucid, and consistent. I do not form this opinion because I cannot see wherein they are greatly wrong. My opinion may be owing to a narrowness of view which incapacitates me for generalizing, or to a want of sagacity, which forbids me to penetrate. But I rest my belief on other and to me convincing reasons. I remedy my own short-sightedness by a general argument, and shelter my personal weakness under an appeal to the common experience and a reliance on the common sentiments of men.

I say then that on philology in all its branches great and famous intellects have for centuries exerted their noblest energies and shed their mingled light; that thousands of inferior abilities have contributed their shares of conjecture and reflection; that among these were minds of every order; some bold and free, unfettered by previous conceptions, and ready to hew out new paths for themselves; and others wary and sagacious, well fitted to perceive and rectify the obliquities of erratic genius; some of a wide, synthetic, generalizing spirit, suited to grasp and systematize the universal principles of language; and others of a microscopic or analytic cast, adapted to investigate and settle the *minutiae* of speech. I say, moreover, that grammar, the philosophy of language, is not like physics, the philosophy of nature, a practical science, in a state of constant and rapid progression, from experiment to experiment, and from discovery to discovery, where each new victory is the vantage-ground for a higher triumph, and each fresh acquisition the earnest of a wider conquest. It is rather like metaphysics, the philosophy of the mind, which treats of operations invisible, impalpable, and mysterious, and is itself as dark, abstruse, and intangible as they. The workings of the inner man have been essentially the same since first our spirits were spoken into being, and the meditations of philosophers have, perhaps, established some of the main principles of

psychology; yet there are many anomalies which can be reduced under no law; many dark phenomena, which throw a shadow of doubt and indistinctness over all its laws. In like manner, language has many settled rules; but it likewise presents us many strange irregularities. Like the waters of a rapid river, its current is continually shifting from its ancient bed, and wearing for itself new and devious channels.

One would suppose that the expression of time past, present, and future, by different forms of the verb, would be as necessary in all languages as the threefold idea of duration is universal in all minds. Yet one of these essential tenses is wanting in the Hebrew, and Henry Martyn, on the soil of Persia, through his feverish nights, sought vainly for a solution of the mystery. Now if the subject itself be so mutable in its character and anomalous in its forms, how can the science that treats of it be regular and complete throughout? If a language be, like ours, divided equally into rules and exceptions, how can the grammar of the language be one perfect and coherent system? If one half of an army be composed of regulars, dressed in uniform and drilled to harmony of action, and the other half consist of stubborn freemen, straggling about in 'companies of one,' and clothed as variously as Falstaff's ragged regiment, the system of tactics must correspond: the regulars must be drawn up in disciplined array, and the *irregulars* must be left to 'fight on their own hook.' So far as our grammars fall short of a clear and scientific system, so far do the languages themselves fail of the same orderly completeness. Had language been originally formed and subsequently employed only by men of comprehensive knowledge and discriminating mind, its grammar would doubtless in a great degree have borne the same desirable character. But it was composed by pieces and at random, and has been constantly used and misused, entirely to their liking, both by the skilful and the skillless. How idle, then, to expect a perfect and permanent synopsis and explication of an imperfect and fluctuating thing! I say farther, that our English grammars agree in principle with the grammars of other languages so far as the languages themselves correspond; that consequently the merits and demerits of them all rest on the same foundation; and that if *ours* be 'absolutely erroneous,' then *all* are so, and the learned of all ages have been wrapped in total darkness as to the nature and uses of the very instrument they daily used. And I say still again, that if the united labor and sagacity of so many and so variously gifted minds have failed to settle all or nearly all of the most important principles of grammar in general, and of the English grammar in particular, then the subject must be too intrinsically difficult for human capacity to master, and all the great and all the little Priscians of the present and of future days cannot hope to do it. They cannot hope to introduce any radical change in a science which has been discussed so long and has been more favorably circumstanced than almost any other, since it has had so little of passion or prejudice to encounter. They may alter the arrangement, perfect the details, and simplify

the illustrations; but the expectation of originating extensively, of pulling down the old edifice and building up a new one, of other materials and in a sixth order of architecture, is a fallacious dream.

Such a dream some years since visited a Mr. Cardell, a gentleman of very considerable abilities, but still unequal to the task of revolution, who discovered that the common grammars were crammed from cover to cover with egregious blunders, generated by ignorance, perpetuated by prejudice, and upheld by pride. The reformer was said to be familiar with no less than twenty languages; and when his flaming theory came forth, public curiosity was extensively aroused. It was presumed that an individual to whom so many tongues were familiar as 'household words,' was entirely infallible in his own, and had discovered the *terra firma* of grammar, if there be any such land of promise. He commenced by diminishing the number of parts of speech, though to all common apprehensions their old number and division seemed natural and correct. Among other astonishing discoveries, he found that the ancient division of verbs into active and neuter was arbitrary and false. All verbs were active and must be classed in the same category. The distinction between an *active* or *transitive* verb, like 'strike,' in which the action passes over to another object, and an *inactive* or *intransitive* verb, like 'sit,' in which the action remains in the actor, appeared to unsophisticated intellects natural, plain, and necessary. Grammarians of all languages had sanctioned the distinction, and common sense perceived and embraced it. But Mr. Cardell *proved* that 'sit' is as much an active verb as 'strike.' How, think you? Why, thus, truly. Can a man *sit* in a chair without *action*? Is not the brain constantly working, the heart beating, the pulse playing, and the entire vascular system of our marvellous microcosm in constant operation? If this be not enough, is not the earth (with the man and chair on it!) continually 'spinning on her soft axis' and revolving round the sun, while the sun himself, and all his attendant planets, and all other suns and systems, 'cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,' are rolling through the realms of space around some blazing point, the centre of creation! *Motion* is *action*, and while there is so much *motion* connected with *sitting*, how can 'sit' be a neuter verb? Astronomy was subpoenaed as a witness to its activity. Copernicus and Newton were retained as advocates, and who could withstand such a physiological argument as this? Yet theory could not thus silence the voice of common sense; the public set their seal of reprobation on these wonderful discoveries, and they sank into merited neglect. Murray, or Murray with a few changes, still holds his own, and so with some farther modification I doubt not he will do; for numberless minds of great sagacity and knowledge have studied and subscribed to his principles, and the general voice is unanimous in their favor. Nevertheless, if any think they have discovered and can rectify the numerous and radical errors asserted to exist, let them publish their systems. If their revelations be not apocryphal, and their innovations be improvements, the public will soon see it, and decide accordingly. And if, as I believe, the

millions of minds, that have been engaged in the practical study of grammar, from the very moment that they began to carry on a process of thought and to express it in language, have not been utterly mistaken in regard to the composition and syntax of words, these systems will only swell the number of ambitious failures. I only enter my voice, as being suspicious of all great discoveries and radical revolutions, whether they be in philology or morals, in government or religion.

Most of these theories may be traced to their fountain in that unique production entitled 'Diversions of Purley,' a work of which it is impossible to say whether it be more remarkable for its sense or its absurdity. That bold and able mind threw off the fetters of scholastic terms, and sought into the origin of language with a fearless and generally successful self-dependence. The scattered hints and separate discoveries of his predecessors he collected and arranged into something like a system; and whoever will follow through his lucid reasoning and clear analysis, will acquiesce perforce in most of his conclusions. Others, indeed, of more patience and more learning, have since detected many errors in his particular derivations; but the general principles established by him it were difficult if not impossible to shake. Yet he appears to have labored under two very surprising errors. The first is, that because he is right in his analysis of words, therefore other grammarians are wrong in their arrangement of them. Now philosophic analysis is one thing, and convenient classification another. This may be made clear by a reference to the word 'that.' Tooke argues that the expression 'that,' whether employed (in grammatical language) as a conjunction, as a relative pronoun, or as a pronoun of designation, bears always the same essential meaning. I freely admit the force of his reasoning, and fully believe the truth of his assertion. Yet I deny that in those different uses they ought to be included under the same grammatical appellation. For in a sentence like the following, 'I say *that* ~~THAT~~ remark *that* you made is untrue,' does not every one perceive that the word 'that' is employed in three *practically* different applications — applications so visibly distinct from each other, that, for clearness' sake, they ought to be, and must be, designated by different names? The fact that the philologist can analyze and resolve them into the same essential meaning, does not obviate the fact of their wide and most evident diversity of use. The very circumstance that so much labor and so much acuteness were requisite in their resolution, proves that they appear under different characters to the ordinary eye, and should be arranged in different classes for the ordinary mind. Tooke's denunciations, therefore, of other grammarians, for sanctioning the idea that the same word may constitute two or more parts of speech, are perfectly idle. For it is not asserted that they are different in origin and essence, but only that they discharge different functions; and as they indisputably do, even in the comprehension of a child, perform these different functions, it is proper and necessary, in a practical manual, to assign them separate stations. If

'pròduce' and 'produce,' both springing from the same source, and both bearing the same generic meaning, may with propriety be called either a noun or a verb according to its function, then with equal propriety may 'that' be called either a pronoun or a conjunction, according to its manner of use.

I am disposed to concede that in almost all the cases wherein Tooke has attempted to prove that a given preposition or conjunction is in reality only a corruption or abbreviation of some noun or verb, he has succeeded beyond all cavil. And suppose we grant that *all* words usually denominated prepositions and conjunctions are really nouns or verbs in disguise, do not the former still remain so totally distinct from the latter in their forms and uses that they must for all practical purposes be considered as words of a different nature? Of what importance is it to substantial grammar to ascertain the truth or falsity of Tooke's theory that the particle 'if' was originally the imperative of the verb 'give'? This notable discovery, if substantiated, (as I think it fully is,) does not elucidate the sense or alter the construction of any passage in the English language. If we grant the primitive form and present meaning of the word to be 'gif' or 'give thou,' we only know what we knew equally well before, that 'if' always implies a postulate or supposition. No student could possibly acquire a knowledge of grammar if he were not taught to rank this and all kindred particles in a class of words entirely different from verbs. If he afterward have the leisure and the skill to learn that their origin may be found by etymology in the imperative of some verb, all the better. He will thereby obtain a closer insight into the elementary composition and progressive changes of language, though it will still be as necessary as ever to recognize at least as many as six distinct parts of speech. There are physiologists who believe that, had we the requisite apparatus and the necessary skill, we should find every corporeal substance ultimately reducible to two primitive elements, whose various combinations produce all the forms of matter existing on earth. But if this result were obtained, would it not still be as needful as it now is, to designate those different forms by a classification under different names? The combined analysis of the dissector and the chemist have shown that the constituent parts of the fingers and toes are entirely identical; yet, I apprehend, not only the unlearned multitude but the scientific physician will still think it advisable in speaking of the organs of the human frame to retain the distinctive appellations of fingers and toes. And why should the philologist be less regardful of a rational and convenient classification than the naturalist? Why should the grammarian embarrass his manual with all the discoveries of the etymological dissector, and, giving the same denomination to organs of a different function, scatter the various parts of speech over his pages in all the confusion of an elementary chaos? I care not if the great frame-work of language be all reducible to two or even one ground-element; if that ground-element have crystallized in seven or eight different forms, let us arrange them in as many separate classes.



I conclude, therefore, that even to grammar itself, the very subject of his investigations, he has contributed little that is practically useful; and I venture to affirm that of all those who have studied his interesting essay, not one has written a sentence or employed a word otherwise than he would have done had he never seen it. It is valuable chiefly to him who has entered on one of the most delightful and most bewildering of studies—the investigation of the origin and elementary composition of language.

But Mr. Tooke's mistake, in supposing his philological analysis so important to the science of practical grammar, was but slight compared with his monstrous error in believing his discoveries of such incalculable benefit to exactness of language, and in consequence, to the art of logic and to the settlement of those great civil, philosophical, moral, and religious questions, which have so long bewildered the intellects and divided the sentiments of men. In what conceivable manner can a resolution of the word 'that' in its different uses into the same fundamental meaning teach any man to understand it more perfectly in others or to employ it more accurately himself? Suppose Tooke had proved his very probable derivation of the conjunction 'if' from the verb 'give,' and his very improbable etymology of the preposition 'for,' in the Gothic noun 'farina,' a 'cause,' how could this alter their meaning or modify their application one tittle? How could a proof that all conjunctions and all prepositions are nothing but nouns and verbs, render language more exact or argument more rigid? How can the clearest demonstration that the words (generally denominated nouns) *head, heft, heaven, hoof, huff, hovel, hood, hat, hut, haven, oven*, are all really participles of the old verb 'heafan,' have the slightest influence on the present or future signification and employment of those terms? And if not, where is the improvement of the art of logic and the facilitation of metaphysical discussions; advantages so idly vaunted of by Mr. Tooke, as accruing from his analysis and diminution of the parts of speech? And what becomes of various preposterous declarations scattered through his work, and amounting in the aggregate to this—that, had Locke and other metaphysicians analyzed and understood the nature, composition, use, and signification of language, as Mr. Tooke did, they would have reasoned with far more accuracy, and would have penetrated themselves and enabled others to penetrate far more deeply and far more justly into the powers and operations of the human mind and into the qualities and relations of all material and immaterial things? Observe the absurdity of the idea. Men are still wholly or partially ignorant of the real nature and mutual relations of almost every object of human contemplation. In the early stages of society, when men were far more ignorant of all things, corporeal and incorporeal, than they are even now, they assigned according to their own crude notions various names to these unknown or half-known objects. Often, from a remote or merely fanciful resemblance, they designated different objects by the same appellation, and often from physical qualities, of which they knew but little, they derived expressions of

moral and mental actions, faculties and attributes, of which they knew still less. Now how can we, with eyes but half open at the best, be enlightened in our examination of things by a knowledge of the reasons, so often frivolous, which impelled men still blinder than we to appropriate one generic name to heterogeneous things, and by an acquaintance with the manner, so often entirely fortuitous, in which they drew derivatives and sub-derivatives from a primary fountain of error, and united contradictory ideas in unintelligible compounds?

I cannot but animadvert for a moment upon his ludicrous remarks in reference to the word 'truth;' remarks which show too clearly what sort of edifice Philosophy would erect, were she to lay his etymological system as the foundation of her metaphysical discussions. His derivation of 'truth' from the old verb 'treowan' (to think) is natural enough, and supported by the analogy of kindred words. By this etymology 'truth' means 'that which one *troweth* or *thinketh*,' and in this sense we employ it when we say 'he is a man of truth,' that is, of 'veracity,' or one who asserts what he sincerely believes, though the assertion, in point of fact, may be incorrect. And upon this original and still occasional meaning of the word, he grounds the abominable assumption that 'there is no such thing as eternal, immutable, everlasting *truth*.' Now two men may honestly make two opposite assertions, and yet in the first and limited signification of the word, both assertions may be the truth. As the earth and all its inhabitants are in a continual process of change, some things may have been true yesterday which are false to-day, and some assertions may be false to-day which will be true to-morrow. Therefore in this case also the 'truth' of one age or of one individual may be the reverse of the 'truth' of another age or another individual, and yet both be 'truths' — local, or partial, or temporary 'truths.' But that a man, like Horne Tooke, from the accidental origin of a *word* mutable and imperfect in itself, and employed by mutable and imperfect beings in the expression of their mutable and imperfect thoughts, should attempt to decide on the nature of *things*, is a melancholy instance of the blindness which may darken even the most penetrating eye. Could he fail to know and feel what all mankind have known and felt, that 'truth,' or some equivalent expression, no matter what its origin, has been employed in every language to signify, not what *I* or *you* may 'think,' not what ten men, or ten million men, or the whole universe of created intellect may 'believe,' but what is really and entirely accordant with the actual and intrinsic character of things? Suppose 'virtue,' a word so much contested in theory and in practice, be derived (as it is) from 'vir,' 'a man,' and therefore must signify the character befitting 'man' in his best estate? Does this etymology enlighten us as to the real nature of 'virtue?' Or are we not merely thrown back on an earlier question of the same import — what is man in his best estate? Or suppose a latitudinarian moralist infer from the same etymology that 'virtue' signifies whatever is actually 'manly,' or 'like man' as he really is, so that the ferocity of one age, the cupid-

ity of another, the effeminacy of a third, and the licentiousness of a fourth, are all equally 'virtuous?' Does this derivation, with all the consequences deducible therefrom by the theorist or by the villain, show that there is no such thing as an indestructible, unalterable 'virtue,' and that the 'το καλον' of the godlike Plato was only the glittering phantom of a gorgeous dream? Oh no! Independently of all etymology, and apart from all the applications and misapplications of human language, there is a moral excellence irrespective of time and place; an excellence synonymous with the firmness of unpurchasable justice and the sweetness of an unexclusive love; of birth earlier than the forth-springing of the first-born angel, and not to expire with the supposable extinction of the last finite existence; an excellence which, in the absence of all secondary beings, still rests in the attributes and energies of God; coëternal in duration and coëxtensive in ubiquity with its exhaustless source.

Horne Tooke was a fearless champion of the liberty of man, and though in his etymology of the word 'right' he asserted that it signifies 'what is ordered,' and that consequently there may be a 'right' of mere human enactment, yet he maintained that there is another 'right' of a nobler nature, and flowing from a more exalted law; a right which neither depends on the mandates of the tyrant nor changes with the caprices of his minions; a right whose sceptre is stronger than the mace of the oppressor, and whose claims are more sacred than the privilege of kings. That original and powerful thinker, whose life revolved in the whirlwind of political excitement and whose spirit was embittered by the virulence of party strife, has long been released from the fetters of earthly prejudice, and purged from the blindness of the material eye. *We*, who are not yet permitted to walk in the freedom of untrammelled Reason, and peruse the features of unveiled and unsullied Truth, can scarce conjecture what *his* discoveries may have been. But although he may have derived, while on earth, the name which is here her symbol, and although that derivation, aided by the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and the sufferance of injuries inflicted in her name, may have convinced him that her nature varies with the varying sentiments of men, he has doubtless long ere this discovered that there is an underived and self-sustaining Truth, which abides apart from all human belief and above all human passion; a Truth high, serene, immutable, immortal, whose empire was long anterior to the reign of Falsehood, and will survive the disappearance of the last faint vestige of a lie.

If I may be permitted to give a moment's scope to imagination, I will remark, first, that some man, uniting the characters of Cobbett and Murray, *may* produce a practical grammar far superior to any we now possess, by supplying the deficient, retrenching the superfluous, illustrating the obscure, rejecting all petty distinctions and idle technicalities, and arranging the whole in an exact order of consecutive dependence. Secondly, some individual with all the bold, strong sense, ten times the idiomatic knowledge, and one tenth of the heady passion of Tooke, *may* by the skilful use of analysis and

synthesis, reduce our language to a science, symmetrical in the total and accurate in the detail, for those who aim at a deep and minute mastery of their native tongue. Thirdly, after a discovery of the true source of all the words, and an accurate resolution of all the syntax of each individual tongue, some wonderful genius, possessing the various powers of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Jones, *may* construct a synopsis of universal grammar, whose rules shall be as clear as reason and immutable as truth, wherein all dialects shall find their essential forms and substantial basis, and by whose principles the philologist may discover the elements and recompose the fabric of the primitive language of mankind. Fourthly, a congress of sages from every nation *may* at last meet, and compose a new and perfect language; as regular and simple as our numerical notation; copious as the fertility of human thought, and delicate as the infinite subtilty of things; fitted equally for the expression of poetry or business, of philosophy or small talk; into which all the valuable literature and science existing in various tongues shall be translated; and which, becoming the universal dialect of men, shall diffuse individual discoveries throughout the general mind as fast and as far as the utterance of type can bear them, and roll the accumulating mass of human knowledge unimpeded down the highway of ages in the self-moved chariot of thought. And to return to the region of the actual from this wild flight into the realms of conjecture, if we consider the nature of the human mind, the constitution of society, and the character of language, we shall scarce expect to see any of these possibilities married to fact except the first, and if that be ever realized, it will, as I believe, be with very little change in the leading features of a grammatical system composed by the reflections of the thoughtful and sanctioned by the approval of the wise.

The scholars of past ages have too often labored to no valuable purpose. They have dwelt too industriously on the *minutia* of speech. Not to mention the absurd speculations of the schoolmen, thousands in later days, who thought themselves profitably engaged, spent all their lives in gathering materials which they never used. The superfluous study of words does not tend to make one a deeper thinker, or a finer writer. Isocrates expended nine years in perfecting his 'Panegyric on Athens,' a piece of some hundred pages, yet it cannot be discovered to be more highly finished than his other productions. And if it were, the object was not worth the labor. I cannot perceive that those who have passed half their lives in studying verbal distinctions are better writers than those who are less familiar with these unsubstantial metaphysics. They are no more exact in their expressions, no more clear in their arrangement, no more elegant in their general style. All their hair-splitting scrutinies, then, have been of but slight advantage either to themselves or to others. Accustomed to scan the meanings of words in the particular, they rarely look at their import in the aggregate. They regard merely the *exponents* of things, and neglect the things themselves. Their field of thought is narrow, their aims are partial. Many of their subtilties are mere '*difficiles nugæ*' — troublesome

trifles — a trial to the patience, and a waste of time. They are sufficiently amusing to the man of leisure — a being, who ought to have no existence in this world — but, to him, who means to be industrious for himself and his fellows, they are worse than useless. These investigations, so far as they may prove auxiliary to a philosophical development of language, may be pursued by some minds, and to some extent, with advantage; standing unconnected with all systems, they may allure our occasional attention, as subjects of curious and amusing research; but in no case can they compensate for long and exclusive application. The great men who have wrought such wonders in literature and science, did not pay this extravagant attention to words ‘*per se*,’ in themselves considered. They studied them so much as might enable them to comprehend the works of others, and to enunciate their own bold conceptions, and reveal their grand discoveries in a fitting manner. Francis Bacon did not drone away one half of his fleeting ‘threescore years and ten’ in examining the construction of language. As soon as he could wield an effectual sword, he rushed into the battle ‘appointed him to do,’ and prostrated for ever the grim spectres which the Magician of Stagira had summoned from the land of syllogisms to support his inverted and false philosophy. The ‘*hysteron proteron*’ system of argument and belief which inferred fact from hypothesis, and built creeds upon conjecture, vanished before the broadening day-light of experimental reason:

‘It fled, and with it fled the shades of night.’

I remember that some years since, in the midst of my classical studies, I was smitten with an etymological madness. Not satisfied with comprehending the meaning of a word in its local application, I wished also to ascertain on the spot its import in all other applications. Nor was I content with this. I desired to discover its birth-place, trace its travels from dialect to dialect, and perceive the time and manner of its various mutations. Several hours were often in this way consumed on a single word, and Schneider and Ainsworth, Hedericus and Facciolati were made to give up their treasures. I had thus thrown away much valuable time, particularly in threading the labyrinth of Greek roots, where the etymological dreamers have revelled in all their glory. One summer’s morning I resolved to discover the origin of the Latin word ‘*duntaxat*’ — ‘*cujus etymon mirè torquetur*’ — which has put all philologists to a non-plus. To derive it from ‘*dum*’ and ‘*taxo*’ was too transparently idiotic. I dissected the word limb by limb; I stretched it on ‘the bed of Procrustes;’ I tortured it into every form which ingenuity could devise; I drew it from a Greek *thema*; I compounded it of Latin simples; and finally united Greek and Latin roots in its formation. All would not do. I thought it might be of Etruscan or Punic origin. I sighed for Champollion to inform me if it were Coptic, and felt half inclined to study Hebrew and Arabic, as thinking that the true *radix* must be found in languages of which one dates beyond ‘the call of Abra-

ham,' and the other has been spoken ever since 'Ishmael's hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Still all would not do. I harassed and bewildered myself in these anxious researches, till at last I reflected that I *already* knew the meaning and uses of the word perfectly well; that a discovery of its primitive form would not add one valuable particle to my knowledge of Latin; and that, in short, I had lost three good hours in a wild-goose chase, in which, if I had caught the goose, she would not have been fit to eat. I resolved from that moment to regard only the general principles of formation and construction, and, neglecting the details, which absorb the erudite trifler, to endeavor merely to catch the genius of a language and imbibe the spirit of its authors. Thenceforward I found no impediment, at least other than my own incapacity.

I would not be thought in these remarks to decry the thorough study of language, or the rational and temperate pursuit of etymology, as the best auxiliary of sound philological learning. Far from it. The deeper and the more accurate our knowledge of that medium by which we receive and impart instruction, the better. But this knowledge is to be gained less by a study of the dictionary and a microscopic attention to parts, than by close reflection, the frequent and careful use of the pen, and the habit of constant intimacy with the best productions of the most eminent minds. This gives to our critical knowledge a reality, a beauty, and a richness, which dry and unpractical studies can never bestow. I object only to the learned frivolities of atomical grammar. It is not, however, to be lamented that there are found some who pay almost exclusive attention to words, in themselves considered. Their labors are of profit to more active characters, and it is desirable that *every* portion of the intellectual vineyard be cultivated. All true knowledge is useful, and many theoretical investigations, useless and fantastic in themselves, have been the causes of great and brilliant discoveries. The delusive hopes of Albertus Magnus and other alchemists, carried them far from the world of reality into the realm of dreams. But their chimerical pursuits gave birth to chemistry, a science which has already revolutionized society and bids fair to change the whole face of nature; which has given double fertility to the earth, and fourfold comfort and enjoyment to her children. They sought for an 'elixir vitæ;' a specific which should protract to an indefinite length the period of our earthly existence. They were the causes of discovering an elixir of a higher nature and more incalculable value, the elixir of inductive reason and reproductive knowledge; an elixir which does not, perhaps, prolong the duration of our mortal existence, but gives it a wider scope, a livelier prospect, and a richer zest. They expended their strength in laboring the mine of vain philosophy, and wrought out many a shaft in fruitless searches after a stone which might transmute all to gold. They hit on a vein in which later ages have discovered the true 'philosopher's stone' — the fruitful toil of experimental science — which does not

indeed multiply that glittering curse, which is at best the mere symbol and shadow of substantial wealth, but which is worth more to mankind, than if this solid globe were alchemized into one golden mass, and its overhanging firmament converted into a diamond wall.

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and embellish it with curious skill. His library was the armory whence he drew, and his own genius the fire wherein he tempered that matchless blade, which cuts like the sword of Damascus, through all that comes within its sweep. He listened to the voices of the mighty Past, that he might understand and influence the mightier Present. And he *has* influenced the Present; enlarging the souls of men, imparting strength to reason, enlightening liberty by knowledge, and binding the jewelry of loveliness upon the brow of Truth. Thus largely forming the character of the Present, he will as largely mould the destinies of the unknown, and to us omnipotent Future; for an intellectual Anak, who towers so high above the general mass, must needs cast far forward over coming ages the shadow of his power. A favored minister of Freedom, he stands by this, her holiest altar; feeding her fires with pure and perpetual fuel, and expounding her oracles in a union of judgment with fancy, energy with grace, and elegance with grandeur, which the world has rarely or never witnessed, since the Athenians were fused into one fiery soul by the breath of their Thunderer, and the language of the schools made perfect enchained the populace of Rome.

POLYDOR.

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T H E   D Y I N G   F L O W E R .

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FROM THE GERMAN.

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HOPE, thou flower that livest still,  
 Trust another spring to see!  
 Every tree by autumn bared  
 Lives in calm expectancy:  
 Trusting, winter-long, the power  
 In its silent buds that lies;  
 Till the sap ascend again,  
 And a new-born green arise.

' Ah! no sturdy tree am I,  
 Which a thousand summers lives,  
 And, when winter-dream is dreamed,  
 New spring melodies reweaves:  
 No, I'm but the passing flower  
 Waked to life by May's soft breath,  
 And of whom no trace remains  
 When I sleep the sleep of death.'

Though thou art the transient flower,  
 Thou of meek, retiring mind,  
 Know, to every plant that blooms  
 Trust and comfort are assigned:  
 Let the storm of death indeed  
 Wide thy living atoms strew;  
 Yet from out the dust shalt thou  
 Myriad times thyself renew.



millions of minds, that have been engaged in the practical study of grammar, from the very moment that they began to carry on a process of thought and to express it in language, have not been utterly mistaken in regard to the composition and syntax of words, these systems will only swell the number of ambitious failures. I only enter my voice, as being suspicious of all great discoveries and radical revolutions, whether they be in philology or morals, in government or religion.

Most of these theories may be traced to their fountain in that unique production entitled 'Diversions of Purley,' a work of which it is impossible to say whether it be more remarkable for its sense or its absurdity. That bold and able mind threw off the fetters of scholastic terms, and sought into the origin of language with a fearless and generally successful self-dependence. The scattered hints and separate discoveries of his predecessors he collected and arranged into something like a system; and whoever will follow through his lucid reasoning and clear analysis, will acquiesce perforce in most of his conclusions. Others, indeed, of more patience and more learning, have since detected many errors in his particular derivations; but the general principles established by him it were difficult if not impossible to shake. Yet he appears to have labored under two very surprising errors. The first is, that because he is right in his analysis of words, therefore other grammarians are wrong in their arrangement of them. Now philosophic analysis is one thing, and convenient classification another. This may be made clear by a reference to the word 'that.' Tooke argues that the expression 'that,' whether employed (in grammatical language) as a conjunction, as a relative pronoun, or as a pronoun of designation, bears always the same essential meaning. I freely admit the force of his reasoning, and fully believe the truth of his assertion. Yet I deny that in those different uses they ought to be included under the same grammatical appellation. For in a sentence like the following, 'I say *that* THAT remark *that* you made is untrue,' does not every one perceive that the word 'that' is employed in three *practically* different applications — applications so visibly distinct from each other, that, for clearness' sake, they ought to be, and must be, designated by different names? The fact that the philologist can analyze and resolve them into the same essential meaning, does not obviate the fact of their wide and most evident diversity of use. The very circumstance that so much labor and so much acuteness were requisite in their resolution, proves that they appear under different characters to the ordinary eye, and should be arranged in different classes for the ordinary mind. Tooke's denunciations, therefore, of other grammarians, for sanctioning the idea that the same word may constitute two or more parts of speech, are perfectly idle. For it is not asserted that they are different in origin and essence, but only that they discharge different functions; and as they indisputably do, even in the comprehension of a child, perform these different functions, it is proper and necessary, in a practical manual, to assign them separate stations. If

'pròduce' and 'prodùce,' both springing from the same source, and both bearing the same generic meaning, may with propriety be called either a noun or a verb according to its function, then with equal propriety may 'that' be called either a pronoun or a conjunction, according to its manner of use.

I am disposed to concede that in almost all the cases wherein Tooke has attempted to prove that a given preposition or conjunction is in reality only a corruption or abbreviation of some noun or verb, he has succeeded beyond all cavil. And suppose we grant that *all* words usually denominated prepositions and conjunctions are really nouns or verbs in disguise, do not the former still remain so totally distinct from the latter in their forms and uses that they must for all practical purposes be considered as words of a different nature? Of what importance is it to substantial grammar to ascertain the truth or falsity of Tooke's theory that the particle 'if' was originally the imperative of the verb 'give'? This notable discovery, if substantiated, (as I think it fully is,) does not elucidate the sense or alter the construction of any passage in the English language. If we grant the primitive form and present meaning of the word to be 'gif' or 'give thou,' we only know what we knew equally well before, that 'if' always implies a postulate or supposition. No student could possibly acquire a knowledge of grammar if he were not taught to rank this and all kindred particles in a class of words entirely different from verbs. If he afterward have the leisure and the skill to learn that their origin may be found by etymology in the imperative of some verb, all the better. He will thereby obtain a closer insight into the elementary composition and progressive changes of language, though it will still be as necessary as ever to recognize at least as many as six distinct parts of speech. There are physiologists who believe that, had we the requisite apparatus and the necessary skill, we should find every corporeal substance ultimately reducible to two primitive elements, whose various combinations produce all the forms of matter existing on earth. But if this result were obtained, would it not still be as needful as it now is, to designate those different forms by a classification under different names? The combined analysis of the dissector and the chemist have shown that the constituent parts of the fingers and toes are entirely identical; yet, I apprehend, not only the unlearned multitude but the scientific physician will still think it advisable in speaking of the organs of the human frame to retain the distinctive appellations of fingers and toes. And why should the philologist be less regardful of a rational and convenient classification than the naturalist? Why should the grammarian embarrass his manual with all the discoveries of the etymological dissector, and, giving the same denomination to organs of a different function, scatter the various parts of speech over his pages in all the confusion of an elementary chaos? I care not if the great frame-work of language be all reducible to two or even one ground-element; if that ground-element have crystallized in seven or eight different forms, let us arrange them in as many separate classes.

I conclude, therefore, that even to grammar itself, the very subject of his investigations, he has contributed little that is practically useful; and I venture to affirm that of all those who have studied his interesting essay, not one has written a sentence or employed a word otherwise than he would have done had he never seen it. It is valuable chiefly to him who has entered on one of the most delightful and most bewildering of studies—the investigation of the origin and elementary composition of language.

But Mr. Tooke's mistake, in supposing his philological analysis so important to the science of practical grammar, was but slight compared with his monstrous error in believing his discoveries of such incalculable benefit to exactness of language, and in consequence, to the art of logic and to the settlement of those great civil, philosophical, moral, and religious questions, which have so long bewildered the intellects and divided the sentiments of men. In what conceivable manner can a resolution of the word 'that' in its different uses into the same fundamental meaning teach any man to understand it more perfectly in others or to employ it more accurately himself? Suppose Tooke had proved his very probable derivation of the conjunction 'if' from the verb 'give,' and his very improbable etymology of the preposition 'for,' in the Gothic noun 'farina,' a 'cause,' how could this alter their meaning or modify their application one tittle? How could a proof that all conjunctions and all prepositions are nothing but nouns and verbs, render language more exact or argument more rigid? How can the clearest demonstration that the words (generally denominated nouns) *head, heft, heaven, hoof, huff, hovel, hood, hat, hut, haven, oven*, are all really participles of the old verb 'heafan,' have the slightest influence on the present or future signification and employment of those terms? And if not, where is the improvement of the art of logic and the facilitation of metaphysical discussions; advantages so idly vaunted of by Mr. Tooke, as accruing from his analysis and diminution of the parts of speech? And what becomes of various preposterous declarations scattered through his work, and amounting in the aggregate to this—that, had Locke and other metaphysicians analyzed and understood the nature, composition, use, and signification of language, as Mr. Tooke did, they would have reasoned with far more accuracy, and would have penetrated themselves and enabled others to penetrate far more deeply and far more justly into the powers and operations of the human mind and into the qualities and relations of all material and immaterial things? Observe the absurdity of the idea. Men are still wholly or partially ignorant of the real nature and mutual relations of almost every object of human contemplation. In the early stages of society, when men were far more ignorant of all things, corporeal and incorporeal, than they are even now, they assigned according to their own crude notions various names to these unknown or half-known objects. Often, from a remote or merely fanciful resemblance, they designated different objects by the same appellation, and often from physical qualities, of which they knew but little, they derived expressions of

moral and mental actions, faculties and attributes, of which they knew still less. Now how can we, with eyes but half open at the best, be enlightened in our examination of things by a knowledge of the reasons, so often frivolous, which impelled men still blinder than we to appropriate one generic name to heterogeneous things, and by an acquaintance with the manner, so often entirely fortuitous, in which they drew derivatives and sub-derivatives from a primary fountain of error, and united contradictory ideas in unintelligible compounds?

I cannot but animadvert for a moment upon his ludicrous remarks in reference to the word 'truth;' remarks which show too clearly what sort of edifice Philosophy would erect, were she to lay his etymological system as the foundation of her metaphysical discussions. His derivation of 'truth' from the old verb 'treowan' (to think) is natural enough, and supported by the analogy of kindred words. By this etymology 'truth' means 'that which one *troueth* or *thinketh*,' and in this sense we employ it when we say 'he is a man of truth,' that is, of 'veracity,' or one who asserts what he sincerely believes, though the assertion, in point of fact, may be incorrect. And upon this original and still occasional meaning of the word, he grounds the abominable assumption that 'there is no such thing as eternal, immutable, everlasting *truth*.' Now two men may honestly make two opposite assertions, and yet in the first and limited signification of the word, both assertions may be the truth. As the earth and all its inhabitants are in a continual process of change, some things may have been true yesterday which are false to-day, and some assertions may be false to-day which will be true to-morrow. Therefore in this case also the 'truth' of one age or of one individual may be the reverse of the 'truth' of another age or another individual, and yet both be 'truths'—local, or partial, or temporary 'truths.' But that a man, like Horne Tooke, from the accidental origin of a *word* mutable and imperfect in itself, and employed by mutable and imperfect beings in the expression of their mutable and imperfect thoughts, should attempt to decide on the nature of *things*, is a melancholy instance of the blindness which may darken even the most penetrating eye. Could he fail to know and feel what all mankind have known and felt, that 'truth,' or some equivalent expression, no matter what its origin, has been employed in every language to signify, not what *I* or *you* may 'think,' not what ten men, or ten million men, or the whole universe of created intellect may 'believe,' but what is really and entirely accordant with the actual and intrinsic character of things? Suppose 'virtue,' a word so much contested in theory and in practice, be derived (as it is) from 'vir,' 'a man,' and therefore must signify the character befitting 'man' in his best estate? Does this etymology enlighten us as to the real nature of 'virtue?' Or are we not merely thrown back on an earlier question of the same import—what is man in his best estate? Or suppose a latitudinarian moralist infer from the same etymology that 'virtue' signifies whatever is actually 'manly,' or 'like man' as he really is, so that the ferocity of one age, the cupid-

ity of another, the effeminacy of a third, and the licentiousness of a fourth, are all equally 'virtuous?' Does this derivation, with all the consequences deducible therefrom by the theorist or by the villain, show that there is no such thing as an indestructible, unalterable 'virtue,' and that the 'το καλον' of the godlike Plato was only the glittering phantom of a gorgeous dream? Oh no! Independently of all etymology, and apart from all the applications and misapplications of human language, there *is* a moral excellence irrespective of time and place; an excellence synonymous with the firmness of unpurchasable justice and the sweetness of an unexclusive love; of birth earlier than the forth-springing of the first-born angel, and not to expire with the supposable extinction of the last finite existence; an excellence which, in the absence of all secondary beings, still rests in the attributes and energies of God; coëternal in duration and coëxtensive in ubiquity with its exhaustless source.

Horne Tooke was a fearless champion of the liberty of man, and though in his etymology of the word 'right' he asserted that it signifies 'what is ordered,' and that consequently there may be a 'right' of mere human enactment, yet he maintained that there is another 'right' of a nobler nature, and flowing from a more exalted law; a right which neither depends on the mandates of the tyrant nor changes with the caprices of his minions; a right whose sceptre is stronger than the mace of the oppressor, and whose claims are more sacred than the privilege of kings. That original and powerful thinker, whose life revolved in the whirlwind of political excitement and whose spirit was embittered by the virulence of party strife, has long been released from the fetters of earthly prejudice, and purged from the blindness of the material eye. *We*, who are not yet permitted to walk in the freedom of untrammelled Reason, and peruse the features of unveiled and unsullied Truth, can scarce conjecture what *his* discoveries may have been. But although he may have derived, while on earth, the name which is here her symbol, and although that derivation, aided by the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and the sufferance of injuries inflicted in her name, may have convinced him that her nature varies with the varying sentiments of men, he has doubtless long ere this discovered that there is an underived and self-sustaining Truth, which abides apart from all human belief and above all human passion; a Truth high, serene, immutable, immortal, whose empire was long anterior to the reign of Falsehood, and will survive the disappearance of the last faint vestige of a lie.

If I may be permitted to give a moment's scope to imagination, I will remark, first, that some man, uniting the characters of Cobbett and Murray, *may* produce a practical grammar far superior to any we now possess, by supplying the deficient, retrenching the superfluous, illustrating the obscure, rejecting all petty distinctions and idle technicalities, and arranging the whole in an exact order of consecutive dependence. Secondly, some individual with all the bold, strong sense, ten times the idiomatic knowledge, and one tenth of the heady passion of Tooke, *may* by the skilful use of analysis and

synthesis, reduce our language to a science, symmetrical in the total and accurate in the detail, for those who aim at a deep and minute mastery of their native tongue. Thirdly, after a discovery of the true source of all the words, and an accurate resolution of all the syntax of each individual tongue, some wonderful genius, possessing the various powers of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Jones, *may* construct a synopsis of universal grammar, whose rules shall be as clear as reason and immutable as truth, wherein all dialects shall find their essential forms and substantial basis, and by whose principles the philologist may discover the elements and recompose the fabric of the primitive language of mankind. Fourthly, a congress of sages from every nation *may* at last meet, and compose a new and perfect language; as regular and simple as our numerical notation; copious as the fertility of human thought, and delicate as the infinite subtilty of things; fitted equally for the expression of poetry or business, of philosophy or small talk; into which all the valuable literature and science existing in various tongues shall be translated; and which, becoming the universal dialect of men, shall diffuse individual discoveries throughout the general mind as fast and as far as the utterance of type can bear them, and roll the accumulating mass of human knowledge unimpeded down the highway of ages in the self-moved chariot of thought. And to return to the region of the actual from this wild flight into the realms of conjecture, if we consider the nature of the human mind, the constitution of society, and the character of language, we shall scarce expect to see any of these possibilities married to fact except the first, and if that be ever realized, it will, as I believe, be with very little change in the leading features of a grammatical system composed by the reflections of the thoughtful and sanctioned by the approval of the wise.

The scholars of past ages have too often labored to no valuable purpose. They have dwelt too industriously on the *minutia* of speech. Not to mention the absurd speculations of the schoolmen, thousands in later days, who thought themselves profitably engaged, spent all their lives in gathering materials which they never used. The superfluous study of words does not tend to make one a deeper thinker, or a finer writer. Isocrates expended nine years in perfecting his 'Panegyric on Athens,' a piece of some hundred pages, yet it cannot be discovered to be more highly finished than his other productions. And if it were, the object was not worth the labor. I cannot perceive that those who have passed half their lives in studying verbal distinctions are better writers than those who are less familiar with these unsubstantial metaphysics. They are no more exact in their expressions, no more clear in their arrangement, no more elegant in their general style. All their hair-splitting scrutinies, then, have been of but slight advantage either to themselves or to others. Accustomed to scan the meanings of words in the particular, they rarely look at their import in the aggregate. They regard merely the *exponents* of things, and neglect the things themselves. Their field of thought is narrow, their aims are partial. Many of their subtilties are mere '*difficiles nugæ*'—troublesome

trifles — a trial to the patience, and a waste of time. They are sufficiently amusing to the man of leisure — a being, who ought to have no existence in this world — but to him, who means to be industrious for himself and his fellows, they are worse than useless. These investigations, so far as they may prove auxiliary to a philosophical development of language, may be pursued by some minds, and to some extent, with advantage; standing unconnected with all systems, they may allure our occasional attention, as subjects of curious and amusing research; but in no case can they compensate for long and exclusive application. The great men who have wrought such wonders in literature and science, did not pay this extravagant attention to words ‘per se,’ in themselves considered. They studied them so much as might enable them to comprehend the works of others, and to enunciate their own bold conceptions, and reveal their grand discoveries in a fitting manner. Francis Bacon did not drone away one half of his fleeting ‘threescore years and ten’ in examining the construction of language. As soon as he could wield an effectual sword, he rushed into the battle ‘appointed him to do,’ and prostrated for ever the grim spectres which the Magician of Stagira had summoned from the land of syllogisms to support his inverted and false philosophy. The ‘hysteron proteron’ system of argument and belief which inferred fact from hypothesis, and built creeds upon conjecture, vanished before the broadening day-light of experimental reason:

‘It fled, and with it fled the shades of night.’

I remember that some years since, in the midst of my classical studies, I was smitten with an etymological madness. Not satisfied with comprehending the meaning of a word in its local application, I wished also to ascertain on the spot its import in all other applications. Nor was I content with this. I desired to discover its birth-place, trace its travels from dialect to dialect, and perceive the time and manner of its various mutations. Several hours were often in this way consumed on a single word, and Schneider and Ainsworth, Hedericus and Facciolati were made to give up their treasures. I had thus thrown away much valuable time, particularly in threading the labyrinth of Greek roots, where the etymological dreamers have revelled in all their glory. One summer’s morning I resolved to discover the origin of the Latin word ‘duntaxat’ — ‘cujus etymon mirè torquetur’ — which has put all philologists to a non-plus. To derive it from ‘dum’ and ‘taxo’ was too transparently idiotic. I dissected the word limb by limb; I stretched it on ‘the bed of Procrustes;’ I tortured it into every form which ingenuity could devise; I drew it from a Greek *thema*; I compounded it of Latin simples; and finally united Greek and Latin roots in its formation. All would not do. I thought it might be of Etruscan or Punic origin. I sighed for Champollion to inform me if it were Coptic, and felt half inclined to study Hebrew and Arabic, as thinking that the true *radix* must be found in languages of which one dates beyond ‘the call of Abra-

ham,' and the other has been spoken ever since 'Ishmael's hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Still all would not do. I harassed and bewildered myself in these anxious researches, till at last I reflected that I *already* knew the meaning and uses of the word perfectly well; that a discovery of its primitive form would not add one valuable particle to my knowledge of Latin; and that, in short, I had lost three good hours in a wild-goose chase, in which, if I had caught the goose, she would not have been fit to eat. I resolved from that moment to regard only the general principles of formation and construction, and, neglecting the details, which absorb the erudite trifler, to endeavor merely to catch the genius of a language and imbibe the spirit of its authors. Thenceforward I found no impediment, at least other than my own incapacity.

I would not be thought in these remarks to decry the thorough study of language, or the rational and temperate pursuit of etymology, as the best auxiliary of sound philological learning. Far from it. The deeper and the more accurate our knowledge of that medium by which we receive and impart instruction, the better. But this knowledge is to be gained less by a study of the dictionary and a microscopic attention to parts, than by close reflection, the frequent and careful use of the pen, and the habit of constant intimacy with the best productions of the most eminent minds. This gives to our critical knowledge a reality, a beauty, and a richness, which dry and unpractical studies can never bestow. I object only to the learned frivolities of atomical grammar. It is not, however, to be lamented that there are found some who pay almost exclusive attention to words, in themselves considered. Their labors are of profit to more active characters, and it is desirable that *every* portion of the intellectual vineyard be cultivated. All true knowledge is useful, and many theoretical investigations, useless and fantastic in themselves, have been the causes of great and brilliant discoveries. The delusive hopes of Albertus Magnus and other alchemists, carried them far from the world of reality into the realm of dreams. But their chimerical pursuits gave birth to chemistry, a science which has already revolutionized society and bids fair to change the whole face of nature; which has given double fertility to the earth, and fourfold comfort and enjoyment to her children. They sought for an 'elixir vitæ;' a specific which should protract to an indefinite length the period of our earthly existence. They were the causes of discovering an elixir of a higher nature and more incalculable value, the elixir of inductive reason and reproductive knowledge; an elixir which does not, perhaps, prolong the duration of our mortal existence, but gives it a wider scope, a livelier prospect, and a richer zest. They expended their strength in laboring the mine of vain philosophy, and wrought out many a shaft in fruitless searches after a stone which might transmute all to gold. They hit on a vein in which later ages have discovered the true 'philosopher's stone' — the fruitful toil of experimental science — which does not



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The labors also of the grammarian, the linguist, and even of the theoretic etymologist, are all useful, and some of them necessary; but, in general, *they are not worth a life*. Words are the high-priests in the temple of learning, and their charge is to initiate us in the mysteries of THINGS. We must first learn to interpret the language of these ministers, and then bid them fulfil their office and unlock to our gaze the arcana of nature. We wish not to be all our life long examining their dress, inspecting their credentials, testing their nature and functions, and inquiring into their origin and birth-place. No! As soon as we can distinguish their ranks and comprehend their message, we wish them to conduct us from chamber to chamber and from shrine to shrine, till we reach the very adyta of that sanctuary where rest the holy relics and blaze the splendid offerings which Genius has consecrated to Humanity, and the wrath of Time has spared. When we have seen, and seeing have made our own, as many treasures as our tarrying would allow, we wish to go and spread them before our less fortunate companions, and impart them as freely as may be to an indigent world.

There are two individuals in our country, bearing the same name, and both of them are eminent men, and both have devoted their lives to the service of their kind. But whose labors have been most dignified in their character, most elevated in their aims, most salutary in their results? The lexicographer retired to his study, and dwelt among his books, and held converse with the dead. He lived and moved for years among forms and particles, definitions and abstractions. He stored in the cells of his capacious mind a mass of erudition, which few would have the patience, and fewer still the capacity, to acquire. And standing now on the threshold of the grave, in the enjoyment of a rich and well-earned reputation, this hoary veteran of learning may look back with pride on a long, and peaceful, and most honorable life. The benefits conferred by him on men will spread coëqual with the diffusion of our idiom, and multiply far faster than the multiplying years. He has aided in the formation of a nation's mind, and by contributing to distinguish the meanings of words, to systematize the art of language, and to facilitate its acquisition, he has in so far added wings to learning, coherency to logic, and subtilty to thought. But has his long study of words, their origin, and their relations, enabled him to express his views with the precision, enforce them with the power, or invest them with the beauty visible in the productions of the great statesman? *He*, too, studied books, but with a different eye, and for another end. They were with him only the necessary means for the attainment of a mighty object; a bold eye, and a ready arm amid the rush of men, wherever reason was to be defended, and innocence upheld, and justice fought for, and glory won. He knew that his weapon must be keen and true, but he stayed not to mount

and embellish it with curious skill. His library was the armory whence he drew, and his own genius the fire wherein he tempered that matchless blade, which cuts like the sword of Damascus, through all that comes within its sweep. He listened to the voices of the mighty Past, that he might understand and influence the mightier Present. And he *has* influenced the Present; enlarging the souls of men, imparting strength to reason, enlightening liberty by knowledge, and binding the jewelry of loveliness upon the brow of Truth. Thus largely forming the character of the Present, he will as largely mould the destinies of the unknown, and to us omnipotent Future; for an intellectual Anak, who towers so high above the general mass, must needs cast far forward over coming ages the shadow of his power. A favored minister of Freedom, he stands by this, her holiest altar; feeding her fires with pure and perpetual fuel, and expounding her oracles in a union of judgment with fancy, energy with grace, and elegance with grandeur, which the world has rarely or never witnessed, since the Athenians were fused into one fiery soul by the breath of their Thunderer, and the language of the schools made perfect enchained the populace of Rome.

POLYGOON.

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T H E   D Y I N G   F L O W E R .

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FROM THE GERMAN.

---

HOPE, thou flower that livest still,  
 Trust another spring to see!  
 Every tree by autumn bared  
 Lives in calm expectancy:  
 Trusting, winter-long, the power  
 In its silent buds that lies;  
 Till the sap ascend again,  
 And a new-born green arise.

' Ah! no sturdy tree am I,  
 Which a thousand summers lives,  
 And, when winter-dream is dreamed,  
 New spring melodies reweaves:  
 No, I'm but the passing flower  
 Waked to life by May's soft breath,  
 And of whom no trace remains  
 When I sleep the sleep of death.'

Though thou art the transient flower,  
 Thou of meek, retiring mind,  
 Know, to every plant that blooms  
 Trust and comfort are assigned:  
 Let the storm of death indeed  
 Wide thy living atoms strew;  
 Yet from out the dust shalt thou  
 Myriad times thyself renew.

' Yes, when I have passed away,  
 Others like myself shall rise :  
 Ever smiles the general green,  
 Though the single flower soon dies :  
 But be they what I have been,  
 I myself shall be no more ;  
 Only *now* am I entire —  
 Nought hereafter, nought before !

' When they 're warmed by yonder sun  
 Which for me still brightly shines,  
 Smooths not that the fate which now  
 Me to hopeless gloom consigns.  
 Ay, proud Sun ! thy roving eye  
 Hails my distant rivals now !  
 Wherefore coldly from the cloud  
 On my sadness smilest thou ?

' Ah ! that I should trust to thee  
 When awakened by thy beam ;  
 That I gazed in thy dear eye,  
 Till it stole my life's young dream !  
 For this being's poor remains,  
 From thy ruth my pangs to hide,  
 Fast within my heart of hearts  
 Will I shroud my wounded pride.

' Yet the ice of my disdain  
 Fills with tears my languid eye ;  
 Take, O take my fleeting life,  
 Changeless one, to thee on high !  
 Yes, my soul's aversion flies  
 By thy magic beam subdued ;  
 List, for all thy gifts to me,  
 List my dying gratitude.

' For the morning's gentle gales  
 To which summer-long I danced,  
 For the flight of butterflies  
 Whose bright wings around me glanced ;  
 For the hearts my perfume cheered,  
 Eyes that blessed my hues divine —  
 As from mingled scent and sheen  
 Thou didst form me — thanks be thine !

' One fair being of thy world,  
 Humble but of grateful love,  
 Thou didst let me grace the field,  
 As a star yon plains above.  
 Still one breath is mine to breathe,  
 But that breath no sigh shall be ;  
 One fond glance to these fair scenes,  
 One to yon bright skies and thee !

' Deathless Flame-heart of the world !  
 Let me lose my glow in thine !  
 Heaven, spread thou thy tent of blue,  
 Sere and faded sinketh mine.  
 Hail, oh ! Spring, to thy soft sheen !  
 Morning air, to thy sweet sighs !  
 Without pain I fall asleep,  
 Without hope again to rise !'

## 'MENS CONSCIA RECTI.'

A CHRONICLE OF IDLENESS.

MAR. You, Sir; what trade are you?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

FLAV. Then art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy work.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN the good old city of New-Amsterdam, made so illustrious by the pen of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER—peace to his ashes, wherever they repose!—there lived a family of humble cobblers, by name Van Dyke. Their ancestors had practised the art of mending men's soles from time immemorial in the old world, and were among the first emigrants from Holland who sought the hospitable shores of the new. By dint of hereditary experience in this their favorite art, the good fame of the Van Dykes soon extended throughout the settlements, and became renowned from the territory of the Quakers even unto the borders of Connecticut and Yankee-land. The gable end of the paternal mansion, which stood on the principal thoroughfare of the thriving city of the Manhattoes, was turned in real Dutch style to the street. The family pig-sty literally groaned with plenty; the cabbage-garden offered an inviting spectacle to the hungry soul; and a pair of sturdy shoes, large as the far-famed seven-leagued boots, swung before the threshold in the wind of a summer's day, giving pleasant assurance that within doors the most barefoot might be shod 'with neatness and despatch.' If to all this we add that the name was equally illustrious on account of its cheerful and sociable qualities, its devotion to church and state, its unwavering attachment to all the forms and fashions imported from Holland, and its reverential worship of the good Saint Nicholas, we have written enough to secure for the Van Dykes the affectionate regard of all readers of this veritable history.

If ever a family of frail mortals basked in the sunshine of happiness and content, it was the family of the Van Dykes. Their ambition never ventured beyond the threshold of every-day life. No baleful romances threw around their cheerful firesides a sickly glare of discontent; and they would have been more distressed at the unlucky fit of a neighbor's shoe, than many a mighty potentate at the loss of a fleet. They never adventured with the fool-hardy Manhattoes in voyages up the Hudson or among the breakers of Hell-gate. They never indulged in the romantic visions of Oloffe the Dreamer; the unutterable speculations of Walter the Doubter; the thousand irritations of William the Testy, or the warlike enterprises of Peter the Headstrong. The thrift and neatness of their matrons fully belied the popular apothegm, that 'the cobbler's wife

is the worst shod woman in the parish.' Their sons were taught the hereditary arts of cobbling and cultivating cabbages. Their daughters were early instructed in all the accomplishments requisite to good Dutch wives and mothers; and the only fiction which was permitted to embellish their existence, was the commendable practice of increasing their rotundity by wearing ten petticoats apiece. Meantime the Van Dykes became the most notorious smokers in the province; and tradition relates that very often on Saturday evenings, while the warm air of summer and the delightful shade of neighboring trees wooed to repose, some venerable patriarch of the name would recline on a bench before the door, and lighting his meerscham, would raise such an impenetrable cloud of vapor as entirely to conceal himself and his house from the passers-by, until his pipe gave out, or the wind dispelled the fog, and revealed the slumbering Dutchman reclining at his ease, and realizing that delightful state of repose in which Saint Nicholas is said to visit the sleeper, and delight his vision with great heaps of gold, mountains of cabbages, and oceans of turtle-soup.

And thus full many a fond dreamer builds gay castles in the air, to be demolished by the first breath of reality. And thus have I seen the glad poet watch with kindling glances the bright clouds of evening, clustering around the setting sun, and build fair temples in their vapory folds, and fancy that the purple was the purple of royalty, and the sun-light the very sun-light of heaven. While the unsuspecting Manhattoes slept or pursued their quiet avocations in fond security, the enemy came, vanquished the forces of Hardkoppig Pete, took possession of their forts and batteries, and closed a long array of grievances by christening their beloved city with the odious name of 'New-York.' Sad changes soon came over the primitive architecture of New-Amsterdam. Bricks were no longer brought ready-made from Holland, some ingenious Yankee having discovered that the soil of the new world was quite as well adapted to their manufacture as that of the old. Houses began to be built, in violation of all Dutch usage, with their fronts to the street, and the chimney-tiles of the new comers were *not* embellished, as they should have been, with rude engravings or wholesome texts of Scripture. Ere long weather-cocks, sour-kroust, and other cherished superstitions of the Manhattoes, were either ridiculed into nonentity, or supplanted by wooden nutmegs, roast beef, and plum-pudding, and a thousand other inventions of British and Yankee ingenuity. But why pursue a theme so rich with stores of sentiment? Is it not written in the sage chronicles of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER? There let the sympathetic reader turn, and read with moistened eye the last records of the Dutch dynasty in Nieuw Amsterdam.

Too soon, alas! too soon, all that had made the city dear to the doomed Manhattoes, had disappeared in the capacious maw of wholesale innovation. Their old hereditary homesteads were torn down and thrown aside as useless lumber. Their cabbage-gardens and cow-paths were intersected with wide, busy streets, frowning

with ramparts of brick and mortar. There were no burnings nor slaughter; no helpless women crying aloud for succor; no children borne away in chains; none of the ordinary pomp and parade which mark the hero's conquest. And yet, unable to brook the insults or retard the busy improvements of the invaders, emigration was the last resource left to the Manhattoes. The sturdy yeoman while striking a bargain with some speculating Yankee for his humble homestead and well-tilled acres, gazed with moistened eyes on the immense cabbage-gardens and pumpkin-patches which had been brought to perfection by his honest toil; and his sorrowful feelings were strangely yet eloquently echoed from the enormous pig-sties within whose ample bounds he had pilloved full many a dream of culinary store. The worthy burgher plucked from its airy height that volatile escutcheon of his family dignity, the weather-cock, and bore it aloft to be transplanted in some more genial clime; and the spiritual fathers of the colony called down the blessing of Saint Nicholas on those who were left behind, and led out their little flocks to wander by greener pastures and stiller waters.

This transmigration, though ultimately general, was at first very gradual and almost imperceptible; not like the rush of the giant wave, but like gentle undulations which widen their circles by slow gradations until they reach the distant shore. It might be a subject of grave inquiry to the political philosopher, whether the native denizens of the Dutch colony of New-Amsterdam would ever have emigrated from their paternal domains, unless compelled, as we have seen, by the fortunes of war. What, in such an event, would have been their present condition; what progress they would have made in the arts of refinement; how far they would have become assimilated in their fashions and customs to the denizens of neighboring states; or whether they would not have continued to multiply and replenish the earth with sons and daughters after their own image and likeness, worshipping the good Saint Nicholas with patriotic devotion, and leaving the great city of New-York a vast concatenation of Dutch tiles, canals, and weather-cocks; a miniature of the old world thriving in the very emporium of the new; these and other similar queries we leave to graver heads than ours, trusting some day to see the problems duly solved and published to the curious world. Certain it is, that the immediate descendants of these Dutch adventurers carried with them wherever they went a natural and hereditary antipathy to the Yankee race, individually and collectively; and dim vestiges of this national sentiment may to this day be found fondly cherished by many an old patriotic Dutchman who can trace his American lineage, through an unadulterated ancestry, back to the times of Peter Stuyvesant.

But I have entitled this history a 'Chronicle of Idleberg,' and so it shall be, even if the writer should pass by more than a century without filling the blank, and leap, like a genii of oriental story, many hundred miles at a single bound. Behold, then, in the early part of the present nineteenth century, a lineal descendant of the Van Dykes of New-Amsterdam, a chip of the old block, a tooth of

the paternal saw, quietly pursuing his hereditary trade of cobbling in the thriving village of Idleberg. His humble mansion had about it all the customary peculiarities of the habitations of Dutchmen. The gable end, fronting the street, was surmounted by a lonely weathercock, flourishing there in solitary sublimity, after having flourished more than a century before, during the natural life of an ordinary weathercock, on some more lordly mansion in the city of the Manhattocs; and a venerable horse-shoe, that had well-nigh been worn away beneath the frequent tread of some valorous steed, was nailed to the door, to propitiate the favor of Saint Nicholas, and guard the indwellers from all manner of physical maladies and spiritual hobgoblins, that have been the terror of the Dutch since the world began.

Tradition recalls pleasant pictures of Idleberg at that early period in its history:

'A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye.'

No gilded spires nor lordly halls attested the triumph of art over the simplicity of nature. A solitary steeple—or *cupalo*, as the natives called it—gleaming with whitewash, pointed to the tabernacle where on Sundays, when the horn was thrice blown by the lusty trumpeter, in tones that rang again through every street and lane and alley in the village, our worthy ancestors assembled in gay attire for the various purposes of going to sleep, staring at the minister, flaunting in gay ribands, and breaking by a thousand innocent pastimes the monotony of their week-day existence. That coy virgin, Nature, so hard to be won into the busy haunts of men, so loth to desert her native retreats amid grassy lawns and purling brooks, deigned to dwell with the denizens of this ilk, strewing around their paths the brightness of her flowers and the softness of her spring-time tints. Pride had no dwelling there; and the pretty milk-maid might often be seen trudging beneath the weight of 'the brimming pail, and exchanging nods of demure intelligence with the rustic suitors who watched with eagerness her firm, bold step, and envied her lustiness of arm. Indeed, my grandmother has more than once recounted to me a favorite anecdote of her personal history; how on the day after her wedding she might have been seen mounted behind the man of her choice on an old gray mare, trudging gayly along to a frolic in the neighborhood, gotten up in honor of the nuptials.

Separated from the rest of the civilized world as it was, by forests then almost trackless and interminable, Idleberg seemed almost a little commonwealth within itself. The fashions, as they were called, *par excellence*, were a series of quaint devices in the clothing line which emanated from the ingenious brain of a little old Frenchman, who talked of the *beau monde* and manufactured nondescript garments with patriotic vivacity. Justice was embodied in the immaculate conceptions of a patriarchal magistrate, who in doubtful cases consulted a well-thumbed copy of the statutes, and then shut both eyes in grim silence, until the wondrous revelation was suffi-

ciently digested to be made known to his devout auditory. Once in every trienniad the Idlebergers were delighted with the arrival of a real menagerie, attended by strange music, and comprising a live lion, several 'possums and 'coons, a chattering monkey, and a stuffed anaconda; 'admittance twenty-five cents, children half-price.' The most frequent visits from foreign parts, however, were made by roving pedlers, who astonished the burghers with their glittering wares; and very often, with the price of a counterfeit gold chain, decoyed simple maidens from their homes, to wander as pedlers' wives the world over.

Such was the Idleberg where Caleb Van Dyke pursued his brisk but humble trade, singing quaint snatches of song all day, and keeping time with his hammer; the perfect picture of a merry, philosophic cobbler. His shop was the first to be opened in the morning, and the last to be closed at night. His fame had spread far and wide through all the country round about Idleberg, and there were many who predicted that ere long honest Caleb would realize a comfortable independence, and be enabled to retire to rear his children and smoke his pipe in peace, during the remnant of his terrestrial sojourning. His hearth was well crowded with those proverbial items of a poor man's fortune; and the stranger who passed his door might easily indulge the fictitious idea of being in the vicinity of a school-house in holyday hours, such were the number and variety of the striplings who pursued their childish sports around the cobbler's door. And what shall I say of the first and fairest of the flock, the gentle Ellen? the pride of the village in those primitive times, the sweet embodiment of Dutch beauty, the light of her father's eye and the solace of his toil. The various devices which modern fashion-mongers have invented for the improvement of the female form divine, were unknown to Ellen and to Idleberg. In all her life she had never heard of *rouge*. She could not play the piano, and was never detected gazing at the moon; but how matchless was her skill when she plied the needle or whirled the spinning-wheel! She had never learned the mysteries of a fashionable dance; but in her adventurous rambles over the hills and plains that girded the village, none was gayer or bolder than the cobbler's daughter. Untutored in the various arts of polished life, that so often disguise the true aspect of the heart, she cultivated a thousand of those nameless domestic graces that throw a halo of light and love wherever they are seen. Neat, simple, and beautiful was her ordinary attire; and on Sundays and holydays she was decorated with a simple ornament of jet and gold, a mimic dove, suspended from her neck, and dallying with every throb of her heart, a fit emblem of the purity and innocence that reigned within.

The peculiarities of Dutch architecture were visible in but two instances at Idleberg; the one the mansion of Caleb Van Dyke already described, the other a house of public entertainment kept by Karl Keiser; and if there was any thing that shared Caleb's affection with his family, it might be found beneath the kindly roof of his fellow Dutchman. Nor does the principle which animated



their mutual affection require any other explanation than a simple allusion to that bond of union which in every land beneath the sun unites those who speak the same mother tongue, and boast a common ancestry, no matter how remote the connection. And there, beneath that vine-clad porch, at the quaint sign of a yellow sky embellished with a cluster of blue stars, a miniature orrery swinging from one of 'six slick slim saplings' which shaded the door, did honest Caleb and mine host often assemble on afternoons and Sundays, to smoke their pipes, drain their beer-pots, and recount in low Dutch old legends of Holland and Amsterdam, to the infinite edification of crowds of loafers and ostlers.

Meantime the tide of emigration was flowing westward; even Idleberg was not left unvisited by adventurers and speculators. The streets often swarmed with new-comers of every name and nation under the sun; and one morning Caleb Van Dyke was overwhelmed with astonishment at seeing a genuine Yankee, calling himself Jonas Jones, a cobbler by trade, open a shop over the way, and gathering crowds about his door by his loud promises of great bargains and superior workmanship. Mr. Jones soon realized the potency of bustling civility and boisterous loquacity in securing the patronage of a fluctuating, bargain-buying public. Very soon he became unable to supply the brisk demand for his wares, and found it necessary to import a fresh bevy of journeymen, who were kept busy, night and day, in making shoes for all Idleberg. In a very few months the honest Dutchman found his shop deserted by the friends on whose patronage he had relied, and himself actually jostled out of a livelihood by the rivalry of Jonas Jones and Company. When he looked with eyes beaming with affection on his portly dame, and thought how she would be reduced in her comeliness by actual starvation; when he saw in fancy his little flock going in rags and begging from door to door, and his blooming Ellen robbed of her charms by the rude hand of poverty, and dependent for her daily bread on the most arduous toil; he cursed in his heart the race of adventurers who had been the evil spirits of his ancestors, and now threatened to bring ruin upon himself.

- 'Dunder and blitzen!' exclaimed honest Caleb. 'Most meddling some Yankees! not satisfied with having once circumvented us as a race, you must pursue us individually to the ends of the earth, and tear the very bread from our children's mouths!' Having thus discharged with more than usual volubility the pent-up torrent of his rage, he threw aside the implements of his craft, and wended his way toward the yellow sky and blue stars of Karl Keiser. He was actuated thereto by a consideration for the weal of his fair daughter. A plan had occurred to him by which he hoped to secure her prosperity, at least, despite all Yankees and rival cobblers. His neighbor, mine host, was blessed with an heir, a great unwieldy son of a Dutchman as he was, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Hans. Hans had been somewhat wild and thoughtless in his younger days; and it had been intimated by some who judged from his precocious corpulency and ruddiness of complexion, that the son had been the

best customer at the beer-barrel of the father. These rumors had however subsided, and Hans was now quietly settling down into the official dignity which his father had long sustained with so much credit and profit. If Hans had ever conceived three ideas above his father's roof, the fact certainly escaped the observation of his most intelligent friends; but notwithstanding these unimportant deficiencies, he seemed to honest Caleb the very paragon of a thriving fellow and dutiful son-in-law.

Impelled by these parental considerations, our cobbler soon reached the inn-porch, where he found mine host already at his post, with pipe in mouth, beer-pot in hand, and fair round belly reposing on his knees, the very picture of Dutch felicity. A chair, pipe, and foaming tankard were soon brought out to Caleb, who took the chair, lit the pipe, drank the beer, and set about proclaiming the immediate object of his visit with all imaginable expedition.

'You have a son, Mynheer?' said he, inquisitively.

'Ya, Mynheer,' replied Karl Keiser, emitting a dense cloud of smoke, that curled around his head in wreathing volumes, until he was almost concealed from view. After a long pause, Caleb ventured another observation which seemed equally intelligible to his companion:

'I have a daughter, Mynheer; young — puff! — beautiful — puff! puff!'

'Ya, Mynheer,' was again the reply, after which there was another long pause, when their pipes and tankards were replenished, and the cobbler again essayed to speak:

'Your son Hans should get married before long; it is time you should retire; eh, Mynheer?'

Puff! puff! A sudden light gleamed through the dense cloud that enveloped the mind and body of Karl Keiser. 'Your daughter, eh? Very good! Hans Keiser and Elly Van Dyke keep tavern; old folks live easy and do nothing but — puff! puff! — fine grandchildren — ha, ha! eh, Mynheer?' And the fair round paunch of the jolly Dutchman shook like an agitated hay-stack.

Puff! puff! puff! And the long silence that ensued was at length broken by the voice of Caleb:

'Is Hans at home, Mynheer?'

'Ya, Mynheer;' and elevating his voice to a pitch loud enough to wake the seven sleepers or the dead, Karl aroused the youth from a sonorous repose in the adjacent bar-room; and in obedience to the paternal mandate, Hans came forth into the porch, redolent with the fumes of beer and tobacco, with his legs encased in a pair of massive boots, which were surmounted by a pair of linsey-woolsey breeches plunged into his boot-legs after the manner of shorts. His body was enveloped in a red flannel waistcoat, garnished with several rows of immense brass buttons, while over his rough and ruddy locks a broad-brimmed hat was thrown in the most approved and independent style imaginable. Beneath this twinkled a pair of roguish eyes in the centre of a face possessed of rather more breadth than length, and having altogether a devil-may-care expression that was truly enviable.

'How d'ye do, my boy?' was Caleb's first inquiry. Hans returned a favorable answer, and then threw himself into a chair, yawning to an extent that threatened to involve the lives and happiness of any passing troops of vagrant insects.

'Fine boy!' said Caleb, apostrophizing the rude specimen of humanity before him. 'Twenty-one, eh?'

'Next grass,' replied Hans, meaning thereby that at some period during the next spring he expected to boast the prerogatives of a freeman. Then lolling back in his chair, he proceeded to whistle one of those beautiful Dutch airs that have never been set to music, and very probably never will be.

'Would you like to get married shortly, Hans?'

'Can't say,' replied Hans; 'not pertic'ler.'

'She's a fine girl, Hans; can sew, knit, spin, and would make, altogether, an admirable wife for a gentleman in your line, and ——'

'I never thought much about it,' said Hans, scratching his head, 'but if the old chap here is favorable, and wants to leave the business, why then I'll not be obstropolous.'

This allusion to the 'old chap' roused Karl Keiser from his lethargy, and opening his eyes, and emitting a dense cloud of smoke, he ejaculated, 'Ya!'

'But I tell you what, old fellow,' pursued Hans, addressing Caleb Van Dyke, 'I have had a kind o' notion of trying my fortune down the river on a flat-boat.'

'Why, Hans!' ejaculated his father.

'Why, Hans!' echoed the cobbler.

'Well, well, said the young Dutchman, with the air of a genuine martyr, 'I don't care. I'll get married. Who is it?'

'What would you think of my daughter Ellen for a wife?' asked Caleb, getting to the sequel of his proposition; and in token of his joy he drained the contents of his tankard with a gusto and a smack of the lips, often manifested by persons devoted to the consumption of fresh oysters.

Hans Keiser stretched his eyes and mouth to their utmost extent, arose from his lounging posture, and with more fluency than usually falls to the lot of Dutchmen or sons of Dutchmen, replied, that if any earthly consideration could reconcile him to the disagreeable condition of wedlock, it was the thought that Ellen Van Dyke was to be his companion in the adventure. Without reflecting on the many trifling difficulties which might prevent or retard the alliance, and taking her consent for granted, he went on to say that he was ready at that moment, or would be equally prepared at any future time to accede to their wishes, if they excepted Saturday evenings and Sundays, at which times he informed his audience that he was usually engaged in the devout occupations of fishing or hunting. Having thus delivered himself, the pious youth retired to his favorite seat in the bar-room, to resume his broken nap, and have it agreeably diversified with visions of a thriving custom, Ellen Van Dyke, and a comfortable allowance of infantile Keisers.

By this time the night was far advanced, and draining their beer-

pots for the last time in honor of their prospective alliance, the two ancient worthies bade each other an affectionate adieu, mine host turning within doors, and our cobbler embarking in search of his house. It has never been clearly ascertained why so grave and discreet an old gentleman as Caleb Van Dyke, should have been guilty of so many eccentricities on his return from the inn; now describing oblique and now curved lines down the street, as if in pursuit of some wily and erratic foe; and now bursting into snatches of comic song, which at this day would have entitled him to comfortable quarters in the watch-house, and a summons to appear before his worship on the morrow; but which in those primitive times only served to call forth loud peals of merriment from the occasional loiterers who heard his songs and joined in the chorus. Charity induces us to divide the responsibility of his proceedings between the effects of the tankard, the pipe, and his exhilarating joy at the prospect of having secured for life the happiness of his beloved Ellen.

Early next morning, sobered and refreshed by his slumbers, our cobbler was at his post in his little shop, opening on the busiest street in Idleberg. It was summer time, and his wife and daughter sat near him, while his numerous progeny were playing before the open door, or cultivating the early bent of their hereditary genius by stitching together little scraps of leather. Could you have seen the old man's eye often turning good-humoredly though involuntarily from his work to his daughter, you would have wondered what happy thoughts of her were chasing each other through his brain. But as the day grew warmer, and the heavy toil brought drops of perspiration to his brow, he looked across the street toward the rival establishment of Jonas Jones and Company, and was astonished at the sight of many of his old customers going in and out, newly shod, and carrying large bundles beneath their elbows. Caleb threw down his awl in despair.

'What is the use,' he exclaimed, 'of my toiling here day and night, and then to be swindled out of my customers by that meddling Yankee? I'll go farther west, I will; and if he or any of his tribe dare to cross my path again, I'll — I'll —;' and Caleb concluded the sentence by striking his heel vehemently on the floor. Scarcely had he executed the Yankee by this *coup de pied*, when he was accosted by a stranger standing at the door, with a bundle swinging from a staff that was thrown over his shoulder, and a dusty habit, that marked him as a pedestrian traveller. His sudden appearance and smiling face had the immediate effect of quieting the cobbler's rage; while the stranger seated himself on the door-sill, pulled off his hat and wiped his brow, and hoped he was not intruding.

'No!' said Caleb, doggedly; 'but who are you, and what do you want?'

The stranger surveyed him for a moment, as if questioning the propriety and convenience of answering such interrogatories, but a glance at Ellen won his good-humor.

'As to my name,' he replied, 'that is Pelt.'

'Pelt, eh?' said the cobbler, resuming his work, and surveying him from head to foot.

'Yes, Nicholas Pelt, at your service; a poor pedagogue in search of fortune and adventure in these parts, that have become the theme of so much curiosity with us in Connecticut.'

'You are not a Yankee, Sir?'

'Yes, but I am though,' replied Mr. Pelt.

'The d—l you are!' said Caleb, throwing down his work with an expression of horror with which one might survey an approaching regiment of rattlesnakes. But the undaunted Yankee proceeded:

'My object, Mr.— Excuse me, Sir; your name? You have mine, I believe?'

'Van Dyke.'

'Dutch, eh?'

'Ay.'

'My object, then, Mr. Van Dyke, in visiting this remote corner of the—the terra firma, is two-fold; first, to inform myself of the manners and customs of the pioneers of this new country, and secondly, to disseminate the manifold—ah blessings of an erudite education in the polite branches of reading, writing, and cyphering. I have been credibly informed, Sir, that the—the natives of these parts entertain the notion that the moon is a mass of green cheese, and the stars, the *astra* of the Latins, so many tallow candles lit up every night, to light man's pathway through the woods. These prejudices, however natural or agreeable to uneducated man, the humblest pedagogue can combat by bringing the lights of scientific—ah erudition to bear on the heavens by means of the telescope, an instrument invented by a countryman of yours, Sir, a Mr. Spurtzheim, which reveals to us by night whole worlds that were invisible by day, as saith the Dutch poet.'

Mr. Pelt leaned back in his seat to contemplate the visible effects of his eloquence upon the cobbler and his family. Caleb's numerous progeny gathered around their mother's chair with looks which betrayed their astonishment and fear. Mr. Pelt at length relaxed from his dignified posture, and called to him one of the flaxen-haired boys, who had approached him with more boldness than the rest.

'Here, my little lad; what's your name, Sir?'

The boy looked up into his mother's face for advice, and finding there a glance of encouragement, he informed the stranger that his cognomen was Rip.

'Did you ever see any thing like this, my good little fellow?' continued the pedagogue, drawing Rip to his side, and holding up before him a primer adorned with various hieroglyphics and rude devices of several species of beasts and birds, at which the boy gazed with a look of mingled pleasure and wonder, while his playmates gathered courage enough to peep over the stranger's shoulder, and even Caleb deigned to express his admiration of the mimic book.

'So you never saw any thing like this, Master Rip? But you



within doors and without all those varieties of juvenile frolics and pastimes which have attended the system of popular instruction from the time of the first academician; and the ear of the passer-by was at all times agreeably entertained with the hum of infantile voices rehearsing that most difficult of all lessons, the alphabet. Now and then from the inner sanctum or closet, inhabited by a troop of frolicsome rats, might be heard a series of concussions, sounding ominously of birchen-rods and apple-tree switches, which, accompanied with the sound of a young voice pitched to the highest key of opposition and dissent, gave token that some luckless urchin was undergoing the operation of being pelted by Mr. Nicholas Pelt. In short, our pedagogue, though quite a young man, soon acquired from the boys the appellation of 'Old Nick;' but while the victims of his scholastic fury regarded him a very devil in human form, the good matrons of the village canonized him as a second Solomon; a distinction which he merited, at least in the observance of the proverbial injunction, 'spare not the rod;' an interpolation in Holy Writ, as we have whilom thought, that is more honored in the breach than the observance.

'WHAT IS WRITTEN REMAINS' FOR ANOTHER NUMBER.

#### TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

##### I.

Love in my heart hath lit his quenchless brand;  
Oh! by his power might I transformed be,  
I would become a mirror in thy hand,  
So thy bright eyes might ever gaze on me.

##### II.

Or I would be the odors that repose  
Amid the clustering tresses of thy hair;  
Or the thin veil that o'er thy bosom flows,  
And envious hides the ivory treasures there.

##### III.

Or I would be the scarf that round thee waves,  
The robe whose folds thy peerless form caress;  
The happy rivulet thy charms that laves,  
And to its breast enfolds thy loveliness.

##### IV.

Or I would choose the blissful destiny  
Of those fair pearls that twine thy neck more fair;  
Or e'en the sandal 'neath thy tread would be,  
So I thy beauteous form might proudly bear.

## THE GOLDEN WORDS OF PYTHAGORAS.

THE 'golden words' of PYTHAGORAS, or the Greek hexameters containing the main precepts of that mysterious philosopher, were the most famous among the brief didactic compositions of antiquity, and they have been repeatedly translated into almost every cultivated language among the moderns. With the exception of the Proverbs of SOLOMON, it would be difficult elsewhere to find so much and so various sententious wisdom comprised in so brief a space. From their wide celebrity, therefore, and their intrinsic merit, I have thought that another and very faithful version might be neither superfluous nor unacceptable.

POLYGOON.

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 Next to thine oath with zealous awe be true :  
 To heroes then and each infernal shade  
 Be all established ritual worship paid.  
 Honor thy parents and thy kin, and take  
 Him to thy heart, who lives for virtue's sake.  
 Yield to mild words and works of useful end,  
 Nor for a slight offence forsake thy friend ;  
 Since soon, most soon ! inevitable Fate  
 Will render vain alike thy love or hate.  
 Remember well a constant watch to keep  
 O'er wrath, and lust, and appetite, and sleep.  
 Stoop to no meanness, or with others joined,  
 Or by thyself, but reverence thine own mind.  
 Attend thine every act with earnest heed,  
 And practice justice both in word and deed.  
 Remember all must die, and while you live  
 At times be close ; at others freely give.  
 Those ills the gods have destined for thy lot  
 Endure with patient mind, and murmur not ;  
 But heal them if thou canst, and ever know  
 The good receive a trifling share of woe.  
 Be not amazed to see the human breast  
 By many tenets, good and bad, possessed,  
 Nor let them bind thy steps. Be calm and mild,  
 Even though thine ear with falsehood be defiled.  
 Let none persuade thee, or to do, or say  
 Aught to thy hurt : take counsel ere thou lay  
 Thy plans in act, lest silly things be done,  
 But leave the fool in headlong haste to run.  
 What thou attemptest, know ; what's needful learn ;  
 Thus shall thy happy life glide smooth through every turn.

Guard well thy health, inestimable prize !  
 With temperate drink, and food, and exercise.  
 (I call that temperate which begets no pain.)  
 Addict thyself to diet neat and plain.  
 Shun all that hurts green Envy's vision : flee  
 Ill-timed and vulgar waste ; yet scorn to be  
 A soulless niggard. In each point pursue  
 The golden mean, and to thyself be true.  
 Take not soft slumber to thy yielding eyes  
 Ere that day's conduct thrice thou scrutinize.  
 'Where have I erred ? what done ? or what passed by ?'  
 Thus search thine acts throughout with careful eye.  
 If bad, thy spirit pierce with sorrow's dart ;  
 If good, rejoice in thy approving heart.

Live by these teachings : these will guide thy feet  
 Along the path that leads to Virtue's seat.  
 By him I swear, who to our knowledge gave  
 The fount of Nature's ever-flowing wave,



interest nor permanent value. The stimuli of an exciting theme, and an attentive audience, are rarely wanting.

It would be preposterous to deny that a large class of litigated cases affords but little scope for displays of oratorical ability. No art of counsel can dignify them or render them attractive. Yet we know that many of the forensic arguments of antiquity, which have been handed down to us as perfect models of this species of composition, were spoken on occasions that excited no great degree of public interest. Of them we must say, *materiem reponabat opus*. It is the perfection of the style, the felicity of the arrangement, and the harmony of the parts, that chiefly commend them to our admiration. The occasions that gave them birth passed away with the other passing events of the hour; but they are imperishable. There is the vitality of genius in them. We see every where the master-hand of the orator. The assassination of a nobleman was not so uncommon an occurrence at Rome as to excite greater alarm and indignation than the murder of a respectable citizen among ourselves; but where is the Cicero that shall embalm even the minutest details in his immortal words, and transmit them to posterity; to rouse the anger, or to move the compassion of the reader in the remotest land, and through all time?

If we refer to the speeches of eminent modern lawyers, we shall find that our interest in what they said is mainly owing to themselves, and not to any extrinsic circumstances. When Erskine made his maiden argument, four others had spoken before him on the same side; and these, too, the most distinguished lawyers of that time; yet their words perished with the breath that gave them utterance, and his alone have preserved in the memory of general readers any recollection of that trial. The Salem tragedy will be known to posterity only as Webster has depicted it. Other able men addressed the jury, but who now can name them? Ever will our imagination be haunted with the vision of that white-haired old man, lying in peaceful slumber, and of the assassin as he stealthily creeps through the moonlit apartments, 'now in glimmer and now in gloom.'

The orator, indeed, like the poet, may, in a certain sense, be said to be a creator. The materials may be ready to his hand, but he must give them shape and symmetry. He is to clothe the skeleton with flesh, to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life, and send it forth, a Venus, the perfection of feminine grace, or an Apollo, radiant with manly beauty. In his mouth words have a power which they have not in the mouths of other men. Does he speak to you of the wrongs inflicted by some hard-hearted oppressor, your brow grows black with rage. Does he tell of the misery endured by some poor patient man, the tears are dropping unawares from your eyes. Is he describing a transaction in a distant place, it is passing before you. The past gives up its dead at his bidding. The dim shadows of the future become life-like and real. He sees deeper than other men into the heart of man. He is better able to distinguish between what is peculiar to the individual and what is com-

who have something at stake. Most men are too busy to spend much time in witnessing the ordinary displays of legal gladiatorship. But our courts of justice are by no means entirely deserted. Scarcely any cause is so dull that some are not attracted to listen; and certainly, the causes that come before our juries are oftentimes of the very highest importance. Not only the property, the liberty, and the lives of individuals depend upon their decisions, but principles are then settled involving the welfare of communities, and the preservation of government.

Hume has somewhere said, that among a rude people the judicial is of more consequence than the legislative power. This remark may with greater truth be made of a people far advanced in civilization, where the laws have become so complicated that an accurate knowledge of them can only be obtained by the labor of years. With us, the people and the law-makers are one. So long as our present form of government remains, the citizen will find nothing oppressive in the letter of the law. It is in the application of the law to individual cases; in the exercise of that license of discretion necessarily vested in the judge, that the danger lies. The day of legislative tyranny has passed by. The highest executive officer in the government cannot take a dollar from the poor man's pocket without an equivalent. Nor can judges now imprison without trial and execute without conviction. If men would tyrannize over their fellows, they must do it under the forms of law. The power to oppress has changed hands, and the interpreter of the law has become more powerful than its maker. He is to decide upon its meaning, and can give it such construction as will best suit his own purposes. In the vast abyss of precedents he will ever be able to find those that will give him a show of authority for what he wishes to do, and can shelter himself from impeachment behind subtle technical distinctions. In fine, there is no man in the State who can so trample on the rights of others as an able, unscrupulous judge.

That the great power thus entrusted to our judiciary has in our time rarely been abused, we readily admit. The fact is honorable alike to the judges and to our age. Many causes have concurred to produce it, and perhaps not the least potent is the voice of public opinion, which is not entirely unheard in the halls of justice. But however learned and upright the judges may be, their tremendous power to do mischief, if they be so disposed, is indisputable. They say even to the omnipotence of our national and state legislatures, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.'

If then it be true, that in no former age has the judiciary occupied so high a rank amidst the departments of government; that never before were so many questions affecting not only individuals but nations subjected to its decision; we may reasonably expect that the displays of the advocate will be more brilliant and effective, as the sphere of his exertions becomes wider. It certainly must be attributable to himself that his forensic efforts have neither present

interest nor permanent value. The stimuli of an exciting theme, and an attentive audience, are rarely wanting.

It would be preposterous to deny that a large class of litigated cases affords but little scope for displays of oratorical ability. No art of counsel can dignify them or render them attractive. Yet we know that many of the forensic arguments of antiquity, which have been handed down to us as perfect models of this species of composition, were spoken on occasions that excited no great degree of public interest. Of them we must say, *materiem reponabat opus*. It is the perfection of the style, the felicity of the arrangement, and the harmony of the parts, that chiefly commend them to our admiration. The occasions that gave them birth passed away with the other passing events of the hour; but they are imperishable. There is the vitality of genius in them. We see every where the master-hand of the orator. The assassination of a nobleman was not so uncommon an occurrence at Rome as to excite greater alarm and indignation than the murder of a respectable citizen among ourselves; but where is the Cicero that shall embalm even the minutest details in his immortal words, and transmit them to posterity; to rouse the anger, or to move the compassion of the reader in the remotest land, and through all time?

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mon to the race; and hence his words have an interest long after the events which gave them their origin have passed away and been forgotten. Let such a man speak upon ever so humble a theme, and all within the sound of his voice are irresistibly attracted to listen. His logic may be bad, his rhetoric rude, his manner uncouth; but there is some secret power, some indefinable charm, which we can bring to the test of no analysis, and whose presence we only recognize when it has become too late to resist; when we are its captives, fettered and helpless.

If what we have said be true, it is sufficiently apparent that there is nothing in the character of judicial tribunals, or in the nature of the subjects discussed before them, that satisfactorily accounts for the dearth of forensic orators. Perhaps we may say that the question is answered, when we remember that Nature cannot be forced to bestow her gifts; that as Greece had but one Demosthenes, and Rome but one Cicero, we must now patiently wait for the hour and the man.

In estimating the merits of forensic orators it is necessary that we understand the nature of forensic eloquence. Its peculiar province should be definitely marked out. The advocate, in addressing a jury, occupies a very different position from him who addresses a popular or a deliberative assembly. He is speaking to a body of men too small to be affected by that contagious sympathy which oftentimes produces such wonderful results upon men when collected together in masses. They are sitting before him as judges, and judges too of a simple matter of fact. In the result they have no personal interest. It is but rarely that an effective appeal to their passions can be made. Little use can be made of those vague but customary phrases which so powerfully affect the feelings of the partisan and devotee. The point at issue is usually a simple and definite one, and the relevancy or irrelevancy of an argument is easily seen. They are not to decide whether certain general propositions be true or false. They are not to deal with general principles, but with facts. Hence the sphere of the advocate is narrow and circumscribed, and he can show only the acuteness, not the depth and the comprehensiveness, of his intellect.

Among the most important qualities of the advocate must be ranked that of making a clear statement of facts. He who is unable to do this can never be successful at the bar. But he is to do something more. Amidst the multitude of circumstances he must select those which are the most favorable for his purposes, and bringing them prominently into view, keep as much as possible all others out of sight. Here there is room for the exercise of the greatest subtilty. The facts are all before the jury. The advocate cannot, like the historian, totally suppress such as make against himself. Hume's defence of the Stuarts, admirable as it is, could never have produced conviction in the mind of one who was thoroughly acquainted with the history of that dynasty. He told his readers but a part of what he knew, and so told even that, as to produce the effect of an absolute falsehood. It is by the skilful

arrangement, and not by the total suppression of facts, that the advocate accomplishes his purpose.

No one who has ever been present in our courts can have failed to observe what great advantage this power of stating clearly, and arranging skilfully, gives to him who possesses it. A great number of witnesses have been examined, and their testimony, consisting partly of opinion and partly of fact, comprising a thousand minute particulars, often discrepant and sometimes directly contradictory, is to be harmonized, and formed into a consistent whole. At the same time evidence is to be weighed against evidence. Comparisons are to be made respecting the credibility of witnesses, and the bearing of apparently trivial circumstances is to be ascertained. This process, difficult as it is, even where ample time has been given for collation and arrangement, becomes doubly so when all this mass of testimony is to be presented to the jury upon the instant, and not only perspicuously stated, but stated in such a manner that while every thing favorable is placed distinctly before them, every thing unfavorable is kept in the back-ground. In tracing the connection of the parts, the unity of the whole must not be lost sight of, nor so much time given to the details, that we cannot see the design except by laboriously joining together the fragments. Nothing but the greatest quickness of perception, a memory both retentive and ready, and the ability to perceive at a glance the bearings of facts, can prevent the advocate from becoming embarrassed by the intricate details; and in consequence, wearying the jury with the mention of unimportant particulars, and confusing them by the involved and perplexed nature of his comments.

Closely connected with this power of clear statement is another scarcely less important, that of graphic description. Minute portraiture of character is impossible. The advocate cannot balance qualities by the hour, weighing in opposite scales with scrupulous accuracy the virtues and vices of the man he is describing. A single stroke must take the place of a thousand delicate touches. He speaks the mystical word, and the heart of the man lies open before us. Another seeks in vain for the charm, and fatigues every body with his catalogue of lifeless epithets. What is true in describing character, is also true in describing events. Yet few men excel in both kinds of description. No man paints character better than Clarendon, and no historian so utterly fails in letting us know what his heroes did. It is difficult to say in what the latter power consists. It is not in the mere selection of terms. In the one case the words raise within us no definite conception. Like windows of ground-glass, they are opaque, and allow nothing to be seen through them. We see the glass, but we see nothing beyond it. In the latter, they are clear and transparent. We look not at them, but at the landscape that lies beyond. They become what they originally were, the very pictures of our thoughts. Like Rebecca relating to the wounded knight the incidents of the fight, the advocate must seize on the prominent features, and, sketching them vividly, leave the imagination to fill up the outlines.

The successful advocate must also be a man of quick sensibility. He must, for the time being, place himself in the situation of his client. To many men this is impossible. Cold and unimpassioned, the joys or sorrows of others produce in them but little emotion. By one of this temperament, the wrongs of his client are described with an unruffled countenance and an unfaltering voice.

It is doubtless true that a man of enlarged mind can feel no very deep interest in the result of many of those disputes which seem to the immediate parties of the very highest consequence. Yet it is equally true that he who can most completely identify himself with his client, will be most successful. It does not necessarily follow that the advocate must use the same language that his client would use. What would seem very natural and proper in the mouth of the latter, would seem unnatural and forced if spoken by the former. As the smallest object held close to the eye appears of vast size, so every thing connected with our own interest assumes an importance entirely disproportioned to its real value. To the poor man the robbery of his hen-roost is of far more consequence than the overthrow of a distant empire. Nor would he think the most glowing language misapplied in the description of his loss. The more just the advocate's perception of the relative value of things, the quicker his sense of the ridiculous, the less inclined will he be to sympathize with his client, and to indulge in that inflated style which the latter would himself use. Hence he may appear to the parties interested, cold and indifferent, when in fact he has adopted the only course that would save him from the open ridicule of the court and jury.

Perhaps no man ever entered more entirely into the feelings of his client than Erskine. The fear of compromising his dignity, by appearing deeply interested in trivial matters, he never felt. Without passing over the limits prescribed by good taste, he was ever earnest and impassioned. This warmth and sensibility, while they gave him that influence over a jury which earnestness always exerts, preserved him from those mere oratorical displays which men of colder temperaments are apt to make. In all his pleadings, he never introduces a topic to show his own learning or eloquence. There is no brilliant declamation, composed in the closet, and thrown in for the purpose of exciting the admiration of the audience. Every thing seems naturally to arise from the subject, and tends to help forward the argument. He speaks just as he would have spoken had he been arguing his own cause; never using those gaudy decorations, or seeking those fanciful illustrations, which suggest themselves only to the cool and indifferent mind. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast in this respect, between him and Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James, when at the bar, never lost sight of himself. Between himself and his client there was a great gulf fixed, which he never could bridge over. His famous oration in behalf of Mr. Petien was a learned, ingenious, and in some parts an eloquent performance; but much of it would have found quite as appropriate a place in his *Lectures on the Laws of Nations*. So

within doors and without all those varieties of juvenile frolics and pastimes which have attended the system of popular instruction from the time of the first academician; and the ear of the passer-by was at all times agreeably entertained with the hum of infantile voices rehearsing that most difficult of all lessons, the alphabet. Now and then from the inner sanctum or closet, inhabited by a troop of frolicsome rats, might be heard a series of concussions, sounding ominously of birchen-rods and apple-tree switches, which, accompanied with the sound of a young voice pitched to the highest key of opposition and dissent, gave token that some luckless urchin was undergoing the operation of being pelted by Mr. Nicholas Pelt. In short, our pedagogue, though quite a young man, soon acquired from the boys the appellation of 'Old Nick;' but while the victims of his scholastic fury regarded him a very devil in human form, the good matrons of the village canonized him as a second Solomon; a distinction which he merited, at least in the observance of the proverbial injunction, 'spare not the rod;' an interpolation in Holy Writ, as we have whilom thought, that is more honored in the breach than the observance.

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 By him I swear, who to our knowledge gave  
 The fount of Nature's ever-flowing wave,



The great quaternion.\* Suppliantly ask  
 Of God a blessing; then approach thy task.  
 Master these precepts, and thy liberal ken  
 Shall scan the essence both of gods and men,  
 Their reach and limits; and thine eyes shall see  
 Nature in all alike, all harmony.  
 No baffled hope shall then extort thy sighs,  
 Or aught escape thy penetrating eyes.  
 Thou 'lt see the self-wrought sorrows of thy kind,  
 To blessings nigh them obstinately blind.  
 Few find the path of exit from their wo;  
 But deaf, Fate-frenzied, onward still they go.  
 Like balls unstable, here and there they roll,  
 While woes unnumbered fasten on the soul.  
 For ever by their side stands fatal Strife,  
 Grows with their growth, and desolates their life.  
 Great Jove! from what sad ills would men be free,  
 Did all but know their state and destiny!

But courage, thou! from Heaven our being springs;  
 To us great Nature shows her treasured things.  
 If these be thine, upon my words repose,  
 And save thy spirit from these mortal woes.  
 Eschew unhallowed meats, once more I urge,  
 Whether the body or the soul thou 'dst purge,  
 On Action's car, throughout thy whole career,  
 Let Knowledge sit—life's noblest charioteer.  
 Then from this clay thou 'lt soar to yon free sky,  
 A deathless god, endiadem'd on high.

## FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It seems not a little strange, at first thought, that the speeches of so few of the eminent members of the bar have been collected and published in a distinct form. Even including those of *Erskine*, we doubt whether the whole would amount to a dozen volumes. Whoever possesses a copy of the English State Trials will find in it by far the most complete collection to be found in our language. It certainly may well excite surprise that a profession so numerous, many of whose members both in England and in this country stand in the foremost rank of distinguished men, and who seem compelled almost perforce to be orators, should have given so little to the world that is worthy of preservation. To what cause is this to be attributed? Not, surely, to any want of talent, nor to any defects of education. Nor is the answer sometimes given, that the public in general feel little interest in the proceedings of judicial tribunals, satisfactory. We readily admit that the great majority of civil cases are not very attractive, except to the profession, and to those

\* QUATERNION. A mysterious term, generally understood to mean the four co-operative elements—fire, air, earth, and water.

who have something at stake. Most men are too busy to spend much time in witnessing the ordinary displays of legal gladiatorship. But our courts of justice are by no means entirely deserted. Scarcely any cause is so dull that some are not attracted to listen; and certainly, the causes that come before our juries are oftentimes of the very highest importance. Not only the property, the liberty, and the lives of individuals depend upon their decisions, but principles are then settled involving the welfare of communities, and the preservation of government.

Hume has somewhere said, that among a rude people the judicial is of more consequence than the legislative power. This remark may with greater truth be made of a people far advanced in civilization, where the laws have become so complicated that an accurate knowledge of them can only be obtained by the labor of years. With us, the people and the law-makers are one. So long as our present form of government remains, the citizen will find nothing oppressive in the letter of the law. It is in the application of the law to individual cases; in the exercise of that license of discretion necessarily vested in the judge, that the danger lies. The day of legislative tyranny has passed by. The highest executive officer in the government cannot take a dollar from the poor man's pocket without an equivalent. Nor can judges now imprison without trial and execute without conviction. If men would tyrannize over their fellows, they must do it under the forms of law. The power to oppress has changed hands, and the interpreter of the law has become more powerful than its maker. He is to decide upon its meaning, and can give it such construction as will best suit his own purposes. In the vast abyss of precedents he will ever be able to find those that will give him a show of authority for what he wishes to do, and can shelter himself from impeachment behind subtle technical distinctions. In fine, there is no man in the State who can so trample on the rights of others as an able, unscrupulous judge.

That the great power thus entrusted to our judiciary has in our time rarely been abused, we readily admit. The fact is honorable alike to the judges and to our age. Many causes have concurred to produce it, and perhaps not the least potent is the voice of public opinion, which is not entirely unheard in the halls of justice. But however learned and upright the judges may be, their tremendous power to do mischief, if they be so disposed, is indisputable. They say even to the omnipotence of our national and state legislatures, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.'

If then it be true, that in no former age has the judiciary occupied so high a rank amidst the departments of government; that never before were so many questions affecting not only individuals but nations subjected to its decision; we may reasonably expect that the displays of the advocate will be more brilliant and effective, as the sphere of his exertions becomes wider. It certainly must be attributable to himself that his forensic efforts have neither present

interest nor permanent value. The stimuli of an exciting theme, and an attentive audience, are rarely wanting.

It would be preposterous to deny that a large class of litigated cases affords but little scope for displays of oratorical ability. No art of counsel can dignify them or render them attractive. Yet we know that many of the forensic arguments of antiquity, which have been handed down to us as perfect models of this species of composition, were spoken on occasions that excited no great degree of public interest. Of them we must say, *materiem reponabat opus*. It is the perfection of the style, the felicity of the arrangement, and the harmony of the parts, that chiefly commend them to our admiration. The occasions that gave them birth passed away with the other passing events of the hour; but they are imperishable. There is the vitality of genius in them. We see every where the master-hand of the orator. The assassination of a nobleman was not so uncommon an occurrence at Rome as to excite greater alarm and indignation than the murder of a respectable citizen among ourselves; but where is the Cicero that shall embalm even the minutest details in his immortal words, and transmit them to posterity; to rouse the anger, or to move the compassion of the reader in the remotest land, and through all time?

If we refer to the speeches of eminent modern lawyers, we shall find that our interest in what they said is mainly owing to themselves, and not to any extrinsic circumstances. When Erskine made his maiden argument, four others had spoken before him on the same side; and these, too, the most distinguished lawyers of that time; yet their words perished with the breath that gave them utterance, and his alone have preserved in the memory of general readers any recollection of that trial. The Salem tragedy will be known to posterity only as Webster has depicted it. Other able men addressed the jury, but who now can name them? Ever will our imagination be haunted with the vision of that white-haired old man, lying in peaceful slumber, and of the assassin as he stealthily creeps through the moonlit apartments, 'now in glimmer and now in gloom.'

The orator, indeed, like the poet, may, in a certain sense, be said to be a creator. The materials may be ready to his hand, but he must give them shape and symmetry. He is to clothe the skeleton with flesh, to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life, and send it forth, a Venus, the perfection of feminine grace, or an Apollo, radiant with manly beauty. In his mouth words have a power which they have not in the mouths of other men. Does he speak to you of the wrongs inflicted by some hard-hearted oppressor, your brow grows black with rage. Does he tell of the misery endured by some poor patient man, the tears are dropping unawares from your eyes. Is he describing a transaction in a distant place, it is passing before you. The past gives up its dead at his bidding. The dim shadows of the future become life-like and real. He sees deeper than other men into the heart of man. He is better able to distinguish between what is peculiar to the individual and what is com-

mon to the race; and hence his words have an interest long after the events which gave them their origin have passed away and been forgotten. Let such a man speak upon ever so humble a theme, and all within the sound of his voice are irresistibly attracted to listen. His logic may be bad, his rhetoric rude, his manner uncouth; but there is some secret power, some indefinable charm, which we can bring to the test of no analysis, and whose presence we only recognize when it has become too late to resist; when we are its captives, fettered and helpless.

If what we have said be true, it is sufficiently apparent that there is nothing in the character of judicial tribunals, or in the nature of the subjects discussed before them, that satisfactorily accounts for the dearth of forensic orators. Perhaps we may say that the question is answered, when we remember that Nature cannot be forced to bestow her gifts; that as Greece had but one Demosthenes, and Rome but one Cicero, we must now patiently wait for the hour and the man.

In estimating the merits of forensic orators it is necessary that we understand the nature of forensic eloquence. Its peculiar province should be definitely marked out. The advocate, in addressing a jury, occupies a very different position from him who addresses a popular or a deliberative assembly. He is speaking to a body of men too small to be affected by that contagious sympathy which oftentimes produces such wonderful results upon men when collected together in masses. They are sitting before him as judges, and judges too of a simple matter of fact. In the result they have no personal interest. It is but rarely that an effective appeal to their passions can be made. Little use can be made of those vague but customary phrases which so powerfully affect the feelings of the partisan and devotee. The point at issue is usually a simple and definite one, and the relevancy or irrelevancy of an argument is easily seen. They are not to decide whether certain general propositions be true or false. They are not to deal with general principles, but with facts. Hence the sphere of the advocate is narrow and circumscribed, and he can show only the acuteness, not the depth and the comprehensiveness, of his intellect.

Among the most important qualities of the advocate must be ranked that of making a clear statement of facts. He who is unable to do this can never be successful at the bar. But he is to do something more. Amidst the multitude of circumstances he must select those which are the most favorable for his purposes, and bringing them prominently into view, keep as much as possible all others out of sight. Here there is room for the exercise of the greatest subtilty. The facts are all before the jury. The advocate cannot, like the historian, totally suppress such as make against himself. Hume's defence of the Stuarts, admirable as it is, could never have produced conviction in the mind of one who was thoroughly acquainted with the history of that dynasty. He told his readers but a part of what he knew, and so told even that, as to produce the effect of an absolute falsehood. It is by the skilful

arrangement, and not by the total suppression of facts, that the advocate accomplishes his purpose.

No one who has ever been present in our courts can have failed to observe what great advantage this power of stating clearly, and arranging skilfully, gives to him who possesses it. A great number of witnesses have been examined, and their testimony, consisting partly of opinion and partly of fact, comprising a thousand minute particulars, often discrepant and sometimes directly contradictory, is to be harmonized, and formed into a consistent whole. At the same time evidence is to be weighed against evidence. Comparisons are to be made respecting the credibility of witnesses, and the bearing of apparently trivial circumstances is to be ascertained. This process, difficult as it is, even where ample time has been given for collation and arrangement, becomes doubly so when all this mass of testimony is to be presented to the jury upon the instant, and not only perspicuously stated, but stated in such a manner that while every thing favorable is placed distinctly before them, every thing unfavorable is kept in the back-ground. In tracing the connection of the parts, the unity of the whole must not be lost sight of, nor so much time given to the details, that we cannot see the design except by laboriously joining together the fragments. Nothing but the greatest quickness of perception, a memory both retentive and ready, and the ability to perceive at a glance the bearings of facts, can prevent the advocate from becoming embarrassed by the intricate details; and in consequence, wearying the jury with the mention of unimportant particulars, and confusing them by the involved and perplexed nature of his comments.

Closely connected with this power of clear statement is another scarcely less important, that of graphic description. Minute portraiture of character is impossible. The advocate cannot balance qualities by the hour, weighing in opposite scales with scrupulous accuracy the virtues and vices of the man he is describing. A single stroke must take the place of a thousand delicate touches. He speaks the mystical word, and the heart of the man lies open before us. Another seeks in vain for the charm, and fatigues every body with his catalogue of lifeless epithets. What is true in describing character, is also true in describing events. Yet few men excel in both kinds of description. No man paints character better than Clarendon, and no historian so utterly fails in letting us know what his heroes did. It is difficult to say in what the latter power consists. It is not in the mere selection of terms. In the one case the words raise within us no definite conception. Like windows of ground-glass, they are opaque, and allow nothing to be seen through them. We see the glass, but we see nothing beyond it. In the latter, they are clear and transparent. We look not at them, but at the landscape that lies beyond. They become what they originally were, the very pictures of our thoughts. Like Rebecca relating to the wounded knight the incidents of the fight, the advocate must seize on the prominent features, and, sketching them vividly, leave the imagination to fill up the outlines.

The successful advocate must also be a man of quick sensibility. He must, for the time being, place himself in the situation of his client. To many men this is impossible. Cold and unimpassioned, the joys or sorrows of others produce in them but little emotion. By one of this temperament, the wrongs of his client are described with an unruffled countenance and an unflinching voice.

It is doubtless true that a man of enlarged mind can feel no very deep interest in the result of many of those disputes which seem to the immediate parties of the very highest consequence. Yet it is equally true that he who can most completely identify himself with his client, will be most successful. It does not necessarily follow that the advocate must use the same language that his client would use. What would seem very natural and proper in the mouth of the latter, would seem unnatural and forced if spoken by the former. As the smallest object held close to the eye appears of vast size, so every thing connected with our own interest assumes an importance entirely disproportioned to its real value. To the poor man the robbery of his hen-roost is of far more consequence than the overthrow of a distant empire. Nor would he think the most glowing language misapplied in the description of his loss. The more just the advocate's perception of the relative value of things, the quicker his sense of the ridiculous, the less inclined will he be to sympathize with his client, and to indulge in that inflated style which the latter would himself use. Hence he may appear to the parties interested, cold and indifferent, when in fact he has adopted the only course that would save him from the open ridicule of the court and jury.

Perhaps no man ever entered more entirely into the feelings of his client than Erskine. The fear of compromising his dignity, by appearing deeply interested in trivial matters, he never felt. Without passing over the limits prescribed by good taste, he was ever earnest and impassioned. This warmth and sensibility, while they gave him that influence over a jury which earnestness always exerts, preserved him from those mere oratorical displays which men of colder temperaments are apt to make. In all his pleadings, he never introduces a topic to show his own learning or eloquence. There is no brilliant declamation, composed in the closet, and thrown in for the purpose of exciting the admiration of the audience. Every thing seems naturally to arise from the subject, and tends to help forward the argument. He speaks just as he would have spoken had he been arguing his own cause; never using those gaudy decorations, or seeking those fanciful illustrations, which suggest themselves only to the cool and indifferent mind. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast in this respect, between him and Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James, when at the bar, never lost sight of himself. Between himself and his client there was a great gulf fixed, which he never could bridge over. His famous oration in behalf of Mr. Petien was a learned, ingenious, and in some parts an eloquent performance; but much of it would have found quite as appropriate a place in his *Lectures on the Laws of Nations*. So



little connection had it with the immediate subject matter of the prosecution, that Mr. Petien is said to have complained bitterly that he was sacrificed to the personal vanity of the advocate.

There is, it must be confessed, something a little ludicrous in the spectacle of a man pleading with the greatest vehemence and energy in defence of those interests which he would have attacked with equal vehemence and energy had he been retained upon the other side. To superficial observers this earnestness and apparent conviction of the goodness of his cause seem feigned. Yet we see no reason to doubt that in the great majority of cases he is perfectly sincere. He acts under the guidance of a principle which governs to a greater or less degree the conduct of every man. Every day men argue in support of opinions which they have adopted without mature consideration. He who strives to convince another of the truth of any proposition, however unsuccessfully, almost always ends by convincing himself. Many a religious and political disputant has become, by the force of his own reasoning, a convert to those doctrines which he at first defended only in sport. With the advocate it is a matter of entire indifference which side he espouses. Nor can this indifference be charged upon him as a serious offence; it is but rarely possible for him to know in advance the merits or demerits of his cause; and when, by the examination of witnesses, the facts fully appear, his feelings are then too much enlisted to allow him to weigh the arguments with impartiality. Like the soldier on the battle-field, he is but illy fitted, in the ardor of the contest, for a calm investigation whether it is not possible that he may be fighting on the wrong side.

With the judge the case is entirely different. He sits as a moderator; one who moderates and restrains the warmth of the contending parties. It is his duty to sum up impartially and dispassionately the arguments on both sides. There is no sight in the universe of greater moral sublimity than that of an able, upright, and impartial judge, sitting in the seat of judgment. His clear and capacious intellect disentangles the most complicated and intricate questions. He penetrates at a glance through the subtle sophistries of the advocate. With a word he dissipates the spell which his ingenious and seemingly unanswerable reasoning has thrown over the minds of the jury. He lifts the veil from successful villainy, and illumines the darkest recesses of crime with a flood of light. Persecuted innocence reposes at his feet in safety.\* The high and the low, the rich and the poor, in his sight, as in the sight of the great Judge, are all equal. It is not he himself that speaks. It is the law that speaks through him. The words fall from his calm and passionless lips as from the lips of a marble statue. Human sympathy and feeling he puts far from him, as delaying or diverting the free course of justice. He ceases to be a mere man. He is the impersonation of law. We stand before him as in the presence of a divine Power, an oracle of God, whose voice is uttering the decrees of infinite Wisdom.

It is not solely by the strength of his reasoning or the force of his

eloquence that the advocate persuades the jury. They have like other men their prejudices and prepossessions, often strong in proportion as they are unreasonable; these must be understood and humored. Their modes of thought, depending upon their pursuits, their position in society, their degree of intellectual cultivation, are to be carefully studied; their countenances, their dress, their attitudes must be attentively noticed. He who passes these by as matters of little moment will often find himself defeated by an opponent far his inferior in learning and ability, but who better understands the character of the persons whom he is addressing. The contrivances of counsel to obtain the good-will of the jury are sometimes very ingenious and amusing. It was said, by an eminent lawyer in one of the Eastern States, when speaking of a learned brother, that the latter had the advantage of him in one respect. He was in the habit of using tobacco, and when engaged in his argument would turn to some prominent jurymen who was a lover of the weed, and in an off-hand, familiar way, ask him for a quid. The jurymen, flattered at finding such a similarity of tastes and habits between himself and the dignified counsel, would follow the example, and the good impression made on his mind was not unfrequently transferred from the advocate to his cause. Even so eminent an orator as Patrick Henry did not disdain to have recourse to vulgar phrases and vulgar modes of pronunciation, to gain the favorable ear of the illiterate; and Miss Martineau relates, that Webster, at the trial of the Knapps, made careful inquiries into the dispositions and pursuits of those to whom he was about to speak.

Juries often complain, and with great justice, of the tediousness and prolixity of the speeches to which they are obliged to listen. However wearied they may be, they can express their dissatisfaction only in dumb show. Coughing and stamping, and the other well known means, to which other audiences resort to drive away oratorical bores, are forbidden to them. So long as the advocate shall choose to speak to them, they cannot choose but hear. Something perhaps should be ascribed to the prejudices of clients, who estimate the goodness of speeches by their length, and who think that their interests have been neglected because little has been said about them. It should, however, be borne in mind, that although the hearer may be convinced very early in the trial, yet it is impossible that the speaker should know that he is so convinced. He is bound by his duty to present all the arguments that he can think of, even at the risk of wearying those whose opinions are already formed. But for the sins of tautology and repetition, which are so common in congress, as well as at the bar, there is no excuse.

Of all the eminent lawyers of this country, Aaron Burr was most distinguished for his power of condensation. Even when replying to a speech of Alexander Hamilton, (no illogical reasoner,) which had occupied near six hours in its delivery, he spoke only for an hour and a half. He never sacrificed his logic to his rhetoric. Metaphors, similes, and illustrations of all kinds, he unsparingly



rejected, when they contributed nothing to the force of his argument. In every thing he said, he aimed at an energetic brevity. Strike out a single word from one of his sentences and, like an arch that has lost its key-stone, the whole fabric falls. It may indeed be questioned whether he did not carry his love of brevity to excess, and did not fall into the error of clothing his thoughts in so plain and unadorned a dress as to render them distasteful to uncultivated minds.

In what we have said, we have had reference solely to arguments before juries. Arguments before judges on technical points of law require talents of a very different order. No knowledge of human nature is required. There is no necessity for graphic descriptions. Brilliancy of imagination and warmth of coloring are but stumbling-blocks in the advocate's way. There is no dispute about the facts. It is the knowledge of precedents, the power of making subtle distinctions, the vigor of the logic, that we now seek. The ability to make comprehensive generalizations, which, regardless of the letter of statutes and precedents, shall be true to their spirit, is indispensable. The most perfect precision in the use of terms is demanded, and no graces of language can supply the want of accurate definitions. Tropes and figures would be here as much out of place as in the demonstrations of Euclid. The aridity of Littleton is preferable to the gorgeous imagery of Burke. The end indeed is persuasion, but it is persuasion through the understanding.

From what has been said, it is plain that there is little room for comparison between the eloquence of the bar and the eloquence of the senate and pulpit. The merits of the forensic orator are peculiarly his own. Those qualities which most attract the admiration of the world are by no means those which most conduce to his success in his own proper sphere. It is the quick and acute, not the philosophical and comprehensive intellect, that acquires distinction at the bar. An Erskine succeeds where a Burke would fail. A Coke takes precedence of a Bacon. The inevitable effect of reasoning day by day upon a great multitude of insulated facts, is to narrow the mind and render it more and more incapable of those general classifications which are the boast and glory of philosophy. Were the study of the law pursued as it should be; the student, looking at precedents but as the exponents of principles; separating that which has its origin in accident or caprice and is therefore mutable and temporary, from that which is founded in the nature of man, and is therefore permanent and unchanging; understanding as well the scope of the whole as the practical working of the parts; in a word, regarding law as the science of legislation; it would, in Burke's words, 'be the noblest of all sciences.' That it will be so studied, except by here and there some master mind, we have no reason to expect or to hope. Most will be satisfied when they have found a case in point, and *sic ita lex* terminates all further investigation. If, indeed, law books and reports continue to multiply with the same appalling rapidity that they have done for a few years

past, it will be absolutely impossible for the most powerful mind to do more than master the details. To look for stability and permanence in our jurisprudence, is to look for fixed landmarks among the shifting sand-hills of the desert. The last legislature outruns the acts of its predecessor. The last volume of Reports can alone be looked upon as settling what is the existing law. So long as this shall continue, the great body of our lawyers will be acute practitioners and but little more. Preëminent in their own department, they will make but little figure out of it. Ceasing to be learned and intellectual men, standing forth in the full development of all their faculties, and enriched with the treasures of all knowledge, they will sink to be mere professional drudges. This is to some extent already the case. We see the man of most profound professional learning, ignorant even of the elements of literature and philosophy, and boastful in his ignorance. We see the man of what is called 'business habits' arrogating to himself a superiority over those, the extent of whose knowledge is, as compared to his, like the ocean to the smallest island that sleeps upon its bosom. We see Congress filled with third and fourth rate men. But the evil will in time cure itself. From the very womb of darkness will spring forth light. The innumerable dark, winding passages which lead to the temples of justice will give place to plainer paths. The axe of reform will hue down the venerable trees which have so long shaded the recesses, and will let in the clear light of day. When this has been done, when law shall cease to be an art and become a science, then will our country find among the members of the profession her greatest ornaments.

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N I G H T M U S I N G S .

'T is when the countless, glittering eyes of Night  
 Peep through her sombre veil ; 'neath their pale light,  
 When in their thirsty chalices the flowers  
 Gather her tears ; when the sad, silent hours,  
 With their dark shadowy robes about them cast,  
 Join their eventful periods to the past ;  
 That the full thoughts of the o'er-teeming brain  
 Ask of the mystic Future questions vain  
 And answerless ; and wildly, madly burn  
 To turn aside the impervious veil, and learn  
 What destiny is ours. What broken dreams  
 Of hopes fulfilled, and sudden, fitful gleams  
 Of joyous happiness, of deep delight  
 That earth can never know ; what visions bright  
 Fill the wrapt mind, till it forgets its chain  
 And soars to Heaven. Down, down again  
 To earth ! — back to thy passing years !  
 Back to thy couch of thorns, thy fount of tears !  
 Back to thy worldly hopes and keen desires !  
 Back to ambition's heart-consuming fires !  
 Oh ! Human Mind ! in vain thy wild thoughts turn  
 To where the far-off spheres for ever roll and burn !

## T H E   S O N   O F   N A P O L E O N .

FROM THE ITALIAN.

SHINE not on *him*, thou blazing star!  
 Away! ye burning thoughts of war!  
 Be hushed each song, each fervid story,  
 That speaketh of his country's glory;  
 Reveal not his ignoble doom—  
 Nought but a cradle and a tomb!  
 Oh! hide for ever from the son  
 The glorious deeds his sire hath done.  
 Breathe not a whisper of the throne,  
 The conquests, or the exile lone,  
 Of *him* o'er whom the stormy deep  
 Trembled its fearful watch to keep!

Son of the exile! who can say  
 What laboring thoughts thy breast would sway,  
 When lost in musings on the fate  
 Of mighty heroes, empires great;  
 A vision of the days gone by  
 Has flashed upon thy mental eye!  
 In long array, before thee rise  
 The triumphs vast, the victories;  
 The sudden fall, the broken might,  
 The sad defeat, the hurried flight,  
 Of *him* to whom 't was given to know  
 The height of power, the depth of woe;  
 The sceptred monarch of the West,  
 An exile, lonely and oppressed.

Oh! many, when *thy* voice they heard,  
 Could fondly trace in every word  
 A loved, a well-remembered tone,  
 An echo of a voice now gone.  
 That voice which o'er the earth resounded,  
 That voice which monarchs heard astounded.

As the proud eagle's noble brood  
 In his dark prison's solitude,  
 Still through his grated bars, will gaze  
 Upon the sun's meridian blaze,  
 And longs to wing his rapid flight  
 Up to that glorious orb of light;  
 Even so his ardent, lofty soul,  
 Panted to burst the base control  
 Which in inglorious ease confined  
 The soarings of his fervid mind.  
 He pined to share the toil of life,  
 The rush, the tumult, and the strife;  
 The alternations of a fate  
 Which grief and peril render great;  
 A life which over danger towers,  
 Which sorrow gifts with nobler powers.  
 Alas! the prisoner strove in vain  
 To burst his bonds, to loose his chain;  
 And since to him 't was not allowed  
 With lofty step and bearing proud  
 To trace o'er earth, with soul undaunted,  
 The footsteps by his father planted:

Upon its kind maternal breast  
 He longed his weary head to rest;  
 And by the might of silent years  
 Of grief, that scorned complaint and tears,  
 Consuming by a slow decay,  
 The spirit wore his frame away,  
 And all its earthly sorrows past,  
 Perpetual freedom found at last.

Now in the sleep that knows no waking,  
 Poor boy! at length thine eye-lids close;  
 Never, through hostile phalanx breaking,  
 'T was thine to charge thy serried foes;  
 Or mark how bravely onward pressed  
 Thy troops, where shone thy glittering crest,  
 Or proudly rein thy wearied steed,  
 To enjoy of victory the meed.

Oh! as that splendid column\* high  
 Oft meets my sadly-gazing eye,  
 That trophy proud of victory,  
 Crowned by thy father's form,  
 I think of *thee*, so young and fair,  
 Who knew no refuge from despair,  
 But faded at the touch of care,  
 And sank beneath the storm.

R. M. L.

## MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS FLATFELLOW.'

'The privileged part of the community will doubtless derive a certain degree of advantage from the general prosperity of the state: but they will derive a greater from oppression and exaction. . . . In proportion as the number of the governors is increased the evil is diminished. There are fewer to contribute and more to receive. . . . But the interests of the subjects and the rulers never absolutely coincide till the subjects themselves become the rulers.'

MADAME DE STAEL'S ESSAYS.

Two years passed with Rufus in perfecting his plan, before he was prepared to leave his native village. This time was occupied in collecting his forces, such men as he felt willing to associate with himself in his experiment. There were enough who were willing, and anxious to join him, as may be found for any novel enterprise at almost any time in almost any place; and especially for this scheme, where the risk was wholly assumed by himself. It would be matter of little interest to the reader to know who were rejected. Not so with regard to the individuals of the little band about to move with one heart in this new undertaking.

And another important event occurred in these two years; no less an occurrence than the marriage of Rufus to Ruth Welton. This gave new character to the scheme, and added the dignity of husband to the already mature mind of the leader. Philip, his mother, and the blooming Clara, now could not hesitate to join him. Beside

\* The column in the Place Vendôme, Paris.

these was a son of Blake, a young carpenter just through his apprenticeship, and longing to see the world. It was a difficult matter to persuade him to give up his plan of going to the sea-port for employment and to join the association. But it was a prime point with Rufus to secure him that he might save him. He inherited his father's propensities; was of a sanguine temperament, easily excited or depressed; and Rufus saw that his only hope was away from temptation. Few young men of his age equalled him in acquirements; for, beside being an excellent workman he was a musician and fine extempore speaker. So Charles Blake was enlisted, and his word once pledged, his whole mind became interested in the project.

And then there came Gordon Grey, a young blacksmith, the friend of Blake, and much like him in character and tastes. They were both fine, open-hearted fellows, fond of society and amusement, and only a little too careless with whom they associated, for their own good. Nancy Grey, his sister, was admitted into the company, for her father and mother were dead, and her brother would unite in no plan which did not include her. They had suffered together as children, and Nancy still bore the subdued air and downcast eye which every drunkard entails upon his child.

Nor must we forget Moses Stewart and his two brothers, John and Eben, likely young farmers, that they were; bred to love and know the soil; to rise early and see the first beams of every day in the year; the orphan children of an unfortunate father, another name in the sad catalogue of inebriates. These young men were remarkable for size, each one standing over six feet in his stockings. They took after their mother, as the phrase goes, a woman of a thousand, who contrived to save the farm and stock from the lawyers and tavern-keepers, in spite of her husband's excesses. And it is a well known fact that many a day has she worked in the field with her three boys, in getting in the hay, while her husband lay drunk under the fence.

These persons we have named were all that Rufus desired in the outset of his movement. The first of March, 18— was the day appointed for gathering at Meadow Farm. A large and commodious house had in the mean time been erected, but no barns were built, no acre of land had been cleared. Rufus wished to realize an entirely new start in life for himself and those associated with him; to take a place among the bountiful gifts of nature, and throw himself entirely upon the resources of his native energies. And Ruth too was pleased with the idea.

'Every thing we have then, after our first few months of hardships and privation, will be our own in a true sense,' she said.

'Precisely so, my love,' said Rufus, 'and I am almost sorry the house is put up, for we might encamp by the side of our wagons until we could build a log hut; then every thing would be of our own making.'

'We must not forget mother's comfort,' said Ruth.

'By no means, and perhaps it is well as it is; but game is abun-



dant about Landsgrove, and I doubt not we could start successfully if we carried nothing with us by way of provision but powder and ball.'

'Is it well to make difficulties, my children?' said the widow Welton; you will find enough in any situation in which you may be placed, however promising it may appear.'

'No mother,' said Rufus, 'it is not difficulty that we want, but discipline. Here are two young men whose fate in life depends upon what I may do. To say nothing of myself and our dear Ruth, to say nothing of Philip, who has never yet acted independently, I contend that we all need trials to strengthen us; and, I say sincerely, I care not for myself and Ruth, how hard and rough our life is at first in the woods. And I feel certain that if we should go together to a farm already cleared, with every comfort prepared for our reception, to a kind of elegant country residence, we should surely fail in bringing any thing to pass. I therefore wish these young men to feel, that every thing depends upon our own exertions and the blessing of Heaven.'

'I hope you will not pull down the house, to begin with,' said the arch Clara.

'We shall have too much to do in pulling down the forest-trees for that,' said Philip.

'Has William Smith agreed to join us, Mr. Gilbert?' said John Stewart, who was a constant visiter at the widow Welton's cottage, where he would sit for hours silently watching the youngest sister, without taking the least trouble to entertain her; a species of courtship very common in the country, a kind of mesmeric operation, and by no means without its effect upon the heart of woman.

'No; Smith cannot go. The ties that bind him to this place are too strong to be broken; and I do n't know that we ought to try to induce him to leave a place where his name always must have great influence.'

'What influence?' said John, whose mind was so occupied with the vision of Clara, as to be rather obtuse in matters of history.

'Do tell us all the story!' said Clara.

'It can be stated in few words,' said Rufus. 'William Smith claims to be the descendant of the man who first shed his blood for American liberty in this very town. There is no doubt but he is the grandson of a William Smith who was killed in the month of March in the same year of the battle of Lexington, which took place in April following. The tory or New-York party attempted to hold their court in this town; the whigs or Yankee party resisted the attempt, and William Smith was killed in the affray. This was the first blood shed in the cause of liberty in this country, as they aver. Vermont was never behind her sister States in love of liberty and abhorrence of all kinds of slavery, and the story is probably true. Smith would go with us, and we want just such men, but his friends have over-persuaded him.'

One after another of the band dropped in to the cottage until they

were all assembled; for this was the evening when they were to agree upon some rules or adopt some system of government.

It will be recollected that Rufus Gilbert had been induced to this step by no fine-spun theory of others; that it came to his mind as an original thought, the simplest and most obvious way of remedying evils which he had been an unwilling agent in producing; that he wished to restore to the children of those who had been ruined, as he believed, by his father's influence, that property which he and others of his family were, by law, possessed of. He did not even aspire to give a name to his band. He called it not a community or a phalanx; nor did he dream of being the founder of a sect or party, and so adding any importance to himself. Nor is it strange that in carrying out his single idea he should have hit upon a course which has since been the labored production of thought and study by philosophers and philanthropists. 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you.' Seek to be just, merciful, and true, and any man will, in pursuing these great objects, originate plans which the united talent of thousands of ambitious, selfish minds will fail to arrive at. And is it not true, that we gain every thing of real, permanent value not by great and sounding endeavors, which attract the eyes of men, but by silent, faithful obedience to the great laws of love and self-sacrifice which it was the mission of Jesus to proclaim? The pilgrims seek a place where they may worship God, and they establish a great nation; so the poor widow,

'Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
Of this old mendicant, and, from her door  
Returning with exhilarated heart,  
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in Heaven.'

The preamble of the constitution which Rufus had drawn up ran thus: 'We associate ourselves together for mutual improvement and protection; to insure to ourselves and our children the opportunity of mental and religious culture; to strengthen each other in good habits, and to foster temperance, industry, and love one toward another. We hope, by having this one common interest, to avoid the rivalry and competition which causes one man to raise himself at the expense of another's ruin; which makes one man's loss another's gain, and separates instead of uniting men in the social state.

'We recognize the importance of female labor, and admit them to an equal share of the products of the common labor. We lament the injustice which regards woman as a play-thing or a drudge, and shuts her out from participation in the great interests of humanity, by depriving her of all responsibility, or keeping her dependant and poor, by small wages, inadequate to independent action. We believe the object of life to be, not the amassing of property, by means of which the senses may be gratified and love of ease encouraged and indulged, but that we are all born to scenes



and offices of constant labor, and are as much bound to regard the wants of others as our own, when it is in our power to help them; that all our occupations and employments rightly should subserve the growth of the spiritual nature, and that all our necessities when properly viewed and lawfully answered will tend to this result. We believe that all rest and amusement can only be indulged for the sake of fitting the body and mind the more vigorously to fulfil their important duties; that pleasure, engaged in for its own sake, while hundreds and millions of our fellow-creatures are in suffering and in want of one kind or another, is sin. As a family, a band of brothers and sisters, we believe the great pleasure of life is the service of God, by loving one another, and, if no more is in our power, giving a cup of cold water to one fainting fellow-traveller.

The reader will observe a slight tendency to extravagance in the preceding passage; but the writer is convinced this pertains rather to the language than the spirit which glowed in the breast of Rufus Gilbert. We are convinced he had no design of robbing life of its pleasures and amusements, but he wished to infuse into them a new motive and spirit, which should elevate them and give them a double zest by linking them with something useful. And who is there who has not felt a vague sense of dissatisfaction, perhaps more than this, a stinging reproof, but at any rate dissatisfaction, when no object beyond present enjoyment influenced the conduct? Can any one refer back in his experience to a party of pleasure which had not its black cloud? And is it not true that our deepest delight, our hours of bliss, when we feel that our cup of happiness is full, have come to us unsolicited and unexpected, when we were quietly and unostentatiously fulfilling the duties of parent, friend, or citizen?

We could not resist the impulse to give so much of the preamble of the constitution as we found it in the journal at Meadow-Farm, and which we had the liberty granted of copying. We shall not trouble the reader with the minor laws and arrangements agreed upon by our friends, but suffer them to be developed by what follows in our narrative. It is necessary, however, that we should state that all were to share equally in the yearly income of the place, both men and women; that the children of any persons who might be admitted or which should be born to any of the members should receive their support from the common stock, until the time when their education should be completed, when being free they might remain members or otherwise. This singular provision we learned was for the following reasons:

Children until the age of ten are an expense without any offset from their labor; from this age to fourteen, if properly managed, they may be made to earn their own livelihood. From the age of fourteen to eighteen they more than support themselves, and pay back to their parents the expense of their infancy. From this time to the age of twenty-one they are constantly bringing their parents or guardians in their debt; that is, supposing them to labor as the



laws of our constitution require, so that the young man of twenty-one may fairly claim from his parent or guardian something with which to begin the world. The custom has been for ages, to grant this claim. All farmers and master mechanics, when their children or apprentices have been faithful, set them off on the day of their majority with something handsome; and they, if they have been faithful in the discharge of their own duties as guardians, can well afford to do it. If they have been unfaithful, it is due to the son or apprentice as a recompense for their neglect, which, however, they can never make amends for by any amount of money.

Among the other arrangements provision for a school was made, of which Philip Welton was to take charge, a task for which his collegiate education and subsequent hardships at sea on his whaling voyage had well prepared him; for whatever may be said of the dignity of teaching, it must be confessed, that even under the most favorable circumstances, the man who undertakes it will find, that, beside knowledge, he has need of nerves of iron and sensibilities that have been schooled in rubs, mortifications, and mistreatment. He must learn not to wince when the dulness of a boy is set down to his own neglect; nor must he be surprised to find that notoriously troublesome and idle children are placed under his charge in the expectation that, in three or six months, he will turn them into paragons of learning and virtue. He must be prepared to lose his pupils if he throw aside the rod, as inefficient and too easy; and wo be to him if he flog the petted darling of some fond mother, who has never been taught obedience except through the aid of sugar-plums and hard gingerbread.

Nor were the services of religion uncared for. The school-room was for the present to serve as a chapel, and here the members were to read by turn such books as should be thought proper to encourage piety and virtue and perform other services as they might feel inclined. The Bible was recognized as a book of divine instruction by all the members of the family, and the Sabbath as a day to be devoted exclusively to the worship of God; but the bye-laws of the band contained a clause which stated that no one should be censured for opinion's sake upon any subject, political or religious, 'as men have not the control of their opinions, but must follow the course of evidence or argument wherever they may lead.' Laws and regulations concerning opinion always hinge upon some matter 'religious or political,' not because these are only subjects of opinion, but because the world long ago has been agreed to grant to men the liberty of forming their own judgment upon all other topics; but these, happening to be the source of party strife, have been denied the general privilege.

At the risk of being called somewhat tedious, (but it will be borne in mind that we started with no design of writing exciting *stuff*.) we have attempted to give the leading features of Rufus Gilbert's plan of new life in the woods of Landsgrove. These principles were the fruit of much discussion by all members of the band, both male and female, in the cottage of widow Welton, now the home of

Rufus and his wife, and where they were accustomed to meet together to sing, and talk, and pray, becoming from day to day more united and cemented together by the pure bonds of simple and innocent enjoyment.

On this evening the company had dispersed to their several homes, highly pleased with the conclusions they had arrived at. The plan seemed to be taking shape, and they had agreed upon some action, while before, all had been speculation and uncertainty. Rufus sat writing at a table, and Philip was walking up and down the room, rubbing his hands together, and letting fall a spirited remark now and then to his mother and sisters. Ruth, all faith and trust, had quietly resumed her work, and Clara sat dreamily looking into the fire which blazed cheerfully on the hearth.

'Pray lay aside your writing,' said Philip to his friend. 'Come, let us congratulate ourselves that, at last, we are in sight of our haven.'

'Many a good ship, Philip, is wrecked in sight of the harbor. Do not understand me to say that I have any doubt of the truth of our principles; they are based back upon the word of God; for is it not recorded that the first apostles and 'all that believed were together and had all things common?'

'True,' said Philip, 'you need not argue the point with *me*.'

'But you will allow me to argue against myself, that is, against too rash a reliance in what we believe to be true.'

'Explain.'

'I mean that a man cannot always base his success, his immediate success, upon the fact that his principles are true. It may be our part to fail in this enterprise; and through our failure others may succeed. We must show ourselves willing to fail and suffer for the truth, for only by the laying down of life has any great truth been established in the world.'

'If I am enthusiastic you are fanatical,' said Philip.

'I do not say that the sacrifice of life is necessary at this age of the world to establish truth, but I do maintain that we must feel willing to lose even life, if it be necessary, to support ourselves in any course which we deem right. We must have this spirit even if we escape the necessity. I have never been able to see how Christ could have established his doctrines but by dying for them. You know it is esteemed a very difficult question to settle, for what he died. Now is not the sacrifice of self the great feature of his religion? And although he taught this in words, how could he have taught it so effectively, and caused men to believe that it was the earnest sentiment of his being, as by dying on the cross?'

'Then why,' said Philip, 'do you counsel me against too rash a reliance upon the truth?'

'I speak,' answered Rufus, 'of reliance for success. I would prepare your sanguine nature for reverses. We may not succeed, and you and I at least must be prepared to meet the storm.'

'My dear Rufus, allow me to say that you theorize yourself to death. I see nothing in this farm scheme but a very agreeable way



of turning our labor to account, and living pleasantly together, and you talk as if the world were to stand aghast and see us cut the throat of some great social institution. We are neither of us known twenty miles from this little village, and whether we succeed or fail, the worst storm I fear is one of the old-fashioned nor'-westers. You are losing your practical vein, and do not seem content to do a simple act of expediency and common sense, without attaching to it some mystery. Take care, or Clara and I shall dignify you with the title of prophet.'

Rufus and his wife colored to the temples as their brother was speaking, not a little mortified to hear his darling plan spoken of in so light a manner, but glad upon the whole to find so sound a heart in Philip. Rufus made no reply to his remarks, but quietly resumed his writing.

It must be borne in mind that our hero was a country lad, who had had but little intercourse with the world; as a youth occupying the dangerous position of leader among the young men of his town; referred to by men much older than himself, and forced into a position of trust and responsibility by circumstances beyond his control. His enthusiasm was deeper than he would have acknowledged, and he had none of those salutary checks upon his course which a little opposition would have furnished. Like all philanthropists, conscious of purity of motive, he had in his private thoughts almost felt it a virtue to get as far away from the common views of men as possible, and had given a loose rein to his imagination in looking at the consequences of what he was about to do. The gentle Ruth, too, whose life had been equally secluded with her husband's, fostered this devotion in him by her ready sympathy in all his feelings, until they were far out of the reach of others of their company, in the clouds of mysticism, and began to talk a language which sounded like an unknown tongue to their country neighbors. The solution of the fact is, a fact very common among modern philanthropists, that the feelings of Rufus were far before his knowledge; he knew much better what ought to be done, than the means for doing it, and began to talk very confidently about the obligations of society to do this and that, without considering the safety and well-being of existing institutions, for whose very sake he advocated reform. He forgot that reform, to be lasting, must be gradual, and was guilty of other follies which are too common at this day to need notice.

The slight knowledge Philip had of the world, as it really exists; his single expedition abroad, and mingling with men of a different cast from himself, made him a valuable associate to his friend; and more than once had he startled Rufus, by setting adrift a whole cargo of his dreams by a single off-hand remark, like the one we have just noticed. Men who mingle freely with the world become accustomed and indifferent to the evils around them, while the secluded form their opinions without reference to any thing but abstract principles.

It is worth one's while to remark the difference in the anti-

slavery man of the city and populous towns, also the temperance man, the Millerite, the believers in phrenology and animal magnetism, and those of the same party in the retired parts of the country. With the former, it is one of a thousand objects that fill his mind; with the latter, it is the great business of life, the absorbing topic. Opinion upon any of these questions becomes a monomania. Having few facts, and those often distorted by the newspaper, which is the party organ, reading only one side of the question, whatever it may be, and not entitled to have any opinion in truth, they rush into the wildest extravagances and utter the foulest anathemas against their opponents, vainly pluming themselves upon serving the cause of truth; and they call themselves philanthropists. Had these men their deserts they would be called the disturbers of public worship, the engenderers of sectional hatred, enemies to truth, to peace, and order. Let not the South suppose that because we lament and disapprove of the institution of slavery, we indorse in New-Hampshire or Vermont the sentiments of any miscalled 'Herald of Freedom;' for the majority of the citizens of these States, who know any thing of its existence, believe it to be the organ of anarchy and fanaticism.

These fanatics too are objects of pity. Their condition is almost a necessary consequence of their position, being cut off from much intercourse with their fellow-men. They have cast themselves loose from the old vices of the country, drinking, gambling, and profane swearing; they care little for money-getting beyond enough for a plain support; they give liberally to benevolent objects, and have risen above the idea of sect in religion. But, mark their inconsistency! They have established another kind of sect, and denounce all who do not subscribe to *their* opinions. To use a homely figure, as to liberality, they have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Our hero had to contend with this tendency to fanaticism in his mind, as will every man who adopts a new path for himself; a task in which his brother gave him no little assistance. With Ruth, whose experience was less than either, the influence was in an opposite direction; for there are no enthusiasts like women, when once excited in any cause, without the narrow sphere in which they are accustomed to move. But it is not necessary to describe any farther the state of mind and feeling of the persons of our narrative. The first of March arrived at last, and they all removed to Lands-grove, with great hope and confidence, whither we shall follow them after they have got settled in their new abode.

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THE SOWER.

SEE, full of hope, thou trustest to the earth  
 The golden seed, and waitest till the spring  
 Summons the buried to a happier birth;  
 But in Time's furrow duly scattering,  
 Think'st thou, how deeds by wisdom sown may be  
 Silently ripened for Eternity?

SCHILLER.

## T H O U G H T S   A T   S E A .

## NUMBER TWO.

## T H E   W A V E S .

Music is in my heart—  
 And Joy and Fancy float along it's chords,  
 In swells of Ravishment that mock at words :  
 Old Ocean's bass forms part.

The cliff-like Wave, that o'er  
 The long Atlantic beach in youth's bright days,  
 Fill'd my boy-soul's deep, rapturous gaze—  
 Hark for it's sound once more!

But no! no line of foam,  
 No long resounding roll that booms afar,  
 No battling Wave from elemental War,  
 That comes to die at home!

The storm-cloth'd Leader grand,  
 That lov'd the white shore's bosom in his youth,  
 Cross'd Earth, from India's Seas, with Love's own truth,  
 To die upon that strand.

Nor yet the wave of glass,  
 Where the fierce exil'd mariner hath seen  
 The thatch-roof'd Cot; the Hedge; the Village-green;  
 The Spire; reflected, pass.

Gone days of peaceful joy,  
 And innocence, recalling at the sight—  
 Remorseful tears efface the image bright  
 And change the man to boy.

Not such the waves that fling  
 Our gallant bark from foamy crest to crest,  
 Plunging, and sporting, and cajoling rest—  
 Ours are the waves that sing!

Gay waves, that clap their hands,  
 And toss their white caps in the air e'en now,  
 And shout for joy, and dance about our prow,  
 Encircling us with bands

Of more than jewell'd ray!  
 Laughing in sunbeams, playful in their might,  
 Diving all blue, ascending green and white,  
 And making glad our way!

Ye jocund, glorious Waves!  
 Teach us with joy to sing His hallow'd praise,  
 With grateful hearts, to Him, our voice to raise  
 Who Earth from deluge saves.

Oh teach us cheerful love!  
 Ye feed the clouds, on which your law is writ,  
 In Rainbow hues; oh teach us to submit  
 With joy to Him above!

Our duties to fulfil —  
 Before His Heavenly view to bare our breast;  
 And, at His breath, to rise from harmless rest  
 And, at His Word, be still!

Off'rings to send above  
 On which the Sun of Righteousness may shine  
 And make them, by His beam of Grace divine,  
 Rainbows of Hope and Love!

THE 'jewell'd Ray' to which I have adverted in these verses may perhaps, to those who are not familiar with the beauties of the sea, require some explanation. The revulsion from the sides of the ship tosses the wave into spray, and as it falls back again in this state upon the deep blue surface of the ocean, the colours of the Iris are reflected with indescribable beauty. This occurs innumerable in the sunshine of a bright and breezy spring morning, and while the spectator watches this tinting, part of the spray appears perceptibly absorbed by the atmosphere in mist. If so, how beautiful an image does the whole present of the soul of man! — rising by the breath of God from the ocean of Spiritual Existence into the individuality of life; beamed upon by the Light of Heaven; made capable of reflecting its celestial hues; and, at the moment when it would fall back into undistinguishable being, drawn to ascend, in a rarefied state, and add itself to the treasury of the skies! Oh my Masters! how audibly, and how exquisitely, speaks forth the Spirit of Divine Love in the most evanescent, as in the most indestructible of the objects of Creation!

JOHN WATERS.

## OUR VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

'BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

GRAY.

How many recollections of other days crowd and thicken on the memory, as we pass along among the green hillocks, and read the simple inscriptions upon those monuments which pride or affection have erected to mark the resting-places of departed friends! On either side, familiar names meet the eye. The old and the young sleep side by side; the weary pilgrim and the laughing child have lain down together. The minister and his people are assembled there, awaiting that summons which shall announce the gathering of that great congregation of all the kindreds and nations of the earth. We are wrong. There are some missing. They have died away from their home, and rest in the land of strangers. When the good old Oneida chief Skenandoah found that the time of his departure was at hand, he requested those who stood around him to bury his remains near the feet of his former friend and Christian teacher, the Rev. Dr. Kirkland; 'for,' said he, in his own expressive language, 'I want to go up with him at the great resurrection.' These missing ones cannot go up with parents and brothers and sisters and friends; and yet the thought is consoling, that the wanderers will all at last be gathered in; and if prepared by the experience

of earth for the happiness of heaven, will separate no more for ever.

Our own village grave-yard is to me always a place of the deepest interest. Many years have rolled away since we left the home of our youth; but at each returning summer we never fail to go up and renew our attachments, and mark the changes of the year. Those changes are quiet, and often hardly discernible; still they are constantly taking place; and one and another of our early friends are missed from their accustomed places and seen no more. They have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; their pilgrimage is ended; they have lain down with their friends, and the simple head-stone records their birth and their death.

Let us open the rustic gate and enter the sacred enclosure. Hark! it is the sound of the village church-bell which falls upon the ear. The tolling of that bell and an open grave announce that another of our number is coming to lie down in his last resting-place. The long funeral procession is in sight, just appearing, nearly a mile distant, and winding along slowly up the valley. The tall trees which here and there skirt the sides of the road are waving gently in the summer breeze, and their tops are gilded with the rays of the setting sun. He who has fallen has been cut down in the midst of his years and in the fullness of his strength. The minister with uncovered head, in behalf of the family of the deceased, has returned thanks for the kindness and attendance of friends. The fresh earth lies upon the bosom of the deceased. The mourners have departed; the last loiterer has retired. Let us look around us; for 'it is good to be here.'

Here rest the remains of one of the first settlers, who an hundred years ago assisted in planting in this then wilderness the seeds of civilization and christianity. Observe this spot. The earth has sunken, and there is nothing peculiar in its appearance. There, without a stone to mark the place, lie in a common grave the ashes of those who fell on that memorable day when the storm of war passed over us, and the sythe of death mowed down our people. Here is a long range of simple head-stones. The inscriptions are growing dim upon them, and many a winter's snow and summer's rain have fallen since these children's graves were dug. They were all cut down as it were in a day. The father and the mother now sleep beside them, and the family group is complete. A plain gray stone marks the spot where were deposited the remains of a soldier of the Revolution. He was a colonel in the continental army, and with his regiment garrisoned the fort which then covered a portion of this village burying-ground. He fell while in command, struck down by the tomahawk of the Indian. He was a native of the old Bay State, 'the ashes of whose sons, who fell fighting in the cause of American independence, lie mouldering in the soil of every State from Maine to Georgia.'

Beneath this turf rests one of the friends of our boyhood. The inscription upon his chaste white marble head-stone states that he died at the early age of fourteen years. There were five of us.

He died first; and it seemed as if his mother's heart could not give him up. He was an only son, beloved by all who knew him; amiable in disposition, gentle in temper, learned beyond his years. His father now rests beside him, but his aged widowed mother still lives, and looks forward with hope to the time when she shall be reunited to her humble boy. Another of his and our companions occupies a retired corner of the burying-ground near Saint Augustine. Another was buried by strangers in Mobile. A fourth found his resting-place in the caverns of the ocean, and the waves of the Pacific chanted his requiem.

Here lies our aged friend, from whose lips fell so much that was good, so much that was animating and cheering, during his long life; and yet from his cradle to his grave he was decrepid and infirm, and literally the child of suffering and of poverty. His was the Christian's hope; and sustained by that, he rose triumphant above the ills of life; and if he sat at his Master's feet in this world, we believe he sits at his right hand in that other and better, to which his spirit has gone.

We must drop a tear over this spot; for here lie buried those venerable grand-parents with whom our youth was passed, and to whose example and advice we are greatly indebted for what we are and hope to be. They 'rested from their labors' in a good old age, when life was no longer pleasant or useful; when 'the windows were darkened, and the grasshopper became a burden.' Peace to their ashes!

Ah! here is one whose days upon the earth were evil and that continually. The grave has closed over him, and the disembodied spirit has gone to render up its account. This chaste stone simply records the death of an aged man. Few who read the inscription would recognize a person who under another and fictitious name has been immortalized by one of the most popular authors of the day. His was a life of adventure. His early years were spent upon the sea; and the habits that were then contracted were inseparable from his very being. When age had sobered him, and misfortune tamed his spirit, and the sweet influences of religion had been breathed upon him, he would at times utter oaths with all the fiery impetuosity of his early days; and yet those who knew him best, believed him to be a Christian. In a moment he would check himself, and ask forgiveness.

We might run over the long list, for we know the histories of most of those who for the last century have been gathered into that humble burying-ground. It may be a curious taste that we possess; but we never leave a village or a city, without examining the resting-places of its dead. The character of the living may, in some measure at least, be judged of from the manner in which they bury their dead out of their sight. In this country too little attention has been paid to the places of sepulture. Within a few years great improvements have taken place. There is no reason why the grave-yard should be associated in the mind with gloom. The Christian's course is through the grave upward to the skies.

W. W. C.



## H Y M N T O T H E S O U L .

## I.

God said, let there be light !  
 Back fled the startled night,  
     In swift dismay :  
 Deep Chaos heard the sound,  
 To her remotest bound ;  
 Effulgence beamed around,  
     A radiant day.

## II.

Breath of Omnipotence,  
 Mysterious spirit, whence ?  
     Deathless and fair !  
 Thou hast no mortal form,  
 No life-blood free and warm ;  
 The sunshine and the storm  
     Thy garments are.

## III.

Thought is thine empire ; vast  
 As time the antepast  
     Thy being hath :  
 Farther than planets roll,  
 Deep as creation's soul,  
 Wide as to either pole,  
     Thy trackless path !

## IV.

To love — to feel the ties  
 Of human sympathies,  
     The dawn of Heaven ;  
 Joy, in its ardent gush,  
 And Passion's frenzied rush,  
 Hope, brighter than the flush  
     Of stars at even.

## V.

Systems and suns shall fade,  
 And fairest flowers, arrayed  
     In robes of light :  
 But thou, oh ! deathless part,  
 A scintillation art  
 Of the eternal heart —  
     The Infinite !

## VI.

Thy never parting-breath,  
 Nor time may steal, nor death,  
     Nor cold decay ;  
 Thine eagle-wing doth stray  
 To mountain crags away,  
 Where, 'mid wild ocean's spray,  
     The lightnings play.

## VII.

Chained though thou art to earth,  
 Thou hast a nobler birth.  
     And destiny :  
 Upward shall be thy flight,  
 Or where insatiate night,  
 Broods dismal o'er the sight  
     Eternally !

## VIII.

Spirit immortal, wake!  
 That boundless pathway take,  
 By seraphs trod:  
 Break thou the sensual reign,  
 Dispart the galling chain,  
 Arise to life again —  
 The smile of God!

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

## Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

LEAVING Mr. Kornicker in possession of his office, and having kept his promise of making an arrangement for the regular supply of that gentleman's meals, subject to the restrictions before mentioned, Michael Rust bent his steps toward the upper part of the city; taking a course which in the end would have brought him to the tenement occupied by Jacob Rhoneland.

It might have been a knowledge of the great intrinsic worth of the individual whose services he had just secured; or it might have been a feeling of relief at having all ties dissolved between himself and his formidable tool, Grosket; or it might have been even the insignificant circumstance of his having driven a close bargain respecting the aforesaid supply of Mr. Kornicker's meals; or of his having facetiously boxed the ears of a small beggar who had ventured to insinuate to him that his funds were low, and that a donation of a few coppers would not come amiss; or it might have been some other equally trifling and unimportant occurrence which shed such a glow over his pleasant countenance, and caused his step to become so firm and elastic and his pace so rapid. But *something* there certainly was; for on he went, at a fast walk, smiling to himself, and looking neither to the right nor left, until, to his own surprise, he found himself far advanced on his way to his place of destination. Happening, just when he had ascertained exactly where he was, to look up, he caught sight of himself, hat, cloak, handkerchief and all, staring boldly out from a large looking-glass which hung in a shop window. This brought him to a stand. It could scarcely be said that Michael Rust was a vain man, or that he cared much about his personal appearance, or about what others might think of it; but *there* he certainly stood, turning himself about in front of the glass, now pulling his hat low down over his face, now thrusting it back; now drawing the handkerchief, which, as on the night previous, enveloped his forehead, farther over it; now pushing

it up; now carefully arranging with the tips of his fingers the ends of hair which straggled from beneath it; now casting them into the most studied disorder by an equally careful application of his fingers; now sucking in his thin cheeks, and frowning and smirking and grinning at himself; and all without the slightest appearance of merriment, but rather with the anxious, calculating air of a person who was watching some ingenious scientific process, with great doubts as to its ultimate result. That such was the case, and that the results were not commensurate with his expectations, was equally clear; for after more than five minutes spent in this performance, he gravely shook his head, and observed to himself in an impressive manner: 'No; it won't do!'

Being fully convinced of this, he put an immediate end to his examination of his features, and instead of pursuing the course which he had at first taken, he changed his direction to one nearly opposite. But now, from a rapid walk, his pace sobered down until it resembled the slow, cautious, thief-like step of a cat. He loitered at the corners, and looked up and down the streets with a listless, vacant air; at times stopping altogether, and gazing steadfastly on the ground. Irregular as his progress was, by dint of time and perseverance he at length found himself a long way from where he set out; in front of a house in the eastern part of the city, with a green door, which boasted two narrow side-lights, and a huge knocker, like a countenance garnished with a pair of small eyes and a stout nose. A small tin sign reminded the public at large, in gilt letters, that persons boarded there cheap, implying that others might do the same thing, while a slip of paper which was stuck beneath, as a kind of codicil to the sign, mentioned what the sign had left untold; namely, that there was an unfurnished room on the second floor in the rear, in which two single gentlemen, or a double one, in the form of one man and his other half, would find themselves quite comfortable. Without pausing to notice these trifles, Rust rubbed his feet with great care across a small heap of mud, the nucleus of which was an under-sized mat, which lay in front of the door, and applying his hand to the knocker, succeeded in calling to the door a red-faced girl, with her hair hanging over her face, her shoes down at the heel, and stockings to match.

Without exchanging a word, Rust pushed past her and ascended to a small front room in the second story, entered, and locked the door. It was a dark, dreary room, partly owing to its being in a narrow street, partly owing to the windows being small, and partly owing to the fact that they had been for a long time on very distant terms with water of all kinds, except the occasional vagabond drops which might settle there in a shower. Rust, however, was too much accustomed to every thing about him, to notice its defects; and without bestowing a thought upon them, he proceeded to disrobe himself. He flung his old hat on the bed; his cloak followed; and untying his handkerchief, he shook his black locks in disorder about his face.

Slight as the alteration in his dress was, it produced a great change

in his looks; removing its character of sharpness and cunning, and giving it one of bold and reckless ferocity. 'Lie there!' said he, tossing the handkerchief with the other things just removed. 'I'll want you presently, but not now.' He then removed his other garments, and substituted in their place those of a newer and more fashionable appearance; and having completed his toilet to his own satisfaction, he surveyed himself in the glass.

'That will do,' muttered he; 'even my own dear affectionate mother, whom I never saw, but who doubtless was a very decent, well-behaved woman in her way, would not know me. Ha! ha! I scarcely know myself. I shall be obliged to hang a label on my neck, for fear I should forget who I am. This is all as it should be. Let each of those with whom I have to deal, if need be, identify the Michael Rust who crossed his path. There are wheels within wheels, each apparently having its own aim; all disconnected, yet all leading to the same result; and there is a Michael Rust setting each in motion. No aliases; no! no! Each is Michael Rust, but each is different. And yet,' said he, tapping his fore-finger on his breast, 'here they are, all of them. And that, *that*,' added he, pointing in the glass, 'is the man, who has his cards to play with one Jacob Rhoneland and his bright-eyed daughter, and the lout who hangs about her, like a moth around a candle; but I'll singe his wings! God!' said he, with a sudden, fierce burst of bitter wrath, 'I'll crush him, though I die! There are others too,' said he, almost immediately recovering his calmness, 'there are *others* too. I must watch; nothing must escape me. I must not fail. I will not! I *will* not! And they, the blind fools! shall find it out some day to their cost. How I can wheedle them, and talk to them of love, generosity, friendship, fine feelings! Ha! ha! What glorious sounds these are for men to truckle to; ay, for *men*; strong-minded, far-sighted, clear-headed *men*. Yes, I've seen *them* yield their free-will, sacrifice themselves and their fortunes for a mere empty whim, and call it generosity; the fools, the slaves, the bondmen; ay, of a worse bondage than that of shackled limbs—that of a fettered mind. Well,' continued he, in the same musing tone, and standing with folded arms and with his eyes bent on the floor, 'it's human nature, and it's convenient for me. I know them; one, two, three, four; all slaves; each wedded to his own particular folly. Rhoneland, one; gold is his god. Somers, two; he bows to bright eyes, pouting lips, and a snowy bosom; forgetting that old age, sickness, and the earth-worm prey on the same food. Grosket—Enoch Grosket—of all fools the greatest! I bought him—*bought* him, paid down the gold, to make a tool of him—*merely* to make a tool of him; and I had but to whisper in his ear of gratitude. He swallowed the bait; and I have led him at will for five long years. But he's gone now, and has grown dangerous, and must be looked to. There's one more,' muttered he, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow; 'clear-headed, with an eye that sees through trickery, and almost lifts the veil from a man's heart. Him I fear the

most. With him I have the deepest game to play, and one in which detection is ruin.'

Drawing a chair to the fire, Rust seated himself, remaining for a long time in deep abstraction; and during that interval a change seemed to have come over the current of his thoughts; for he said, speaking in the same low, broken, abrupt manner which he had used before:

'So the cub's jealous! How he watches me when I trifle with the girl; clenching his big fists, and twisting his fingers one in the other; his eyes flashing and his cheek reddening. But for one thing, which *he* knows, and which *I* know, he would fall on me and crush every bone in my body. Bah! but I have him. He may writhe, and wince, and threaten; but that's his limit. Could I drive him beyond *that*—could I *but* drive him beyond that——! But,' said he, suddenly starting up, 'the day is waning, and there is work yet to be done.'

He went to a closet, and took from it a hat and great-coat; after which he rang the bell. It was answered by the same slipshod girl who had admitted him from the street.

'Has Mr. Grosket, or any one else, been here for me?' inquired he.

'Not Mr. Grosket,' replied the girl.

'Any one else?'

'A strange man came here to-day,' said the girl, hesitating; 'a—a—'

'Gentleman?'

The girl shook her head.

'What did he look like? A mechanic? a laborer? a beggar? or what?' inquired Rust, impatiently.

'A ruffen, Sir; a downright ruffen,' replied the girl, with discrimination of character which perhaps her situation as maid-of-all-work at a public lodging-house had sharpened to a high degree of nicety. 'One of the sort of people who sometimes come here of dark nights, you know; who don't like to be seen in the day-time—one of *them*;' and she nodded to Rust, in a significant manner, intimating that although her language might not be accurate, still her meaning was sufficiently clear.

Rust looked her full in the face, without making any remark upon her comment on the character of his visiter, and apparently without even noticing it. Then he asked:

'Did he leave his name?'

Again the girl shook her head.

'Nor his business?'

'He said as he went off that he was sorry you were away; and that if you knew all he did, you'd be the most sorry of the two. He said he needn't call again; for you'd find out what he had to tell soon enough for all the fun it would give you; and then he laughed to himself, and went off. That's all,' said the girl, after a pause.

Rust evinced no appearance of surprise nor uneasiness at this communication, but merely asked:

'Any one else?'

'No one.'

'Very well; you can go.'

The door closed on the girl, but Rust remained standing. 'More trouble? Well, well; let it come. I have that *here*,' said he, pressing his fingers on his forehead, 'that laughs at it. I may be crushed; and there are those things doing now in which failure and perdition to me go hand in hand; but I'll never bend! And now Kate, bright, laughing Kate Rhoneland, you and I must meet, and then we'll see what comes of it!'

Shutting the door, he slowly descended the stairs and went into the street. As before, his destination was the abode of Jacob Rhoneland. It was a long way off, yet the time flew by so rapidly to the scheming man, that scarce a moment seemed to have elapsed before he found himself in front of the old man's dwelling.

Michael Rust was a man who did not trouble himself with useless ceremony, particularly where it might interfere with his ends; and as he deemed it not unlikely that a knock at the door might result in a denial of admittance, when it was discovered who the visiter was, he prudently determined to dispense with so useless a ceremony; and so quietly admitted himself into the house, and went to the room usually occupied by Rhoneland. Finding no one there, he proceeded to the adjoining one, where he discovered Kate Rhoneland engaged in sewing.

'Father is not at home,' said she, anticipating the question which he was preparing to ask.

'Perhaps not, perhaps not,' said he, entering the room without the slightest hesitation, and placing his hat on the floor; but *you* are, Kate, and I'm not sorry for it. Ah!' said he, drawing a chair near her, and taking a seat, 'it does one good to see you, and to talk with you, when the old man is away. Ha! little Kate, how he watches you! He knows that you are his golden apple, and that this room is quite a garden of the Hesperides when you are in it. It only wants the old man just now, to play the part of dragon, to complete the simile. By the way,' said he, dusting his boots with his handkerchief, 'there are two dragons here; an old one and a cub-dragon; Somers, I think you call him.'

There were moments and themes which could bring the fire into Kate Rhoneland's eyes, and the red blood of anger into her face; and this was one of them. The free and familiar air of her visiter, coupled with her dislike of him, and with the slighting manner in which he spoke of her father and of Somers, had brought to her lips a retort which might have proved unacceptable to him, callous as he was. But at the same moment came the recollection of the almost constant injunction of her father, that she should be careful not to offend him. 'Don't break with him, Kate; don't incense him, or he'll ruin me,' were the words which were for ever ringing in her ears, and which now restrained her; but rising, she said: 'You must excuse the apple just now, Mr. Rust, as she has to see that the garden is kept in proper order.'

Michael Rust rose and bowed, laying his hand upon his heart, with an air of profound reverence, as he said: 'Certainly, my pretty Kate; who can refuse any thing to Kate Rhoneland? Surely, not Michael Rust. I shall be miserably dull without you; miserably dull. Bah! go, you silly jade!' said he, as the door closed. 'Ah! here comes the cub-dragon. I'll make the most of him, until the old one comes in.'

The concluding remark was caused by the opening of another door than that through which the girl had retired, and the entrance of Ned Somers.

'Mr. Rhoneland's not here, I see,' said he, looking around.

'No, he's not,' replied Rust; 'but sit down, Ned, sit down,' said he, in a tone whose civility was blended with so much sarcasm, that Somers found it a matter of no small difficulty to restrain himself from knocking him down on the spot. 'Why *don't* you sit down, my dear young friend? Chairs are plenty; and as you have just driven the sweetest little girl in the world from this room by your unopportune arrival, there is another one to spare. It was cruel of you to drop in as you did, and interrupt one of the most cosy and endearing chats I ever had. She's a tempting little witch, Ned; ah! she's a darling! I shall wake up yet some day and find myself married; I'm sure I shall, if I come here often.'

Ned Somers, who had taken a seat, grew exceedingly red, and moved uneasily in his chair, and for a moment his eyes flashed; but he observed the look of triumphant malice which stole from beneath the half-closed lids of the other; and the slight, sneering smile that played around the corners of his mouth; and he recollected the noble singleness of heart of Kate Rhoneland, and he felt that the insinuations of Rust were false.

With the intuitive sagacity which was a striking feature of his character, Rust saw that there was some process of thought going on in the mind of Somers, that was allaying the angry feelings which he was anxious to excite; and as it was a part of a plan that he had formed to drive him if possible to an assault upon himself, he kept on in the same sneering manner:

'Mrs. Rust; Mrs. Michael Rust!' The name sounds well; and for *her* I might hazard the experiment.'

'Why did you never hazard it before? You are gray. But perhaps you *have*, and think it dangerous,' said Somers, quietly.

The remark was merely a casual one on the part of Somers, and intended to divert Rust from his present theme; but its effect was electrical. He had taken a seat, and he now sprang up as if shot; his eyes flashing, his lips quivering and livid with rage, and his black hair fairly stiff with fury.

'D—n! d—n you!' shrieked he, shaking both fists in the face of Somers; 'what do you mean? If you have — But no; no—!'

With a suddenness almost equal to that with which his anger came on, it passed off, and he said in a voice strangely calmed:

'You do n't know Kate as I do. I was afraid that you had whispered odd stories in her ear; but she would n't listen to them if you

did. She *must* love me, or she would not lavish on me all those little endearments which she does, and which find their way to the heart, and which it is impossible to describe; and if she loves me, she won't believe you, Ned. But you won't betray what I am telling you, of our trifling love-passages? Kate would die of confusion if she knew that I had even breathed of them. Come, come,' said he, taking Somers by the hand, 'promise, will you? It is so unusual a thing for a young girl like her to doat as she does upon a man so much older than herself as I am, that it has made me quite vain and silly; but you will not betray our mutual weaknesses, Ned, will you?'

Although this was spoken in a low, soft tone, there was something in the look which accompanied it, and in the evident intention of the speaker to gall and irritate, which had made it nearly successful; and for a moment Somers wavered; but it was only for a moment; for the next instant the whole scene and the manner of Rust struck him as irresistibly ludicrous, and he burst out into a hearty laugh:

'No, no, Rust,' said he, 'I'll betray nothing; you're welcome to your love-passages. But I must go. I came here to see the old man; and as he's not at home, I must seek for him; for what I have to say will not brook delay.'

As he went out, he turned and said: 'Try it again, Rust, now that the coast is clear. Go it strong on the 'love-passages,' not forgetting the 'little endearments.' She's a tempting morsel for an old man. Good bye, Michael; good bye!' And with another merry laugh, he shut the door.

'Foiled!' exclaimed Rust, 'and by a boy!' But where could he have picked up *that*? Was it accident, or did he *dream* it? Or could he have learned that sad secret from the only one who knew it? Well, well; there's misery in it, but that's all. He and this girl are in league,' said he, abruptly, 'but the old man is mine; and through him I'll bend her, and crush *his* stubborn heart. How I long to have it under my feet, that I may grind it to the dirt! But the game's up for to-day, and I'll go.'

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CHAPTER EIGHTE.

MR. SNORK was sitting in front of a smouldering fire in his attic; for unlike his friend Mrs. Blossom, he was aspiring in his ideas, and preferred a garret to a cellar; with his head bound up in a faded cotton handkerchief, a short pipe in his mouth, and a beard of a week's growth, ornamenting the lower part of his face. Although it was late in the day, the disordered state of his attire showed that he had but recently quitted his bed; or at all events, that he had not yet made his morning toilet. He was in a moralizing mood too; for he sat in silence, looking at the loose strings in his shoes, and occasionally scratching his head with much violence through the



handkerchief just mentioned. It was evident that he was at that moment laboring under great absence of mind; for although his pipe was unlighted, he puffed at it assiduously, occasionally withdrawing it from his mouth to permit an imaginary cloud of smoke to float slowly around him.

On the opposite side of the fire-place sat Mrs. Snork, a fat, red-faced woman, surmounted by a dirty cap, richly bedizzened with red and yellow ribands, from beneath which straggled a few locks of deep red hair. Her eyes were of a bright aqua-marine color, and her nose doubtless had once been well formed, although that fact can only be ascertained from tradition, from the circumstance of its having been crushed in, flat to her face. Her teeth were white and strong, with the exception of the two front ones, which were missing, probably having retired at the same time that her nose changed its condition.

Mrs. Snork evidently was participating in the feeling of gloom and perplexity which weighed so heavily upon the spirits of her husband; for she too was silent, biting her lips, and occasionally her nails, with an expression of mingled vexation and anxiety.

Mr. Snork at intervals raised his eyes to her face, with an air of investigation and deference; as if desirous of arriving at the result of her deliberations before venturing to express his own. At length, by way of sounding her, he exhaled a long sigh, and muttered with deep emphasis:

'Our sickliest child! Had it 'a been the hump-back, or the infant with a scald-head, I could ha' borne it; but for it to be this one, this identical one, the sickliest of them all, is dreadful aggravating to the feelings. It had got through the mumps, and the measles, and the hooping-cough, and its double-teeth ——'

'And the small-pox,' added Mrs. Snork, parenthetically.

'And was n't subject to hives, nor fits; and yet was *so* very sickly, without our being afraid of its dying. It was an uncommon tough child, it was. It was as tough as — as — as ——'

'Jonah,' suggested the lady.

'Was *he* tough?' asked Mr. Snork; '*very* tough?'

'To be sure he was,' replied his wife. 'Did n't a whale try three whole days to digest him, and could n't?'

'As Jonah,' resumed Mr. Snork; 'and *such* a stomach! My eyes! what a stomach! I've heerd of a ostrich's stomach, but if one of them 'ere animals, with the tallest kind of a stomach, had come across that child, he would have died of sheer spite. He could n't have held a candle to *her*. Why, she could do just what she pleased with it. She could be sick at it whenever she liked. Ten times in one arternoon I've *known* her to be. She was worth two dollars a day, at the very least; and now she's gone; gone, never to return. Cuss that House of Refuge! How it walks into the best affections of one's natur!'

So affected was Mr. Snork by the mournful reflections which crowded his mind, that after several hard gulps, he dashed the back

of his hand across his eyes ; and applying a lighted coal to the bowl of his pipe, smoked for five minutes, in a state of profound taciturnity.

‘ Why, that child —— ’ resumed he, after a pause.

‘ We ’ve had enough of that there,’ interrupted Mrs. Snork, who being of a more energetic nature than her husband, deemed it unnecessary to waste farther time in lamentation, wisely judging that all additional indulgence of that kind would probably be only lacerating to their feelings, without having any beneficial effect upon the obnoxious sanctuary before mentioned. ‘ She ’s gone, and she won’t come back ; and there ’s an end of it.’

This, probably, would not have been the end of it, had not the lady decided that it should be so ; but that settled the question ; and Mr. Snork, finding that farther discussion on that subject would not be acceptable, placed his pipe in his mouth and smoked in silence, waiting for some indication from his better half as to the turn which she wished the conversation to take.

‘ You said Mrs. Blossom had two new ones ?’ said Mrs. Snork, after a pause, casting an inquiring eye upon her husband, and at the same time drawing her chair nearer the fire.

‘ *Such* ones !’ ejaculated the man, removing his pipe, only sufficiently to make room for the words to escape, and instantly replacing it.

‘ A boy and girl ?’ inquired the woman.

Snork nodded.

‘ Who are they ? Where did they come from ?’

In reply to this, the man merely shrugged his shoulders, with a very slight shake of the head, indicating profound ignorance.

The woman looked at him for some moments with extreme dissatisfaction either at his limited information or at his having made no greater efforts to increase it ; but before she had time to give vent to this feeling in any other manner, a step was heard on the stairs. Snork rose, glanced at the door with a quick suspicious look, and then round the room, as if fearful that something might be seen there which he did not wish to submit to general inspection.

‘ It’s bolted and barred,’ muttered he, in reply to a look of his wife. ‘ Even if it was n’t, what then ?’ said he, looking about him. ‘ It’s a very respectable kind of a room, very.’ Having arrived at this conclusion, he went to the door, removed the bar, and drew back the bolt, just as a knock was heard from without.

‘ Come in,’ said Mrs. Snork, seating herself in such a position as to convey the idea that she had not changed her position for the last half hour, at the very least, while Mr. Snork merely opened the door ajar, and reconnoitered their visiter through the crack. ‘ Pshaw !’ said he, flinging it wide open, ‘ it’s only Mrs. Blossom.’

With this somewhat disparaging observation, Snork turned on his heel, and leaving his visiter to enter and shut the door after her, walked to the fire-place, in front of which he deliberately seated

himself, without condescending to make any farther observation. Nor was it until then that he observed that the expression of quiet self-complacency which usually marked the countenance of his guest had been displaced by one of anxiety and alarm.

'How now, old woman!' exclaimed he, as this discovery forced itself upon him. 'Who's dead, or murdered? Has the cripple run away, or the dumb boy informed agin you?—or is the North River a-fire, or what? Out with it! Cuss me! but I *do* believe she is going to faint! Mrs. S., just hand out that brandy, will you?'

The woman thus addressed, apparently sympathizing with the unknown trouble of her visiter, and perhaps not a little actuated by a feeling of curiosity to know more, hastened to fill a small cup with the liquor, and to place it to the lips of Mrs. Blossom, who, notwithstanding her appearance of exhaustion, drained it off without remark, and wiped her lips with the back of her hand, with evident satisfaction.

'Now then, you feel better, do n't you?' said Mr. Snork, whose awe of his wife seemed to wear off in company. 'What's the muss? Let's have it.'

Mrs. Blossom, after several unsuccessful efforts at finding her voice, apparently discovered it in the lower part of her stomach, and exclaimed in a sepulchral tone, which seemed to emanate from that region:

'It's all up, Mr. Snork! all up! The police has been down on us, and four of the lambs is took.'

'Hallo!' shouted Mr. Snork, in the intensity of his earnestness, turning round, and for the first time facing Mrs. Blossom. 'How now!—four on 'em took?'

Mrs. Blossom shook her head in a mournful manner as she replied: 'Four on 'em; among 'em was the infant with sore eyes, what I nursed as if it had been my own child; and little Bill, too; the cream, the very *cream* of my set! Sick a set as they was! New-York had n't its match for trainin'. Little Bill, when he went out this blessed morning, said he knowed something was a-coming over him. It might be a colic, he said, or something else—he did not know what; but he knowed it was something; he had a pre-sentiment of it, a sort of sinking of the stomach; and now, here's the end of it.'

'Little Bill took too!' said Mr. Snork, with much interest. 'Who'd have thought it? and *he* such a wide-awake 'un! But out with it, Mrs. Blossom; let's hear how it was.'

'Well,' said the woman, looking cautiously about the room, rather from a habit of suspicion acquired by living in the constant perpetration of acts which brought her within the reach of the law, than from any apprehension of immediate danger: 'it was all about the boy and girl you saw at my place,' said she, nodding to Mr. Snork, by way of calling his attention to that fact. 'The girl gave me the slip two days ago, and I never heerd on her till this mornin,' when Bill Smith, the beak what I keeps in pay to let me know what's in the wind, run in to tell me that there was a complaint agin me at

the police office, and a warrant gettin' out arter me, and that I'd better run for it, or I'd be nabbed. Before he got through, I seed 'em a comin; and I sloped out of the back winder, and got off; while he stayed there to lead them off the scent; but they caught three or four of the babies, what happened to drop in just then; and I s'pose they're booked for the House of Refuge. That there place will be the ruin on us!'

Here the lady paused and shook her head, in a disconsolate manner, but being invited by Mr. Snork to take another 'pull' at the bottle, which stood in full view, and having accepted his invitation; and having, by dint of such pulling, contrived to swallow about a gill of its contents; and being thereby not a little refreshed, she said that she 'felt much better, and was glad to have sich friends as the Snorks. She had always said they were above the ordinary run of friends, and so they were. As for herself, she was bu'st up; out and out a bu'sted woman; but she hoped *they* never would be — so she did. She was in earnest in what she said, although perhaps they might not think it — but she was.'

'Well, well, go on,' said Snork, who seemed to take more interest in the detail of her escape than in her praise of himself; 'well, you cut and run. What then? What came of the boy? the one I saw? Did they claw him too?'

Mrs. Blossom placed her fore-finger on the end of her nose, and pressing that feature very flat to her face, and winking, said, with a low chuckling laugh:

'*Did* they, though? I guess they did n't! There's more in that boy than you think for. I'd sooner lose my whole set than him. It was him that they were arter; but he was off, long ago. My eyes! Did they think when the gal was gone that I'd be fool enough to keep him where they could reach him? Did they think that? Did n't I know that they'd move heaven and earth to get him? He, he! he! 'Let 'em look — let 'em look; and let 'em have all they find of him. They're welcome to it.'

'So you hid him, then?' inquired Snork, drawing from his pocket an iron tobacco-box, from which he took a large piece of tobacco, which he deposited in his mouth. After this he shut the box, with a loud click, and restored it to its former place in his pocket.

'Never you mind what I did with him,' replied Mrs. Blossom, with a leer at the man; 'that's my affair. He's where *they* won't find him; nor you, nor any one else.'

'Oh! ho! you're coming the mysterious over us, are you? Well, that's your look out. You may hide your babies, and be d — d, for all I care,' replied Mr. Snork carelessly, kicking a small stump of wood in the fire; 'only I thought that as the game was up with you, and the gal gone, and the beaks arter the boy, you'd like to get rid of him; that's all. But we want to meddle with no one's affairs — do we, Mrs. Snork?'

That lady, who had taken no active part in the conversation, but on the contrary, to show either her indifference to her husband, or her visiter, had gone to the window and was looking out, turned short round, and without replying to the question, said:



'If there's any lady or gentleman in this 'ere room who expects a visit from the police, they'd better make themselves scarce, 'cause the police is coming; I don't expect nobody. I don't keep such vulgar company.'

Saying this, the lady sat herself complacently on a small stool, and looked with a pleasant smile in the fire. Her composure, however, was shared neither by Mr. Snork nor Mrs. Blossom; and after a hurried consultation of a minute or two, the man opened a small door, communicating into a dark passage in which was a narrow stair-way leading to a back street. Beckoning to Mrs. Blossom to follow, he stood holding the latch of the door, until the noise of persons ascending the main stair-case, warned him that it was time to be off; when, shutting the door, he left the room in the undivided possession of his lady.

Scarcely had they disappeared, when the other door was flung open, and one or two police-officers entered, accompanied by a short, square-built man, with fiery black eyes, who burst into the room, followed at a less rapid pace by an old man who led a little girl by the hand.

'Is your name Snork?' demanded the former, impetuously; 'answer me.'

A woman who could keep such a man as Mr. Snork in subjection, was one not likely to be intimidated by the general run of men; and she accordingly answered, 'that what her name was, was her own business and none of his.'

'Damme, you may well be ashamed of it!' exclaimed the man, fiercely; 'one whose life is spent in breaking the hearts of children, and making them food for the prison, the gallows, and the grave, may well shrink —'

'Come, come, Frank,' interrupted the old man, 'this will never do. You know nothing against this person. I'm sure,' said he, 'you would not willingly be unjust, and you are so now. We came here merely to ask a few questions, which I have no doubt will be answered without hesitation. We are searching for a boy, the brother of this girl,' said he, turning to the woman, who directed her attention to him for the purpose of not observing the operations of the police-men, who, with a spirit of inquiry peculiar to police-officers, were overturning the numerous heaps of rubbish and old clothing which lay scattered about the room, possibly for the purpose of examining their quality. 'If you can give us any information respecting him, you will not only oblige us, but will be rewarded for your trouble.'

Had Mrs. Blossom been more communicative, it is not improbable that the last part of Harson's remark would have placed her secret in imminent danger; but as Mrs. Snork happened to be profoundly ignorant on the subject, she answered, bluntly, that she knew nothing about him.

'Nor of the woman who keeps him?'

'I don't keep the run of all the women that has boys,' replied Mrs. Snork, sulkily. 'Most of 'em has 'em.'

'Her name's Blossom,' said the old man.

'Well, I suppose that does n't hinder her from having a boy, does it?' replied Mrs. Snork; 'or two, or a dozen. There's no law agin it, is there? I do n't see what I've got to do with this'ere; or why you come rioting in my premises, arter run-away old women and run-away boys. I do n't keep lodgings for 'em.'

'Come, come, old woman, this e're is all gammon,' said one of the police-men, who had got through his investigation, and was ready to take part in the dialogue. 'It wo'n't go down with us. We know you, and you know us; so put a stopper on your tongue, and answer our questions; and civilly too, and straight forrards, or we'll rake up some old grudges, which you would n't like to have meddled with. So look sharp, now. Where's Mrs. Blossom?'

'I do n't know,' replied the woman, in a tone not a little subdued by the last hint of the officer.

'Recollect *that*, Bill,' said the man, turning to his associate. 'She don't know. Put that down. I suppose you never saw her,' said he, again addressing the woman.

'Yes, I did,' said Mrs. Snork, evidently ill at ease at the progress of the examination; while Bill, drawing a lead pencil from his pocket, proceeded to wet its point on his tongue, and to write his own name in a small book with great frequency and perseverance, leaving the lady under the impression that her answers were going down in black and white.

'She *did* see her, Bill,' said the man. 'Book that.'

Bill wrote his name again.

'When?'

'About ten minutes ago. She went out there,' said Mrs. Snork, pointing to the door through which Mrs. Blossom had retreated. 'Where she went to, or where the boy is, or who he is, or any thing more about him, I do n't know; that's flat.'

Saying this, by way of proving that it *was* flat, she slapped her hand on her own knee, and turned her back upon them all.

'Have you booked all that, Bill?'

Bill nodded.

'If an abundant reward could induce you to give us any more information,' said the old man, hesitating:

'I've told you all I know,' replied the woman, sharply. 'If you'll pay for lies, I'll give you plenty of 'em.'

Harson cast a puzzled look at the officers.

'I guess she do n't know any thing more,' said the man. 'If she does, and has been coming her nonsense over me, she'll pay up for it, that's all, and she knows it. Come, Sir; there's nothing more to be did here.'

Saying this, he turned on his heel, and, followed by the others, left the room.

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'EXTENSIVE WORKS' OF THE 'AMERICAN POZ.'

'EXTENSIVE' *are* thy works! no doubt of that:  
Vast as the wide expanse of ocean — *and as flat!*

P. R. T.

Savannah, (Georgia.)

## G L E N A R T E : A S K E T C H .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

THE scene described by our correspondent below, is but one of many which abound in its beautiful neighborhood. Thus wrote we once in our note-book of that delectable region: Should you ever journey hitherward, reader, fall not of 'Prospect Hill,' which rises gently some four miles to the south-west of 'modern Utica.' The great basin formed by the rich valley of the Mohawk, with its cordon of pale blue hills, lies before you, to the north and east; the city, softened by distance, in the foreground; and at your feet the charming village of Whitesborough; far to the south-west gleam the white college-buildings of Clinton University; and southward, and more near, stretches out a vale lovelier than Tempes, the romantic valley of the Sadaqued, with the pretty village of New-Hartford resting on its soft and verdant bosom.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

If thou wilt come among these quiet woods  
 In the first days of summer, when the corn  
 Is green upon the upland, and the hills  
 Are steeped in haze and sunshine, thou shalt find,  
 In the tranquillity which reigns amid  
 These cool, dark depths of beech and evergreen,  
 A loveliness and beauty, which shall fill  
 Thy heart with sweeter thoughts than the vain show  
 And bustle of the crowded streets of men  
 Can e'er accord thee. Thou hast learned enough  
 Of human folly, and the misery  
 Which man inflicts on man, to make thee sick  
 Of the unstable world; yet if thou wilt  
 Conform thyself to the observances  
 Of that detestable idolatry  
 Which shuts men up in cities, thou should'st be  
 Content to take therewith the wretchedness  
 Which is its wages. Haply, in the days  
 Of thine adversity, when thou hast felt  
 The frowns of the cold world, thou wilt be glad,  
 To turn from all its wo and wickedness,  
 To that society which thou hast scorned  
 For earth's base mockeries: yet not for thee  
 Shall Nature be less chary of her kind  
 And blessed sympathy, for she shall win  
 Thy heart back to its early love, and fill  
 The measure of thy days with happiness,  
 And unobtrusive quietude.

Through all  
 This wild romantic glen, which lies girt in  
 With groves of beech and hemlock, I behold  
 The impress of her milder loveliness;  
 For here she doth affect her gentler moods,  
 And the sweet murmur of her voice comes up  
 From running brooks, and leaves, and boughs that wave  
 In the cool airs of noontide. Here the light,  
 Soft wind of June stays longest, where the thick  
 Green branches sweep the fern and violets;  
 And the fresh moss that slopes down to the pool  
 Is sprinkled with the shells of last year's nuts,  
 And full of insect-murmurs. To the south  
 You pass up from the dingy town, that shuts  
 The valley in with its red cottages;  
 A dingy country-town, whose straggling lanes

Swarm thrice a day with troops of hardy men,  
And maids with low, slouched hats, who dole away  
Their lives amid the noise of oily looms  
And clanging engines.

Beautiful beyond,  
The thick green woods crowd down from the steep hills,  
With their dark growth of beech, and stately trunks  
Of knotty hemlock ; huge, moss-covered trees,  
Which on these heights have drank the freshening rains  
Of centuries, and lodged the anchorite crow  
Amid the snow and cold of many a long  
And dismal winter. A wild, narrow path,  
Moist with the issues of cool forest springs  
That well beneath the twisted roots above,  
Winds through the long, steep wood, o'er banks of moss,  
And underneath large, ragged trunks of elm,  
Split by the lightning. High o'erhead, the wind  
That freshens in the distant harvest-fields  
Makes a sweet murmur in the pines that drop  
Their brown cones on the summit, bearing in  
Through the close maple-boughs, and leaves that dance  
Far down the shaggy steeps, the scent of flowers,  
And buckwheat blossoms whitening amid  
The blaze of August.

How the admitted light,  
That deepens with the freshness of the breeze,  
Darts up these venerable trunks of beech  
And barky cedar ! Now with one broad gleam  
It lights the thick wood half way down, and now,  
Melting to spots of gold, it dances o'er  
The stems of prostrate trees, and shoots along  
The twinkling wood-moss : 'mid the topmost pines  
The wind lulls faintly, and the pleasant gloom  
Grows deeper with the deepening quietude,  
Save where amid the swaying leaves and boughs  
That meet o'erhead, some sweet invisible bird,  
With its perpetual chirp, fills half the wide  
And shadowy forest.

If thou would'st know more  
Of this romantic valley, let there be  
Beside thee, when thy heart is in the mood  
To taste its quietude, the proud bright look  
And smiling witchery of one, whose name  
Is married to these venerable hills,  
And their huge beechen forests. She is not  
A creature of dull romance, but the fair  
Embodiment of all things honorable ;  
One in whom love is a sweet habitude,  
Not overstrained nor hypocritical,  
But full of purity, and steadfast faith,  
And constancy that shakes not. In her eye  
There is the star-light of sweet thoughts ; as sweet  
As the night-g'o'y of an April heaven ;  
And in the ceaseless prattle of her lips  
There is a music like the voice of streams,  
That wins the heart from sadness. Hence this glen  
Is a fit type of her whose name is blent  
With its sweet history ; for love is here  
In the soft air, and in the kiss of winds,  
And melody of birds, that sing all night  
Amid low-drooping boughs, and leaves that break  
The holy moon-light on the eddying waters.



## MAY SONNETS, FOR 1843.

BY T. E. VAN DIERCK.

## I.

Out on this chill and cheerless first of May !  
 No village now sends forth its jovial crew,  
 No warmth is here, no mirth, no laugh, no dew,  
 No festive May-pole, deck'd with garland gay,  
 No merry dancers, and no morris-play.  
 I see you can think old barons have told us true :  
 Cold blasts have pinched our ladies' cheeks all blue,  
 And driven the rose-tints from their lips to-day :  
 The streamlets make no glimmer as they run ;  
 No butterfly disports across the mead ;  
 Black clouds each moment muffle up the sun ;  
 And, strange to tell, instead of flowery brede  
 Wreathing her locks with vapors dark and dun,  
 Sweet rosy Lady May has turned an ice-cold Nun.

## II.

And yet in spite of hood, and snowy veil,  
 Of marble hand, and cheek like sculptured stone,  
 Nuns often have a beauty of their own,  
 Which strikes the eye, where charms more *worldly* fall.  
 What though the air still smacks of recent hail,  
 And flackening shadows o'er the onward are thrown ?  
 Our souls from this may take a purer tone,  
 Like snow-drops blooming 'neath the icy gale.  
 However gloomy misanthropes may preach,  
 And tell us life is but an empty dream,  
 Some simple joys are ever within reach ;  
 E'en now, through rifted clouds, a short, cold gleam  
 Flashes athwart the blossoms of the peach,  
 Illumes the distant peaks, and lights each brimming stream.

## THE MAIL ROBBER.

## NUMBER ONE.

## 'A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.'

EVERY body must have been frequently struck, in looking over the newspapers, with occasional paragraphs under this head, relating authentic accounts of certain repentant rascals who honorably atone for their old frauds by restoring anonymously the gains which a return of prosperity permits them to spare. It is pleasant too to observe how generally the Editors are in the habit of giving great credit to said worthy rascals for their genuine Christian spirit. In their placid, plural way, they seem to consider them as encouraging proofs of the moral progress of the age, and as especial arguments of that disputed part of our mental anatomy, the *mens conscia*. Certainly, a well-attested 'case of conscience,' as they technically style it, like a case of 'hydrophobia,' or a real and undoubted instance of 'spontaneous combustion,' is exceedingly satisfactory and refreshing to scientific observers of the many-sided oneness of our whole nature, beside being very flattering to our belief in the rapid advance of probity, and the perfectibility of the race. No example has of late fallen under our notice which savors more of the true spirit of the age, than is exhibited in the following note to the Editor :

'SIR: In consequence of the pecuniary exigences of the times, I was reduced to the necessity, about six months ago, of implicating myself in an *operation* upon the post-office. To speak plainly, the mail-bag for one of the British steamers about to sail from Boston

was abstracted in a felonious manner, and the contents disposed of in a way not contemplated by the correspondents. This created considerable talk in its day; but as the bag was not very full, and contained a far less amount of property than myself and colleagues had anticipated, it was soon hushed up, and is now probably forgotten. This transaction is one which the statute recognizes as indictable, and I have hitherto been scrupulous as to divulging my share in the business. As the affair, however, has now blown over, I am anxious to make what amicable arrangements I can with my own delicacy and those individuals whose letters I imprudently intercepted. Most of them I have either already returned to the writers, or forwarded with great care to their original destination. I have nevertheless in my possession several, of which I have lost the envelopes, and am unable to direct in the due form. A few of these are of a poetical cast, and appear to have been written by some English traveller in this country to his friends at home. As I am sure that there is no other way whereby they will be so likely to reach the hands for which they were designed, I have taken the liberty of transmitting them to your journal, which I am credibly informed is the only American Magazine that numbers any readers abroad. I regret exceedingly that it is not in my power to make farther reparation, as my unfortunate embarrassments compelled me to expend my share of the receipts from this painful piece of business.

'It is gratifying to me, however, to state, that my circumstances having taken a favorable turn, I am at present enjoying the responsible station of the presidency of a banking institution, and shall probably never have occasion again to avail myself of any practices which my cooler judgment would admonish me to abstain from.

'One more point perhaps deserves mention. I was formerly, I grieve—but I deem it my duty—to confess, to a considerable extent *a drinking man*, and must in a great measure attribute the illegal extrication of my affairs from entanglement to the habitual use for many years of the strong wines of foreign countries. I am proud to say that I am now a strict Washingtonian, and moreover a superintendent of a Sunday school. I would also state, that my organ of acquisitiveness has been pronounced by Mr. COMBE to be remarkably large; and, moreover, that I have heard my grandmother say, that her brother was occasionally addicted to insanity.

Yours, etc.,

— — —.'

HAVING in this unusual mode become the recipient of the correspondence above mentioned, we shall venture to make use of the prevalent custom of amusing the public with private gossipry, and lay before our readers the first Letter, addressed to Mr. ROGERS, of London. The cockney is evident in the tone of its thought. If no objection is made t'other side the water, we may from time to time put forth other specimens of the generous pile which our moral friend the Superintendent has deemed it his duty to send us. The modest way in which he speaks of his 'extrication,' and his sensible remark touching the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, give us a firm

faith in his talents and his reformation. His good sense will pardon our affixing so harsh a title as the 'Mail Robber' to his valued communications: something must be sacrificed to courtesy, for the sake of a taking sound. We trust that in this matter we may be exempted from blame. It was the profound remark of one of our most eminent statesmen, in a fourth-of-July oration, that 'all is fair in politics.' The same sage axiom having been so generally applied to literature, we cannot doubt that even those who wrote the letters will readily pardon us the liberty so universally assumed by English and American editors.

## LETTER FIRST.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, LONDON.

NESTOR of Britain's lyre! — 'tis BYRON's phrase,  
Or Midas! (nay, I mean you no dispraise,)   
Who cannot drink your inspiration single,  
But must with Helicon Pactolus mingle;  
Midas! I say, since whether you indite  
Poems or prose, or 'payable at sight,'  
With bards and bankers equally enrolled,  
Whate'er you touch turns wondrously to gold;  
May these rude lines, however lamely wrought,  
Bring back the pilgrim to your kindly thought;  
Thine was the last of many a parting word  
Which my sad ear, on leaving England, heard;  
Thine the last look from any friendly face,  
Fondest farewell, and most beloved embrace;  
Now just it seems, arrived this side the sea,  
My first epistle I address to thee.

Some value, sure, a thousand leagues may lend  
To verse as dull as Morning Posts \* commend;  
Distance and Time are marvellous magicians,  
Distance gives fame, and sometimes four editions;  
Ev'n baby TENNYSON is reckoned here,  
By those who 've tried him, exquisite small beer;  
So cheap, coarse toys, by China's carvers made,  
Are marked 'five pounds' in Burlington Arcade;  
So may the farness of Manhattan give  
At least a fortnight for my rhymes to live;  
The long, salt seasoning of th' Atlantic brine  
Spins out the death-pangs of the feeblest line.  
And O, remember, venerable SAM!  
I rove not now by Themis or the Cam;  
Hesperia's muse is but a lagging bird,  
By whose low flight small rivalry is stirred;  
On ostrich wings her dull career is driven,  
Half tied to earth, half hopping up to heaven;  
For seldom here has genius found in art  
Spontaneous utterance for a flowing heart,  
Or sought, by night, in forest or in glen,  
The tongue of angels for the thoughts of men;  
No willows planted by a poet's hand  
Turn steep Weehawken to a fairy-land;  
If chance a laurel spring by Hudson's bank,  
It ne'er grows beautiful, but only rank:  
For why? Apollo's few and languid scholars  
Ply their dry tasks for dinners or for dollars!

\* Or course our cockney must have been thinking of the 'London Morning Post,' and not of its pleasant and sparkling namesake in the 'Literary Emporium' down east.

But plume now, plume thy Fancy's willing pinion,  
Behold me here in JONATHAN's dominion :  
Snug in the shelter of that savory hell,  
That marble Pandemonium, HOLT's hotel ;  
Where, forced by crowds from each genteeler house,  
I take in crowds my canvas-back and grouse ;  
With boors from Buffalo in velvet vests,  
Sit the most silent of the rav'nous guests ;  
Watch their huge hunger with a wondering eye,  
Remember you and Regent-street, and sigh.  
Perchance you marvel at my long delay  
Amid the pigs and liveries of Broadway ;  
Yet have I strayed (it's over, to my joy !)  
As far already as to Illinois ;  
Scarce had I trod the threshold of the land,  
When strong disgust, too potent to withstand,  
Drove me, distracted with commercial cant  
And tap-room statesmen's never-ending rant,  
To seek beyond the Alleghany's range  
Some race who made not earth one vast exchange ;  
Some sacred scene where Nature was not made  
The drudge and slattern of usurping Trade.  
Swift on the wings of water and of fire  
I dashed through mountains, to my heart's desire ;  
From fog and snow to flowers and sunshine went,  
Surveyed the whole, and hastened back content :  
For, spite of pigs, the truth must be confessed,  
Vile as this town is, 't is the country's best !  
Here at the least our mother tongue is spoken,  
Here all the windows are not always broken ;  
Here English coats and English manners bear  
At times the Briton back to Leicester Square.  
Here too, my friend, some gentle spirits dwell,  
Who deign to know me, even in Holt's hotel.

Oft at your board, at that refined repast  
Where London's lions break their early fast,  
To 'nights and suppers of the gods' preferring  
Green tea and temperance, with a toast and herring ;  
Oft have you said, perchance in jesting mood,  
You too might venture o'er the foamy flood ;  
Might take the whim, some sweet September day,  
When scarce a cat in Langham Place will stay ;  
When all the town, beyond the reach of duns,  
Is out of town, with horses, dogs, and guns ;  
To shut up shop, and take your annual rest  
In the green bosom of the woody west :  
Where, by some river with an Indian name,  
Your living ears might antedate your fame ;  
In 'Thebes' or 'Troy' your living eyes admire  
Your plaster bust with laurel and with lyre ;  
See your own self, biography and all,  
In Philadelphia, pasted on a wall ;  
Or cheaply printed for the southern trade,  
As far as Arkansas to be conveyed.  
How sweet to find in Genesee's vale  
Some virgin sighing o'er GINEVRA's tale !  
List the same lines that pleased the Thames before,  
Amid the pines of Erie's rocky shore,  
And thus to 'Memory's Pleasures' add one more.

Yet Nestor, pause ! quit not your home for this  
Imperfect picture of an author's bliss :  
Ask knowing CHARLIE, whose dissecting glance  
Probes to the core and marrow of romance ;  
Let him inform you how this age of steam  
Reduces poesy to weight and ream ;

Retails cheap genius, brings the muses down,  
 And turns Parnassus to a trading town.  
 Yes, the fine flashes of instinctive thought,  
 In silver lines and golden periods wrought;  
 In some blest mood of happy Fancy struck  
 From flinty Labor, by a touch of Luck;  
 The tender shoots that burgeon from the brain,  
 To live and blossom on the page again;  
 The pretty nurslings Meditation rears,  
 Warmed at the hearth-stone of the heart for years,  
 Soon as they touch this equalizing coast,  
 Doff the gay 'primer' and the folio-post;  
 By quantities in tawdry covers crammed,  
 Praised by the peck, and by the bushel damned;  
 Dressed in a suit of macerated rags,  
 Cast off by Russia's beggarmen and hags,  
 On huckster stalls the darling dreams must lie,  
 Tempting the pence from every idler by.  
 Yes, Nestor! how 't would gail thee to behold  
 Perchance thy 'Italy' for ninepence sold!  
 How would'st thou shame to recognize thyself  
 To common crockery turned from MOXON'S delph;  
 In mammoth quartos, decked with wooden cuts,  
 Meanly displayed mid candies, cake, and nuts;  
 Thumbed by coarse hands that paw before they choose,  
 And love to feel the fabric of the muse;  
 Stitched up with Lady BLESSINGTON in sheets,  
 To catch the moon-eyed gapers of the streets!

Oh! tell ANACREON, when he quits his groves  
 To sip with you the Java that he loves,  
 That where Ohio wears the hues of wine,  
 From slaughtered tribes of Cincinnatian swine,  
 Down by the water, near the 'Pork Dépôt,'  
 Where drays and steam-boats roar, spit, hiss, and blow,  
 Amid the vulgar sights that throng the strand,  
 I saw disconsolate a PERI stand!  
 Hard by was ALCIPHON, both pale, both lean,  
 While PAUL DE KOCK profanely sneaked between;  
 Around lay many an imp of modern song,  
 Here 'Lays of Rome,' and here 'Miss LUCY LONG.'  
 Lo! from the wharf a rugged boatman comes,  
 To pick a few cheap literary crumbs;  
 A greasy, poor, but free enlightened man,  
 A foe of kings—a plain republican;  
 With sapient eye he views the lettered store,  
 Spells the strange names, and scans the pictures o'er;  
 Nibbled a bit of this, a bit of that,  
 His purchase made, and crammed it in his hat:  
 Three-pence the freeman gave for one thin book,  
 Three-pence, ANACREON! for thy Lalla Rookh!

Tell proud LOCHIEL, when you encounter next,  
 How oft his Highland temper would be vexed  
 To see the blisses which he found in Hope  
 Dealt out by dozens, much like Windsor soap;  
 Robbed of the little honor of a volume,  
 Crammed in to fill some paper's final column;  
 And so perchance to have a tailor send  
 His garments home in verse himself had penned!  
 To see that verse, whose labor made him lean,  
 Stuck in the chinks of some d—d magazine;  
 Hid, like a Moscow palace, built mid hovels,  
 Amid ten chapters of ten bawdy novels;  
 Or, worst of all, his mangled odes peruse  
 Trimmed in the fashion of Missouri's muse;  
 For each smart editor is watchful here  
 To clip his matter to his reader's ear;

And oft, more room to make for better men,  
 Bids 'BLAKE and mighty NELSON' fall again.  
 So patriotic managers are wont  
 To strike out all that might free ears affront ;  
 Yes ; wrong the oft-wronged text of Avon's BILLY,  
 And make him quite American and silly :  
 In Roman plays lug in their 'stripes and stars,'  
 Nay, for aught I know, juleps and cigars.

But hold ! how *can* I of their stage complain,  
 Remembering thy misdeeds, O Drury Lane !  
 We who have seen the lion-tamer there  
 From her own realm the buskin'd virgin scare ;  
 Audacious ! braving in his impious path  
 VANDENHOFF's dignity, MACREADY's wrath ;  
 With DECCAN's monsters frightening both the houses,  
 To please beef-witted shopmen and their spouses ;  
 We who in London's latitude permit  
 Such profanation, here may spare our wit :  
 Let actor, manager, and author too  
 Do their worst here — they cannot *us* out-do.

Bless me ! four pages, and so little told !  
 My gentle Nestor ! prythee do not scold ;  
 CHARLIE has taught you all about the cabs,  
 The jails, the spitting, and the negro drabs ;  
 The slaves, who sweat beneath a southern sun,  
 The capitolian lords of Washington,  
 Who sit refulgent in a ruffled shirt,  
 As now they legislate, and now they — squirt ;  
 Of these I speak not ; but of all the floods  
 Whose voices hailed me in the western woods ;  
 Of hills, and rills, and prairies ever green,  
 And that Niagara which I've not seen ;  
 What ever else remains to say or sing,  
 Another steamer in a month shall bring.

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P A R T I N G   S T A N Z A S .

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WRITTEN AT IDLESBERG.

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THE flowers you gave are fresh and fair  
 As when you plucked them from the stem ;  
 And I, with all a lover's care,  
 Will long preserve the cherished gem.

The flowers you gave will wither soon —  
 Will wither from my sight like thee,  
 Ere many suns have set in June,  
 Or moons have waned upon the sea.

Not thus the more enduring tie  
 Affection twines about the heart ;  
 Not thus thy cherished memory,  
 Of all my dreams the dearer part :

When Eve her earliest star displays,  
 While twilight fades upon the sea,  
 How will I watch its kindling rays,  
 And watching, dream alone of thee !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**HOBOKEN: A ROMANCE OF NEW-YORK.** By THEODORE S. FAY, Author of 'Norman Leslie,' 'Countess Ida,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 441. New-York; HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the romance before us, as in his previous novels, Mr. FAY has presented the evils of duelling, in a series of striking incidents, grouped as it were in compositions for the pencil; and no one can rise from the perusal of his pages, without a revulsion of feeling at the deeds which have been perpetrated under cover of the long-abused *code d'honneur*. But without derogating from the aims and the performance of Mr. FAY, we must enter our protest against the *abuse* of duelling, in another form; we mean in the light of a staple for novel-making. It really seems to us to have been worn threadbare. Think, O think, ye great multitude of novel-readers that no man can number, how many romances have ye encountered, that had not in them a duel? And, if not asking too much, 'be so good as to state' what was the great difference between them all, in the provocations, the preparations for the contest, the scene on the ground, and the final result? 'Try to recollect' whether they were not all quite the same thing, in the general effect which they left upon the mind, and in the events retained by the memory. But does this lessen the merit of Mr. FAY's work? On the contrary, it is greatly to his credit that from matériel so hackneyed he has managed to make two very attractive volumes, possessing no lack of interest, and with a regular succession of incident to the close. As the volumes are generally before the public, on the wings of the press, we shall not inflict a detailed review of them upon our readers. The following is a brief outline of the story: 'The principal hero is Harry Lennox, the son of a wealthy New-York lawyer, who, as well as his brother Frank, is in love with Fanny Elton. They make confidants of each other, and both offering their hearts and hands to the heroine, are both rejected; Harry scornfully, and Frank kindly, but therefore the more decidedly. At the theatre soon after, Frank, who is an officer of the United States army, resents an insult offered to Fanny by a British Captain Glendenning, by knocking him down; and a visit to Hoboken is the result. Frank sends his bullet through Glendenning's hat, who fires in the air, and then handsomely apologizes for the acknowledged insult. They become mutual and warm friends. Glendenning goes to Montreal, where his superior officer, Colonel Nicholson, who has a quarrel with him, brings him into disgrace, and taunts him with having prematurely adjusted his quarrel with the American Lieutenant. Stung by the insults daily heaped upon him, Glendenning repairs to New-York, insists upon another meeting with Frank Lennox, and kills him upon the spot. Harry meantime, to relieve the pain of Fanny's scornful rejection, is travelling in Europe, where he becomes intimate with the Earl of Rivington, at whose mansion he is introduced to the Earl of Middleton, formerly Colonel Nicholson, who is a cold-hearted man of the world, very ambitious, and just expecting a brilliant diplomatic appointment. Both visit the Countess; and soon after their arrival, Middleton is astonished at meeting at table Glenden-



ning and White, his friend in the sad affair with Lennox; which has for ever embittered Glendenning's life, and, added to repeated instances of haughty and heartless treatment, made both him and White his lordship's determined foes. Glendenning at once faces his enemy, and in the presence of Harry Lennox accuses him of having *forced* him to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood. Lennox, astounded at the charge, investigates the matter, learns its truth, challenges Middleton, and kills him. After finishing his studies and travels in Europe, he returns home, finds that Fanny's rejection of him was caused by the slanders of a wily foe, his father's partner; and of course they are married. The reader will perceive that there is here no lack of the requisite variety for a novel of the modern school. There is one feature in the work, however, that can scarcely fail to impress all right-minded Americans (and Englishmen too, for that matter,) unfavorably; and that is, the *blarney* in which the author has seen fit to indulge when speaking of England, and the light in which it is regarded by American travellers. Mr. FAY may have felt as if he 'had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the celestial regions' when he arrived in 'beautiful, merry, brave, time-worn, warlike, intellectual, immortal England;' he may have regarded the first sight of MOORE as equal to 'meeting Nebuchadnezzar or Anachreon;' he may have 'looked at every man he met in the thoroughfares, to detect WELLINGTON or the KING;' he may have gone into extacies at the condescension of a nobleman, whom he 'never expected to be so sociable with;' but he does great injustice to the character of his countrymen, when he represents *them* as prone to similar acts and emotions. Doubtless they see much to venerate and admire in our glorious mother country, and to excite their enthusiasm when they visit it; but we trust they do not forget their native land, nor the self-respect of a well-bred American, in their admiration, or rather pseudo-admiration. 'Hoboken,' however, made its first appearance in London; and this fact gives great transparency to some of our friend's laudations, and enlightens us as to the policy of 'dragging them in by ear and horn,' alike when occasion does, and when it does not, present itself. Save this blemish, which we do not feel ourselves entitled to pass unnoted, we have little fault to find with the romance of 'Hoboken;' which it is but reasonable to hope may add to the previous reputation of the author.

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'MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS,' AND 'MRS. SMITH, A SEQUEL TO THE SAME:' Tales by Miss LESLIE. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

'MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS' is decidedly the best production of Miss LESLIE's pen that we have ever perused; and soon after its appearance in the pages of one of our lady-magazines, it attained at once a wide popularity. It exhibits, in a series of graphic and life-like scenes and incidents, the character of a vain, vulgar, and presuming 'gentility-seeker;' and admirably exposes the folly and absurdity of respectable but mistaken persons sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect, to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain, silly, heartless people, inferior to themselves in every thing but in wealth and in a slight tincture of so-disant fashion; and who only take them up or throw them off, as may happen to suit their convenience. We believe 'MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS' to have been productive of great social good, since her appearance before the public. As a specimen of Miss LESLIE's style, and force of satire, we subjoin the following choice record of a 'conversation' between Mrs. POTTS and a young lieutenant, with whose handsome face and figure she is much impressed, and in whose 'good graces' she is anxious to secure a place, in behalf of her daughter:

'I HEAR, Sir,' said she, 'you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place, is it not?'

'Its shores,' replied Cheston, 'are certainly very beautiful.'

'Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly,' resumed Mrs. Potts; 'they are quite poetical, you



know. Pray, Sir, which do you prefer, Byron or Bonaparte? I dote upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampire pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it's because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like Lafayette?' (pronouncing the name *d la canaille*.)

'The man or the name?' inquired Cheston.

'Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here, Lafayette; stand forward, my dear; hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman.'

'I won't!' screamed Lafayette. 'I'll never make a bow when you tell me.'

'Something of the spirit of his ancestors,' said Mrs. Potts, affectedly smiling to Cheston, and patting the arch on the head.

'His ancestors!' thought Cheston; 'who could they possibly have been?'

'Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled,' pursued Mrs. Potts. 'But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know,) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling, as it is for the needle to point out the longitude. Now we talk of longitude, have you read Cooper's last novel, by the author of the Spy? It's a sweet book; Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical, Mr. Cheston? But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini. Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well, as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?'

'The Poles, decidedly,' answered Cheston, 'from what I have heard of them, and seen of the Greeks.'

'Well, for my part,' resumed Mrs. Potts, 'I confess I like the Greeks, as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of paintings? At my house in the city, I can show you some very fine ones.'

'By what artists?' asked Cheston.

'Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West.'

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her; while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity, and variety of information.

OUR POLITICAL IDOLATRY: A DISCOURSE delivered in the First Church in Roxbury, (Mass.) on Fast Day, April 6, 1843. By GEORGE PUTNAM, Minister of that Church. BOSTON: WILLIAM CROSBY AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

It behooves the good people of these United States to take heedful note of the words of warning contained in this discourse. It sets forth, in language clear and forceful, the evils which environ our much-vaunted Majority, when permitted to become a tyrant. This sovereign monarch of ours is well contrasted with the monarchies of the old world: 'Those who aspire to favor with King Majority, fawn upon him, flatter him, assure him of his unparalleled wisdom, his universal and astonishing intelligence, his incorruptible virtue, of his perfectly cool and passionless judgment; above all, (and this is always the most agreeable incense to the ear of monarchs,) they tell him of the rightful extent of his prerogative; how he ought to rule with absolute sway; how certain checks to his power ought to be removed and shall be, and nothing stand between him and the exercise of his divine instinct of right, his unerring wisdom and good pleasure. They are careful not to tell him that to err is human; that he is liable to passion and may do wrong; to mistakes of judgment and may err; and that therefore he ought, for his own safety and the welfare of his subjects, to surround himself, and keep himself surrounded, with regular checks against his own mistakes and caprices. Oh, no! if he ever did do wrong for a moment, it was because he was innocently misled by this or that false friend and bad adviser, who has squandered his money, or disparaged his wisdom, and must be put away!' Let us follow our author a little farther, and see with what faithfulness he probes that he may cure. What a just rebuke is administered in the subjoined passage:

'ONCE more: is our boasted sovereign one that is sure to surpass other sovereigns in the moral character of his dealings with mankind? Will this sovereign manifest a high-toned conscience, a scrupulous regard to honor and good faith in his engagements? This question is answered but too plainly already. To the infinite shame and sorrow of every high-minded citizen, the answer is written down before the eyes of the world in facts as black and foul as any of this class that ever yet blasted the fame of prince or people. In some States of the Union—and God only knows how it would be in other States under like difficulties, or how it will yet be in some of them—in

some States debts have been openly repudiated, or else evaded under flimsy pretexts more disgraceful than open repudiation, because more mean. And this by the people, the infallible majority, the immaculate heaven-born sovereign of the New World, the model government, the desire of all nations! Our good name is gone beyond the power of many ages to redeem. The most beggarly prince in Europe, who strives to maintain a tottering throne, or who only goes out on adventure to acquire one, is a more welcome applicant to the capitalist than many a State in this Union, or the whole together; and our glorious sovereign, Majority, that we fondly dreamed was to eclipse all others in the splendor of his power and the exaltation of his character, is a disgraced swindler, that can no longer be trusted for a mess of pottage. After this, any, the gloomiest apprehensions for the career of our great potentate, in his future strides to absolutism, will not be deemed quite fanciful or gratuitous. Ten years ago, had this moral outrage of repudiation been predicted, the prophet would have been scouted, as a libeller, that could be no lover of his country. Yet now it is fact; a fact that should secure a charitable hearing for one who ventures to whisper his fears of calamity and disgrace yet to come.<sup>1</sup>

We ask our readers, who are conversant with the journals of the day in different sections of our republic, whether the following is not most veritable? Do not the times continually give proof of the justice of the writer's animadversions? 'T is true, 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is true.'

<sup>1</sup> It can avail but little for our security, that we have, and may continue to have, what is called a government of laws. The legislatures in many States — and there is too much cause to say the same of the national councils — seem to be losing the character of independent deliberative bodies. They meet, not to deliberate, but to act; not to exercise their judgment, but to carry out at once the express or presumed decrees of sovereign party; each member pledged and bound, not to think, but to do as he is commanded; a dead hand, to register the edicts of the monarch. A legislature thus conducting itself will soon cease to be an assembly of wise men; or if they be wise, their wisdom will be as useless as their folly; and it will become, as to a great extent ours have become already, a mere index of the party passion and popular caprice of the year, enacting the changeful out-door clamor into laws as changeful. Our legislative bodies are becoming as subservient to the sovereign, as much mere automatic machines in his mighty hand, as ever was a British parliament under the eye of a Henry Eighth or a Queen Elizabeth. Unless our people pause soon in this career of revolution, and begin to retrace their steps toward the original theory of our government, the meeting of a legislature will come to be dreaded by quiet and order-loving citizens, little less than the gathering of a mob. Grave discussion gives place to party cabal, to foul-mouthed violence, nay, to open brawls and occasional homicide. A busy, capricious, and arbitrary legislation, continually unsettling all things and keeping them unsettled, echoing ever the gustful passion of the hour, will soon cease, as things are going on, to give us any comfort in the mere name of a government of laws. A legislature that basely lays down its independence at the feet of the sovereign, whether that sovereign be a crowned king or a triumphant party, always was and will be more an oppressor than a guardian, more a scourge than a blessing — a supple tool of tyranny.<sup>2</sup>

It may seem strange to some of our readers that topics like these should have been discussed by a clergyman on an appointed fast-day; but Mr. PUTNAM explains the fitness of his discourse. The day was not a Sabbath, but derived its appointment from the civil authorities. His hearers came together in obedience to the call of the magistrate; and it was in accordance with propriety, therefore, that our civil relations and the public condition should be considered in some of their more moral aspects. The result is an admirable discourse, the character of which we have in part indicated. We commend it to a wide perusal.

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CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST: OR WHICH MAKES THE HERO? In one volume, 12mo. pp. 216. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

This is a little book, but a very matter-full one; for aside from its narrative interest, in its early chapters are contained some of the most admirable lessons for the guidance of the young that we have encountered for many a long day. We have read it through, from title-page to colophon, with unmixed enjoyment; and are only sorry that we have but space to indicate the character of the volume by the following guide-posts to its various divisions: a family picture; the school; the first fight; true courage; new principles; a champion, though no fighter; an important decision; home as left, and a new home; trial and victory; a friend in need; the beauty of goodness; visits and their consequences; truth fearless and triumphant; passion and its fruits; a *duel*; a duel does not establish the truth; pirates — a visit to Lafitte in Barrataria; homeward-bound; chances and changes; the wanderers returned; the hero manifested, and his reward.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—It is a source of great gratification to all lovers of the fine arts, that this institution should continue to make such rapid strides in public favor. This year the annual exhibition is unusually attractive; and we regret that we have neither the time nor requisite space to go carefully through the catalogue, and speak of the works of every artist in the manner they deserve. We are forced, at least in the present number, to confine ourselves to a few of the leading pictures by some of the most prominent artists.

In the historical department there are two famous pictures by a young American artist, now in Germany, by the name of LEUTZE. Number 100, 'COLUMBUS brought in chains to Seville,' is a masterly work; finely conceived and beautifully executed. We are glad to perceive that the APOLLO ASSOCIATION are the owners of it; we are sure the subscribers to this flourishing and deservedly popular institution will prize it highly. Number 234, 'Sir WALTER RALEIGH,' by the same artist, has not the same high order of merit, but is still a picture that any one would rejoice to possess. In the same room there is a picture by FINK, another young American, now in Europe, which also shows great talent. The subject is 'RAPHAEL's last illness.' This great master has been brought into his studio to contemplate, for the last time, the most celebrated of all his works, 'the Transfiguration,' and is surrounded by his friends and pupils. This picture is carefully drawn, well designed, and (with some few exceptions) well colored.

Number 154, 'Saint PETER in Prison,' by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, is said to be a sketch for a larger picture; but it would be well for our artists to study this work, whether it be a sketch or a finished painting, for we have rarely seen such clear and transparent coloring as is displayed in this little gem.

Number 32, 'Lake Scene,' by A. B. DURAND. This landscape would do credit to CLAUDE himself. Every part is finished with great beauty. The sky, the water, the foliage, and the dark gray rocks in the fore-ground, are all painted with the greatest care and truth. In addition to this, there is an atmosphere pervading the whole, and a poetic feeling, that is only equalled by a few works of the old painters. This too, we understand, has been purchased by the Apollo Association, to be distributed among their members. Mr. DURAND has several other landscapes of great excellence in the exhibition; and a small figure piece styled 'HARVEY BRECH;' in which he has exhibited as much feeling for historical composition as for landscapes.

Number 54, 'Mount Ætna,' by Mr. COLE, and Number 164, by the same, are both fine pictures, from sketches made recently in the island of Sicily. Ætna, particularly, recommends itself to every one's attention, both from the grandeur of the scene, and from the skilful manner in which Mr. COLE has portrayed it.

Number 172, 'Retreat to Fort Necessity,' by CHAPMAN, is an excellent picture. The figures are wonderfully spirited, and there is a truth and animation in the whole, that make it very attractive.

Number 131, 'Mammoth Cave in Kentucky,' by R. GIGNOUX, is a difficult subject, but admirably managed. The effect of fire-light and day-light is excellent. This artist has several other landscapes in the exhibition, which are very creditable to him; and some of his sketches made in the open fields, from nature, we have never seen surpassed.

Number 190, 'Boy Stealing Milk,' by F. W. EDMONDS. Having 'satisfied the sentiment' of this picture, by a survey of the threatening aspect of the old lady; the sort of mesmeric consciousness of her presence, expressed in the half self-satisfied half-fearful countenance of her victim; and the evident *coolness* of the atmosphere in the apartment; we would counsel an examination of the correct drawing of the figures, and the finish and naturalness of the accessories. Observe the *tin* of the milk-pan; the dripping line of rich deposit left by the receding fluid, and the thick stream *debouching* into the young thief's mouth; the 'hitched-up' jacket, the jug, and *that* cabbage; and the interior of the upper shelves of the cupboard. These are so faithfully represented, that they form an excellent study for those who deem that labor lost which is devoted to the exhibition of truth in little things.

Number 247, 'The Avenue,' by V. G. AUDUBON, reminds us of some of the fine pictures of the old masters. It is carefully drawn, well colored, and with the exception of a little formality, (which is more the fault of the subject than the artist,) is a work of high character.

Number 223, 'Shepherd Boy,' by D. HUNTINGTON, is in our opinion one of the very best of this artist's productions; full of truth and life, and executed with great boldness and freedom.

Number 197, 'RUTH's Entreaty,' by T. HICKS, has considerable merit, and shows great improvement in this young artist. We must suggest to him, however, to make a better selection of models when he undertakes a picture of this character. Mr. CLONNEY has two small pictures of much cleverness, both of which are undoubtedly drawn and painted from life.

Number 74, 'Dolce Far Niente,' by FLAGG, has something pleasing in its tone and conception; but it has faults in drawing that an artist of his experience should avoid.

Number 92, 'Family Group,' by S. B. WAUGH, (unfinished,) reminds us of CATERMOLE, and the English school generally. The book-case, table-cloth, etc., are beautifully painted, but we cannot say as much of the figures.

We now come to the portraits. PAGE, as usual, excels in this department. Number 132 has great character and feeling, and is withal one of the most finished portraits we have ever seen. Number 211, by the same, is another capital head. There is also an 'Ecce Homo,' by PAGE, in this collection, that proves him to be as great in historical painting as in portraits.

Mr. C. G. THOMPSON has given us the portraits of several literary characters, that add greatly to the interest of the exhibition. We have before us BRYANT, Mrs. SEBA SMITH, HOFFMAN, KEESE, etc., all of which are carefully painted, and good likenesses.

Number 61, by C. C. INGHAM, Number 28, by INMAN, and Number 171, by HUNTINGTON, are all fine works in this department of the art. Nor should we omit several by MOONEY, (his portrait of ex-governor SEWARD, as a likeness, is *perfect*,) WHITEHORNE, S. A. MOUNT, POWELL, and SHEGOGUE; all of whom exhibit in their works this year great talent and great improvement.

In Sculpture, there is a bust by LAUNITZ, of surpassing beauty. It is full of grace, modesty, and pure innocence; and is deservedly a favorite with all who visit the academy. We have also busts by CRAWFORD and POWERS; but neither of them are fair specimens of these artist's talents. As for the head of Orpheus, by the former, we are informed that to those who have seen the original statue, this fragment affords no better idea of the work itself, than the brick which a man brought in his pocket to show as a sample of his house.

In miniatures, and water-color drawings, there is a greater display this season than usual. CUMMINGS, SHUMWAY, BOGARDUS, and others, have exhibited evidences of

their skill in miniature, which we regret we cannot notice more at large. The water-color department, although more numerous this year than usual, shows that little attention is paid to this branch of painting. We wish some of our young artists could see the great perfection to which water-color drawings have been carried in England, and the liberal encouragement which the English people give to this beautiful department. We have the talent among us to produce works equally beautiful; and we hope soon to see some of the younger brethren devoting more of their time and attention to it.

In almost all the notices of the academy that we have encountered, we remark a constant murmuring at the number of portraits and indifferent works in each year's exhibition. We have been told, by a member of the academy, that those who make such complaints do not understand the objects of the institution. It is not the intention of the academy to show what *can be done* by American artists; but to show what *is done* by them. In other words, the exhibitions are not made up of pictures 'selected' for this purpose, but contain *all* such works of native artists as are sent to be exhibited. The Academy never *rejects* any thing, unless it be immoral in its tendency, or indecent in its character. One word, in closing, as to the way in which too many visitors are in the habit of looking at pictures. We have somewhere seen a pleasant satire upon the rapid manner in which 'a party of Frenchmen in a hurry' despatched the finest collection of pictures in Venice. 'Before the attentive visitor has cut the leaves of his catalogue, the mercurial traveller has come, he has seen, he is gone! *Ahiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*; and while some over-conscientious, admiring amateur, with pencil in hand, is taking notes, a dying cadence of '*Magnifique!*' or '*Ravissant!*' may be heard, from some distant spot, 'low by degrees, and beautifully less,' and his ready gondola is already conveying him away.' Perhaps half the visitors at the National Academy are equally unjust to themselves, and to the artists who have labored so hard for the gratification of the public, as well as for that meed of applause to which they are entitled.

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'THE LADIES' COMPANION' commences its present volume upon a large and handsome type, and under the additional editorial supervision of Mesdames STICOURNEY and EMBURY. The three embellishments of the May issue are more pleasing and meritorious than any which the 'Companion' has presented its readers for many months. The contributors to the body of the work have driven the new editors into a close corner; but though pent up in a narrow space, they enjoy great freedom of speech and independence of judgment. For example: speaking of Mr. CORNELIUS MATTHEWS's third attempt to get his writings before 'some readers' by selling cheaply from the office of the 'Sun' daily journal, they hold the following language: 'Like most of the other 'writings' of Mr. MATTHEWS, 'The Motley-Book' is characterized by an air of pretension; an exaggeration of style and sentiment; and an eternal succession of futile attempts at humor, which at once dispose the reader to dislike the book and the author.' The editors add, very justly, that the best commentary upon the style of Mr. MATTHEWS's 'writings' is to be found in the advertisements in which he announces them; certainly the richest specimens of unavailing puffery extant. 'And yet people do n't read his 'works,' because they can't!' But what matters this to our 'authoring?'

'He may be read, or he may not;  
He takes his chance, the scribbler's lot,  
And bears it very well;  
Then why should he give up the trade,  
While trunks are lined, and pastry made?'

In closing this notice of the 'Companion,' let us clap an extinguisher upon this '*ausful fib*' of the publisher: 'The public should bear in mind that the three-dollar magazines contain more reading than any of the five-dollar magazines issued in America or Europe.' Now 'mark how plain a tale shall put him down.' Even this 'pattern-number' of a new volume of the 'Companion,' in its much-vaunted 'coarser type,' (it has but *one page* as fine as the type used in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER,) has only *fifty-two pages*, all told; whereas this Magazine had *one hundred and twelve pages* in its last issue; and even in the Editor's departments more matter than is contained in the present number of the 'Companion!' Surely, so transparent a misstatement as the above can deceive no one who has eyes, and the mathematical gift of plain counting.

MR. KNEELAND'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON. — We have already briefly adverted to this beautiful creation of sculpture; and we now propose to dwell somewhat more at length upon its many merits. And first, let us remind the reader that the sculptor is confined to certain limits, from which the painter is free, especially in a composition which contains two or more figures in an isolated group. The great difficulty the former has to contend with is the want of back-ground; this the painter finds in the canvass. He takes but one view of his subject; whereas the sculptor is driven to the necessity of representing it in *every* point of view. He must invent something to support the body over the limbs, making one part subservient to another, and thus to sustain the relievos. Mr. KNEELAND's efforts to make the most of these means have been crowned with entire success. In this statue of WASHINGTON, our artist has not attempted to represent him at any particular period, nor to designate any distinct action, of his great career. It is simply an equestrian statue of the 'Father of his Country.' He is supposed to have ridden up to the side of a mountain-howitzer, for the purpose of taking an observation of the enemy's forces. The howitzer, a small cannon, used only on high grounds, is introduced as a supporter, in lieu of that uncouth object, a *stump* beneath the animal. To obviate the unpleasant impression of the charger coming in contact with the sharp angle of the wheel, Mr. KNEELAND has felicitously thrown over it the American standard, partly unfurled, the staff lying along the cheek of the gun, and the flag hanging in graceful and easy folds over the outside of the wheel, and resting on the ground; the whole forming a sufficient mass to support the horse, yet without interfering with its beautiful outline. With the exception of the action of the wind upon the tail of the charger, and the cloak of the rider, which is most admirably represented, the whole is in repose; yet it is a momentary *physical* repose, in contrast with evident mental action. We must ask the reader especially to note the natural curvature of the animal's neck, the movement of the ears, and the perfect *stepping* action of the limbs, although all the four feet are on the ground. The champing of the bit, the open mouth, and inflated nostril, are scarcely less admirable. The whole is in strong contrast with the calm countenance and dignified position of the rider. There is something so unmilitary in modern costume, particularly in the cocked hat and chapeau, that Mr. KNEELAND found it necessary to represent the head of WASHINGTON bare, as is common in all modern equestrian statues. There was a classic beauty in the Grecian helmet, but with that we have nothing to do. In all similar statues which we can call to mind, there has been something so unmeaning in the bare head and unoccupied hands, that the effect was any thing but pleasing. Now, in order to represent the head uncovered, Mr. KNEELAND has placed the chapeau in the hand which holds the charger in powerful check. The right hand grasps a spy-glass, just suspended from use, the arm being yet elevated, while the face is still turned in the line of observation. The countenance plainly indicates that WASHINGTON is contemplatively regarding with the naked eye what he has just discovered with his glass. There is a sort of *double meaning* pervading the entire composition, which seems indispensable to the harmony of the whole. It will be observed, for example, that while the checking of the horse is one great accessory to the story, it has also enabled the sculptor to introduce *reins* between the mouth and neck, a conception altogether original. The hand, too, that holds the reins and chapeau is firmly planted on the neck, giving increased strength and firmness to the human figure. The introduction of the cannon, moreover, gives an additional indication of war; while the point of the flag-staff jutting out in front, breaks the long perpendicular line, which would otherwise be offensive to the eye. The boots also have enabled the artist to introduce spurs, which we believe has not before been attempted. The figure of WASHINGTON is draped in military costume, over which is thrown a cloak, or statesman's robe, admirably representing the union of the two characters in the person of the illustrious subject.



The great *originality* of Mr. KNEELAND's performance, is in these days of imitation a striking merit. In no particle of its composition has he been indebted to any artist who has preceded him for a single idea. Of the grace, dignity, and expression of the principal figure, and the anatomical truth of the horse, there can be but one opinion; nor can any observer fail to note the skill with which the drapery and trappings are managed, and the *clothly* appearance of the vestments. It is evident that Mr. KNEELAND has been actuated by the same feeling in producing this gem of cabinet-sculpture which would have governed him in making it the size of life. He has good reason to be proud of the approbation and admiration which his statue has commanded from artists and capable judges of art. It will soon, we believe, be open for exhibition at the Granite Buildings in Chambers-street.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We trust that our esteemed friend and contributor 'N. S. D.' does not pretend to *justify* the cruel treatment which the early Quakers received at the hands of the Puritans, whatever may have been their faults. Scourging naked females through the town at the tail of a cart, and at whipping-posts, strikes us as *rather* indefensible than otherwise, in any era of decent civilization and common humanity. *Au reste*, our friend shall speak for himself: 'It is strange enough, that, at this late day, the "persecution of the Quakers," as it is called, should be charged upon the Pilgrims as an instance of what superstition, acting upon the religious faith of good men, will bring about in an enlightened community. There is a sad error in the popular mind in regard to these persecutions, and the sooner it is corrected, the better for the cause of truth. And who were these Quakers, think you, who were publicly beaten, and in two or three instances brought to the scaffold? Ancestors of the peace-loving, pure-minded brethren, whose gentle characters now win the respect of the whole world? Fathers and brothers of the broad-brimmed worthies and demure damsels of our sister city? Ask them, and see if they will claim kith with the turbulent spirits who disturbed the worship and outraged the decent customs of the pious Pilgrims! In truth, a more disorganizing and fanatic sect than were these *soi-disant* Quakers, never cursed a peaceful community. I have by me a letter, written by a clergyman of Salem to one of my progenitors, which describes the doings of these people on the Sabbath days. They made it a special object to disturb every religious meeting in the town; they paraded the streets in fantastic garbs; and on frequent occasions appeared *stark naked* in the public assemblies. Even one of their speakers, an excellent man in other things, justified this indecent behavior; and in reply to the question, put to him by a member of the court, whether he thought it 'right for a female to appear naked in a religious meeting,' replied, that 'though he deemed it a great cross for a modest woman to disrobe herself before a mixed assembly, yet, *if she felt called by the Spirit to stand forth as a symbol of the spiritual nakedness of the people, he could not forbid it!*' Away then with the charge of superstition against the best men who ever worshipped God! It was a 'pestiferous sect,' demoralizing to the pure minds of the people, and who, returning repeatedly from banishment, forced upon the lovers of order and decency the inflicting of these punishments.' 'And brave old ISRAEL PUTNAM too, he must needs be assailed by you envious burghers! Now I have nothing to do with the long process of argumentation which goes to make him a coward; but I have a fact to relate which is sufficient for *my* belief, that PUTNAM was a brave soldier, and a true friend to his country. Do you remember to have met with the name of General POMEROY?—old SETH POMEROY, the hero of Louisburgh? When the news of the gathering at Boston came to this old man of five-and-seventy years, he was reposing from his laurels (well earned in the hard contests of Lake George and Nova Scotia) in the bosom of a family happy as ever dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut. Mounting his horse, with his gun and powder-horn, he immediately started for the rendezvous; and although he was ninety miles distant, he arrived, by the aid of another horse borrowed on the way, when his own failed him, in less than twenty-four hours, upon the bank of the Charles river, on the morning of the battle of Bunker's Hill. As he came in sight of the field, the balls from the British ships were flying thick and heavy across the way he had to pass. Hesitating a moment, he bethought him of the *borrowed* horse, and dismounting, said to a by-stander: 'Take this horse to —; I'll go over on foot!' 'But, General,' answered the man, 'you'll be killed if you attempt to walk over the Neck; why do n't you ride?' With an honesty that always characterized him, the old hero replied: 'The horse is not mine; I'll go on foot!' And go he did; arrived safely

upon the hill; took command of the left wing of the recruits; fought stoutly with his men; and was the last man of the last company who retreated from the ground. Now old General POMEROY said, as I can prove by twenty witnesses, that ISRAEL PUTNAM fought in the battle of Bunker's Hill; and, BANCROFT to the contrary, that is enough for me. I am sure he was not a coward. And as the old veteran himself said, when they told him that WASHINGTON had capitulated at the Delaware, 'I don't believe it, I can't believe it, and what's more, I won't believe it!' . . . Some wag in the waggish city of Boston has lately given in the '*Morning Post*' a 'first-rate notice' of RUSSELL's concerts, in the shape of a burlesque imitation of the phraseology of his bills. It purports to be a 'programme of Mr. SNUFFLE's concert, given at the *Hohodeon*, a name derived, we suppose, from 'Ho! ho!' the peculiar chorus of half Mr. RUSSELL's songs. We annex two or three examples of the 'headings' and 'specimens':

'THE BULL FROG.'

'Mud-croaker! swamp-digger!  
Dirt-deliver! be still!  
See!—men with pickaxes,  
Descending the hill!

'Then cease thy dull music,  
And hushed be thy cry;  
Ho! reptile—ho! bull-frog,  
They've doomed thee to die!' etc.

This, like 'The Newfoundland Dog,' was 'illustrated with a few remarks connected with the incident upon which the song is founded.' The first of the ensuing is a 'specimen' which touches a new song of Mr. RUSSELL's, and is introduced as follows: 'Never shall I forget the sensations I experienced upon looking upon this unfortunate animal. They had been feeding him upon that inebriating article of food, rum-cherries; and his truly melancholy situation filled the beholder with sentiments of solemnity and pity.' The second is an imitation of 'The Old Arm-chair:'

'THE DRUNKEN SWINE: A CANTATA.'

'And he staggered about that olden sty,  
The spirit of rum-cherries dimming his eye,  
While the night wind whistled a mournful sound,  
And the little pigs grunted in sympathy round.  
Hark! hark! the pail creaks; live again! 'tis o'er.  
And the porker reels onward; the clock strikes four!'

'THE OLD BELL-CROWNED RAT.'

'I LOVE it. I love it, and who shall frown,  
Because I still sport that old bell-crown?  
What though the sugar loaf's now the go,  
And brimmers of late are selling but slow;  
I'll stick to the old one in spite of the town,  
For I love it, I love it, that old bell-crown!'

The originals of the following will be readily recognized. It should be premised, that the 'Old Back Bay' at Boston, is not *quite* so salubrious a spot as the Battery; and the odors which it exhales are reputed to be neither of myrrh nor of frankincense:

SONG: 'SOME LOVE TO MEET.'

'Some love to meet in the crowded street,  
And spin a yarn so free;  
But a cozy chair, away from the air,  
And a life in the house for me!'

BALLAD: 'OLD BACK BAY.'

'Over the mill-dam's wooden rail,  
Many an hour I've whiled away,  
Smelling the rich and perfumed gale  
Which comes across that old back bay!'

'The Dandelion Green,' 'The Old Toddy-stick,' and other songs of like character, closed the imaginary concert; all of which, as a fair hit at the limited musical rôle, and certain word-mannerisms of Mr. RUSSELL, are certainly not amiss. But, let his opponents say what they will, our artist has a certain *dramatic* power, a simplicity, and often an eloquence of musical execution, which we have rarely seen surpassed. He does not aim at elaborate execution, nor 'difficult' scientific effects. He contents himself with a distinct enunciation of his author's language, and with the exercise of a voice in tones which shall be *in keeping* with his theme. These are the only 'arts' by which he draws together such crowds at his concerts. O! how we abominate what is termed 'difficult music' and 'fashionable execution!' The 'operators' in this species of musical stock are thus graphically depicted by the good Ettrick Shepherd: 'They have neither taste nor feeling; all taught singers, after some particular model for each particular tune, which they stick to like grim death, like a parcel o' mockin'-birds. Na bursts o' native feeling, inspired at the moment by some turn in the strain; na sudden pathos to bring the tear into your e'e; na lively liltin' awa' like a rising laverock, when the hymn should brighten in the sunshine o' the soul's expanding joy; na plaintive pause, maist like a faint, and then a dying away o' the life o' sound into a happy and holy death; but everlastingly the same see-saw; the same stop at the foot o' the hill, and the same scamper up; the same heiter-skelter across the flats, and the same cautious ridin' down the stony declivities. They hae nane o' them ony souls.' That's a fact! . . . Our young friend of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, for whose kind and flatter-



ing words we are grateful, and whom it is a pleasure to esteem, must neither misunderstand nor misrepresent us. That we are 'willing to recognize' if not 'able to discern' the great genius of COLERIDGE, we could even *now* prove, (although many years have elapsed since we read either,) by reciting a great portion of his 'Antient Mariner' and his 'Christabel.' Nor are we less acquainted with his other elaborate as well as his minor poems. We have them *by heart*; and this no reader who has done us the honor, for the last ten years, of perusing this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, can have failed to observe. It is with COLERIDGE's 'conversations,' his interminable 'talks,' that we had to do; 'talks' that sent HAZLITT, his most fervent admirer, and a more 'portentous bore' than even COLERIDGE himself, away with 'a sound in his ears.' CHRISTOPHER NORTH's *real* opinion of COLERIDGE's 'conversations' cannot be doubted by any attentive reader of the 'Noctes.' CHARLES LAMB loved him as a brother, and admired his genius, yet he 'never heard him do any thing else but *preach*.' True, he was obliged to illustrate, in the case of COLERIDGE, his own remark, touching 'fashions in literature as in garments;' that 'there are many things which we are compelled at the same time to detest and praise.' 'Admiration,' says the Edinburgh Review, 'is contagious, and means often little more than sympathy with the general feeling—the pleasure of being in the mode; and thus a popularity which is merely accidental and ephemeral, may be preserved for years. Our friend of the 'Tribune' represents DE QUINCY as *traducing* COLERIDGE, in accusing him of bald plagiarisms from the German; yet we have seen *pages* of the original and the 'conveyed' ('the wise it call') side by side, with the slightest possible difference between the two, and with no acknowledgment on the part of COLERIDGE. By the by, speaking of DE QUINCY, 'The Tribune' asks, with sufficient flippancy certainly, 'Does the KNICKERBOCKER *know* any thing of the Opium-Eater?' We leave our readers, who will scarcely have forgotten our elaborate notice of 'The English Opium-Eater' and its author, to answer *that* question. HAZLITT, the pen-and-ink 'toady!' may talk as he lists of COLERIDGE's voice, 'like a stream of rich distilled perfumes!' of his prayers, 'floating in solemn silence through the universe!' of his 'launching into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind!' of the superiority of his articulate sounds over 'the music of the spheres!'—yet we 'speak the things that we *do know*,' when we say, on the authority of a 'cloud of witnesses'; not men given to 'small talk to display their own powers;' not men who seek encouragement and approbation for 'their own jests or puns;' but gentlemen, Englishmen and Americans, honored and beloved in both countries, whose undimmed reputation will endure, when the memory of COLERIDGE's 'talks,' (they were *never* remembered, for that matter,) will be 'clean gone for ever.' It is known, and in England conceded, that in his 'conversations' COLERIDGE 'was wont to soar into the undefined and interminable region of abstraction, in the vacuum of which he utterly lost himself.' But something too much of this. We dismiss the theme. . . . HERE is a very capital thing of HOOD's, entitled '*A Report from Below*.' It must be premised that a family are just sitting down to tea, when a shock, as of an earthquake, shakes the china from the table, and MARY the servant, pale as death, and with teeth chattering, rushes into the apartment, and in great agitation thus explains the concussion:

'We was both, Ma'am in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs, And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;  
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and then she stops for coughin',  
That drafted copper flue has took to smokin' very often,  
But please the pigs!—for that 's her way of swearing in a passion—  
'I'll blow it up, and not be set a-coughin' in this fashion!'

'Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,  
And empties every grain alive, for to set the flue exploding.  
'Lauk, Mrs. Round!' says I, and stares, 'that quantum is unproper,  
I'm sartain sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;  
You 'll powder both our heads off, now I tell you, with its puff:'  
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.  
Well, when the pinch was over, 'Teach your grand-mother to suck  
A powder-horn,' says she: 'Well,' says I, 'I wish you luck.'  
Them words set up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,  
'Come!' says she, quite in a huff, 'keep your tongue inside your lips;  
Afore ever you was born, I was used to things like these—  
I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.'

'So in it goes, and bounce! O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,  
I thought we both were canonized, like sogers in a battle!  
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,  
And bless the tubs! they bundled off, and split all into cracks.'

Well, then I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,  
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.

'I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,  
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;  
All scorched and grimed; and more than that, I sees the copper slap  
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.  
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps 'em up together,  
As humanity p'int's out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;  
But for all as I could do to restore her to mortality,  
She never gives a sign of return to sensuality.  
Thinks I, 'Well, there she lies, dead as my late departed mother;  
Well, she 'll wash no more in *this* world, whatever she does in t'other!' <sup>1</sup>  
So I gives myself to scramble up the lincens for a minute;  
Lauk! sich a shirt! thinks I, 'It's well my master was n't in it!' <sup>2</sup>  
O. I never, never, never, *never* see a sight so shockin'!  
Here lays a leg and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stockin';  
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered shirt,  
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt,  
But as there war n't nobody in 'em, there war n't nobody hurt.

'Well, there I am a-scrabblin' up the things all in a lump,  
When, mercy on us! sich a groan as makes my heart to jump!  
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,  
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky!  
Then she beckons with a finger, so down to her I reaches,  
And puts my ear ag'in her mouth, for to hear her dying speeches;  
For, poor soul! she had a husband, and young orphans, as I knew:  
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's gospel fact and true,  
These words was all she whispered: 'Where is the powder blew?' <sup>3</sup>

THE emotions of a thoughtful and observant mind, on revisiting, after a long absence, the home of his youth and the scenes of his boyhood, and especially the resting-place of his fathers, are well depicted in the reflections on '*Our Village Grave-Yard*,' in another portion of the present number. They recall to mind a passage in our note-book, transferred to its pages before 'many a year was in its grave' which has since joined the irrevocable past:

'WHEN the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the night-fall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and if friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they, whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, nor broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching, in the evening of age. As the current of time winds slowly along, washing away the sands of life, and wasting the vigor of our greener years, like the stream that steals away the soil from the sapling upon its bank, we look with a kind of melancholy joy at the decay of things around us. To see the trees under whose shade we sat in our earlier years, and upon whose rinds we carved our names in the light-hearted gaiety of boyhood, as if these frail memorials of our existence would long survive us, to see these withering away like ourselves with the infirmities of age, excites within us mournful but pleasant feelings for the past and prophetic ones for the future. The thoughts occasioned by these frail and perishing records of our younger years, when the friends who are now lingering like ourselves upon the brink of the grave, or have long been asleep in its quiet bosom, were around us, buoyant with the gaiety of youthful spirits, are like the dark clouds when the storm is gone, tinged by the farewell rays of the setting sun.

<sup>1</sup>In these recollections of former times, the past and the present meet together. We go back again into the valley of youth; we gaze upon the vestiges we left behind us then, and tread in the footsteps we trod in before. We recollect the thoughtlessness and hilarity, the summer and sunshine of boyhood, the hopes and fears, the aspirations and revelries of youth; and we *may* remember, too, that those whose hearts were lightest and whose hopes the fairest, were sooner than others summoned away to the desolate and voiceless halls of death! Of those who were around us in the spring-time of life, and went hand in hand with us through the summer journey of youth, all perhaps have parted from us, each to pursue a separate path toward his own destination. This parting may have been the last time we beheld them, from whom we never before parted. We recollect the farewell pressure of the hand, the countenance of hope and sadness, and the melancholy voice, whose tones we now think had something prophetic in them, that told us we were never to meet again! They had gone to foreign climes; become strangers in strange lands; felt the chastenings of adversity, and found rest from the cares and toils of the world in the repose of the tomb.

<sup>2</sup>When we hear of the death of friends; when we know that those who loved and were loved by us, have gone before us into the vale of death, and fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth, never again to waken the thousand endearments and tendernesses which wound unnoticed around our hearts, and strengthened with the lapse of years, have broken and withered away, though hardly without severing the chords of life with them, we call to mind their gentleness, their forgiving

know. Pray, Sir, which do you prefer, Byron or Bonaparte? I dote upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampire pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for WASHINGTON. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it's because he and WASHINGTON are namesakes. How do you like Lafayette?' (pronouncing the name *à la canaille*.)

'The man or the name?' inquired Cheston.

'Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here, Lafayette; stand forward, my dear; hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman.'

'I won't!' screamed Lafayette. 'I'll never make a bow when you tell me.'

'Something of the spirit of his ancestors,' said Mrs. Potts, affectedly smiling to Cheston, and patting the urchin on the head.

'His ancestors!' thought Cheston; 'who could they possibly have been?'

'Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled,' pursued Mrs. Potts. 'But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know,) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling, as it is for the needle to point out the longitude. Now we talk of longitude, have you read Cooper's last novel, by the author of the Spy? It's a sweet book; Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical, Mr. Cheston? But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini. Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well, as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?'

'The Poles, decidedly,' answered Cheston, 'from what I have heard of them, and seen of the Greeks.'

'Well, for my part,' resumed Mrs. Potts, 'I confess I like the Greeks, as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of paintings? At my house in the city, I can show you some very fine ones.'

'By what artists?' asked Cheston.

'Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West.'

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her; while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity, and variety of information.

OUR POLITICAL IDOLATRY: A DISCOURSE delivered in the First Church in Roxbury, (Mass.) on Fast Day, April 6, 1843. By GEORGE PUTNAM, Minister of that Church. BOSTON: WILLIAM CROSBY AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

It behooves the good people of these United States to take heedful note of the words of warning contained in this discourse. It sets forth, in language clear and forceful, the evils which environ our much-vaunted Majority, when permitted to become a tyrant. This sovereign monarch of ours is well contrasted with the monarchies of the old world: 'Those who aspire to favor with King Majority, fawn upon him, flatter him, assure him of his unparalleled wisdom, his universal and astonishing intelligence, his incorruptible virtue, of his perfectly cool and passionless judgment; above all, (and this is always the most agreeable incense to the ear of monarchs,) they tell him of the rightful extent of his prerogative; how he ought to rule with absolute sway; how certain checks to his power ought to be removed and shall be, and nothing stand between him and the exercise of his divine instinct of right, his unerring wisdom and good pleasure. They are careful not to tell him that to err is human; that he is liable to passion and may do wrong; to mistakes of judgment and may err; and that therefore he ought, for his own safety and the welfare of his subjects, to surround himself, and keep himself surrounded, with regular checks against his own mistakes and caprices. Oh, no! if he ever did do wrong for a moment, it was because he was innocently misled by this or that false friend and bad adviser, who has squandered his money, or disparaged his wisdom, and must be put away!' Let us follow our author a little farther, and see with what faithfulness he probes that he may cure. What a just rebuke is administered in the subjoined passage:

'ONCE more: is our boasted sovereign one that is sure to surpass other sovereigns in the moral character of his dealings with mankind? Will this sovereign manifest a high-toned conscience, a scrupulous regard to honor and good faith in his engagements? This question is answered but too plainly already. To the infinite shame and sorrow of every high-minded citizen, the answer is written down before the eyes of the world in facts as black and foul as any of this class that ever yet blasted the fame of prince or people. In some States of the Union—and God only knows how it would be in other States under like difficulties, or how it will yet be in some of them—in

We like the *spirit* of the lines, '*This is not your Rest,*' but we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to their *execution*. The fourth stanza, especially, is lamentably defective. We feel the full force, however, of the lesson conveyed, and the solemn monition which closes the lines. Yet after all, here on this little landscape of life, glittering but briefly, and environed by the dim, solemn boundary of death, how we cling to our common mother! 'We love this moist and opaque earth, which is the soil for our downward-striking roots. Here we receive the sunshine and the dews, and we begin terrene. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own. There seem indeed immense powers exerted about us to bind us; to shut us up in earth and mortality; to make us love finite things, centre and limit our desires in them, and be ourselves finite. All our pleasures, all our senses, all habits and all customs, seem to close us in; strong passions spring up and embrace things finite. This is earth, and the strength of earth.' And how we cling to it! An atom conscious of existence, surrounded on all sides by endless time, infinite distance; with thoughts that travel into vast regions, where footstep was never heard, nor corporeal eye can pierce; returning to us too often laden with no certainty, no assurance; yet how we cling to it, our mother Earth! 'O break, dread arch of mystery that bendest above us! Tell us what we are, and whither we are going!' . . . It is not long since 'FLANKUR' (where is he? and why is he so long silent? capital correspondent that he is!) served up to our readers two or three 'learned Thebans' in petticoats, with a faithfulness that startled some of our fair contributors. But there is 'additional testimony.' A friend and correspondent inside the southern division of MASON and DIXON's 'bailiwick' gives us the following: 'A lady of some literary pretensions asked me the other day, "What color were the eyes of *Plutarch's LAURA*?" I told her that most commentators supposed them to be the same as those of ABELARD's *Eliza*, ROUSSEAU's *Beatrice*, and DANTE's *Dido*; namely, a royal indigo! Was n't it horse-laughable?" Ay, *that* it was; yet such benign ceruleans, ignorant as pretending, are by no means rare. . . . A GERMAN friend, who was in one of NAPOLEON's battles, once described to us his emotions, on first receiving the enemy's fire. "When the balls began to whistle around us," said he, "like the shrill sound of the wind in the small cordage of a ship in a gale, my first impulse was to duck my head, which I did continually. But my right-hand companion was an older soldier. "There's no use in *that*," said he; "it will only increase your ——" The words died on his lips; a bullet had penetrated his brain; and he dropped dead at my side! From that moment I had no fear." One must have witnessed such scenes, adequately to appreciate the sublime picture of SCHILLER:

'HEAVY and solemn,  
A cloudy column,  
Through the green plain they marching came!  
Measureless spread, like a table dread,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
Their looks are bent on the shaking ground,  
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;  
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,  
Gallops the Major along the front:  
'Halt!'  
And fettered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warrior's silent halt!'

We cannot permit our friend HENRY INMAN, Esq. to depart for the other shore of the Atlantic, without commending him to our American and English friends and correspondents in the British metropolis, whither he repairs to spend a few months, and 'look about him' at the wonders of the old world. Aside from his well known preëminence as an artist, well known even in England, Mr. INMAN is a gentleman of intelligence and large information, of accomplished literary attainments, and with social qualities of the highest order. What pleasant fancies, what metaphysical disquisitions, what quips and quirks of humor, what unique gossipings, have we not had together! Incomparable artist! peerless companion! 'Take with you gentle winds your sails to swell!' . . . A FRIEND and correspondent, for more than fifteen years a resident in Turkey and the East, and intimately acquainted with the Turkish language and the feelings and customs of the people, has just finished the translation of a new Turkish work of historical anecdotes, which we hope to see published in America. He has also translated several of the most noted Turkish tales; among them '*Laila and Medjroun*,' the most famous love-tale of all the East. The reader will find some account of it in the 'Bibliothèque Orientale.' Several of these tales, thanks to the kindness of our correspondent, will appear in the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . We commend the following passage, from an article in BLACKWOOD's Magazine, to those foreign philanthropists, who, like O'CONNELL, are anxious to 'alleviate suffering' and 'abolish servitude' on this side the



Atlantic: 'Oh, the shameful absurdity of the thing! Thousands and thousands of our own white brothers and sisters literally starving in every manufacturing town; thousands of bonny white callans tining the roses out of their cheeks for very hunger, and thousands of growing lassies sitting disconsolate, who have been obliged to sell their clothes to buy bread for their parents; and thousands of married women, that weep when they look on their unemployed and starving husbands; are these affecting, distressing circumstances of the home condition of our own white slaves to be passed by with indifference?' We trust the foregoing may meet the eye of 'S. P.,' who sends us a violent denunciation of the catholic and christian views contained in the 'Sketches of South Carolina' as contrasted with the vehement abuse embraced in an extract from one of the 'great Agitator's' speeches. . . . WHY will not some of our young artist-friends transfer to canvas for us this beautiful painting in words of the Ettrick Shepherd? The 'composition' is before them: 'The ancient grandame, seated by the fire-side among her children's children, with the Bible open on her knees, and looking solemn, almost severe, with her dim eyes through spectacles shaded by gray hairs; now and then brightening up her faded countenance with a saintly smile, as she softly lets fall her shrivelled hand on the golden head of some little imp sitting cowering by her knee, and half in love, half in fear, opening not its rosy lips.' Such an aged woman is an object of respect and reverence; and beats there a heart within human bosom, that would not rejoice with holy awe, to lay the homage of its blessing at her feet? . . . We thought of, and longed for, the following lines many years ago, when describing in these pages the submarine experiments off the Battery; and we are very glad now to have met them in the note-book of an humor-loving friend, of the better sex:

## THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,  
His cheek was baked and brown,  
For he had been in many climes  
With captains of renown,  
And fought with those who fought so well  
At Nile and Camperdown.

He put the rummer to his lips,  
And drank a jolly draught;  
He raised the rummer many times —  
And ever as he quaffed,  
The more he drank, the more the ship  
Seemed pitching fore and aft!

The ship seemed pitching fore and aft,  
As in a heavy squall;  
It gave a lurch — and down he went,  
Headforemost in his fall!  
Three times he did not rise, alas!  
He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,  
Like any stone he dived;  
He could not see, or hear, or feel —  
Of senses all deprived!  
At last he gave a look around  
To see where he arrived!

And all that he could see was green,  
Sen-green on every hand!  
And then he tried to sound beneath,  
And all he felt was sand!  
There he was fain to lie, for he  
Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent  
A strange and staring lass;  
One hand was in her yellow hair,  
The other held a glass;  
A mermaid she must surely be,  
If mermaid ever was!

Her fish-like mouth was opened wide,  
Her eyes were blue and pale;  
Her dress was of the ocean green,  
When ruffled by a gale!  
Thought he, 'Beneath that petticoat  
She hides her salmon tail!'

She looked, as siren ought to look,  
A sharp and bitter shrew,  
To sing deceiving lullabies  
For mariners to rue;  
But when he saw her lips apart,  
It chilled him through and through!

With either hand he stopped his ears  
Against her evil cry!  
Alas, alas! for all his care,  
His doom, it seemed, to die!  
Her voice went ringing through his head,  
It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in  
At each unwilling ear,  
But still, in very spite of all,  
The words were plain and clear:  
'I can't stay here the whole day long,  
To hold your glass of beer!'

With opened mouth and opened eyes,  
Up rose the sub-marine,  
And gave a stare, to find the sands  
And deeps where he had been:  
There was no siren with her glass,  
Nor waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes  
Kept fading more and more;  
He only saw the bar-maid stand  
With pouting lip, before  
The small green parlor at 'The Ship,'  
And little sanded floor!

THE Duke de la ROCHEFOUCAULD, one of the octogenarian *noblesse* of Paris, has lately written a 'very French' yet somewhat prosy and quite affected '*Letter to Rachel*,' the distinguished actress, who has guessed the world and hit it so successfully. We are struck with the 'splendid posi-

tion' indicated by the following too truthful sentence: 'You see every where around you flatterers, admirers, courtiers, adorers; and not one support—not one true friend!' This it is to be a great public favorite! . . . We are obliged to 'A True Friend to True American Literature' for his offer; but we had proposed to ourselves the task he is 'willing to assume;' that is, if we can conquer the idea that the game is too small. By the beard of MAROMET! but it is 'enough to make a Quaker strike his father, to see a bottle of root-beer ape brown stout; or what is much the same thing, a *littérateur* with perhaps fifty inveigled readers, fancying itself a HANNIBAL among the Alps, cutting its own road into the public taste!' If our correspondent has his critique prepared, we should be glad to peruse it. . . . BYRON thought it was a sorry reward for losing one's life in a 'heady fight,' to have one's name misspelled in the despatches which announced his noble daring. Something akin to this must have been the feeling of our fine poet LONGFELLOW, on first seeing his portrait in the last issue of GRAHAM's excellent Magazine. It is a 'counterfeit presentment,' sure enough; and the artist ought to be indicted. Our old friend and correspondent is quite another personage from this 'demnition MANTILINI.' 'It is a handsome man,' with 'soft and flowing hair,' touched with the slightest possible tinge of 'sable silver;' an eye with a liquid, interior look, like BRYANT's; and a nose quite unlike ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR, the trumpeter's, who seems to have sat for that prominent feature in the likeness ('likeness!') before us. It is not because it is not a 'striking resemblance' that we denounce it; for we say with 'old KIR,' commend us to the similitudes that steal serenely upon us, breathing momentarily into fresher and brighter life; but it is because it looks no more like 'our Ancient' than it does like Hercules, that we put a ban upon it. Here, BRIDGET, take this picture away. . . . THE Mendians in Africa term a church a 'palaver-house;' and if 'A Scene in a Sanctuary,' by our Cincinnati correspondent, is what it purports to be, 'a sketch from life,' the name would not be misapplied to the conventicle he describes. Mars must have 'had dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house' in the nativity of 'Deacon —!' We've a story to tell, touching a kindred scene; but not now. . . . WAKING up of a summer's morning, as the disc of the broad red sun just tips the edge of the horizon, lighting the glowing clouds above, did you never, in the first gathering of your aroused thoughts, find such reflections as the following stealing upon your heart?

How many thousands are wakening now!  
Some to the songs of the forest-bough,  
To the rustling leaves at the lattice-fane,  
To the chiming fall of the latter rain.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,  
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,  
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,  
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some far out on the deep mid-sea,  
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,  
As they break into spray on the tall ship's side,  
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some in the gloomy convent-cell  
To the dull, deep note of the warning bell,  
As it heavily calls them forth to die,  
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

SOME dissatisfaction has been expressed at the rejection by the 'Committee of Acceptance' of the National Academy of Design of a beautiful picture of 'Cupid and Psyche,' from the pencil of one of our first artists, on the ground of its indelicacy. There should have been something remarkable in the treatment of the subject, to make the reason for the rejection a plausible one. Not having seen the picture in question, we do not know how far the committee were justified in the course they have taken; but we *do* know, that to the pure all things are pure; and that in every community there are 'poor feeble, fastidious fribbles, who would have turned aside their faces, clapped a handkerchief to their eyes, and deviated down a lane, had they suddenly met EVE in Paradise.' Whip us such surface-moralists! . . . THERE is an excellent article on 'Forensic Eloquence' in preceding pages, which will arrest the attention of the general reader, as well as of lawyers and other professional persons. It is to be hoped that there may be errors in the 'proper names,' as a punishment to the writer for his unchristian chirography. Speaking of law; perhaps some Philadelphia 'limb' of it, proverbially 'cute, will enable us to answer the following 'legal inquiry' of the 'London Charivari: 'When a prisoner has been sentenced to be whipped, is it necessary that there should be a presentation for acceptance, previously to the indorsement? In case of a refusal to accept, can the holder of the instrument administer?' . . . OH! a curse of all curses on the ambition of fine writing! What lots of good sense, what graphic descriptions, have been strangled in their birth, for the sake of rounding a paragraph! We cannot help echoing this just denunciation, when we contrast the simple yet vivid and life-like descriptions contained in the 'Letters from the South' written by our esteemed friend and correspondent BRYANT, for the 'Evening Post' daily journal, with the elaborate and overloaded paintings of southern scenery, which have served to lengthen out the pages of so many 'Romances of the

their skill in miniature, which we regret we cannot notice more at large. The water-color department, although more numerous this year than usual, shows that little attention is paid to this branch of painting. We wish some of our young artists could see the great perfection to which water-color drawings have been carried in England, and the liberal encouragement which the English people give to this beautiful department. We have the talent among us to produce works equally beautiful; and we hope soon to see some of the younger brethren devoting more of their time and attention to it.

In almost all the notices of the academy that we have encountered, we remark a constant murmuring at the number of portraits and indifferent works in each year's exhibition. We have been told, by a member of the academy, that those who make such complaints do not understand the objects of the institution. It is not the intention of the academy to show what *can be done* by American artists; but to show what *is done* by them. In other words, the exhibitions are not made up of pictures 'selected' for this purpose, but contain *all* such works of native artists as are sent to be exhibited. The Academy never *rejects* any thing, unless it be immoral in its tendency, or indecent in its character. One word, in closing, as to the way in which too many visitors are in the habit of looking at pictures. We have somewhere seen a pleasant satire upon the rapid manner in which 'a party of Frenchmen in a hurry' despatched the finest collection of pictures in Venice. 'Before the attentive visiter has cut the leaves of his catalogue, the mercurial traveller has come, he has seen, he is gone! *Abiit, excessit, evasit, eripit*; and while some over-conscientious, admiring amateur, with pencil in hand, is taking notes, a dying cadence of '*Magnifique*' or '*Ravissant*;' may be heard, from some distant spot, 'low by degrees, and beautifully less,' and his ready gondola is already conveying him away.' Perhaps half the visitors at the National Academy are equally unjust to themselves, and to the artists who have labored so hard for the gratification of the public, as well as for that meed of applause to which they are entitled.

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'THE LADIES' COMPANION' commences its present volume upon a large and handsome type, and under the additional editorial supervision of Mesdames SIGOURNEY and EMBURY. The three embellishments of the May issue are more pleasing and meritorious than any which the 'Companion' has presented its readers for many months. The contributors to the body of the work have driven the new editors into a close corner; but though pent up in a narrow space, they enjoy great freedom of speech and independence of judgment. For example: speaking of Mr. CORNELIUS MATTHEWS's third attempt to get his writings before '*some readers*' by selling cheaply from the office of the 'Sun' daily journal, they hold the following language: 'Like most of the other 'writings' of Mr. MATTHEWS, 'The Motley-Book' is characterized by an air of pretension; an exaggeration of style and sentiment; and an eternal succession of futile attempts at humor, which at once dispose the reader to dislike the book and the author.' The editors add, very justly, that the best commentary upon the style of Mr. MATTHEWS's 'writings' is to be found in the advertisements in which he announces them; certainly the richest specimens of unavailing puffery extant. 'And yet people don't read his 'works,' because they *can't*!' But what matters this to our 'author-ling'?

'He may be read, or he may not;  
He takes his chance, the scribbler's lot.  
And bears it very well:  
Then why should he give up the trade,  
While trunks are lined, and pastry made.'

In closing this notice of the 'Companion,' let us clap an extinguisher upon this '*useful fib*' of the publisher: 'The public should bear in mind that the three-dollar magazines contain more reading than any of the five-dollar magazines issued in America or Europe.' Now 'mark how plain a tale shall put him down.' Even this 'pattern-number' of a new volume of the 'Companion,' in its much-vaunted '*coarser type*,' (it has but *one page* as fine as the type used in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER,) has only *fifty-two pages*, all told; whereas this Magazine had *one hundred and twelve pages* in its last issue; and even in the Editor's departments more matter than is contained in the present number of the 'Companion!' Surely, so transparent a misstatement as the above can deceive no one who has eyes, and the mathematical gift of plain counting.

and his head shake. 'A *what!*' exclaimed the proprietor; 'a *live mummy!*' The Bore's head nodded again. 'Good heavens, Sir!' continued his querist; and then checking himself, he burst into a laugh that made the fat boy's sides shake, and then left the astonished Bore standing alone. I kept out of his way for that evening; but the very next day he met me in the street, with the usual salutation. He had forgotten all about the mummy! Now what can you do with such an ass?' . . . It hath been 'Yearly Meeting' in Gotham since our last number; and drab-garmented, broad-brimmed, strait-collar'd FRIENDS have abounded in the public thoroughfares; likewise also, 'troops of shining ones in pure apparel,' their matrons and daughters; with great godliness in their aspect, (for 'cleanliness is godliness,') and with an upright walk and conversation, most edifying to behold. *Apropos* of this, is the following sketch, by good old Parson BALWHIDDER, of a Quaker-meeting in Scotland, among the descendants of the Covenanters. It is a mere outline of the scene, but how many truthful touches there are in it:

'We had likewise, shortly after the 'omnes exeunt' of the players, an exhibition of a different sort in the same barn. This was by two English Quakers, and a Quaker lady, tanners from Kendal, who had been at Ayr on some leather business, where they preached, but made no proselytes. The travellers were all three in a whisky, drawn by one of the beat-ordered horses, as the ostler at the Cross-Keys told me, ever seen. They came to the inn to their dinner, and meaning to stay all night, sent round, to let it be known that they would hold a meeting in Friend Thacklan's barn; but Thomas denied they were either kith or kin to him: this, however, was their way of speaking. In the evening, owing to the notice, a great congregation was assembled in the barn, and I myself, along with Mr. Archibald Dozendale, went there likewise, to keep the people in awe, for we feared the strangers might be jeered and insulted. The three were seated aloft on a high stage, prepared on purpose, with two mares and scaffold-deals, borrowed from Mr. Trowel the mason. They sat long, and silent; but at last the spirit moved the woman, and she rose, and delivered a very sensible exposition of Christianity. I was really surprised to hear such sound doctrine; and Mr. Dozendale said, justly, that it was more to the purpose than some that my younger brethren from Edinburgh endeavored to teach. So that those who went to laugh at the sincere simplicity of the pious Quakers, were rebuked by a very edifying discourse on the moral duties of a Christian's life.'

OF GALT, who wrote the 'Annals of the Parish,' from which our readers have lately had liberal excerpts, and from which the above is taken, CHRISTOPHER NORTH observes: 'He is a man of genius. His humor is rich, rare, and racy, and peculiar withal, entitling it to the character of originality, a charm that never fadeth away. He has great power in the humble, the homely pathetic; and he is conversant not only with many modes and manners of life, but with much of its hidden and more mysterious spirit.' . . . DID you ever wake suddenly from a day-dream, on a warm summer's day, and while the trammels of sleep were dissolving, experience for a moment a rush of thoughts to your mind, that seemed to bring all the stores of memory at once before you?


— 'a picture of the past.  
Minute yet vivid, such as it is seen  
In his last moments by a drowning man.'

At *such* a moment, let but the slightest memento of a departed friend meet your eye, and straitway he is at your side, 'unchanged his voice and smile!' Let it be but his name written with his own hand on the title-page of a book, or a few syllables on the margin of a favorite passage, which long ago you may have read together, 'when life itself was new.' 'Oh! what heart may resist the influence of the Spirit, that with pale, uplifted arms wafts over us at once a blessing and a farewell!' . . . REALLY, our Boston friend *must* understand, that we blushed with gratification on reading his flattering epistle. We thank him especially for his kind words touching this division of our own humble departments. The 'Gossip,' we need not say, is a *necessity*, which cannot be avoided. Nor must it be inferred, when no communication is particularly named, that we are not conversing with or *at* correspondents, who will understand *particularly* what to the disinterested reader will have only a *general* application. There is good authority in favor of our desultory Salmagundi: 'Gossip,' says CARLYLE, in his late work, 'springing free and cheery from a human heart, is a kind of veracity and *speech*; much preferable to pedantry and inane gray haze.' . . . WE find on an odd page of our note-book the following passage from a record by an American eye-witness of the funeral of Lord BYRON at Newstead Abbey. The brief sketch of MARY CHAWORTH and her husband will be read with interest. A few remarks, verifying the faithfulness of BYRON's description of the 'vast and venerable pile' of his fathers introduce us to the 'last scene of all, that ends his strange, eventful history.' 'The cavalcade, accompanied by thousands of spectators, set out for Hucknall, where the body, by direction of Mr. HOBBHOUSE, was to be interred in the family vault. Several members of the corporation were in attendance to bear the pall. There seemed to me something irresistibly ludicrous in this accompaniment. Grocers and



tallow chandlers, 'dressed in a little brief authority,' bearing the pall of Lord BYRON! Justice SHALLOWS, who probably had never read, or if they had read, never understood, ten lines of his poetry, sentimentally honoring his dust! I am no aristocrat:

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'

But I could not help imagining what would have been the sensations of the haughty peer, could he have known the extent of what he would have deemed his degradation. Peace to his ashes! The grave has no sympathy with pride, and worms know not the difference between patrician and plebeian clay.' 'Yesterday I accidentally saw MARY CHAWORTH, BYRON's first and only love. She was sitting in an open carriage, with her two little daughters, and appeared to be in ill health. She is not what a painter would term beautiful; yet an air of melancholy, heightened by disease, gave a character of attractive sweetness to her features. It has been said that she subsequently lamented having refused his Lordship's hand; but this, it is believed, is an error. At the period when he first became attached to her, both were children. She was a little older of the two, and became a tall girl while he was yet a boy, and 'grew to forget' her youthful lover. She afterward gave her hand to Mr. MUSTERS, a neighboring country gentleman, who took her name in order to inherit her estates. He is a very handsome and agreeable man, fond of company, lavish in expense, and not at all select in his acquaintance. His gayeties have been the source of her distresses; and to the neglect she experiences from a man whom she devotedly loves, may doubtless be attributed her melancholy. There is no reason to infer that it was occasioned by any *persecution* for BYRON.' . . . OUR Lancaster correspondent is not too severe upon the ignorance apparent in some of the interior portions of Pennsylvania. We have ourselves seen, on a post at the fork of a public road, not a thousand miles from the beautiful town of Reading, this inscription:  'The Swamp Road.' The newly appointed justice in Scotland, who in sending for the statutes respecting his official duties, wrote: 'Pleas send the ax relating to a gustus pease,' has many a counterpart in Pennsylvania. One of these our correspondent has 'crucified,' but with an air of personality that savors of professional intercourse with Justice SHALLOW on some unhappy occasion. The 'Letter' is certainly 'rich;' *too* rich, we think, to be quite literal. The sentence of warning at the close is not unlike the caution lately given to trespassers upon the grounds of some *nouveau riche* in England; there being on the premises spring-guns and man-traps of such formidable power, that 'if a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg!' . . . The 'Lines on the Death of a Little Boy' are very tender and touching, and the fair writer has our warmest sympathies. They do more credit, however, to her *heart* than her *hand*. They are upon a subject often treated; and no wonder. It would be hard to find another, says one who has suffered, which embraces so many of the elements of poetical feeling; so soothing a mixture of pleasing melancholy and pensive hope; such an assemblage of the ideas of tender beauty, of artless playfulness, of spotless purity, of transient yet imperishable brightness; of affections wounded, but not in bitterness; of sorrow gently subdued; of eternal and undoubted happiness. 'We know so little of the heart of man, that when we stand by the grave of him whom we deem most excellent, the thought of death will be mingled with some awe and uncertainty; but the gracious promises of Scripture leave no doubt as to the blessedness of departed infants; and when we think what they now are, and what they might have been; what they now enjoy, and what they might have suffered; what they have now gained and what they might have lost; we may indeed yearn to follow them, but we must be selfish indeed to wish them again constrained to dwell in these tenements of pain and sorrow.'

'No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
Blossom of being! seen and gone;  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
O blest departed one!  
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

'Yes! thou art gone, ere guilt had power  
To stain thy cherub soul and form;  
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
That never felt a storm:  
The sun-beam's smile, the zephyr's breath,  
All that it knew from birth to death.

'Thou wert so like a form of light,  
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,  
Ere the cold world could throw a blight  
O'er thy sweet innocence:  
And thou that brighter home to bless  
Art passed with all thy loveliness.

'O hadst thou still on earth remained,  
Vision of beauty, fair as brief!  
How soon thy brightness had been stained  
With passion or with grief!  
Now not a sullyng breath can rise  
To dim thy glory in the skies.'

WHAT an immense waste of *words* there is, in the most common remark of a large, though certainly not greatly elevated, class of our countrymen! How the simplest sentence is often garnished with useless adjuncts! On a recent pleasant day, just as Spring began to open her green

lattice, and set out her flower-pots to the sunshine, we strolled out as far as the landing opposite Blackwell's Island. 'Horns are no novelty' to the POMPOLOINOS of the Penitentiary; and when they heard our tin appeal, they despatched a boat to the New-York shore. The swarthy CHAMON who guided us over the turbid Styx, (not far from Hell-Gate,) was exceedingly communicative. In answer to an inquiry whether the prison yielded any revenue, or whether any mechanical branches of importance were carried on at the 'institution,' the reply was: 'Wal, not a great deal; some little things is made, sich as is wanted to once-t; some black-smithin' is necessary; and tinnin', for the convicts now an' then, 'specially lately; sence the keeper's gin orders fur 'em fur to make them little tin kittle fur 'em fur to eat their grub into!' . . . We hope that some of our contributors will give us a paper on ROBERT SOUTHEY and his writings, which shall do justice to both. It was our good fortune to have had, some years since, a pleasant correspondence with the author of 'Thalaba;' and if, as we believe, his letters to us are now accessible, we shall hereafter lay them before our readers. It was in these pages, it will be remembered, in an elaborate article, which excited much attention and remark in England, that SOUTHEY was first *proved* to be the author of that remarkable work, '*The Doctor*.' How much good his noble genius has accomplished! His simple 'Battle of Blenheim' effected a greater change in the popular estimate of the 'net purport and upshot of war' than half the Peace Societies of the time. Every body will remember it. Two little children are playing before the door of a cottage at sunset, when they find a skull, which they bring to their father, who is watching their gambols, and are eager to know what it is. He tells them that it is some poor fellow's skull, who fell in the great victory; that often when he is ploughing in the field the ploughshare turns them out, etc. In answer to their childish entreaties to know 'all about the war,' and 'what they killed each other for,' he gives a detail of the battle, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was;' ending as follows:

'With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born infant died;  
But things like that you know must be,  
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many a thousand bodies there  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that you know must be,  
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene;  
'Why, 't was a very wicked thing!'  
Said little Wilhelmine;  
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,  
'It was a famous victory.'

'And every body praised the Duke,  
Who such a fight did win;  
'But what good came of it at last!'  
Quoth little Peterkin:  
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,  
'But 't was a famous victory!'

We perceive by late English journals that Mrs. SOUTHEY is almost inconsolable for the loss of her 'husband, lover, and friend, put far from her,' a wreck although he was, long before he was taken hence to be here no more. But let her take comfort in her affliction; remembering the words of the dear Departed:

'Not to the grave —  
Not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear;  
Feed not on thoughts so loathed and horrible:  
The spirit is not there!  
The spirit is not there  
That kindled that dead eye,  
That throbbed in that cold heart;  
That in that motionless hand  
Has met my friendly grasp:  
The spirit is not there!  
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh  
That moulders in the grave:  
Earth, air, and water, ministering particles,  
Now to their elements resolved,  
Their uses done.

'Not to the grave —  
Not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved;  
The spirit is not there!  
Often together have we talked of death:  
How sweet it were to see  
All doubtful things made clear;  
How sweet it were, with power  
Such as the cherubim,  
To view the depths of heaven!  
Oh! thou hast *first*  
Begun the travel of eternity!  
I gaze amid the stars,  
And think that thou art there,  
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.'

An old writer, speaking of the '*Dies Irac*,' a translation of which we gave in our last, says that MOZART's immortal requiem, as performed in Germany, is enough to make the boldest listener blanch with terror. 'Conceive,' he says, 'the thunders of a tremendous organ ushering in 'that dreadful day' to the accompaniment of two hundred and fifty violins, and all the accessories of a German orchestra; conceive the gradually-increasing hollow roar of two immense Chinese gongs,

bearing in as it were His fearful Majesty; *then* conceive the awful burst of a thousand voices into the 'Dies Iræ,' amidst the wail of a hundred trumpets; and this is no less than the work of one MOZART! . . . Is there not a touch of genuine eloquence in the subjoined extract from a speech delivered by a pious sailor, at the late anniversary of the 'Seaman's Friend Society' in this city? A preacher, whose advances and inquiries he at first treats with contempt and insolence, delivers a discourse on the berth-deck of a frigate, which partly out of curiosity and partly from an intention to revile the speaker openly, he is induced to hear. It must have been a searching sermon; for the hearer who 'went to scoff' declared that 'if any body had been there who had known him from a boy, and had come there on purpose to tell every deed he had committed, he could n't have done it more completely than the preacher did.' What an admirable illustration is conveyed in the opening of the subjoined, of the truth of BRON'S remark, that 'the heart must leap kindly back to kindness:'

'AFTER the sermon was over, I went up to him, and says I, 'How came you to preach that sermon about me? You don't know nothing about me.' 'No, my man,' said he, 'I never knew any thing about you, nor has any body told me any thing.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'how came you to come up here and preach and tell my ship-mates here, who know nothing against me, all about me, and what I have done?' Upon that I looked up in his countenance, and saw a big tear roll down his cheek; and that big tear broke the poor sailor's heart to pieces; what shot and shells could not do for years, in waging battle against all nations. That tear caused the poor sailor to surrender! And why? I asked myself: 'Can it be possible that this man comes on board the ship and *sheds tears* over a poor, unworthy, drunken sailor, the like o' me?' This was what broke my heart in pieces. And says he, 'Do you feel tired of living in sin and rebellion?' 'I think I do, Sir,' said I; and I told him I had lived on the bosom of the sea for twenty-five years, and shipped into the State service for three years more; and how I had lived all that time; and how drunken and unhappy I had been; for oh! I tell you, ship-mates, there's no harvest in serving the devil! And he told me I must pray. Said I, 'I never prayed in my life, unless it be the sailor's wicked prayers, and them I can pray fast enough.' Said he, 'You can pray the prayer of the publican.' Said I, 'And what is that?' 'God have mercy on me, a poor wicked sinner!' he said; and if you pray with all your heart, God will hear and answer your prayer, and teach you how to pray.' I believed that in my heart; and that very night, when I was up in the cold chains, with no body to see me but the stars and the moon, and no noise around but the washing of the water, and the sound of the wind in the rigging of the ship, when all hands were asleep below, then, ship-mates, I prayed to God in the chains that he would have mercy on a poor sailor! And I was now and then interrupted by the marine sentry at the gangway as he sung out 'All's well! when he struck the bell; but all was *not* well with the poor sailor! At other times I went amidst ships, and kneeling upon the breeches of the guns and the cables, with the hatches down over me, and no ray of light shining in upon me, and there I cried to God for mercy on a wicked sailor! And so I continued to cry, and at the expiration of nine days God was pleased to hear and answer my prayer, and set my captive soul at liberty. And if I were now on board that frigate, I could point out the very plank on deck on which I knelt down, for I shall never forget it as long as I live.'

SOME years ago, a clever countryman, returned from abroad, thus mourned his ignorance of the French language, that 'universal tongue:'

NEVER go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo,  
If you do, like me  
You'll repent, by Jingo!  
Staring like a fool  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!  
  
'Chaises' stand for chairs,  
They christen letters 'Billies';  
They call their mothers 'mares',  
And all their daughters 'fillies'!  
Strange it was to hear:  
I'll tell you what 's a good 'un;  
They call their leather 'queer',  
And all their shoes are wooden.'

Signs I had to make  
For every little notion;  
Limbs all going, like  
A telegraph in motion:  
For wine, I reel'd about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And made a pair of horns,  
To ask for 'beef and bully.'

If I wanted bread,  
My jaws I set a going;  
And asked for new laid eggs,  
By clapping hands, and crowing:  
If I wished a ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it;  
On my stick, astride,  
I made believe to trot it!

A late western correspondent, writing from Paris, makes a kindred lament with the foregoing. 'Only think,' says he, 'of a million and a half of human beings living in one city, and not one in five hundred able to understand a word of English! I think it strong evidence of their total depravity, and much to be regretted, especially by one who can't speak French!' Exactly; they *ought* to understand English, for the benefit of visitors! By the by, how finely the general ignorance exhibited by the cockney tourists of England was satirized by the 'John Bull,' in the letters of Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM! Take the following passage from one of her epistles as an illustration:

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'I was delighted when we got to our hotel in Parée, which is called Wag Ram; why, I did n't like to inquire. It is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone, *Timbre Royal*. Our hotel is in the Rue de la Fay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the Place Fandum, where there is a pillow as high as *TROIAN's* Pillow at Rome, or *Pompeus* at Egypt. This is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waist-coats, hats, boots, cartouches, and belts which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia, at the fire of Moscow. At the Tooleries we saw a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, where the Pope keeps his bulls. We went to the great church, which is called Notary Dam, where we saw a priest a-doing something at an altar. Mr. FULMER begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country. He was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak. We stayed for mass, so called from the mass of people who attend it. The priest was very much incensed, by some boys with shirts on over their trousers, swinging smoke-dishes in his face. We waited to hear a Tedium sung, and then came away over the Pont-Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris; and here we saw a beautiful image of HENRY CARTER. It is extremely handsome, and quite green. I fancied I saw a likeness to the CARTERS of Portsmouth. After this, we went and dined at a tavern called VERT, because every thing is very good there. We had a *voulez-vous* of fowls and some sailor's-eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had been told what it was would have distinguished them from pan-cakes. After the sailor's-eels, we had some pantalon cutlets, which was savory; but I did n't like the writing-paper; however, as it was a French custom, I et it. They call sparrow-grass here *Sperge*—I could n't find out why. If I had n't seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, (who actually stew up shoes with partridges, and make very nice dishes too,) I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics of the country. Every thing is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings; and the party who are still for BONAPARTE call themselves traitors, while those who are partisans of the Bourbons are termed *Restaurateurs*, or friends of the Restoration.' A proposition was started in Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM's cockney *clique* to make a party for the play: 'One preferred the 'Jim Narse,' another the 'Fransay,' and a third the 'Bullvards;' it was at length decided, however, 'unanimously, crim. con.,' that the 'Jim Narse' was the place; and 'so they went:' 'A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song, which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly; it was, 'Tal de lal! de lal de lal!' and sounded quite English. After he had done, although every body laughed, the whole house called out, 'Beast! beast!' and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing it all over again!' . . . It is not surprising, when we reflect upon the subject for a moment, that so many persons, of the busiest associations, are passionately fond of literary exercises and pleasures. How many such, in this great and beautiful metropolis of ours, and in our sister cities, are numbered among our readers and correspondents!—persons, oftentimes, whom none of their fellows in the crowded marts of traffic ever suspected of inditing a sentence, or rejoicing in mental exertitions. 'Literature,' says a foreign contemporary, 'brings back to the mind, in a kind of softened reflection, those emotions which belong in nature to the agitating scenes of reality. From the storms of society, from the agony of forlorn hope, from the might of heroism, from the transport of all passions, there is brought to us, in our own still seclusion, the image of life; our intelligence and sensibility are awakened; and with delight and admiration, with a shadowy representation to ourselves of that which has been absolutely acted, we consider the imaginary world.' . . . Who is it that is murdering 'poor POWER's' reputation, by hashing up and diluting his glorious wit, and writing long and stupid imaginary conversations of his, in the '*New Mirror*'? The first number was well enough; but the 'whole cloth' in the rest would make 'the GENERAL' a slap-up military coat. *Byzits* 'FELIX!' Choke him off, GENERAL; and let your brilliant associate WILLIS, (who has given us nothing that we can recognize of his, in all your ten numbers, save three felicitous stanzas of heart-felt verse,) fill the space which poor POWER's transparent eulogist occupies in the 'exhibition' of himself, rather than his distinguished subject. We knew and loved POWER, as an actor and a man; and it irks us to see his memory crucified. . . . THERE is much thought, and not a little obscurity, in the '*Meditations on Men*.' The 'untraceable memories' of our correspondent we can well appreciate, though we find as much difficulty as himself in understanding them. The smell of a flower, the flavor of an apple, the aroma of a summer breeze, have a thousand times brightened our mind's eye to a momentary glance of familiar yet untraceable scenes, which while we gazed for an instant into the 'dark backward,' vanished in the gloom. 'Why is it,' says a late English essayist, 'that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early

and shadowy recollection, such as some have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place?' Marvellous and inexplicable! . . . We do not know the author who could have written the following, unless it should be OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the best humorous poet extant, save perhaps THOMAS HOOD. It is a beautiful picture of domestic felicity, isn't it?

'LAY OF THE HENPECKED.'

'O, HER hair is as dark as the midnight wave,  
And her eye is like kindling fire,  
And her voice is as sweet as the spirit's voice  
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

'She may shake her knuckles full in my face,  
And put the lamp to my beard,  
And hold the broom-stick over my head —  
But I'm not at all afraid!

'But her nails are sharp as a toasting-fork,  
And her arms as strong as a bear's:  
She pulled my hair, and she gouged my eye,  
And she kicked me down the stairs.

'For I've bound her over to keep the peace,  
And I've bought me a crab-tree cane;  
The constable will come, and the justice too,  
If she meddles with me again.

'I've got me an eye that is made of glass,  
And I've got me a wig that's new;  
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,  
And the eye is a clouded blue.

'My head was a week in the linen cap,  
And my eye a month in the patch;  
I never thought that the torch of love  
Would light such a brimstone match!'

EVERY reader of this Magazine will be glad to learn that WASHINGTON IRVING, who had been seriously ill at Madrid, has recovered from his malady. Our advices are to the latest dates; at which time our distinguished countryman was enjoying a brief and pleasant sojourn in the country. 'May he live a thousand years!' . . . THE 'Simple Lines' of 'R.,' of Mercersburgh, (Penn.), are simpler than the simplest in 'Peter Bell.' The writer's Pegasus is a child's hobby-horse. 'Auntie MITCHELL,' the 'nurse who tended childhood's hour,' surely could n't have been aware of his absence from the maternal roof, when he was inditing his 'simple' lines. *Did she* 'know he was out' at that period? For the honor of nurses, we trust not! . . . THE 'general run' of love-tales we do not affect, nor would our readers; and this of C. N.'s is 'one of 'em.' The kisses sweet as dew and words as soft as rain that pervade the story might delight a boarding-school girl, but not a sensible lover. The motto, however, is 'delicious!'

'Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee —  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
Who made thy glances to my soul the link,  
Who made me burn thy very breath to drink —  
My life in thine to sink!'

OLD WELLER's description of the death of Master HUMPHREY was in admirable keeping with his character of coachman; yet it was scarcely more characteristic than the following tribute from an ex-'officer of the line' to a deceased functionary, formerly in the same department with himself: 'To see him handle the ribbins was slap up, and no mistake! No pulling here nor pulling there; but Lor!' he play'd 'em like a pianner; so dellikit, yet firm, that I do weryly believe he would ha' druv four ladies, without hurtin' a mouth of ere a von on 'em!' . . . THERE is too little *staple* in the attenuated fabric of 'My First Fire.' Going to bed, we take it, is 'not original' with our correspondent, although indulgence in a cigar 'in sheets' *ought* to be original with some person of kindred intellectual calibre. Here is a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing the particulars' of seven mortal pages of double-lined foolscap:

OWE night he smoked, while in his bed,  
As he was wont to do;  
A cry of fire anon proclaimed  
The house was smoking too.

'The Occident,' and the letter of our friend which accompanied the numbers, came too late to be available for the present issue. . . . We shall resume in our next, through the kindness of our friend of the 'Literary Confederacy' the papers on the 'Early and Unpublished Writings of the late ROBERT C. SANDS,' of which our readers have already had several pleasant passages. . . . 'P. S. T.' was not our metropolitan friend. We shall always be glad to hear from

him. . . . An elaborate notice of the excellent lectures of Professor WINNS is in type for our next number. . . . It is very seldom that one encounters so *neat* a thing of its kind as the following, which the writer calls '*The Oath and the Kiss*.' Take it, reader, 'before we part:'

'Do you,' said Fanny, t'other day,  
In earnest love me as you say;  
Or are those tender words applied  
Alike to fifty girls beside?'

'Dear, cruel girl!!' cried I, 'forbear!  
For by those *eyes*, those *lips*, I swear — !'  
She stopped me as the oath I took,  
And cried: 'You've sworn — now kiss *the book*!'

#### L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

RARE BOOKS, PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ETC. — It is our belief that very many of the citizens of this great metropolis will be well pleased to know what we are about to tell them; namely, that they have in their very midst, in the extensive establishment of Messrs. WATTS AND LONGWORTH, at No. 409 Broadway, and No. 116 Nassau-street, the rarest repositories of oil paintings, engravings, old books, works of the fine arts, and plays, of every description, to be found in the country. The senior partner, Mr. WATTS, to experienced judgment and cultivated taste in paintings, prints, and works of art in general, and a fine enthusiastic love of excellence in these departments, unites a thorough knowledge of *books*, of every description. Indeed, it is a treat of no ordinary kind, to converse with him upon the themes nearest his heart. To have catalogued, as he did, the works in the King's Library in London, is a sufficient evidence of the estimation in which his abilities as a biblioplist were held in his native country. The sale of fine paintings, prints, and kindred works of art, heretofore in this city, has been mainly monopolized by one well known house, and 'at prices to suit purchasers;' in most instances, as Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM would say, 'enormously absorbent.' This will be amended by Messrs. WATTS AND LONGWORTH; who, while they will have at all times the rarest works in hand, and at command from their agents abroad, will yet name their prices in dollars and cents, and be content with profits in many instances three or four hundred per cent. less than have heretofore been extorted from tasteful but inexperienced purchasers in this city. We commend their establishment to our citizens, and this notice of its existence among us, to our editorial friends throughout the United States and the Canadas, who may command us to a similar extent, in a cause equally productive of the dissemination of taste and the cultivation of a love of the beautiful.

GARRISON'S POEMS. — Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, Boston, has published in a neat little pamphlet-volume, '*Sonnets and other Poems*,' by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, a writer whose name has so long and so frequently been before the public as an ultra-abolitionist, 'dyed in the wool, and dipped every year.' Mr. GARRISON has poetical talents of a 'clever' order, as many of the pieces in the collection before us sufficiently attest. The '*Lines to an Infant*,' '*Invocation to Spring*,' and '*The Poor Debtor*,' are well and feelingly written. We do not so much affect his encomiastic sonnets, which have more or less of mannerism about them, and appear labored in the execution. One of them commences thus:

'HOPPER' thou venerable friend of man!'

'AMOS COTTLE' was a 'love of a name' in comparison with HOPPER, for poetical euphony.

'BANKRUPT STORIES.' — We mentioned this work in our last number, and enlightened our readers as to its character and aims. The first number has since been issued by Mr. JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street, embellished with a capital engraving, representing Mrs. SWAZZY, the house-keeper, engaged in administering punishment to a portion of Master TREMLETT's person which occasions Bridget the maid to cover her face with her apron. This scene, which was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. TREMLETT, will not have been forgotten by the readers of '*The Haunted Merchant*' in these pages. The '*Bankrupt Stories*' are well printed, upon paper firm and white, and sold at the very low price of eighteen-pence.

**THE 'MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY.'**—We have received from the well-known medical press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, number five of the above work. Each number, as its name imports, contains a monthly summary of medical intelligence, and a portion of some original or standard work, to be continued in consecutive numbers, and so arranged as to be bound separately; thus furnishing a current medical journal, and laying the foundation of a valuable library. The present issue has a continuation of WATSON'S Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic; a sterling work, and alone well worth a dollar, the price of a year's subscription. As it is decidedly on the principle of money-saving, we infer that it must needs circulate extensively.

**THE 'QUEEN OF THE ISLES:' CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.**—The proprietor of the 'Albion,' long known as one of the best literary journals on this continent, will hereafter issue a cheap weekly journal, containing beside the usual literary selections, the latest intelligence, of all descriptions, from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. That this journal will be well conducted, there can be little doubt. Its cheapness will be no bar to its merit. The same publisher will issue a weekly reprint of CHAMBERS'S 'Edinburgh Journal,' a work too well known, even in this country, to require from us a word of commendation. It will be furnished at the very low price of one dollar and a half per year, or five copies for five dollars in advance.

**'THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.'**—A very neatly-executed weekly journal, thus entitled, has recently made its appearance in this city. It is published by Messrs. PATTERSON AND GARVIN, and edited by Mr. A. D. PATTERSON, whose experience in the editorial avocation has been ample. Although an Englishman, it will be the praiseworthy aim of the editor to inculcate the most friendly feelings between his own countrymen and the countrymen of his partner, who is an American. The selections of the 'Anglo-American' are made with judgment and good taste, and the original departments, judging from the two numbers which we have had an opportunity to examine, will be sustained and maintained with ability and industry.

**THE AMERICAN BOOK-CIRCULAR.**—GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., of the London house of WILEY AND PUTNAM, has done good service to the literary reputation of his country, in a full and admirably-arranged circular of some of the most important and recent American publications, in every branch of science, art, and literature. The 'few preliminary notes and statistics' with which he has prefaced the list, constitute an excellent synopsis of our late intellectual performances, and is a triumphant vindication of our literary taste and ability from the misrepresentations of ALISON, and kindred commentators whom he has followed. We may have occasion to refer again to this excellent production.

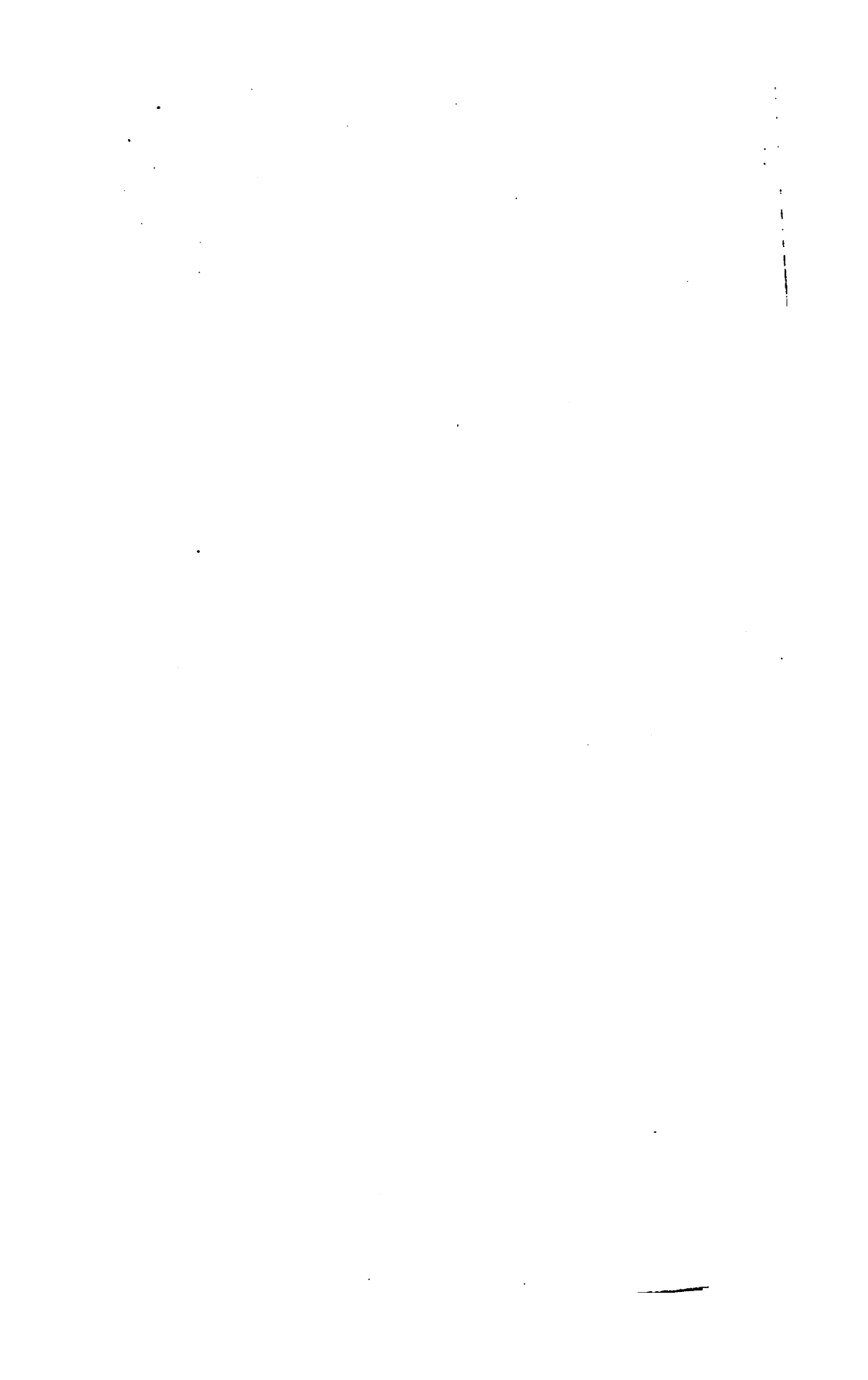
**PERIODICAL DEPOT.**—The establishment of Mr. TUTTLE, in the basement adjoining the office of the 'New Mirror,' in Ann-street, is well worthy of encouragement and support. The proprietor has the earliest copies of all native publications; and on the arrival of every steamer from England, one is sure to find at his dépôt the latest foreign magazines, periodicals, and journals of every description. Courtesy and moderate charges have won for Mr. TUTTLE many friends and a liberal patronage, all which he deserves.

**'THE H. FAMILY.'**—Mr. WINCHESTER, at the 'New World' office has published in a handsome volume this work from the Swedish of FREDERIKA BREMER, author of that charming book, 'The Neighbors,' which has acquired so wide a popularity in England and in this country. We have not found a moment's leisure to peruse 'The H. Family;' but that it is by the pen which drew 'The Neighbors' is 'warrant good enough' for our readers that it will richly reward perusal.

**THE 'SOUTHERN SPORTSMAN.'**—A large, handsome, and well-filled sheet, under the editorial supervision of an excellent correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, T. B. THORPE, Esq., and entitled as above, lies before us. That it will be well supplied in all its departments we cannot doubt, and that it will be liberally sustained no one *ought* to doubt, in justice to the home-spirit of the South and South-west.

**'RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.'**—Mr. D. K. MINOR has renewed the publication of this highly useful and indeed indispensable journal, the only one of its class in the United States. It is under the supervision of able editors, assisted by several distinguished engineers, and is afforded at three dollars per annum, or five dollars in advance for two copies.





1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.







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